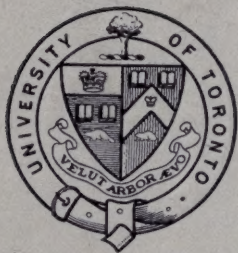


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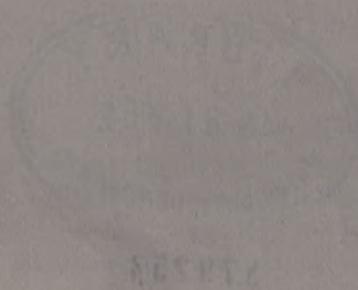






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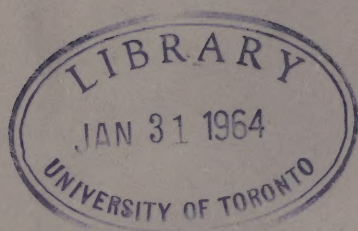








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[St. James's Palace. From a Print by Hollar.]

#### XLVIII.—ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

THE "Court of St. James's" is a phrase that has been heard far and wide, and has carried fear into stout hearts. In Mexico and Peru, in Hindustan, and possibly even at Teheran and Peking, and in every capital of Europe, it has been known as the designation of a power not to be trifled with. A foreigner who had formed his notions of the local habitation of this talismanic word from its universal prevalence and might, must at all times have been struck with astonishment on seeing it. The dingy plainness of the structure itself—not of marble, nor of stone, but of plain brick—the utter absence of architectural pretensions in the surrounding houses, and the familiar manner in which they squeezed in upon it, were anything but calculated to harmonize with the high idea of the residence of the kings of the "kings of Inde," who occupied a house of much greater pretensions—in the east, in Leadenhall Street. If not exactly such a shock as might be supposed to be received upon finding a monkey-god enshrined in a sanctuary rich with gold and jewels, the effect on the imagination was at least that produced by finding some very plain and homely person the central object of attention to a gorgeous train of richly-apparelled attendants.

The phrase "Court of St. James's," if not, strictly speaking, one of the things we owe to our "glorious Revolution," may at least be said to have come in with it. The ground on which the palace stands was acquired by Henry VIII., who erected thereon a "goodly palace," as was mentioned in our account of St. James's Park; and "St. James's Manor House," as it was long called, has ever since been part and parcel of the palatial establishment of the Kings of England. But it was not until the burning of Whitehall in the reign of William III. that



it became the royal residence—the scene of levees and drawing-rooms—the recognised seat of royalty. William resided mostly at Hampton Court, though he occasionally held councils at St. James's, and it was regarded as his town house. But Anne constantly resided there when in town; Caroline, Queen of George II., died there; George IV. was born there. "The Court," technically speaking, was held at St. James's during the whole reign of George III. (it still continues to be held there), but the domestic town residence of that monarch was Buckingham House. St. James's is now merely the pavilion containing the apartments used on occasions of state solemnity. The period during which it was a palace of Kings—a palace to live in as well as to see company in—includes only the reigns of William, Anne, and the two first Georges. The Palace of St. James's—the Court of St. James's—are phrases which belong to the Revolution era—to the time when, with the exception of one female, our sovereigns were foreigners. It is an age not to be despised, for it is the age of Swift, Steele, Arbuthnot, and Addison—of Hogarth and Fielding—of old Colley Cibber and of young Horace Walpole—and of the "charming Lady Mary Montague." And though the nation could not well understand its sovereigns—either their language or their habits—and the sovereigns were but partially acclimatised, as gardeners or introducers of a new kind of farm-stock would phrase it—they had excellent sturdy qualities of their own—grotesque enough to move our laughter, and with enough of moral power and goodness to command our respect. But we must first trace the history of the palace previous to the days of its greatest exaltation.

The Hospital of St. James, founded for the reception of "fourteen sisters, maidens, that were *leprous*, living chastely and honestly in divine service," although a religious foundation, seems to have been honestly acquired by Henry VIII. In the year 1532 he gave Chattisham and other lands in Suffolk in exchange for the site of the Hospital; and when, having thus become master of the house, he turned the sisterhood out of doors, he had the grace to settle pensions upon them. The architect of St. James's Manor House is not known, but it is understood to have been erected under the direction of Cromwell Earl of Essex, and Holbein is said to have furnished the plan, though this has been doubted. "Only a part," says Brayley in his 'Londiniana' (1829), "of Henry's building now remains, and that is in a purer style of architecture than any of the other designs of Holbein. In the filling in of the spandrils of some of the arches the Florentine (or rather the Flemish) manner is conspicuous, particularly in the chimney-piece of the Presence Chamber, the ornamented compartments over the arch of which contain Tudor badges and the initials H. A. united by a knot: from this latter circumstance we may infer that the palace was originally built for the reception of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn."

This association links the palace of St. James's with the culminating period of Henry's reputation. There was an ambition after good, or the appearance of it, that lent a certain degree of *éclat* to the first twenty years of his reign. His entering the lists of controversial theology with Luther bespoke intellectual taste, if not talent. His love of stately and gorgeous pageants, like the field of the cloth of gold, stimulated men's imaginations. His bluff, bold, somewhat homely deportment, so long as his self-will had not ripened into the terrible, won the



hearts of the commonalty. As yet he had been a faithful, and, to all external appearance at least, a kind and loving husband. And if aught were amiss—if some things were done which men could have wished undone, and duties neglected which ought to have been performed—why there stood Wolsey at the King's elbow, a full-blown scape-goat, to carry all the sins of his royal master, as well as his own, on his broad shoulders away into the wilderness.

The divorce of Queen Catherine must have startled people a little at first ; but then it was set off by the downfall of Wolsey, and the countenance which, from that time, was lent by the court to the innovating spirit abroad in the nation. Queen Catherine, a good, kind, pious lady, bore her wrongs in retirement, and the people, triumphant on account of the overthrow of a hated minister and the progress of popular doctrine, crowded round their monarch in the ripeness of manly strength, with his young and beautiful wife at his side, and all the splendour of his court around him. Allowance is always made for the waywardness of kings, and here was present popularity and a past good character to render men yet more tolerant, and much magnificence to obliterate the memory of the past ; and the cold waves of the world's forgetfulness closed over the head of a wronged woman—but her God did not forget her. Poor Anne Boleyn, who sinned through vanity and want of thought, must have thought bitterly of the meekness of the queenly sufferer, and her own forgetfulness of woman's rights, when sharp sorrow was working out her own regeneration.

From 1527, when Henry first set his affections on Anne Boleyn, till 1536, when he caused her head to be chopped off, there was a deflection from the right path which might cause uneasiness to the stern moralist ; but though the pillars of right principle were shaken, and a sense of insecurity must have pervaded the brilliant dream of those nine years, there was no omen or portent to warn men of the eleven years of blood and brutality that were to ensue. A young man may wander from the straight path, and, after some hard lessons from experience, scramble in again ; but when one who has maintained a tolerably decent deportment begins to go wrong at forty, we may rest assured he will go on with his sinning. Such reflections, however, are always made too late. In Henry's case, as usual, men were too much taken up watching the run of luck in the great game they were playing, and at that time the public was winning. It was the holiday of victory over an old hierarchy, the triumph of free thought proclaiming itself abroad, not whispering, as before, in fear and trembling, in closets and corners. And the young Queen, to whom this change was in great part attributed, stood like Venus among her handmaids, the fairest of them all. And there were stately masques and solemn tournaments. And More's elegant learning and playful wit graced a part of the time, and Holbein survived it. And the chivalrous poet Surrey was yet unthreatened. These nine years were the time during which the drunkenness of absolute power was growing upon the faculties of Henry ; and as wit, good-fellowship, and proud aspirations flash out most glowingly as the wine goes round—the bright lightning which presages approaching danger—so did Henry walk with a more free and stately bearing, and display his splendid tastes to more advantage, while, casting off his early sobriety, he allowed the intoxication of self-will to grow upon him. St. James's Manor, with the presence chamber and its intertwined cipher of the monarch lover and his swan-like bride, was



one of the devices of this inspired time. It has stood a monument of the brief raptures bought by trampling upon sacred ties, and a witness of the retribution which fell on his children and lineage. It is not necessary to go back to the tale of the Atridæ or of *Œdipus* for mysterious and terrific tales of fatality attendant upon regal houses: if rightly read, the cycle of events which dates from the lawless union of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn presents as splendid and awful a pageant as either we have named. The premature death of the puny Edward—the isolated and gloomy life of Mary, who had a heart and a faith, but finding none who could render affection for affection, dwindled in pceevishness, grew weak and cruel, and left the name of Bloody Mary behind—the more vigorous Elizabeth, whose early feelings too were chilled, and whose mingled course of glory and meanness was lost, like the waters of some mighty stream in a parched desert—all might have traced the worm which gnawed at their hearts to the false position in which the vices of their father had placed them. And that development of popular intellect and popular power which he had encouraged, not out of generous sympathy, but because it seemed to favour his private lusts, spread and grew strong, till, after having quenched the proud self-will of one of his race in his own blood, it finally shook the family in the direct line of inheritance from the throne.

The history of St. James's Palace, from the death of Henry to the Revolution, is merely a succession of scenes in this terrible drama—some of them deeply tragic, some of them gay, with a transient light like that which at times gilds for a moment the fierce black waves breaking over a stranded ship. To enumerate all would be to write a history of the government during that period; but we may be allowed to recall a few to the memories of our readers as contributing to lend a moral interest—to inform, with a human soul of sympathy and intelligence, those very commonplace walls which stand at the foot of St. James's Street, more like a county prison than a royal mansion.

The stream of events ran away rather from St. James's during the years of Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, but with the prolific race of Stuarts it came to be used as a royal nursery. The Manor House, with all its appurtenances, except the Park and the Stables at the Mews, were granted, in 1610, to Prince Henry, who occupied them till his premature death in 1612. He was succeeded by his brother, afterwards Charles I., who retained through life a partiality for the mansion. In it was deposited the collection of statues which, with the assistance of Sir Kenelm Digby, he began to form. Here most of his children were born. And in the Chapel Royal, which he had fitted up in it, he attended divine service before he “walked through the Park, guarded with a regiment of foot, to Whitehall,” on the morning of his execution. This theme has been often enough harped on. Its interest is undeniable;—it is we confess a sad sign of human inconstancy—but there has been so much emphatic moralising and sentimentalising, that we turn from the story of the father to welcome, as a change, the less hackneyed story of one of his son's adventures.

The Duke of York was taken prisoner when Fairfax entered Oxford in 1646. On the 20th of April, 1648, being then in his fifteenth year, he effected his escape from St. James's, as is narrated in the Stuart Papers:—

“All things being in readiness on the night of the forementioned day, the

Duke went to supper at his usual hour, which was about seven, in the company of his brother and sister, and when supper was ended they went to play at hide-and-seek with the rest of the young people in the house. At this childish sport the Duke had accustomed himself to play for a fortnight together every night, and had used to hide himself in places so difficult to find, that most commonly they were half an hour in searching for him, at the end of which time he came out of his own accord. This blind he laid for his design, that they might be accustomed to miss him before he really intended his escape; by which means, when he came to practise it in earnest, he was secure of gaining that half-hour before they could reasonably suspect he was gone. His intention had all the effect he could desire; for that night, so soon as they began their play, he pretended, according to his custom, to hide himself; but instead of so doing, he went first into his sister's chamber, and there locked up a little dog that used to follow him, that he might not be discovered by him; then slipping down by a pair of back stairs which led into the inmost garden, having found means beforehand to furnish himself with a key of a back-door from the said garden into the Park, he there found Bamfield, who was ready to receive him, and waited there with a footman who brought a cloak, which he threw over him, and put on a periwig. From thence they went through the Spring Garden, where one Mr. Tripp was ready with a hackney-coach." It is needless to pursue the adventure further in detail: suffice it to say that the Duke, in female attire, succeeded in reaching a Dutch vessel which was waiting for him below Gravesend.

There is something inexpressibly touching in this picture of the young Duke of Gloucester and his sister the Lady Elizabeth entirely taken up with their childish sports within the walls of what to them was a prison. Their father was a man aware of the deadly struggle in which he was engaged, but they knew not the jealous eyes that were upon them—they felt not the ruin impending over them. While all was dark around, their childish minds were lit up with glee—twin glowworms shining in the dark, stormy night. The premature closeness and self-command of their brother is a less pleasing object. Hard necessity had taught him selfishness and duplicity before his time. The craft he had to practise in self-defence in youth, and the success attending it, possibly encouraged him to engage in riper years in an undertaking beyond his very commonplace abilities. At the same time it is impossible to help enjoying the consternation caused among the greybeards who thought they had him in safe keeping on finding themselves outwitted by a mere boy. James himself has recorded, with a natural feeling of triumph, the pottering search set on foot as soon as he was missed. "He had not gone," he says, "above an hour before they began to miss him and to search for him in every room of the house, where not finding him, they sent immediate notice of it to Whitehall and to the General, Sir Thomas Fairfax. Thereupon there were orders issued out that all the passages about London, especially the northern road, and those towards Wales, should be watched—imagining he had either taken that way or towards Scotland." Orders were also issued to guard all the ports, but James had left Gravesend before the despatches arrived. The pursuit was not relinquished till news arrived of his landing in Holland.

After the Restoration James occupied this building, which must have continually recalled the gratifying recollection of his first successful exercise of that



reserve which he afterwards indulged in to such an extent. It is spoken of by his contemporaries as splendidly furnished. One room was embellished with pictures of court beauties by Sir Peter Lely. Here he lost two sons—a bereavement which Coke huddles up in his narrative with a most incongruous assortment of other gossip. The King (Charles II.), he tells us, was returning from feeding his birds in the Park, followed by the narrator, when, at the farther end of the Mall, he was overtaken by Prince Rupert. “The King told the Prince how he had shot a duck, and such a dog fetched it; and so they walked on till the King came to St. James’s House, and there the King said to the Prince, ‘Let’s go and see Cambridge and Kendal,’ the Duke of York’s two sons, who then lay a-dying. But upon his return to Whitehall he found all in an uproar—the Countess of Castlemaine, as it was said, bewailing above all others, that she should be the first torn in pieces.” The news of the Dutch fleet having arrived in the river had just reached the palace. James left St. James’s for Whitehall on the morning of his coronation; but it was in the former palace that his son was born who forced so many grave and conscientious people; who could not forgive themselves for keeping a legitimate prince out of his inheritance, to convince themselves he was not the son of his father by the vehemence of their own protestations and oaths to the contrary.

But amid the frivolities of the court of Charles II., as amid the sadness of his father’s, the Destiny working out the completion of those events which had been set in motion by Henry VIII. was inexorably holding on the even tenor of its way. The self-willed James was the instrument which in a few years brought on the *dénouement*. Affairs were so ripe that his ejection was accomplished without a struggle. He walked out, and the first prince under the new order of things walked in, entirely as a matter of course.

We have now arrived at the period when the Palace of St. James’s became the principal residence of the English sovereigns: not because the Revolution dynasty thought it necessary to have a new abode of their own, in which the memory of the old should not haunt them at every turning; but because, Whitehall having been accidentally burned soon after the accession of William, St. James’s was at first occupied as a temporary arrangement, protracted it may have been at first from some doubts as to the permanence of the new order of things, and afterwards from the hurry of important business, which kept men from thinking of such a subordinate matter as the proper lodging of the sovereign. Until George III. the Revolution sovereigns (with the exception of Anne) never seem to have felt quite at home in England; and his reign was too busy a one to leave much leisure for palace building.

We have already observed that the presence chamber is understood to be part of the “Manor House” erected by Henry VIII. The north gateway also formed a part of that building. For many years after its erection it stood quite in the country. An idea of its appearance in this its state of isolation may be gathered from the engraving at the head of this paper.

By degrees, however, houses sprung up along the north side of Pall Mall, and on both sides of St. James’s Street. After the Restoration, Jermyn, afterwards Earl of St. Alban’s, contrived to obtain a grant of a large piece of ground, between Pall Mall and Piccadilly, on which he began to build St. James’s Square and several streets. King Charles’s grant of the site of a house on the south of



Pall Mall to Nell Gwynn seems to have been the beginning of the row of houses on that side of the street, as his grant of the site on which Bridgewater House stands would seem to have been the beginning of the range of building fronting the western wing of the Palace. Thus it came that in the time of Queen Anne and the two first Georges the Palace was as completely in town as it now is. Nor does an attempt seem at any time to have been made to render the houses in its vicinity specimens of architectural taste. Possibly a modest forbearance rendered the subjects (with the exception of the Duke of Marlborough—and old Sarah may have been at the bottom of that) reluctant to outshine their Sovereign. Evelyn, who was a commissioner for improving the streets of Westminster and London, bears testimony to the shameful state of St. James's Street in his day. Bubb Doddington, with his wonted solemn emphasis, notes in his Diary, that he had been attending a committee, which had in view to pave Pall Mall—out of which, as out of most undertakings Bubb engaged in, nothing seems to have come. A paragraph in the Chronicle department of the Annual Register for 1765, apparently extracted from some newspaper of the day, after announcing the alterations made in the Strand, by “taking down of signs and fixing up of lights in a regular way,” thus proceeds:—“It may be said that no street in London, paved, lighted, and filled with signs in the old way, ever made so agreeable an appearance, or afforded better walking, than the Strand does in the new. But great as the alteration in the Strand may be, that in St. James's Street greatly surpasses it.” Seeing what St. James's Street still is, and bearing in mind how many improvements have been made upon it since 1765, the reader may, by the reflected light of this puff portentous, be able to see it in something approaching to the likeness of its earlier days; or, if his imagination fail him, the back ground of Hogarth's picture of the Rake, arrested by bailiffs, will help to supply its deficiencies



[The Palace Gate, 1703.]

The environs of St. James's Palace seem to have been every way worthy of it; and one learns rather to sympathise with than wonder at the indignation of the King of Denmark's favourite, Count Holcke, at seeing his master trundled into it on his arrival in this country in 1768. "Christian the Seventh," says the editor of Brown's *Secret History of the Courts of Sweden and Denmark*, "was lodged in those apartments in the stable-yard that were in 1818 occupied by the Duke of Clarence, and where the King of Prussia was lodged when he visited this metropolis in the summer of 1814. When Count Holcke, a gay, extravagant, dissipated young nobleman, first saw the exterior of the place, he exclaimed, 'By God, this will never do: it is not fit to lodge a *Christian* in!' When he saw the interior, the Count was less dissatisfied."

The most remarkable feature of the Court of St. James's during the period that the Revolution dynasty was undergoing a process of naturalization—becoming English—is the unimportant part played by the Sovereign in the Court pageant. There was a Court, and there was a Sovereign; but the Sovereign, with reverence be it spoken, much resembled a dummy at whist, or a chair set up as the representative of the dancer wanted to make up a quadrille. The courtiers agreed to go through their wonted ceremonies round an impersonation of royalty, that took marvellous little part or concern in what was going forward.

Queen Anne was English, and might have been a real acting and speaking Queen, had she not been phlegmatic and somewhat timid. During the first part of her reign she was domineered over by the Duchess of Marlborough, and during the latter part by Mrs. Masham, Harley, and their coadjutors. The poor woman, after long suffering, broke from her first termagant mistress, to subject herself to a horde of taskmasters. Swift's 'Journal to Stella' shows the state of incessant alarm in which the party lived into whose arms the Queen had thrown herself, lest she should return to her old friends; and the language in which they speak of her does not augur much deference or regard for her feelings in the means adopted to keep her fast. She seems to have felt relieved when an opportunity offered of taking refuge at Hampton Court or Windsor; and when the *posse comitatus* from St. James's broke in upon her retreat, her attitude very much resembles that of an unfortunate hare surprised in its form. "There was a drawing-room to-day at court," says Swift, writing from Windsor, "but so few company, that the Queen sent for us into her bedchamber, where we made our bows, and stood, about twenty of us, round the room, while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her; and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out." The poor woman had been so unceremoniously pulled about in the struggle between Whig and Tory to seize or retain hold of her, that she felt alarm when any of them came near her.

Of George I. Lady Mary Wortley Montague avers that he "could speak no English, and was past the learning of it." He must have felt in England like a fish out of water. At his first council board there was only one minister (Mr. Wortley) of whom it is affirmed with certainty that he could speak French: in the 'Introductory Anecdotes' to Lord Wharnccliffe's edition of Lady Mary's Letters, it is hesitatingly suggested that "perhaps" Lord Halifax spoke it also. German was out of the question. Walpole is said always to have conversed with his Majesty in Latin—of the purity of which his loss of half-a-guinea to Pulteney,



by solemn decision of the Speaker in face of the assembled House of Commons, on a wager respecting the accuracy of a Latin quotation, is not calculated to convey a very exalted idea. So the King left matters of state, in so far as Great Britain was concerned, to be managed by his ministers. Lady Mary—but point was of more weight with her in retailing a story than truth—alleges that he never felt quite easy on the score of his right to the throne. “The natural honesty of his temper, joined with the narrow notions of a low education, made him look upon his acceptance of the crown as an act of usurpation, which was always uneasy to him.” He lived in St. James's Palace like a quiet private gentleman of independent fortune. His evening parties consisted of the Germans who formed his familiar society, a few English ladies, and fewer Englishmen; who amused themselves “soberly,” as Lady Townley would say, at cards, under the presidency of Mademoiselle de Schulenberg, afterwards Duchess of Kendal, whom he was suspected to have married with the left hand. When seeking pleasure out of doors of an evening he “went to the play or opera in a sedan-chair, and sat, like another gentleman, in the corner of a lady's box, with a couple of Turks in waiting, instead of lords or grooms of the bedchamber.”

Yet even into this dull circle did livelier thoughts intrude. The old King, who Lady Mary says was “rather dull than lazy,” liked to look upon a pretty face, and therefore affected her society much in the same way that the Laird of Dumbiedikes stuck to the apron string of Jeannie Deans. In the work already quoted a descendant of that lively lady has recorded a pleasing incident, the memory of which has been preserved by family tradition:—“She had on one evening a particular engagement that made her wish to be dismissed unusually early; she explained her reasons to the Duchess of Kendal, and the Duchess informed the King, who, after a few complimentary remonstrances, appeared to acquiesce. But when he saw her about to take her leave, he began battling the point afresh, declaring it was unfair and perfidious to cheat him in such a manner, and saying many other fine things, in spite of which she at last contrived to escape. At the foot of the great stairs she ran against Mr. Secretary Craggs, just coming in, who stopped her to inquire what was the matter—was the company put off? She told him why she went away, and how urgently the King had pressed her to stay longer, possibly dwelling on that head with some small complacency. Mr. Craggs made no remark, but when he had heard all, snatching her up in his arms, as a nurse carries a child, he ran full speed with her upstairs, deposited her within the ante-chamber, kissed both her hands respectfully, still saying not a word, and vanished. The pages, seeing her returned, they knew not how, hastily threw open the inner door, and before she had recovered her breath she found herself in the King's presence. ‘*Ah! la revoilà!*’ cried he and the Duchess, extremely pleased, and began thanking her for her obliging change of mind. Lady Mary, bewildered, fluttered, and entirely off her guard, beginning with ‘Oh, Lord, Sir! I have been so frightened!’ told his Majesty the whole story, exactly as she would have told it to any one else. He had not done exclaiming, nor his Germans wondering, when again the door flew open, and the attendants announced Mr. Secretary Craggs, who, but that moment arrived, it should seem, entered with the usual obeisance, and with as composed an air as if nothing had happened. ‘*Mais comment donc, Monsieur Craggs,*’ said the King,

going up to him, '*est-ce que c'est l'usage de ce pays de porter des belles dames comme un sac de froment ?*' The minister, struck dumb by this unexpected attack, stood a minute or two, not knowing which way to look; then, recovering his self-possession, answered with a low bow, 'There is nothing I would not do for your Majesty's satisfaction.' This was coming off tolerably well; but he did not forgive the tell-tale culprit, in whose ear, watching his opportunity, when the King turned from him, he muttered a bitter reproach, with a round oath to enforce it, 'which I durst not resent,' continued she, 'for I had drawn it upon myself; and indeed I was heartily vexed at my own imprudence.'"

George II. could speak English after a fashion, but he was, nevertheless, scarcely less taciturn than his predecessor. Father and son brought with them a coolness from Germany. Lady Mary attributes it to the anxiety of the Princess (afterwards Queen Caroline) to isolate her husband from his family, in order to obtain an entire ascendancy over him: probably, however, the conduct of his father towards his mother was the commencement of the domestic feud. Whatever the source of the quarrel, it ended in such a coldness towards his family as left him entirely under the government of his wife. The indolent Elector contented himself with showing his resentment by his silence towards him; and this was the situation the family first appeared in when they came to England. The strong common sense, integrity, and repressed energy of the character of George II. were things Lady Mary either could not discern or could not appreciate: to the foibles and *gaucherie* of that Prince she was lynx-eyed. Perhaps disappointment sharpened her apprehension—he had betrayed unequivocal symptoms of warm admiration till he learned that the lady frequented his father's private parties, after which he grew cool and distant.

The pride which prevented him explaining or defending any action, however startling it might appear to others, as for example the suppression of his father's will, left the parties opposed to him in all his quarrels, domestic or public, to tell their own story. He was not a man to conceal his dislikes. From the energetic mode in which he expressed them, and his carelessness of appearances, an unfavourable impression of his temper went abroad. His only marriage, however, was a marriage of affection; and till the day of his death he never attempted to describe a beautiful woman but he unconsciously drew a picture of his wife. He was stern to his son; but the boisterous emptiness of that unfortunate Prince—the "Fred, who was alive, and is dead" of the lampoons of his day—converted by faction into a thorn in his father's side, was sufficiently provoking. The simple statement of Horace Walpole, who entertained no very kindly feelings towards George II., indicates a terrible convulsion in the breast of the cold, silent monarch, when told of his son's death:—"As soon as the Prince of Wales was dead, Lord North was sent to notify it to the King, who was playing at cards. He immediately went down to Lady Yarmouth, looking extremely pale and shocked, and only said '*Il est mort.*'" His unwonted gentleness and constant kindness to the widow show that the impression was lasting. Everything in his history betrays the working of an energetic character under a rigid exterior; but the courtiers who surrounded him for the most part saw only the external effigy of a man; his thoughts were not about the matters in which they took an interest, and were not communicated to them.



A court is always more or less a scene of *persiflage*. Its habitual frequenters seek to relieve the heavy sense of the formality of etiquette by turning it into jest in their asides. In a court where the monarch, even when present in the body, might be conceived to be absent in the spirit, this disposition naturally run riot. Poor timid Anne was not a person to impose much restraint by her presence. Liberties were taken with her more energetic successors, partly because it was presumed that they did not understand what was going on, partly because the pert frivolities of the court, in an age when the aristocracy had gained so striking a victory over the Crown, could not bring themselves to believe that the great feudatories of the empire were of a higher nobility than the Peers of England, and made mockery of manners which differed from their own. The first two German monarchs remained through life exotics caged in St. James's as palpably as any canaries brought from the Rhine. Their attendants frisked in their presence with as little care and deference for them as sparrows testify in the presence of a wooden eagle.

The Whigs and Tories of the days of Queen Anne bandied angry looks even in her presence. Swift, in his 'Journal to Stella,' has an entry under the date December 16, 1711, which indicates the terms on which the hostile factions mingled within the walls of St. James's:—"I took courage and went to Court with a very cheerful countenance. It was mightily crowded; both parties coming to observe each other's faces. I have avoided Lord Halifax's bow till he forced it upon me; but we did not talk together. I could not make less than fourscore bows, of which about twenty might be to Whigs." It was only, however, for great occasions that strong expressions of feeling were reserved. They were more accustomed like cats to deal a sudden, and by the bystanders scarcely noticed scratch, from a paw of velvet. The letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and Horace Walpole, and their noble contemporaries, are the perfection of the habitual style of conversation in the circles in which they moved. The genius of no single man ("nor woman either, though by your smiling you seem to say so") could have accumulated such stores of satirical gossip. The literary talents of the two writers we have named enabled them to give a lasting form to the rich materials which the collective gossips of the Court had been accumulating for half a century; and the language they employed had been polished and pointed by the successive efforts of Hervey, Chesterfield, and a whole host of kindred spirits. It was an age of lampoons. the members of the Court circle, not contented with laughing at each other, called in the public to share in the sport. "In those old days," says Lady Louisa Stuart, "people's brains being more nimble than their fingers, ballads swarmed as abundantly as caricatures are swarming at present, and were struck off almost as hastily, whenever wit and humour or malice and scurrility found them a theme to fasten upon. A ballad was sure to follow every incident that had in it a ludicrous corner from

'A woful christening late there did  
In James's house befall,'

and the king's turning his son and daughter out of doors after it, down to a lady's dropping her shoe in the Park.\* Though printed on the coarsest paper, sung

\* To the same class belong Sir Charles Williams's "Jekyll's Ghost appearing to Sandys," in imitation of

about the streets and sold for halfpence, they often came from no mean quarter"—or were purchased by people of rank to pass off as their own.

The costume of the age assisted the development of this highly-prized talent for *persiflage*. The wearers of such solid frames of whalebone and buckram must have felt whenever they put them on that they were arming themselves to do battle. They could not converse out of them, without feeling that they were pitted against each other like controversial divines stuck up face to face in opposing pulpits. Feeling themselves armed, the impulse to lay about them was irresistible. A court so attired could not fail to grow up into a huge "School for Scandal." And on the other hand, one can scarcely conceive the spirit which animates that comedy fully developed in the pliable, accessible, modern dress. Shut up with themselves, and shut out from others by these barricades, people could not get near enough each other to acquire a fellow-feeling. This was, in great part, the secret of the constant interchange of polished sarcasms among the Chesterfields, Lady Mary Wortley Montagues, and Horace Walpoles. This tone could not survive the change of costume. When court dresses came to be assumed only upon the occasion of visits to court, their wearers did not feel sufficiently at home in them to turn them to account. Once was it our lot to see a "Reform M.P." for Birmingham, on quitting a *levee*, unable to find a coach, and obliged to walk uneasily and shamefacedly through the crowd of modern dresses; the very picture of David, essaying in vain to walk in the armour of Saul. Cumbersome it was, the costume of the Georgian era, but not so utterly fantastic and uncomfortable as men now deem it. The dress, though it looks stiff to us, sat lightly on those accustomed to it. Its wearers were not altogether assimilated to their outward integuments. They had minds above buttons, though encased in embroidered coats and seven-fold hoops: they could laugh at their own figures:—"As Prince Eugene" (the narrator is Swift, and the time 1712) "was going with Mr. Secretary to court, he told him, 'that Mr. Hoffman, the emperor's resident, said to his highness, that it was not proper to go to court without a long wig, and his was a tied-up one. Now, says the prince, I know not what to do: for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen to see whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it; but none of them had any.' Was not this spoken very greatly, with some sort of contempt? But the secretary said, 'It was a thing of no consequence, and only observed by gentlemen ushers.'" And what was defective in that age's costume in form, was made up by its richness and variety in colour; even clergymen looked more gaily then than beaux do now:—"My dress," says Swift, giving an account of a pleasure excursion in Windsor Park, "was light camlet, faced with red velvet, and silver buttons."

There have been awkward cubs in all times. In the age of chivalry, there were knights so awkward as to be sure to be unhorsed, whoever laid spear in rest against them; and in the "Augustan age" of England there were individuals

William and Margaret, and his "Jekyll's Ghost appearing to Lord Hervey." From a passage in H. Walpole's *Memoirs of George II.*, the caricature seems to have been growing into fashion about the time of Byng's trial:—"Anson was joined in all the satiric prints with his father-in-law, Newcastle and Fox. A new species of this manufacture was invented by Charles Townshend; these were caricatures on cards. The original one, which had an amazing vent, was of Newcastle and Fox looking at each other, and crying, with *Peuchum* in *Ts's Beggar's Opera*, 'Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong.'"



upon whom court dresses and court costumes sat uneasily. "It is meat and drink to me," said Touchstone, "to see a fool." The feeling is universal: every helpless awkward lout is a Sampson in civilised society—drawn out to make mirth to the Philistines. Not that they were "all fools" to whom at times it fell to be "the cause of wit in others." Bubb Doddington was no fool: he could take tolerably good care of number one, and had a taste for books and splendid furniture. His rich birthday suits, say his biographers, were cut up to make hangings for his state-beds. But Bubb was "a full solempne man," and the sufferings of the grave Malvolio, among the high fantastical inmates of the house of the Lady Olivia, are but typical of the lot of all that tribe—the men who have more weight in manner than in matter. Bubb was so exquisite in his kind, that for the flouters of his day to think of improving him seems almost like the thought of gilding refined gold, and adding a perfume to the violet. The gravity and good faith with which, when entering in his Diary the defeat of some of his "*manœuvres aux choux et aux raves*," he adds, with all the resignation of a saint, his determination to retire into private life, because "out of office it is impossible to serve one's country," seems unsurpassable. Yet the wicked wits of his day did sometimes contrive to take their game out of Bubb. "On the birthday of the Prince of Wales," says Horace Walpole, writing of the events of 1759, "Doddington standing in the circle, the Princess passed him without speaking, the Prince just spoke to him, but affected to cough and walked on; the little Princes, less apprized of his history and accustomed to see him there, talked a good deal to him. Charles Townshend, who stood behind and observed the scene, leaned forward, and in a half-whisper cried, 'Doddington, you are damned well with the youngest.' " Strictly speaking, this is firing a shot out of bounds, for this occurred at Carlton House—but it is characteristic of the class which frequented both houses. What follows occurred in St. James's, and to Lord Chesterfield—for *nemo omnibus horis sapit*—even adroit courtiers are caught napping. The Countess of Yarmouth, we learn from Horace Walpole, "had a son by the king (George II.), who went by the name of Monsieur Louis, but he was not owned." "The day Lord Chesterfield kissed hands on being appointed secretary of state, after so long an absence from court, he met Sir William Russel, one of the pages, in the ante-chamber of St. James's, and began to make him a thousand compliments and excuses for not having been yet to wait on him and his mamma. The boy heard him with great tranquillity: when the speech was at an end, he said, 'My Lord, I believe you scarce designed all these honours for me: I suppose you took me for Monsieur Louis!'"

This system of laughing and tilting at each other with lances made of wasp-stings was reserved for the especial amusement of "the order." It is customary to regard the aristocracy of Great Britain as less exclusive, less antique, than that of some continental nations. This is a mistake. The individual creations may be most of them comparatively recent, but in a great majority of instances the parties raised to the peerage have belonged already to the class which has the *entrée*—cadet branches of older houses; or if of unadulterated plebeian origin, the title has generally had to perform a sort of *semi-quarantine*, until by dint of inter-marriages it was held that a sufficient quantity of noble blood had been transfused into the veins of its wearer. It is not exactly the possession or want of a

title that ennobles in England; there are country gentlemen of old family whom a new title would degrade in point of real rank. This comparative unimportance of the mere title renders, in England, the line of demarcation between commoners and the aristocracy more fluctuating and undefined; there is perhaps a wider range for the nondescript to occupy, but those within the pale do not the less on this account hug themselves on their privileges. Read what Byron, Horace Walpole, and Lady Mary say of plebeian authors who dare say a word in disparagement of "the order," or (what seems more unpardonable still) in favour of it, and as if they were acquainted with its habits and feelings. It was only these high-born or high-bred personages, who were understood to be framed of china-biscuit instead of ordinary clay, in whom such liberties were tolerated. An attempt on the part of one of the vulgar to join in the merriment immediately made the whole circle compose their features, and draw themselves up with as much reserved dignity as the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters when Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs and her accomplished companion sailed into farmer Flamborough's kitchen. Even the audacious Swift, who was never at peace except when engaged in a squabble, was made to feel this and quail before it. "Arbuthnot," he says, in the 'Journal to Stella,' "made me draw up a sham subscription for a book, called a 'History of the Maids of Honour since Harry the Eighth; showing they make the best Wives: with a List of all the Maids of Honour since,' &c.; to pay a crown in hand, and the other crown upon the delivery of the book; and all in the common form of these things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known, and we sent it to the maids of honour, when they came to supper. If they bite at it, 'twill be a very good Court jest; and the Queen will certainly have it." This is written in the overweening confident spirit which characterises the whole of the 'Journal'—the dream that he was advancing rapidly along the high road to fortune. What follows, written after the lapse of a fortnight, reminds one irresistibly of Launce, leading his disgraced dog out of the Duke's palace—only Swift did not, like his prototype, take the whipping on himself:—"Mrs. Forster taxed me yesterday about the 'History of the Maids of Honour;' but I told her fairly it was no jest of mine, for I found they did not relish it altogether well."

It peeps out here that the proud man of letters fretted and chafed at the position which he felt he occupied at Court. He tells Stella that he had got into a scrape by speaking his mind too freely of the quality of the wine served out to the palace-tables to which he was admitted; and he affords us a peep at the style in which his official brethren, the chaplains, were entertained:—"I never dined with the chaplains till to-day; but my friend Gastrel and the Dean of Rochester had often invited me, and I happened to be disengaged: it is the worst-provided table at Court. We ate on pewter: every chaplain when he is made a dean gives a piece of plate, and so they have got a little, some of it very old." The Court chaplains seem to have stood nearly on the same footing in the royal establishment as the Sir Rogers of the old comedies did in the families of "fine old country gentlemen." Though Swift kicked against the state of vassalage, there have been genuine Sir Rogers among the courtly brotherhood, as witness a note appended in some editions of Swift's works to the passage just quoted, with the signature N:—"This good old custom is still observed, and



there is now a very handsome stock of plate." It may be remarked by the way that about the time of Swift's venting this groan, the 'Tatler' was fighting stoutly for a more decorous treatment of domestic chaplains, in virtue of their sacred office. It is not improbable that these remonstrances had some effect, and that they began to be treated in gentlemen's families more as equals, for in a very short time the office fell into abeyance.

The maids of honour who received the jokes of the chaplains so snappishly were no unapt analogons of the Abigails who, in the old comedies above alluded to, are generally introduced as counterparts to the ghostly official. These mawkins burrowed in St. James's like does in a rabbit-warren, and each Princess of Wales had her complement. Miss Chudleigh, the celebrated Duchess of Kingston, may be considered as the ideal of this malapert sect. A story is told which, whether true or false, is characteristic both of George II. and of the lady's transcendent impudence. Apartments in Hampton Court Palace having been allotted to her mother, the King good-naturedly asked Miss Chudleigh one day how the old lady felt in her new abode:—"Oh, very well, if the poor woman had only a bed to lie upon!" "That oversight must be repaired," said the King. On this hint the maid of honour (who continued a maid of honour for twenty years after her clandestine marriage with the Hon. Mr. Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol) acted; and in due time there appeared among the royal household accounts, "To a bed and furniture for the apartments of the Hon. Mrs. Chudleigh, 4000*l*." The King who, though decidedly fond of money, was a man of his word, paid the bill, but remarked, that if Mrs. Chudleigh found the bed as hard as he did, she would never sleep in it. It would require a whole book to recapitulate the scrapes and escapades of these volatile inmates of the palace.

Enough has been said to show that the Palace of St. James's during the time that it was the royal residence, notwithstanding the dullness of its outward appearance, as grotesque and stiff as the old grenadiers stuck up at its gateway in some old prints, has witnessed merry doings within its walls. Somewhat incline they did to romping. In a court where a stately, self-admiring monarch like Louis XIV. was the central point of observation, and the sovereign arbiter of conduct, a well-ordered stateliness reigned. But,—“when the cat's away the mice will play,”—in a Court where the sovereign was little more than an effigy of state, it was to be expected that the attendants would enact “high life below stairs.” To such a pitch had their waywardness risen, about the time of the accession of George III., that it had attracted the *serious* attention of Selina Countess of Huntingdon; the good lady made desperate efforts to establish a mission within the walls—to introduce Whitfield—and at one time, it would appear from her letters, she even flattered herself that she had made an impression upon the mind of one maid of honour. The project failed. The Methodists made something of the ragged rascality of St. Giles's, but the devils which possessed the demireps of St. James's were not for their casting out. But what the preaching of the pious Countess could not accomplish, was effected in a good measure by the watchful and wary discipline of the consort of George III. Queen Charlotte succeeded at least in enforcing upon her maids of honour the observance of external decorum.

Having no wish to walk upon concealed embers, we refrain from touching upon

the Court of George III. The advocates and assailants are still far too fierce in their controversy regarding the merits of the good old King and his bob-wig to admit an impartial writer being allowed to discuss the merits of the latter with impunity. The higher affairs of state of which the memories haunt the walls of St. James's belong rather to a history of Great Britain than of London. Pass we them, then, unsung, from the appearance of the King and Queen at the balcony to see the treasure captured by the Hermione in the Spanish galleons go down St. James's Street and along Pall Mall, to the imposing procession of the periwig makers of London, to present their petition that His Majesty (then in his twenty-fifth year) would most graciously condescend to wear a wig for the encouragement of their trade—from the assault of the maniac Margaret Nicholson upon her sovereign to the ceremony of dubbing the Hatfield knights. If in the days of its glory St. James's was an unsightly husk containing a rich kernel, its local position was in excellent keeping with its character; for was there not its own stately park behind, and the shop in which Gilray's caricatures were exposed for sale before it?

Long may the structure remain undefaced by the Vandal hands of men of taste—a monument of an age of which Great Britain has no reason to be ashamed. As yet Reynolds was not, nor Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott; and yet, without the reflected radiance of imaginative art and literature, a court did exist which for sturdy intrinsic worth and social polish was quite as good as that of any Augustuses, or Medici, or Louises of them all. Something there might be in its external appearance more akin to Hogarth than to Raffaele—to Fielding than to Ariosto; but a fine spirit may be found inhabiting an uncouth form. The courtiers who inspired the graceful pictures of Pope were no clowns. It must have been a finished grace in the deportment of Miss Chudleigh that enabled her to win the admiration even of the fastidious Richardson. "Love's youngest daughter, fair Lepel," must have been beautiful in reality as in song. The Gunnings, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Miss Peggy Banks—they were less lucky in sprightly wits to celebrate their charms, but no less charming in reality than their predecessors of the court of Charles II. Nor were the men themselves to be despised. Braver soldiers than the Stairs and Conways no monarch need wish to see at his side, or more gracefully, fervidly ambitious than the Pulteneys and Pitts. Chesterfield and Horace Walpole stand high among those who knew how to lend an additional charm to the small talk of society by giving it an elegant *tournure*. And was there not George Selwyn, unrivalled in any age in his own peculiar line, with his *penchant* for executions and his stories innumerable? They were good times, and deserve to be held in honoured remembrance; as we may make our own, if we follow the example set us by the men who then lived—be what we really are, and seek our own happiness after our own fashion, without thinking too curiously "what will Mrs. Grundy say?" There was a glorious self-will about the English mind in the first half of the eighteenth century, which, if it produced much that was grotesque, gave birth to much that had the charm of a hearty sincerity about it. May the dingy walls of St. James's long stand the express image of those times!





[Pelham Street, Spitalfields, 1841.]

## XLIX.—SPITALFIELDS.

WERE we to speak of the “philosophy of the roofs of houses,” it would doubtless be deemed an odd innovation on the established range and scope of philosophy. Yet, though odd, it is not worthless: the busy scenes presented in our streets, the diversity of purpose to which the lower stories of our houses are appropriated, the changes in form and fashion observable in house-architecture, the varied adaptation to the extended wants and tastes of the inmates,—have all been prominent objects for study, on the part of the painter, the poet, the statesman, the topographer. But is there nothing to be gleaned from a more elevated point of sight? Is the region of attics and garrets, roofs and chimneys a barren one? Let us see.

We will suppose the reader to be accompanying us in a short trip on the Great Eastern Railway, which, commencing in Shoreditch, cuts through a densely-populated mass of buildings before getting into the open country, and

which, from the necessity for leaving space for the street-traffic beneath, is elevated to the level of the roofs. During the very few minutes consumed in the passage through this district, an active glance around shows us a remarkable similarity in the upper parts of the houses. House after house presents, at the upper stories, ranges of windows totally unlike those of common dwelling-houses, and more nearly resembling those of a factory or a range of workshops. Many streets are seen, some parallel with the railway, and others intersecting it, in which every house without exception possesses these wide, lattice-like windows; more frequently at the upper than the lower part of the house. The rapidity of our movement prevents any distinct cognizance of the purpose to which these wide-windowed rooms are devoted; yet it is not difficult to detect here and there indications of the frame-work of a loom, and of woven substances of different colours. The windows tell their own tale; they throw light upon the labours of the *Spitalfields Weavers*, large numbers of whom inhabit the houses here spoken of. In some cases, particularly northward of the railway, the upper stories only are lighted by these wide windows; but in glancing southward the eye meets with many clusters of houses, every story of which exhibits the indication of a weaver's home.

But the *roofs* of the houses; what of them? Many and many a roof exhibits a piece of apparatus which on steady inspection is seen to be a kind of bird-trap; or else another specimen of mechanism, which, resembling a pigeon-house in appearance, seems to be used as a large cage. Other districts in London are sparingly decked out in a similar way; but so thick are the instances in Spitalfields, that they form one of the characteristics of the spot;—a characteristic expressed in other words by saying that the weavers of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green are the most famous bird-catchers in or near London. These men supply the greater part of the singing-birds, such as linnets, woodlarks, goldfinches, greenfinches, and chaffinches, found in London: sometimes spreading their nets in the fields northward of the metropolis; and at other times finding a market for their birds in the eastern part of London. The erections on the roofs of the houses have reference to these bird-fancying, bird-catching propensities of the weavers.

A new and broad thoroughfare called Commercial Street—skirting Spitalfields Church, and in which is the opening to Spitalfields Market—extends from the Great Eastern Railway terminus to Whitechapel; and in the formation of this street much good was effected by clearing away several of the narrow lanes and courts which occupied this space. On the north side of the railway, too, considerable improvement has of late been effected by the formation of new streets, whereby much of the misery and wretchedness visible a few years ago has been diminished.

It is not easy to express the general idea respecting Spitalfields as a district. There is a parish of that name, or rather having the name of Christchurch, Spitalfields: but this parish contains a small portion only of the silk-weavers; and it is probable that most persons apply the term Spitalfields to the whole district where the weavers reside. In this enlarged acceptation we will lay down something like a boundary in the following manner:—Begin at Shoreditch Church, and proceed along the Hackney Road till it is intersected by the Regent's Canal; follow the course of the Canal to the Mile-end Road; proceed westward



from thence through Whitechapel to Aldgate; from Aldgate through Houndsditch to Bishopsgate Street; and thence northward to the point whence the tour was commenced. This boundary encloses an irregularly-shaped district, in which nearly the whole of the weavers resided; and as these weavers are universally known as "Spitalfields" weavers, the entire district is frequently called Spitalfields, although including large portions of Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, Whitechapel, and Mile-end New Town.

By far the larger portion of this extensive district was open fields until comparatively modern times. Bethnal Green was really a green, and Spitalfields, like Goodman's-fields and Moorfields, were really covered with grassy sward in the last century. But towards the south-west corner of the district in the nook bounded on three sides by Bishopsgate Street, Houndsditch, and Whitechapel, are many antiquated buildings, and associations connected with others still more ancient. Some of these have especial reference to the name and the early history of Spitalfields; and to these we must devote a brief notice.

Bishopsgate Street is separated into two at the part where the gate formerly stood; the southern section having the appellation "Within" appended to its name, and "Without" to the northern. The continuation of the latter street is called Norton Folgate, and at the junction of the two is a small street leading eastward into *Spital Square*. Let the reader visit this quiet, unobtrusive, irregularly-shaped "Square," and look around him. He will see none but sober-looking brick houses; yet is there much material for thought. He is in the heart of the silk-district of London, the centre from whence that employment springs by which the weavers are supported. A large proportion of the houses in this square are occupied by silk-manufacturers, who purchase raw and thrown silk from the merchants, and employ throwsters and weavers to bring it into those forms so familiar to all; the humble operatives living for the most part eastward of this spot. By carrying the thoughts back to the middle of the last century, we may view this Square as *Spital Yard*, nearly surrounded by houses as at present. A farther retrospect of another century presents the Square to our view as an open plot of ground, with a pulpit standing in the north-east corner, and a house near it for the accommodation of the Lord Mayor and Corporation during the preaching of the 'Spital sermons.' A still more remote view exhibits this open area as part of the burial-ground immediately adjacent to the old Hospital from which the district takes its name.

Passing from Spital Square towards the north, we enter upon the mass of streets which occupy the space between it and the Railway; and among these White Lion Street, and portions of the adjacent streets, together with the northern side of Spital Square, point out pretty nearly the spot where the Hospital stood. The erection of this house of charity—for such it appears to have been in many respects—is dated more than six centuries back. Stow tells us in his 'Survey'—"Next I read in a charter, dated in the year 1235, that Walter Brune, citizen of London, and Rosia his wife, having founded the priory or new hospital of Our Blessed Lady, since called St. Mary Spittle without Bishopsgate, confirmed the same to the honour of God and Our Blessed Lady for Canons regular, the nineteenth of Henry III." Although the institution thus appears to have partaken of a monastic character, yet there are indications, scattered through

the writings of our early chroniclers, that provision was made for poor travellers, and persons in sickness or distress. The names of the successive priors have been preserved, as have likewise those of many eminent persons who were buried within its precincts. From time to time wealthy and benevolent citizens presented sums of money to the priory, either in aid of its general funds, or for some special purpose. But the time at length arrived when this—like most other establishments of the kind in England—suffered from the ruthless hand of Henry VIII. In the year 1534 the Spital was dissolved; and at its surrender evidence was shown of the good offices to which the revenues had partially, at least, been appropriated: for “besides ornaments of the church and other goods pertaining to the hospital, there were found standing one hundred and eighty beds, well furnished, for receipt of the poor of charity; for it was an hospital of great relief.” By the time that Stow wrote, the ground on which the Spital had stood, and which had been given to one Stephen Vaughan by Henry VIII., was occupied by “many fair houses, builded for receipt and lodging of worshipful and honourable men.” When or by whom the priory itself was pulled down does not clearly appear. Bagford, in a letter to Hearne, in Leland’s ‘Collectanea,’ speaks of the priory as being then standing, and as being strongly built of timber, with a turret at one corner. At various periods in the early part of the last century portions of the priory ruins were discovered in or near the houses adjacent to the northern side of Spital Square, one of which houses was occupied by the celebrated Bolingbroke.

The Square itself, which is so named by a most ingenious misapplication of terms, is nearly coincident with a plot of ground once belonging to the Spital, and devoted to open-air preaching. A pulpit existed there some five centuries ago, and, according to Mr. Ellis, (‘History of Shoreditch,’) stood at the north-east corner of Spital Square, nearly facing the spot now occupied by Sir George Wheler’s Chapel. From this pulpit were originally preached the celebrated sermons known as the *Spital sermons*, forming three out of five which were wont to be preached at Easter time, one at Paul’s Cross, on Good Friday, on the subject of the Crucifixion; three on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in Easter week, at the Spital pulpit, on the Resurrection; and one, a kind of summary of the others, at Paul’s Cross, on the Sunday after Easter. Near the south side of the pulpit was a house for the accommodation of the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, their ladies, and persons of distinction from the court end of the town. A curious display of outward adorning took place on these occasions: for it seems that the city magistrates wore violet robes on the Good Friday, scarlet robes on the Monday and Tuesday, violet again on the Wednesday, and, lastly, scarlet on the following Sunday. The boys of Christ’s Hospital, from the time of its formation, were accustomed to attend the Spital sermons, and did so annually until the pulpit was destroyed in the time of the civil wars. We meet with occasional announcements of distinguished persons having attended to hear these sermons, among whom were, on April 21, 1617, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the great Lord Bacon. On such occasions these distinguished persons became the guests of the Lord Mayor for the rest of the day, and were—as we are expressly informed, and may readily believe—“lovingly and honourably both welcomed and entertained with a most liberal and bountiful dinner.” For the subsequent history of



the Spital sermons a few words will suffice: from the Restoration to the year 1797 they were preached at St. Bride's Church, and since that time at Christ Church, Newgate Street.

The destruction of the Spital pulpit seems to have been soon followed by the erection of houses around the open spot in which it had been placed; and many of these houses, by the cruel and most impolitic persecution of the Protestants by Louis XIV., became after a time the abode of the master silk-manufacturers, driven from home and country by that proscription. Of this persecution and its effects we shall have more to say in a subsequent page: let us then shift the scene, and move a little to the south of Spital Square. Duke Street, Steward Street, Sun Street, and some others in the immediate vicinity, occupy the site of an old artillery-ground, once known as *Tasell Close*, where the *tasells* or *teazles* used in the cloth manufacture were cultivated. It was afterwards let by the Priory, to whom it belonged, to the cross-bow makers, for exercise in the art of shooting. Through the medium of Henry VIII. the last prior granted a lease of the ground for "thrice ninety-nine years" to the Artillery Company. The Artillery Ground was in Stow's time used by the gunners of the Tower, who repaired thither every Thursday to exercise their great artillery against a mound of earth which served as a butt. A century afterwards Pepys narrates:—"April 20, 1669, in the afternoon we walked to the old Artillery Ground, near the Spitalfields, where I never was before, but now by Captain Deane's invitation did go to see his new gun tried, this being the place where the officers of the ordnance do try all their great guns." The word "*old*," used here, may be explained by stating that the Artillery Company removed from Spitalfields to Finsbury in or about the year 1640: so that for many years there were the *old* and the *new* Artillery Grounds. The former, however, ceased to exist in our maps in the early part of the last century, although the street called Artillery Lane still remains to point out the locality.

It may now not unreasonably be asked, where and what are *Spital-fields*? We must go farther eastward to arrive at what once was the field of the Spital. A street called Crispin Street, on the western side of Spitalfields Market, is nearly coincident in position with the eastern wall of the old Artillery Ground, and this wall separated the ground from Spitalfields, which stretched out far eastward. Great indeed is the change which this portion of the district has undergone. Rows of small houses, inhabited by weavers and other humble persons, and pent up far too closely for the maintenance of health, now cover the greater part of the green spot once known as Spitalfields. Thanks to the improving spirit of the times, there is now a spacious Victoria Park, to let in a healthy breeze upon the busy world of the east end. This important park, although somewhat eastward of the district we have spoken of, is a vast improvement to this part of London, and is under the management of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, who obtained an Act, empowering them to purchase, with the proceeds of the sale of York House, a large area of ground near Bethnal Green, about 270 acres in extent, for the purpose of converting it into a park. The plot of ground, which is of irregular shape, is a little larger than St. James's Park, and is bounded on the south by Sir George Duckett's Canal (sometimes called the Lea Union Canal); on the west by the Regent's Canal, which here bends southward towards

the river; on the east by Old Ford Lane, leading from Old Ford to Hackney Wick; and on the north by Hackney Common. It is surrounded by houses at different parts of the boundary to the park, in some degree resembling those of the Regent's Park; while the interior area is well laid out in shrubberies, grass plats, walks, &c. There are also extensive cricket and gymnastic grounds within the park, besides lakes and islands; indeed, no pains have been spared to render the spot picturesque, healthy, and satisfactory to all. A very handsome Gothic Drinking Fountain was, in 1862, erected in the midst of this park for the people, at the sole cost of the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

In the 'Map of London in the time of Queen Elizabeth,' we find the "Spittle-Fields" at the north-east extremity of London, not only fields properly so termed, but quite "in the country," free from houses on all sides, excepting the few buildings on the site of the Spital. Of the state of this field in Elizabeth's reign Stow writes, "On the east side of this (*i. e.* the Spital) churchyard lieth a large field, of old time called Lolesworth, now Spittlefield, which about the year 1576 was broken up for clay to make brick." A century later, as indicated in the 'Map of London at the Time of the Great Fire,' we find the spot still under the name of *Spittle-fields*, but greatly altered in externals. It is represented as a square field, with the Artillery Ground on the west, and a boundary of houses nearly surrounding it. There is a small pamphlet in the British Museum called 'A Faire in Spittlefields,' which throws a light on one, at least, of the purposes to which this field was at that period appropriated. The pamphlet is a kind of satirical account, in verse, of a day's proceedings at Spitalfields about the year 1658. It appears that the populace, having become somewhat chary in their belief in astrologers, conjurors, and mountebanks, were more loth than before to part with their money to such worthies; and the latter, before it was too late, determined

" to try  
In one poore day to vent their foolerie;  
Whereupon resolved to constitute a faire  
In *Spittle Fields*, exposing each man's ware  
To public view; and ere a full decay,  
Having once sold their trinkets, haste away."

A sagacious resolve, but not a successful one. The pedlers deck out their stalls with "pritty whimsies," the crier opens the fair, and William Lilly appears, announcing his astrological wares, among which was "a prediction whether or no we shall have a monarchy." But no customers appeared, and Lilly made way for Nicholas Culpeper, contemptuously termed the "Vicar of St. Fools," who,

" with a handful of conceited knowledge,  
Dare challenge all the doctores in the colledge."

He entreated the spectators to buy, urging them to

" bid money, tho' but little,  
For night comes on, and we must leave the Spittle."

But in vain; he departed, and made way for Bowker, "whose face would fright a razor," and who announced certain secrets relating to the zodiac, &c.; with what success the last two lines inform us:—

" None would buy; wherefore they left the faire,  
While people's shouts might seeme to rende the aire."



If we pass over the interval of another generation or two, we find the "Spittlefields," or the small streets which had by that time sprung up around them, the abode of a new race—a new knot of persons—who have ever since formed the most characteristic dwellers in the vicinity. Louis XIV. little thought that he was laying the groundwork for the establishment of the silk-manufacture in England when he drove his Protestant subjects from France at the point of the bayonet: there is something like a moral retribution in the result, which furnishes a lesson not wholly unprofitable. In order to understand the effect of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in giving a spur to manufacture in England, and laying a foundation for the present system of operations in Spitalfields, it will be necessary to glance at the previous state of things in relation to the silk-trade.

It seems to have been about the thirteenth century that a large quantity of silk goods (then a rarity in Europe) first made their appearance in England. The novelty and splendour of the article seem to have excited general interest among our nobility; but the only means we have of knowing that the manufacture was commenced within a century afterwards in this country, is afforded by an Act of Parliament passed in the year 1363, in which certain restrictions were passed upon the merchants, shopkeepers, and artificers, as to the mode in which they should carry on their avocations, but with exceptions in favour of "female brewers, bakers, weavers, spinsters, and other women employed upon the works in wool, linen, or silk." From this time forward there appears to have been females designated "silk-women," employed in weaving small silk wares, such as ribbons, &c.; and for the protection of this class a law was passed in 1454 prohibiting, for the period of five years, the importation of foreign articles similar to those which were made by the silk-women of London. We have not been able to ascertain whether these silk-women inhabited any particular part of London; but it is quite certain that the districts now known as Spitalfields and Bethnal Green were at that time entirely in the country, and almost free from houses.

In 1463 a further protection was given to home manufacture by the prohibition of imported articles; among which are enumerated "laces, ribbons, and fringes of silk, silk twine, silk embroidered, tires of silk, purses, and girdles." At various times these restrictions were removed, a step which invariably led to the distress of the English silk-women: from which we may infer that the home manufacture, either in cheapness or quality, or both, was inferior to the foreign. There is evidence that down to the year 1500, and even later, the silk goods manufactured in England were small wares: for by an act of 1502, while it is made unlawful to import "silk ribands, laces, girdles, corsers, and corsers of tissues or points, upon pain of forfeiture of the same," any persons are permitted to import silk in other forms, whether manufactured or not. It was, indeed, more than a century after this that the manufacture of "broad-silks" (lustrings, satins, velvets, &c.) commenced in England. James I., after having in vain attempted to introduce silk-worms into this country, was more successful in advancing the manufacture: for, by affording some encouragement to Mr. Burlamach, a merchant of London, he induced some silk-throwsters, silk-dyers, and broad weavers to come to this country. A beginning being thus made in the manufacture of raw silk into broad silk fabrics, the workmen increased so rapidly, that, by the year 1629, the silk-throwsters of London formed a body of sufficient importance to be incorporated.

Several Acts of Parliament were past during the reign of Charles I., having reference to the silk manufacture. One in 1630 related to certain nefarious practices in the dyeing of silk, with precautions for its amendment; another, in 1638, laid down rules as to the dye materials which should be employed; a third enacted that the Weavers' Company (one of the oldest of the City Companies, established when the woollen manufacture formed the staple of English industry) were empowered to admit into their body a certain number of broad-silk weavers, provided the latter were "conformable to the laws of the Realm and to the Constitution of the Church of England." By the year 1661 the Company of silk-throwsters in London are said to have employed about forty thousand men, women, and children; \* and an enactment was at the same time made, that no one should set up in that trade without serving an apprenticeship of seven years, and becoming free of the Throwsters' Company.

We now arrive at that period when the silk manufacture in England received its most marked change. The sad and dismal tale of the persecution of the Huguenots in France we are not called upon to narrate here: suffice it to say, that the Edict of Nantes, made by Henry IV., in 1598, in favour of the French Protestants, was revoked by Louis XIV. in 1685, and that the revocation was followed by the expatriation of vast numbers of that ill-judging monarch's best subjects, the number being variously estimated at from three hundred thousand to a million. Of these a considerable portion came to England, and those who made London their place of refuge are spoken of by Stow with equal good feeling and good sense. "The north-west parts of this parish," (Stepney, to which Spitalfields then belonged,) "Spittlefields and parts adjacent, of later times became a great harbour for poor Protestant strangers; Walloons and French; who, as in former days, so of late, have been found to become exiles from their own country for their religion, and for the avoiding cruel persecution. Here they have found quiet and security, and settled themselves in their several trades and occupations; *weavers* especially; whereby God's blessing is surely not only brought upon the parish, by receiving poor strangers, but also a great advantage hath accrued to the whole nation, by the rich manufacture of weaving silks, and stuffs, and camlets, which art they brought along with them. And this benefit also to the neighbourhood,—that these strangers may serve for patterns of thrift, honesty, industry and sobriety." It appears that in the year 1687 no fewer than thirteen thousand five hundred of the refugees were sheltered and relieved in London alone, of whom there were about five hundred families of the nobility, lawyers, divines, physicians, and merchants, and the rest artizans and husbandmen. 40,000*l.* was collected for them in one year; and four years afterwards Charles II. ordered that all such Protestant refugees should be allowed to come to any port of England with their goods and chattels free of duty; that they should receive letters of denization without charge; that an act should be passed for their naturalization; that they should have liberty to pursue their several avocations; and that they should have equal privileges with British natives.

The silk manufacture at Spitalfields, having received an extraordinary impulse from this occurrence, began to acquire considerable importance. The refugees introduced the weaving of the various silk fabrics then known by the names of

\* A gentleman, recently a partner in an eminent silk firm, informs us that this must be a gross exaggeration.



lustrings, alamodes, brocades, satins, black and coloured mantuas, black paduasoyes, ducales, watered tabbies, and black velvets; but no sooner had the strangers made a firm footing in England, than, like their predecessors, they cried out for protection, and under the name of the Royal Lustring Company obtained an Act, prohibiting the importation of foreign lustrings and alamodes. The "Lustring Company" was however defeated—not by Acts of Parliament or foreign competition—but by a change of fashion, which drove lustrings and alamodes out of the markets. In 1718 the silk manufacture underwent an important change through the labours of Sir Thomas Lombe, who introduced from Italy the process of *organzining* (or preparing for the weaver) raw silk by machinery, and who received from Parliament a reward of 14,000*l.* for his ingenuity.

We cannot follow the history of the silk manufacture throughout England: it will be sufficient to say that in Spitalfields it advanced with great rapidity. The Weavers' Company of London, in a petition which they presented to the House of Commons in 1713, stated, that, owing to the encouragement afforded by the Crown and by divers Acts of Parliament, the silk manufacture at that time was twenty times greater in amount than in the year 1664; that all sorts of black and coloured silks, gold and silver stuffs, and ribbons, were made here as good as those of French fabric; and that black silk for hoods and scarfs, which twenty-five years before was all imported, was now made here to the annual value of more than 300,000*l.*\*

When Lombe's machine became used in England, it was confidently expected that the manufacture might be carried on wholly in this country, receiving from abroad nothing but the raw silk: it was found, however, that the importation of Italian *organzined* silk was indispensably necessary for the *warp* in the weaving process. To understand this, it will be necessary to glance at a few details relating to the manufacture. Most silk goods, like those of cotton, have obviously threads crossing each other at right angles and interlacing; and the same may be said of velvets and of woollen cloths, although the subsequent production of a *pile* or *nap* nearly conceals the threads. Those threads which extend lengthwise of the woven fabric are called the *warp* or *web*, while the cross-threads are termed the *weft* or *shoot*. Employing the terms *warp* and *shoot*, we may now state that in weaving silk these are made of different kinds of threads, the warp being formed of threads termed *organzine*, and the shoot by other threads called *tram*. The raw silk is imported from Italy, India, China, and a few other countries, in the form of skeins, and must pass through the hands of the "throwster" before the weaver is employed upon it. The throwster, by means of a machine, twists the silk into a slight kind of thread known as "singles," and these singles are combined to form tram or organzine. Tram is formed of two or three threads of silk lightly twisted together; but organzine is the result of a larger series of operations, which may be thus enumerated:—the raw silk is unwound from the skeins, and rewound upon bobbins; the silk so wound is sorted into different qualities; each individual thread is then spun, twisted or "thrown;" two or more of these spun threads are brought together upon fresh bobbins; and finally these combined threads are twisted to form organzine. The whole of these operations are included in the general term "silk throwing," and are entirely

\* Mr G. R. Porter's 'Treatise on the Silk Manufacture.'

distinct from the weaving : nearly all the Spitalfields population engaged in the silk manufacture are *weavers* ; the throwsters being spread over various parts of the country, and working in large factories known as silk-mills. The reader will understand, therefore, that when the weavers are stated to have preferred Italian organzine, even after the introduction of Lombe's machine, the preference relates to some particular quality in the Italian production, which fitted it to form the warp or "long threads" of silk goods, the shoot or "cross-threads" being sufficiently well made in England. This preference is said to exist even at the present day, notwithstanding the advance of English ingenuity ; and Mr. Porter suggests, as a probable explanation of the alleged inferiority of English thrown silk, "that the climate may influence the quality of a substance so delicate, since it is well known that, during certain states of the atmosphere, the throwing of silk is performed in this country at a comparative disadvantage : or it may be that the fibre of the silk is injuriously affected by its being packed before twisting, or by the lengthened voyage to which it is subjected in its transit to this country ; and the higher estimation uniformly evinced by our throwsters for silk of the new crop, over that which has lain for some time in the warehouse, would seem to indicate another cause for the alleged superiority of Italian organzine. It is owing to this preference of foreign thrown silk that, in the face of a high protecting duty, it has always met with a certain although limited demand from the English silk-weavers."

During the reigns of Anne, George I., and George II., the Spitalfields' weavers appear to have increased in number, and to have been employed in various qualities of silk goods, principally those known as "broad silks ;" but nevertheless, whether through any superiority in foreign manufacture, or through the influence of fashion, French silks continued to find their way into England, either by smuggling or by open trade, according to the state of the import laws. The English weavers then began to clamour for "double duties" on the foreign articles ; but as the legislature did not seem disposed to grant the request, the weavers became more importunate, and went to the House of Commons on January 10, 1764, with "drums beating and banners flying," to demand the *total prohibition* of foreign silks. With this, of course, the legislature could not comply ; but acts were passed, lowering the import duty on raw silk, and prohibiting the importation of silk ribbons, stockings, and gloves. The next year more demands were made, and to some extent granted, to prevent threatened outrage.

The celebrated "Spitalfields Acts" had their origin in disputes between the masters and men in regard to wages. The yielding of the legislature to the demands of the men had so emboldened them, that they took summary measures to compel an advance of wages from their employers, destroying the looms and the houses of those masters who refused to comply with the demands. To settle these disputes, an act was passed in 1773, empowering the aldermen of London and the magistrates of Middlesex to regulate, at the quarter sessions, the wages of journeymen silk-weavers, penalties being inflicted upon such masters as gave, and upon such journeymen as received or demanded, either more or less than should be thus settled by authority, and prohibiting any silk-weaver from having more than two apprentices at one time. In 1792 this act was made to include



those weavers who worked upon silk mixed with other materials; and in 1811 the female weavers were brought under this regulation. These three enactments constituted the "Spitalfields Acts," which continued in force till 1824. In the present day, when the principles which regulate trade and commercial dealings are so much better understood than in the last century, the impolicy of such acts is very manifest. They were passed to get rid of an evil, but they originated an evil of a different kind: they were intended to protect both masters and men from unjust exactions on either part; but they imposed such restrictions on the mode of conducting the trade as drove many branches of the silk manufacture altogether from Spitalfields. A petition, which was presented to the House of Commons on May 9th, 1823, had so much effect in bringing about the repeal of the Spitalfields Acts, that we will extract from it a few passages showing the operation of these enactments. The aldermen and magistrates, up to that time, had the power of "limiting the number of threads to an inch in silk goods; restricting the widths of many sorts of work; and determining the quantity of labour not to be exceeded without extra wages." The petitioners stated that "these acts, by not permitting the masters to reward such of their workmen as exhibit superior skill and ingenuity, but compelling them to pay an equal price for all work, whether well or ill performed, have materially retarded the progress of improvement, and repressed industry and emulation." In consequence of an order from the magistrates that silk made by machinery should be paid for at the same rate as that made by hand, few improvements could be introduced; and "the London silk-loom, with a trifling exception, remains in the same state as at its original introduction into this country by the French refugees." Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Ricardo warmly supported the prayer of the petition for the repeal of the obnoxious acts, which accordingly took place in the following year. This circumstance, taken in conjunction with the introduction of the Jacquard loom,\* (by which figured silks can be made with much more facility than under the old method,) has placed the manufacture on a more healthy footing.

The mode of conducting the transactions between employer and employed in the silk manufacture deserves a passing notice, as giving rise to many of the peculiarities observable in the Spitalfields population. We have said that silk-throwing is effected in mills conducted on the factory system; but silk-weaving in Spitalfields partakes of a different character. The manufacturer who procures his thrown "organzine" and "tram," either from the throwster or from the silk importers, selects the silk necessary to execute any particular order. The weaver goes to the house or shop of his employer and receives a certain quantity of the material, the "tram" being generally wound on bobbins, and the "organzine" in the form of what is called a *cane* (derived from the French word *chaine*, and so called from the silk being taken off the warping-mill in loops or links): this cane or warp varies from one to two hundred yards in length. The weaver takes the material home to his own dwelling and weaves it at his own looms, or sometimes at looms supplied by the manufacturer. He is paid a certain rate per ell for his labour; but, as the weavers are not remarkable for provident habits, even

\* We may here remark that at present (1841), according to a statement in the 'Penny Magazine,' vol. x. p. 478, the better class of Spitalfields weavers are engaged in fabricating a piece of silk, by the aid of the Jacquard loom, which will eclipse not only everything that has been done in this country, but even the finest production of the Lyonnese weavers, among whom the art has attained great excellence. The design is an elaborate allegorical picture, all the minute details of which will be produced by weaving.

in the best of times, they are accustomed to "draw" money on account while the work is in progress, and to receive the remainder when the woven material and overplus material are returned to the manufacturer.

The customary arrangement of a weaver's family, in regard to work, are thus described by Dr. Kay, in a Report to the Poor Law Commissioners, in 1837 :— "A weaver has generally two looms, one for his wife and another for himself; and, as his family increases, the children are set to work at six or seven years of age to quill silk; at nine or ten years to pick silk; and at the age of twelve or thirteen (according to the size of the child) he is put to the loom to weave. A child very soon learns to weave a plain silk fabric, so as to become a proficient in that branch; a weaver thus, not unfrequently, has four looms on which members of his own family are employed. On a Jacquard-loom a weaver can earn 25s. a week on an average;\* on a velvet or rich plain silk-loom from 16s. to 20s. per week; and on a plain silk-loom from 12s. to 14s., excepting when the silk is bad and requires much cleaning, when his earnings are reduced to 10s. per week; and on one or two very inferior fabrics 8s. per week only are sometimes earned, though the earnings are reported to be seldom so low on these coarse fabrics. On the occurrence of a commercial crisis the loss of work occurs first among the least skilful operatives, who are discharged from work." In the Evidence taken before a Committee of the House of Commons on the Silk-trade in 1831-2, it was stated that the population of the districts in which the Spitalfields weavers resided, comprising Spitalfields, Mile End New Town, and Bethnal Green, could not be less at that time than one hundred thousand, of whom fifty thousand were entirely dependent on the silk manufacture, and the remaining moiety more or less dependent indirectly. Of late years, however, the business done by the weavers in Spitalfields has much declined, and there are now comparatively speaking but few houses in which the work is still carried on.

Mr. Porter, in his 'Treatise on the Silk Manufacture,' gives the following picture of a Jacquard-weaver's family which he happened to visit :—"It once occurred to the author of this treatise, in the course of his visits among the operative weavers of Spitalfields, to visit a family consisting of a man, his wife, and ten children, all of whom, with the exception of the two youngest girls, were engaged in useful employments connected with the silk manufacture. The father, assisted by one of his sons, was occupied with a machine punching card-slips (certain pieces of apparatus in Jacquard-weaving), from figures which another son, a fine intelligent lad, was 'reading-on.' Two other lads, somewhat older, were in another apartment, casting, drawing, punching, and attaching to cords the leaden plummets or 'lingos,' which form part of the harness for a Jacquard-loom. The mother was engaged in warping silk. One of the daughters was similarly employed at another machine, and three other girls were in three separate looms, weaving figured silks. . . . An air of order and cheerfulness prevailed throughout this busy establishment that was truly gratifying; and, with the exception of the plummet-drawers, all were clean and neatly clad. The particular occupation wherein each was engaged was explained most readily, and with a degree of genuine politeness which proved that amid the harassing cares attendant upon daily toils of no ordinary degree, these parents had not been

\* The gentleman to whom we have before alluded informs us that he frequently, soon after the introduction of the Jacquard-loom, paid weavers as much as fifteen shillings per day for the best kinds of work.



unmindful of their duty as regarded the cultivation of their children's minds and hearts."

It is evident that Mr. Porter has here sketched a family placed under very favourable circumstances, in which the work was of a good kind, and plentiful enough to employ all. It would be pleasing to think that such were the average state of things; but this pleasure is denied. The homes, the amount of employment, and the general circumstances of the weavers are, now at least, of a far lower grade, as will be seen from the following brief sketch, which illustrates what we believe to be the average condition of the humbler but numerous class of weavers in a season of low wages and bare employment. In passing through the districts inhabited by the weavers, with an endeavour to view the processes of the manufacture, our inquiries were too often met by the sad reply—"I have no work at present;" but at one house, situated near the northern side of the railway, we mounted a dark staircase to the upper floor or room, occupied by an elderly weaver and his wife. The room formed the entire upper story, and was approached, not by a door, but by a trap in the floor, opening a communication with the stairs beneath. At each end of the room, front and back, were windows, of that peculiar form so characteristic of the district, and which are made very wide in order to admit light to all parts of the looms placed adjacent to them. At each window was a loom, the husband being at work at one, and the wife at the other. Near the looms were two "quill-wheels," a sort of spinning-wheel, at which the "weft" or "shoot" threads are wound upon the quills for using in the shuttles. In the middle of the room was a stump-bedstead, covered with its humble, but clean, "patch-work" quilt; and near it—some on the floor, some on shelves, and some hanging on the walls of the room—were various miscellaneous articles of domestic furniture (for the room served as parlour, kitchen, bed-room, workshop, and all). A few pictures, a few plants, and two or three singing-birds, formed the poetical furniture of the room. The man was weaving a piece of black satin, and the woman a piece of blue; and, in reply to inquiries on the subject, we learned that they were to be paid for their labour at the rates of sixpence and fourpence halfpenny per yard respectively, which, at close work, would yield about seven or eight shillings a-week each. The man was short in stature (as most of the Spitalfields weavers are), grey-headed, depressed in spirits, but intelligent and communicative. When, after descending from this room, we looked around at the mass of weavers' houses in the vicinity, we could not but feel that most of them bore a saddening similarity to that which we had entered.

It seems probable, as far as the means exist of determining it, that the weavers are principally English, and of English origin. To the manufacturers or masters, however, the same remark does not apply, for the names of the different parts of the weaving apparatus, and those of the partners in many of the firms now existing, point to the French origin of the manufacture in that district, however subsequent events may have produced an amalgamation. The Guillebauds and the Desormeaux, the Chabots and the Turquands, the Merceron and the Chauvets, can doubtless trace their connexion with the harassed and persecuted refugees of 1685.

We have said that a characteristic employment or amusement of the Spital-



[Spitalfields Market, 1841.]

fields weavers is the catching of birds. This is carried on principally in the months of March and October, and by the means of a kind of apparatus totally unknown in most other parts of the country. They train “call-birds” in a most peculiar manner, and conduct the whole of their operations in a very original way. There is an odd sort of emulation among them as to which of their birds will sing or “jerk” the longest. “The bird-catchers frequently lay considerable wagers whose *call-birds* can jerk the longest, as that determines the superiority. They place them opposite to each other by an inch of candle, and the bird who jerks the oftenest before the candle is burnt out wins the wager. We have been informed that there have been instances of a bird having given a hundred and seventy jerks in a quarter of an hour; and we have known a linnet in such a trial persevere in its emulation till it swooned from the perch.”\*

A ramble through Bethnal Green and Mile-end New Town, in which the weavers principally reside, made but a few years back, would present the visitor with many curious features illustrative either of the peculiarities or of the poverty of the district. We will suppose, for instance, that the visitor entered Spital Square from Norton Folgate, and proceeded through Crispin Street to Spitalfields Market. He thence passed eastward to Spitalfields Church, one of the “fifty new churches” built in the reign of Queen Anne; and along Church Street to Brick Lane. If he proceeded northward up the latter, he would arrive, first, at the vast

\* Encyc. Metrop., ‘Bird-Catching.’



premises of Truman, Hanbury and Buxton's brewery, and then at the Great Eastern Railroad, which crosses the street at a considerable elevation; if he extended his steps eastward, he would at once enter upon the districts inhabited by the weavers. On passing through most of the streets in this district a visitor from other parts of the town would be conscious of a noiselessness, a dearth of bustle and activity. It was rather painful than pleasurable that we remarked the large number of "Benefit Societies," "Loan Societies," "Burial Societies," &c., whose announcements were posted about the streets; for it is well known to those who have studied these subjects that the poor generally pay ruinous interest for any aid which, as generally managed, they receive from societies of this kind. Here and there we met with bills announcing that coals were to be had "at twelve pence per cwt." at a certain place during the cold weather; and at some of the bakers' shops were announcements that "weavers' tickets are taken here in exchange for bread," in allusion to tickets given by a Benevolent Association. In one street we met with a barber's shop, at which, in addition to the operations usually conducted at such places, persons could have "a good wash for one farthing;" and in another street a flaming placard announced that at a certain public-house the advertiser would attend every evening, to match his bird against any linnet or goldfinch in the world, for "one thousand guineas!" Here we espied a school, at which children were "taught to read and work at twopence a-week;" there a chandler's shop, in which shuttles, reeds, quills, and the smaller parts of weaving apparatus were exposed for sale in the window in company with split-pease, bundles of wood, and red-herrings. At another place was a bill, emanating from the parish authorities, warning the inhabitants that they were liable to a penalty if their dwellings were kept dirty and unwholesome. In one little shop, "patch-work" was sold at "10*d.* 12*d.* and 16*d.* a pound;" and in another—which we regretted more than anything else—astrological predictions, interpretations of dreams, and nativities, were to be purchased, "from three pence upwards," as also extracts from 'Moore's Almanac' for the last seventy years. In very many of the houses the windows numbered more sheets of paper than panes of glass; and no inconsiderable number of houses were shut up altogether.

To remedy the evils arising from crowded and unhealthy dwellings in the metropolis, several philanthropic efforts have been made of late years, to give practical demonstration of the way in which homes may be provided for the labouring classes to satisfy the requirements of sanitary science, and at the same time to afford fair remuneration on capital expended in their construction. First and foremost in the ranks of the noble philanthropists who have thus come forward to improve the dwellings of the humbler classes, is Lady Burdett Coutts, whose range of buildings in Columbia Square, Bethnal Green, seems to have answered so well all the requirements expected of it, that it may be said to have served as the model of several other structures of a similar character in other parts of the metropolis. The buildings in Columbia Square are arranged in three distinct blocks, forming three sides of a quadrangle; each block is of great length, five stories high, and fitted with baths, washhouses, club-rooms, shafts for the removal of dust, and, in fact, all modern appliances that seem likely to conduce to the health, cleanliness, and comfort of the class for whom they are intended; and the rent charged ranges from 2*s.* to 5*s.* per week. Besides the dwelling-houses alluded to above, Lady

Burdett Coutts also caused to be erected, at her sole expense, a spacious market in Columbia Square, on the south side of Hackney Road, which was opened as a wholesale and retail fish-market in 1870. The building has since been made over to the Corporation of London; but as a market, however, it has turned out a failure. As a further step towards improving the social condition of the inhabitants of Bethnal Green and its neighbourhood, a museum was established in 1872, on a space of ground at the east end of Bethnal Green Road, which had been bought by subscription and presented to the nation, through the exertions of Sir Antonic Brady and the Rev. Mr. Hansard. The building, which is much frequented by those for whom it was specially intended, is opened under the same regulations as South Kensington Museum.



[House in Booth Street, Spitalfields, 1841.]





Old Custom House. Destroyed by fire in 1814.

## L.—THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

"It is by the Thames," says a popular writer,\* "that the foreigner should enter London. The broad breast of this great river, black with the huge masses that float upon its crowded waters,—the tall fabrics, gaunt and drear, that line its melancholy shores,—the thick gloom through which you dimly catch the shadowy outline of these gigantic forms,—the marvellous quiet with which you glide by the dark phantoms of her power into the mart of nations,—the sadness, the silence, the vastness, the obscurity of all things around—prepare you for a grave and solemn magnificence. . . . Behold St. Katharine's Docks, and Walker's Soap Manufactory, and 'Hardy's Shades!' Lo! there is the strength, the industry, and the pleasure—the pleasure of the enterprising, the money-making, the dark-spirited people of England." Such may probably be the reflections of the foreigner as some steam-vessel from the Elbe or the Rhine, from Boulogne, Calais, or Havre, sweeping past the "time-worn" Tower, brings-to off the Custom House. Before the introduction of steam-ships the continental traveller generally landed at Harwich or Dover, and the first page of his diary was in praise

\* France, by H. L. Bulwer.

(if he praised us at all) of our horses and public vehicles, of the excellence of the roads, and the rapid travelling; the verdant appearance of English scenery, the prettiness of the cottages, and the air of neatness and comfort pervading the villages and small towns through which he passed on his journey to the metropolis. Now, however, he is thrown at once into the vortex of London, without the preparation which a journey of above seventy miles affords.

The spacious and well-gravelled quay in front of the Custom House, the only quay in the port of London on which the public can walk, with the exception of the new and noble Embankment, is deserving of more commendation than it has generally received, though beaux and belles who seek for gratification in reciprocal glances of admiration will resort to the more congenial shades of Kensington Gardens or the promenades in the Parks. This is a place for enjoyment of another kind. Here at mid-day the rays of the winter's sun seem less feeble than elsewhere under the shelter of the great building on the north, and the aged and valetudinarian feel doubly grateful for the genial influence of its rays. The public are allowed to stroll upon the quay at such times when their presence is not detrimental to the business to be transacted; and we are pleased to observe that seats are here and there provided for their accommodation. Let us, therefore, on a fine summer's day resort hither and observe what is passing before us. At the western extremity of the quay is Billingsgate, the great fish-market of the metropolis, with the small dock for the craft of the fishermen. It is nearly high water, and while the flood lasts they continue to arrive, and, by a little seaman-like manœuvring, are brought into the mooring-place provided for them. The size of the fishermen's boats is as various as their cargoes. Some have perhaps mackerel, which may either prove very valuable or be sold at a loss, according to the time at which it reaches the market; and if the tide did not serve, the steam-tug has been employed for the sake of despatch. Other boats are of smaller size, and we may see how eminently domestic is the employment of the fisherman. One or two of his boys, often at a very early age, assist him in the boat, while his wife and the remainder of the children are drying and mending the nets at home. The boats, which have already disposed of their cargoes, are got ready for leaving the dock; the sails are unfurled; and as soon as the tide turns, a number of them will pass in quick succession down the river. A little westward of London Bridge are the wharfs for steam-boats for Greenwich, Woolwich, Gravesend, and other parts of the river. Their arrival and departure is incessant, and strains of music catch the ear as they rapidly pass the Custom House Quay, most of the boats being accompanied by three or four musicians, who doubtless enhance the enjoyment of the innumerable persons who seek for relaxation by a trip to the above-mentioned places. Lighters laden with coal and every kind of merchandise and produce, and whose longest voyage does not extend below the Pool or much above the bridges, are passing; country barges which come by the canals from places far inland; and small sloops which in summer do not fear a sea voyage to any part of the English coast, but in winter are employed on the canals. Then the light wherry lands its fare at the wharves or passes up and down the stream. On the right is the noble bridge with its throng of passengers, coaches, omnibuses, hackney-coaches, cabs, carts, drays, and waggons. On land and water the tide of life is flowing before us with full



volume, but here, while witnessing how rapidly it hastens along, the roar of the living torrent is blended and harmonized. The flickering lights which are reflected on the surface of the river at the same time delight the eye by their varied shades and tones. But a large steam-ship advances, heaving the wave all around in its impetuous course; its deck crowded with aliens, perhaps exiles, and English tourists who have spent various periods, from seven days to as many months or years, on the Continent. It is curious to watch the countenance of each individual among the successive batches of *voyageurs* who pass from the steamboat and land at the docks hard by, and to speculate upon the feeling produced in the gay sons and daughters of France, the excitable Italian, or more sober German, on first touching English ground. In the large world of London there is an abiding place for them if they can bring the recommendation of superior aptitude and talent for whatever they undertake. The Steam Packet Baggage Warehouse is a department of the London Custom House rendered necessary by the increased passenger intercourse between the port of London and the Continent; and here the duties upon articles contained in the baggage of travellers may be paid with the least possible delay. The articles upon which the duties are principally levied are books, china, musical instruments, millinery, eau de Cologne, prints, and shoes; and from France, Holland, and Hamburg, the articles in passengers' luggage pay a duty of several thousands a-year. The regulations of the Commissioners of Customs in respect to passengers are liberal and indulgent, and they are executed in the same spirit.

All the western nations appear to have inherited from the Romans the practice of exacting certain payments on the landing and embarkation of merchandise at each seaport, and the name of customs, or some equivalent term, shows that these payments were sanctioned by immemorial usage. These exactions aided the sovereign in his necessities, and induced him to encourage the commerce of his subjects. Stow observes that merchants and retailers do not only profit themselves and enrich the realm, but "bear a good fleece which the prince may shear when he seeth good;" and this regard to the fleece rendered the interest of both parties in some measure identical. It appears from a letter to Offa, King of the Mercians, by Charlemagne, that the English pilgrims travelling to Rome frequently assumed the scrip and staff as a cloak for smuggling, introducing, as it is conjectured, articles of gold and silver without paying the customs, from which, as pilgrims, they were exempt. Charlemagne was desirous that persons who were truly on pilgrimage should "travel in peace, without any trouble;" but as to the pretenders, who are "not in the service of religion, but in the pursuit of gain, let them pay the established duties at the proper places." Rather more than a century afterwards Ethelred II. (A. D. 978-1016), in a council held at Wantage, in Berkshire, fixed the toll or custom on ships and merchandise arriving at Billingsgate, which, at that time, appears to have been the principal landing-place in the port of London. It was declared that every smaller boat should pay one halfpenny; a large boat with sails one penny; a keel (a ship, we suppose) four pennies; a vessel with wood to give one piece of wood; a boat with fish coming to the bridge one halfpenny or one penny, according to its size. After the Conquest customs were exacted not only by the King, but, at the out-ports, by the lord under whose protection the town was placed.

The Queen's Hythe (Queenhithe) appears to have been the most favoured landing-place after the Conquest. In 1224 Henry III. directed the officers of the Tower to arrest the ships of the Cinque Ports which arrived in the river, and to compel them to bring their corn to the Queen's Hythe only; and two years afterwards the same officers were ordered to seize all fish offered for sale at any other place. The privileges of the Queen's Hythe extended from the Steelyard to Blackfriars. In 1244 the bailiffs of the Queen's Hythe complained of an infringement of their rights, fourteen foreign ships having arrived at Billingsgate with fish, instead of being brought to their landing-place. A penalty of forty shillings was to be inflicted in future for this violation of their interests; but the ships belonging to the citizens of London might land their cargoes wherever the owners might appoint. In 1246 Richard Earl of Cromwell disposed of his rights, privileges, and customs in the Queen's Hythe to the city for an annual sum of 50*l.*, to be paid in two instalments at Easter and Michaelmas. This landing-place was now under the charge of the Sheriffs of London, and was so much frequented in 1302 by vessels bringing fish, salt, fuel, and other merchandise, as to require the service of more than thirty meters and porters. The principal meter had eight chief master-porters under him, each of whom employed three under-porters. The porters were to find one horse and seven sacks under pain of losing their office; and notwithstanding these charges and the small stipend which they received, they "lived well of their labours." In 1345 ships and vessels landing at Down Gate (Dowgate) were ordered to pay the same customs as if they rode at Queenhithe. A century afterwards it was ordered that if two vessels came up at the same time, one should go to Billingsgate; if three, two were to land their cargoes at the Queen's Hythe, and the other at Billingsgate, but "always the more" at Queen Hythe. At length, however, Billingsgate asserted its pre-eminence. Situated east of the bridge, it was naturally more convenient for large vessels with topmasts than the other port. Fabyan, who wrote at the close of the fifteenth century, says that the customs of Queen's Hythe had so fallen off in his time as to be worth but 15*l.* a-year. A century later Stow speaks of it as being then "almost forsaken." He confirms the superiority of Billingsgate, which, he says, "is now the largest water-gate on the river of Thames, and therefore the most frequented. Ships and boats arrived here with fish, both fresh and salt, shell-fish, salt, onions, oranges and other fruits and roots, wheat, rye, and grain of divers sorts "for service of the city and the ports of this realm adjoining." The meters and porters of the Queen's Hythe, who formerly each employed a horse for the delivery of corn and other articles in the city, no longer flourished in prosperity; and to add to their discouragement Stow informs us that "the bakers of London, and other citizens, travel into the countries and buy their corn of the farmers after the farmers' prices."

All along the northern bank of the river, in Thames Street, there were landing-places, warehouses, and cellars belonging to the merchants, who had their houses in the streets leading from the river. A few years before Stow wrote, the number of householders in the ward of Billingsgate who were aliens was fifty-one, although thirty years earlier there were but three Netherlanders. These aliens inhabited the best houses in the ward, and willingly paid 20*l.* a-year rent for houses which had before let only for four marks. The rent was highest for those



houses nearest the water-side. At this period the foreign trade of the country was still almost entirely in the hands of aliens. They are described in an Act passed in 1377 as not only trading in the goods imported by themselves from abroad, but also as buying in the ports where they were established and elsewhere, at their free will, the various commodities which were the produce of this realm, and selling them again at their pleasure within the country as generally and freely as any of the King's subjects. At the end of the fifteenth century England was passing through the second stage of commercial progress of a country. "First, its poverty and barbarism invite only the occasional resort of foreigners, without offering any temptation to them to take up their residence within it: then, as its wealth increases, foreigners find even its home-trade an object worth their attention, and one which they easily secure by the application of their superior skill and resources; lastly, in the height of its civilization, and when the energies of its inhabitants have been fully developed—in a great measure revived by the impulse received from these stranger residents—its traffic of all kinds, as well as all the other businesses carried on in it, naturally falls into almost the exclusive possession of its own people."\* In the early part of the fifteenth century acts were passed (in 1411 and 1415) prohibiting the circulation of silver coin, known as galley halfpence, which was brought by the Genoese, who came to London in their galleys with wine and other merchandize. Stow says that in his youth he had seen this foreign coin pass current, though with some difficulty. Galley Quay, the name of which is still preserved, was the place where the galleys of Italy and other parts discharged their cargoes; and some buildings, which were dilapidated in Stow's time, and were let out for stabling of horses and as tippling-houses for beer, are supposed by him to have been the houses and storehouses of these merchants, as those of Bordeaux were licensed to build in the Vintry. Thames Street, in those days, must have been thronged with foreigners from all the countries which had intercourse with England; and a tippling and victualling house near Galley Quay, described by Stow, doubtless often witnessed the drinking-bouts of sailors from the Hanse Towns, Venice, Genoa, and other parts. It was kept by "one Mother Mampudding, as they termed her;" and the hall of the house had apparently been built by shipwrights, the roof resembling a galley with the keel upwards, and being otherwise more like a ship than a house.

Before the foreign commerce of the country was in the hands of native merchants, the king, the nobility, and the higher clergy engaged in mercantile pursuits. Licences were not unfrequently obtained from the kings of England by popes, cardinals, and other foreign ecclesiastical dignitaries to export wool and other commodities without the payment of duties, from which the religious persons of all kinds resident in the country were exempt. The Cistercian monks had become the greatest wool merchants in England; and though the Parliament interfered in 1344, neither ecclesiastical communities nor individuals were driven from the pursuit of trade by its edicts. The exemption of laymen from the payment of duties was, on the other hand, a great favour. In 1296, by writ of privy seal, Aylmer de Valence was allowed to export twenty sacks of wool free of duty, "so that the same was done with as much privacy as could be, that other persons might not take example thereby to desire the like permission."

\* Pictorial History of England, vol. ii. p. 181.

There were custodes or customers at the different ports, and the barons of the exchequer were in the habit of directing inquisitions to be taken respecting the defrauding of the king's customs on wool, &c. The "customers" were not to be owners of ships. Merchants who attempted to evade the customs forfeited their cargo. In 1297 the mayor and citizens of London, in obedience to the king's orders, caused a scale to be made for weighing of wools, similar to the one used for the same purpose in London; and after being examined at the Exchequer, it was sent to Lynn. The place where this scale was kept, and the wharf where the wool was shipped, was, in every sense of the word, a custom-house. In 1382 John Churchman, a grocer or wholesale merchant of London, "for the quiet of merchants," says Stow, built a house upon a quay called Wool Wharf. It was to serve "for troynage or weighing of wools in the port of London;" and we are told that "whereupon the king granted that, during the life of the said John, the aforesaid troynage should be held and kept in the same house, with easements there for the balances and weights, and a counting-place for the customer, comptrollers, clerks, and other officers of the said troynage, together with ingress and egress to and fro the same, even as was had in other places where the said troynage was wont to be kept." The king was to pay "yearly to the said John during his life forty shillings, at the terms of St. Michael and Easter, by even portions, by the hand of his customer, without any other payment to the said John." This is said to have been the first Custom House in the port of London; but a wharf for shipping wool and other articles, and scales for weighing them, must have been established at some fixed place from the earliest time when they were subject to customs; and officers appointed by the king, to see that he was not defrauded of his dues, would necessarily be stationed at such wharf when shipments were made. In Arnold's 'Chronicle,' written probably at the close of the fifteenth century, there is a curious table entitled, "Thoos things that longith to Tronage and Pou dage of our Soueraine Lord the Kynge in the Cite of London."

Before the sixteenth century London had not established its commercial supremacy on a scale so greatly exceeding that of any other port. The *quinzième*, a duty of the nature of which no very definite explanation has been given further than that it was an impost on foreign commerce, produced in 1204 a sum of 836*l.* for the port of London, 780*l.* at Boston, 650*l.* at Lynn, and 712*l.* at Southampton. Apparently, therefore, these places did not differ much from each other in the scale of mercantile rank; and though there may be difficulties in this view of the case, yet undoubtedly the inferior means which London then possessed for the internal distribution of merchandise which arrived by the river must have checked its career, and given to other ports in different parts of the country a larger comparative share of trade than they have since possessed. By the end of the sixteenth century, however, these out-ports had fallen into decay, and the commerce of London was in a state of prosperity which it had never before experienced. The general complaint was that London had drawn from them "traffic by sea and retailing by land, and exercise of manual arts also;" and Stow, in answer to this, confesses that navigation "is apparently decayed in many port-towns, and flourisheth only or chiefly at London." The decay of the staple was also very favourable to the commercial progress of the capital. In



1353 the staple was fixed at nine different cities and towns in England, and here all merchandise for exportation was compelled either to be sold or brought for shipment; and native merchants were prohibited on pain of felony from exporting the staple commodities, which consisted of wool, woolfells (sheepskins), leather, lead, and tin—in fact, the chief exportable articles which the country produced. The object of the staple was the convenience of foreign merchants, and the more secure collection of the duties on exportation. In 1613 the customs of the port of London amounted to 109,572/., and those of the out-ports only to 38,502/.; and we shall subsequently see the proportion still further increased in favour of London.

In 1559, in the first year of the reign of Elizabeth, important steps were taken which may be said to have been the commencement of the present system of collecting the customs. It was ordered that “all creeks, wharfs, keys, lading and discharging places in Gravesend, Woolwich, Barking, Greenwich, Deptford, Blackwall, Linchouse, Ratcliffe, Wapping, St. Katherine’s, Tower Hill, Rotherhithe, Southwark, London Bridge, and every of them, and all and singular keys, wharfs, and other places within the city of London and the suburbs of the same, or elsewhere within the said port of London (the several keys, wharfs, stairs, and places before limited and appointed only except), shall be from henceforth no more used as lading or discharging places for merchandises, but be utterly debarred and abolished from the same for ever.” For “the better answering of the revenues of the queen,” twenty quays and wharfs were appointed within the port of London, where alone merchandise and produce could be shipped or landed. Some were for all manner of merchandise; others for wine and oils; one for corn only; and Billingsgate was for fish, corn, salt, victuals, and fruit, but groceries were excepted. The owners of these twenty quays were required to give security that no goods should be laid on or shipped from their wharfs until the queen’s duties were paid, and that all ships were laden and unladen in the presence of the proper officers. The first three quays on the list are Old Wool Quay, New Wool Quay, and Galley Quay. Wool Wharf or Customers’ Quay is applied by Stow to one landing-place, which, he says, “is now of late most beautifully enlarged and built.” The quays appointed as above are still known as the legal wharfs. They are all between the Tower and London Bridge. As the commerce of London increased other wharfs were appointed called “Sufferance Wharfs,” of which five were east of the Tower and eighteen on the Surrey side of the river.

The London Custom House establishment of 1559 consisted of eight principal officers, each of whom had from two to six others under him, but the principal “Waiter” had sixteen subordinates. Until 1590 the duties were farmed for 20,000*l.* a-year, but on the Queen’s government taking the collection of the duties in its own hand they yielded about 30,000*l.* a-year. The control of the Government necessarily led to many improvements in the Customs establishment. The formation of the East India and other great trading companies during the latter half of the sixteenth century, and the growth of colonial commerce, augmented the trade of London and rendered the customs a much more profitable source of revenue than they had yet been. Little attention, however, was paid to the policy at that time pursued in Holland, by which, as Sir Walter

Raleigh remarked, they drew all nations to trade with them. From 1671 to 1688, according to D'Avenant, the first inspector-general of imports and exports, the customs of England averaged 555,752*l.* a-year.

The old Custom House destroyed during the Great Fire was replaced by one of rather more pretensions, which is said to have cost 10,000*l.*, and was at least of more dignified appearance than the adjoining warehouses. In the fifty years after its erection the trade of the country had greatly increased, and from 1700 to 1714 the customs for England averaged 1,352,764*l.* each year. In 1718 the Custom House was burnt down, doubtless not before it had been found very inconvenient for the transaction of the increased mass of business which had arisen out of a more wide and active commerce.

A new Custom House soon arose on the site of the old building, in which the inconveniences formerly experienced were for a time remedied. The apartments for the different officers were better arranged, and accommodation was provided for a greater number of clerks, so that the delays of which the merchants had before complained were obviated. The length of the building was 189 feet, and the centre was 29 feet deep. The edifice was constructed of brick and stone, and the wings had a passage colonnade of the Tuscan order towards the river, the upper story being relieved with Ionic pilasters and pediments. But the most striking feature of the building was the "Long Room," extending nearly the whole length of the centre, being 127 feet long, 29 wide, and 24 high. Here were a number of officers and clerks attached to various departments, and the general business of the room was superintended by the Commissioners themselves, but they were then more numerous than at present, their number in 1713 being thirteen. In 1725 the customs of the port of London produced nearly 1,500,000*l.*, being more than the whole customs revenue of England between 1700 and 1714. At the close of the century the revenue collected in the port of London exceeded 6,000,000*l.* The building was now becoming, like its predecessor, too small for the mass of business required to be transacted, when, on the 12th of February, 1814, it was also totally destroyed by fire, being the third Custom House whose destruction was caused by this element. But in the present case a new Custom House had been commenced before the old one had become a heap of ruins. The flames spread to the houses on the northern side of Thames Street, and in a short time ten were destroyed. Besides the loss of valuable property in the cellars and warehouses, the destruction of documents and papers was also to be regretted. The inconvenience to the shipping and mercantile interests was of course very great. Ships which were ready for sailing were delayed for want of the necessary papers, and the delivery of goods for home consumption and exportation, and the discharge of cargoes, was suspended. The fire occurred on Saturday, and by Monday morning temporary arrangements were made for conducting the public business in the Commercial Sale Rooms, Mincing Lane.

Several years before the occurrence of this fire the enlargement of the old Custom House had been contemplated, and it was at first proposed to build an additional wing, but, on a survey of the edifice, it was found too much decayed and dilapidated to warrant a large expenditure in its renovation and extension. The Lords of the Treasury therefore directed designs and estimates to be prepared for an entirely new structure; and those by Mr. Laing were finally



selected. Between the old Custom House and Billingsgate there were eight quays, measuring 479 feet in length; but the site now fixed upon was immediately east of Billingsgate Dock, with only the intervention of the landing-stairs. One of the plans projected by Mr. Laing was to have placed the Custom House north of Thames Street, with the quay extending over the site occupied by the present building, thus dispensing with the necessity of encroaching upon the river by embankment. This plan would also have induced the widening of the narrow and crooked streets in the neighbourhood, and the formation of a dock at the eastern and western extremities of the quay. It was found, however, that the plan would prove too expensive, and it was therefore abandoned. The estimates of the new building were by public tender, and one for 165,000*l.*, exclusive of the formation of the foundation-ground and some other contingencies, was accepted. The owners of private property whose interests were invaded by the adoption of a fresh site demanded in the aggregate a sum of 84,478*l.*, and, by amicable arrangements and the finding of juries, they were paid 41,700*l.* The materials of the old building were sold for 12,400*l.*

It became, of course, an object of the first consideration to ascertain the nature of the substratum on which so large a pile was to be raised, and augers from eighteen to twenty feet in length were employed to bring up the soil. In the first instance the successive borings indicated a stratum of compact gravel, and in the bed of the river, in parts adjacent, it was found of the same description. As the soil above the lower stratum was apparently more artificial and had less compactness, it was determined to drive piles over the whole surface of the foundation, and this process was commenced in August, 1813. On trenches being made, preparatory to the foundation, the favourable appearances which had at first presented themselves were found to be wholly deceptive, the compact bed which had been met with proving altogether artificial. Mr. Laing describes the character of the ground:—"Rising from the level of the river to the south side of Thames Street, the whole of the extent was discovered to have been formerly a part of the bed of the Thames. Quantities of rushes were found mixed with chrysalids of water-insects; mussel-shells were found in different stages of decomposition; those lying at the south-east corner of the quay presented a greenish hue, inclining to the colour of verdigris, while those which were brought up from the depth of seventeen feet below the surface of Thames Street were nearly reduced to earth. It deserves remark," observes Mr. Laing, "that on this occasion three distinct lines of wooden embankments were found at the several distances of 58, 86, and 103 feet within the range of the existing wharfs; and about fifty feet from the campshot, or under-edge of the wharf wall, a wall was discovered running east and west: it was built with chalk and rubble, and faced with Purbeck stone. This wall was supposed to be either part of the ancient defences of the city of London, or of some outwork, bastion, or barbican extending westward from the Tower." It was so strongly built, that even with iron wedges it was not broken without great difficulty; but it was necessary to effect this in order to form a sound foundation. The river, then, in ancient times, had been repeatedly contracted in this place, and coins and other objects of human art were found in its old bed, on which the Custom House and its quay now stand.\*

\* Mr. Laing remarks in a note—"These distinct lines of walling, with the distances at which they were re-

The architect, after having caused the removal of the old embankments and foundations, which had created such formidable difficulties, proceeded to strengthen the site with piles. The following account of the manner in which this process was managed is rendered interesting by subsequent results. Mr. Laing says—"Piles were prepared of the length of 28 feet and 30 feet, and then were driven in those places whence the old walls, &c., had been removed. These piles were placed in triple rows under each wall, three feet apart longitudinally. They were shod and hooped with iron, and they were driven till the rammer of the engine recoiled. But, after much power and considerable time had been spent in driving, it was found necessary to draw many of them up again, in consequence of having been forced into an oblique direction by the resistance of some intervening portion of the old foundations. Sleepers of beech, measuring nine inches by five inches, were laid on the heads of the piles, filled in with brickwork, and a tier of beech planking was laid on these sleepers."

The preliminary difficulties having been overcome, the first stone of the new building was laid at the south-west corner by Lord Liverpool, then First Lord of the Treasury, on the 25th of October, 1813, and it was opened for business on the 12th of May, 1817. The northern elevation, fronting Thames Street, was plain and simple, but the south front, towards the river, assumed a more ornamental character, the central compartment projecting forward, and the wings having a hexastyle detached colonnade of the Ionic order. The attic of the central part of the building, comprising the exterior of the Long Room, was decorated with alto and basso relievos, in panels five feet three inches in height, representing in a series of allegorical figures the Arts and Sciences, Commerce and Industry, and characteristic figures of the principal nations with which Great Britain holds commercial intercourse. The dial-plate, nine feet in diameter, was supported by colossal figures of Industry and Plenty, and the royal arms were sustained by figures of Ocean and Commerce. The Long Room was 196 feet by 66. Unfortunately, the foundation of the edifice gave way, notwithstanding the pains which had been taken to render it secure. In the Report of a Parliamentary Committee in 1828, on the duties connected with the Office of Works and Public Buildings, the failure of the building is somewhat harshly noticed. It is said that "the fraudulent and scandalous manner in which the foundation of the New Custom House was laid, occasioned, by its total failure in 1825, a charge of no less than 170,000*l.* to 180,000*l.*, in addition to the original expenditure of 255,000*l.*" The total cost of the edifice has therefore amounted altogether to nearly half a million sterling. The Long Room and the central part of the building were taken down and the foundations relaid, but the other parts remain as built by Mr. Laing. The figures just described, which decorated the principal front, were removed; but though there is greater plainness, the simplicity is pleasing, if not majestic. As the breadth of the quay is not equal

spectively found, and the different levels implied by these distances, suggest important reflections on the ancient state of the river, and on the levels to which the water rose, at high tide, anciently. It is evident that, if it rose fifteen or twenty feet higher at the Custom House, it would rise proportionably higher at Dowgate, and into the *sinus* formed by the river Fleet, where it would naturally constitute a considerable lock or body of water and mud, extending much beyond Holborn Bridge northward, and up much of the present Fleet-street westward. It would follow that Lud-Gate, when first built, though high on the ascent, was but at a convenient distance, as a gate of entrance, from the water in the river Fleet; and that the city walls, following the course of the ground, though the water has now removed from them, were placed, with the utmost propriety and good judgment, in the most advantageous position for defence." Mr. Laing's work was published in 1818.



to the height of the building, it is not seen to advantage from that point, but the bridge or the middle of the river affords a better view. The river front is 488 feet in length, or 90 feet longer than the General Post Office, and exceeding by 30 feet the National Gallery.



[Present Custom House.]

At the present time nearly one-half of the customs of the United Kingdom are collected in the port of London; in the first year of her Majesty's reign the proportion exceeded one half. The amount collected in 1840 was 11,116,685*l.*, and the total collection of the United Kingdom was 23,341,813*l.* The nearest approach to London are the customs at Liverpool, which in 1840 were 4,607,326*l.* The total expenses of collection are above a million sterling for the customs of Great Britain, and above a quarter of a million for those of Ireland, being about five per cent. for the former and rather more than twelve per cent. for the latter.

Just about one-half of the persons employed in the civil service of the country are in the Customs, and at present above a million sterling is paid in salaries. Not only is the immense business of its own port conducted at the London Custom House, but the Board of Commissioners which sits there has all the out-ports in the United Kingdom under its superintendence. From them it receives reports, and instructions from this central board are issued to them in return. The Custom House is one of the oldest sources of statistical information; and under the Principal of the Statistical Department, clerks are continually engaged in recording the facts and figures which illustrate the commercial movement of the country, the result of their labours being frequently printed and made public

by order of Parliament. In the reign of Charles II. the Privy Council for Trade urged the Commissioners of Customs "to enter the several commodities which formed the exports and imports; to affix to each its usual price, and to form a general total by calculating the value of the whole." The official persons on the establishment thought that such a task was impossible; and it was not executed until 1694, when the office of inspector-general of imports and exports was established, and the Custom House ledger, which recorded their value, was first kept. The "official" rates of valuation, in use till recently, were adopted at the same time. The Act of 1694 rendered it imperative for all goods exported and imported to be entered in the Custom House books, whether by tale, weight, or measure, &c., with the prices affixed. From that date, when any article came to be exported or imported for the first time, the price presumed to be the then current value was entered in the books, which price ever after remained inviolable. For example, when cotton goods were exported for the first time, the price they then bore was entered in the Custom House books, and that price was attached to all goods exported of the same description. This is what was denominated the official value; but it soon became no measure of the current value of the articles, although it had continued without any check until 1798. In that year the government of the time imposed a convoy duty of four per cent., *ad valorem*, upon all mercantile commodities exported; and, to do this equitably, every shipper of goods was compelled to make a declaration of their then actual value. This is what was denominated the "declared or real value." There is at present a daily publication, called the 'Bill of Entry,' which is prepared and issued at the Custom House for the purpose of affording information respecting the quantity of imports and exports, and of the arrival and clearance of ships.

Besides the warehouses and cellars, there are about one hundred and seventy distinct apartments in the Custom House, in which the officers of each department transact their business. The object to be accomplished by the architect, and which, as he tells us, he kept constantly in view, was a judicious classification and combination of offices and departments, so as to ensure contiguity and convenience, and at the same time to present such accommodation as was demanded by the peculiar purposes for which each was required. All the rooms are perfectly plain, with the exception of the Board Room, which is slightly decorated, and contains paintings of George III. and George IV., the latter by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Long Room is of course the principal object of interest, being probably the largest apartment in Europe of the kind. The length is 190 feet, width 66 feet, and height between 40 and 50 feet. It is not a gallery, where the eye embraces at once the whole width and length; but here, as the architect has pointed out, the eye cannot take in both the length and width at the same time, and consequently is at fault as to the comparative dimensions. The present room is not so handsome as the one taken down after the failure of the foundation. The walls and ceiling are tinted to resemble stone, and the floor is of wood. The room is well lighted and warmed by very handsome stoves. The cellars in the basement form a groined crypt or undercroft, built in the most substantial manner and fire-proof, and the walls are of extraordinary thickness. In these cellars were formerly stowed away the wines and spirits for which the duty had not been paid, and



which had been seized by the officers of the Custom House. The Queen's Warehouse is on the ground-floor; it is of great extent, ceiled with diagonal ribbed arches, and is now subdivided into offices. The public entrance to the Custom House is on the northern front, and leads to a double flight of steps. On the southern side there is an entrance for the officers and clerks from the quay and river.



[The Long Room, 1841.]

The number of officers and clerks for whom accommodation is provided in the Custom House is about three hundred, and there are as many more whose business is chiefly out of doors, and who are in daily communication with the establishment. The inspectors of the river superintend the tide-surveyors and watermen, and appoint them to their respective duties for the day. The superintending officers visit ships reported inwards, or which are proceeding outwards, to see that the out-door officers who are put on board discharge their duty in a proper manner. These officers remain on board until the cargo is discharged in the river, or if the vessel enters the docks they are discharged at once; in vessels outward bound they continue until they are cleared at Gravesend. The landing officers, under the superintendence of the surveyors, attend the quays and docks, and take an account of goods as they are landed; and on the receipt of warrants showing that the duties are paid, they permit the delivery of goods for home consumption. The searchers superintend the shipping of goods intended for foreign exports, the entries for which, after being passed in the Long Room, are placed in their hands, and they examine the packages at their discretion, to ascertain if they correspond.

The number of supernumeraries is very large, as the amount of business is dependent on the season or on the weather. When the wind blows from a particular quarter, and the arrival of ships is very large, there are sometimes as many as two thousand persons employed in the business of the Custom House between Gravesend and London Bridge. The business of the Customs is managed by nine Commissioners, under the control of the Lords of the Treasury, and their jurisdiction extends over all the ports of England and Wales. The business of the in-door department of the Custom House, so far as relates to the importation and exportation of goods, is all transacted in the Long Room. The officers and clerks of the Long Room, about eighty in number, may be said to form three divisions:—the inward department, with its collector, clerks of ships' entries, computers of duties, &c., and the outward department, with its principal superintendent and clerks. Clerks are accommodated in the Long Room with desks and counters for the more convenient collection of lighthouse dues. The class of persons to be seen in the Long Room are shipbrokers and shipowners, and their clerks, who report arrivals and obtain clearances; the skippers themselves are frequently seen for the same object; and wholesale merchants, who have goods to import or export, to place in bond or to re-export. The officers of the room occupy a space extending along each side of the four sides, within which they have their desks; besides which there are compartments formed by partitions for the use of the clerks. On the whole, it is a place which every person should visit at least once in their lives.

The progress of an article of foreign merchandise through the Customs to the warehouse or shop of the dealer is briefly as follows:—First, on the arrival of the ship at Gravesend tide-waiters are put on board and remain until she reaches the appointed landing-place. The goods are reported and entered at the Custom House, and a warrant is transmitted to the examining officers, who superintend the unloading of the cargo. Officers, some of whom are gaugers, examine, weigh, and ascertain the contents of the several packages, and enter an account of them. These operations are subject to the daily inspection of superior officers. When warehoused the goods are in charge of a locker, who is under the warehouse-keeper. When goods are delivered for home consumption, the locker receives a warrant from the Custom House certifying that the duties have been paid; he then looks out the goods and the warehouse-keeper signs the order. Formerly, when foreign or colonial goods were exported, the process was more complicated. The warehouse-keeper made out a "re-weighing slip;" a landing-waiter examined the goods, which continued in charge of the locker, and a "cocket," with a certificate from the proper officers at the Custom House, was his authority for their delivery. Now, after the signing of the order, a "shipping bill" is prepared by the exporting merchant; the goods pass from the warehouse-keeper into the hands of the searcher, who directs an officer to receive them at the water-side and to attend their shipment, taking an account of the articles; and he remains on board until the vessel reaches Gravesend, when she is visited by a searcher stationed there; the tide-waiter is discharged and the vessel proceeds; but before her final clearance the master delivers to the searcher a document called "a content," being a list of the goods on board, and which is compared with the cocket. It is then only that the cargo can be fairly said to be out of the hands of the Custom House officers. Prior to the abolition of export duty, when British produce and manufactures



were exported, the course pursued was somewhat similar, the chief difference being that they were not exported from the bonding warehouse. The description and value of the merchandise was set forth, together with a declaration of its value. In cases where any export duty was payable, this declaration became the foundation upon which its amount was levied; and correctness in this matter was provided for, since, on the one hand, the merchant was interested in not over-valuing his shipment: while, on the other, it was the duty of the revenue officers to prevent any under valuation being affixed, and if, in this respect, the correctness of the merchant was suspected, to subject the goods to seizure, by tendering him the value which he himself put upon them. In cases where no export duty was payable, the declaration of value was equally required, and, as the party was then without any temptation to give false returns, it became reasonable to believe that none such were made. In every case the goods themselves were subjected to proper examination, and their quantities accurately taken, either by weight, or tale, or measure, according to their nature. In addition to this, a document was prepared, technically called a cocket, for which the previous bill of entry was the foundation, and on the back of this cocket, the fullest particulars of the transaction were recorded, while any unintentional errors of the merchant could be rectified; so that this document, a copy of which remained in the Custom House, became, in all respects, a full and authentic register of the shipment.

Previous to 1825 the statutes relating to the customs had accumulated from the reign of Edward I. to the number of fifteen hundred; and were, as might be expected, a mass of contradiction and confusion which puzzled the most experienced, and were highly injurious to the interests of commerce. The country is indebted to Mr. Huskisson, and to the late Mr. J. D. Hume, of the Custom House, and afterwards of the Board of Trade, for a comprehensive revision of these statutes, and their consolidation into eleven acts. The acts for the regulation and management of the customs were still further simplified by several statutes passed in 1833; and at the present time, the laws compiled by Mr. Hamel, solicitor to the Customs, (16 and 17 Vic., c. 107) are in force. One of the acts passed in 1833 enumerates not fewer than 1150 different rates of duty chargeable on imported articles, while the main source of revenue is derived from a very small number of articles. For example, the duty on seventeen articles produced, in 1839, about  $94\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the total revenue of customs, the duties on other articles being not only comparatively unproductive, but vexatious, and a hindrance to the merchants, ship-owners, and others. In the above year, forty-six articles were productive of  $98\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. of the total customs revenue.

The occasional importation of articles which are not enumerated in the tariff of duties is often productive of amusing perplexity. Mr. Huskisson mentioned a case of this nature when he brought forward the plans of consolidation already mentioned. A gentleman had imported a mummy from Egypt, and the officers of customs were not a little puzzled by this non-enumerated article. These remains of mortality, muscles and sinews, pickled and preserved three thousand years ago, could not be deemed a raw material, and therefore, upon deliberation, it was determined to tax them as a manufactured article. The importer, anxious that his mummy should not be seized, stated its value at 400%; and the declaration cost him 200%, being at the rate of 50% per cent. on the manufactured mer-

chandise which he was about to import. Mr. Huskisson reduced the duties on non-enumerated manufactured articles from 50% to 20% per cent., and of non-enumerated unmanufactured articles from 20% to 10% per cent. A somewhat similar case has been mentioned in Parliament, relating to an importation of ice from Norway. A doubt was started what duty it ought to pay, and the point was referred from the Custom House to the Treasury, and from the Treasury to the Board of Trade; and it was ultimately decided that the ice might be introduced on the payment of the duty on dry goods; but, as one of the speakers remarked, "The ice was dissolved before the question was solved." \* The number of articles paying duty in 1851 was 275; at the present time (1874) they are only about 15 in number.

\* Debate in the House of Lords, Feb. 15, 1842.

END OF VOL. II.





[Existing Remains of the Conventual Buildings.]

## LI.—BERMONDSEY.

### THE ABBEY.

It is a curious circumstance, and one in which the history of many changes of opinion may be read, that within forty years after what remained of the magnificent ecclesiastical foundation of the Abbey of Bermondsey had been swept away, a new conventual establishment rose up, amidst the surrounding desecration of factories and warehouses, in a large and picturesque pile, with its stately church, fitted in every way for the residence and accommodation of thirty or forty inmates—the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy. We read in the records of the year of grace 1839, that “A Convent was built adjoining the Roman Catholic chapel, in Parker’s Row, in the year 1838, for the order of the Sisters of Mercy. On the 12th of December, 1839, the ceremony of the profession of six of the aforesaid sisters took place in the chapel adjoining. The high mass, performed by Mr. Collingridge, was celebrated at eleven o’clock, at which the Right Rev. Dr. Griffith assisted; after which the novices were introduced.”\* Subsequently “a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Maguire, and a collection made towards the funds of the convent.” When the sermon was concluded the “profession” took place. The novices, attired in the “pleni-

\* From the ‘History and Antiquities of Bermondsey,’ by G. W. Phillips, p. 101.

tude of worldly ornament," declared in the usual formula that "they renounced the world, and dedicated themselves to works of charity." This ceremony over, they retired and assumed the sober garb of "Sisters of Mercy." "The assemblage of spectators was most numerous, and the collection apparently a very good one." One of the nuns "was the Lady Barbara Eyre (second sister of Francis Earl of Newburgh), who has been a liberal benefactress to the chapel and convent, and has taken the vows under the name of Sister Mary." The remaining nuns were Miss Ponsonby (a convert), now Sister Vincent; Miss Conner, now Sister Ursula; Miss Laleham, now Sister Xavier; and Sister Theresa, and Sister Joseph, whose worldly designations are not mentioned.

With the abstract utility of such institutions we have here nothing to do, but we may observe that the building, &c., of the Sisters of Mercy, as well as the order to which they belong, are of an interesting character. The church is really a fine edifice, in the plain but noble pointed architecture of a very early period. The confessionals, the gilt altar-piece, with the tapers on each side, and the square black board on the wall in the aisle, covered with small printed papers, desiring the prayers of the faithful for the souls of the different deceased persons mentioned in them, beginning with the touching motto from Job, "Have pity on me! have pity on me! at least you, my friends;" and ending with the phrase, "Requiescat in pace," all remind you of the ancient religion, here again established on the spot where it flourished so many centuries ago.

The names of ancient places form a fruitful subject for the display of learning and ingenuity, and if the results are not generally so satisfactory as might be desired in the way of producing conviction, they are seldom destitute of interest, and are sometimes positively entertaining. In the instance of Bermondsey, the oldest known explanation of the name is, that *Beormund* was in very ancient times the Saxon proprietor of the place *ea* or *eye*, which in Saxon signifies water, and is here supposed to denote the nature of the soil. Wilkinson, in his account of the Abbey,\* adds that the words *ea*, or *eye*, "are frequent in the names of places whose situation on the banks of rivers renders them insular and marshy." If true, this explanation may apply to other places in and near London as well as Bermondsey. Battersea, for instance, is very similarly situated with regard to the Thames. But a more fanciful explanation of the name is given by the writer already mentioned in a note, where he says that "in the Saxon language *beorn* signifies a nobleman or prince, and *mund* peace or security; and when to these is added the termination *ea*, water, the word Bermondsey may signify 'the prince's defence by the river.' This interpretation may probably show the original use to which the manor was applied."

Looking, then, upon the original Bermondsey as a kind of marshy island when the tide was out, and a wide expanse of water when it was in, till gradually reclaimed and made useful, one cannot help being struck with the many indications of the old state of things yet remaining, although the *present* Bermondsey is densely covered with habitations and warehouses. The descent down the street leading to Bermondsey from London Bridge tells you how low lie the terri-

\* *Londina Illustrata*.



tories you are about to explore; the numerous wharfs, and docks, and water-courses, and ditches, which bound and intersect so considerable a portion of it, seem but so many memorials of the once potent element; the very streets have a damp *feel* about them, and in the part known as Jacob's Island the overhanging houses, and the little wooden bridges that span the stream, have, notwithstanding their forlorn look, something of a Dutch expression. In short, persons familiar with the history of the place may everywhere see that Beormund's Ea still exists, but that it has been embanked and drained—that it has grown populous, busy, commercial. Its manufacturing prosperity, however, strikingly contrasts with the general aspect of Bermondsey. Its streets generally are but dreary-looking places; where, with the exception of a picturesque old tenement, projecting its story beyond story regularly upwards, and fast “nodding to its fall,” or the name of a street suggestive of some agreeable reflections, there is little to gratify the delicate eye. The alleys and courts in particular with which this extensive neighbourhood abounds are of the most wretched-looking character, and inhabited by an equally wretched race, if we may judge by the squalid aspect of the shivering, half-clad, and frequently shoeless creatures we see going in and out. In this circumstance the site of the once-famous Priory of Bermondsey reminds us of the site of St. Bartholomew, which is still, to a certain extent, and was a few years ago much more so, occupied by houses and a population presenting similar aspects. It were perhaps a bold speculation to ask if there be not something of cause and effect in this; yet, when we remember the magnificent hospitalities of the old and wealthier monasteries, there seems nothing improbable in the supposition that a large number of the poorer classes of the people would gather around them, as it were, for shelter; and, once there, we need not wonder to find them still clinging to the place three centuries after their benefactors disappeared from it. Inhabitants of this kind are slow to move, and still slower is the process of effacing the character which they have impressed upon it, when they do leave. Noble arches here and there bestride the streets of Bermondsey, bearing up a railway, with its engines puffing like so many overworked giants, and its rapid trains of passengers; lofty and handsome piles of warehouses are occasionally passed, an elegant free-school enriches one part, and a picturesque church another: but they all serve by contrast to show more vividly the unpleasant features of the neighbourhood, and, whilst they cannot but command the spectator's admiration, make him at the same time wonder how they got there. The answer is at hand. There is great industry in Bermondsey, and the wretchedness is more on the surface than in the depths of this quarter of the town. What modern Bermondsey is, we shall describe in our next paper.

The earliest mention of the Priory occurs in the account of Bermondsey in Domesday; and it is interesting to notice the comparative solitude of the place at that time, when “woodland” could be afforded for “hogs” so near the city. From the Conqueror's record it appears that he, the king, was then lord of the manor, as Harold had been before him. It was then rated, including Rotherhithe, to the land-tax at twelve hides, which, according to the computation usual in the midland counties, of 120 acres to a hide or carucate, would amount to above 1400 acres. The same computation would make the arable

land amount to 960 acres. There was also *a new and fair church*, with twenty acres of meadow, and as much woodland as yielded pannage for a number of hogs, the lord receiving five by way of payment from the owners. The demesne land was one carucate occupied by the lord himself, and four carucates in the tenure of twenty-five villains, and thirty-three bordars.\* Thirteen burgage tenements in London were also held of this manor, at the rent of fifteen pounds, and the Earl of Moriton (Morton) possessed a hide of land, on which, it appears from another part of the record, he had a mansion-house. The "new and fair church" here mentioned was that belonging to the Priory.

In the 'Chronicles of Bermondsey' (a manuscript preserved among the Harleian collection, to which we are indebted for the greater part of what information we possess as to this once-famous monastery) we find the writer, most probably a monk of Bermondsey, before noticing the foundation of his own house, referring in the following terms to an event which had occurred five years before, in connexion with another establishment: "Anno Domini 1077, Lanzo, first prior of St. Pancras, Lewes, came into England;" and if we look into the charter of that priory we see very clearly his reasons for so doing: for we have there recorded the circumstances which brought about the introduction of the order, to which both Lewes and Bermondsey belonged, into this country; and very interesting circumstances they are. The charter in question was granted by William Earl of Warren, who came over with the Conqueror; and in it that nobleman gives us the following history. It appears that he, with the Lady Gunfreda, his wife, were going on a pilgrimage to St. Peter's at Rome, and in their passage through France and Burgundy visited divers monasteries to make their orisons; but understanding in Burgundy that they could not in safety proceed with their purpose, on account of the war which was then carrying on between the Pope and the Emperor, they took up their abode in the great monastery of St. Peter at Cluny in that country, and there paid their devotions to the saint. The appearances of sanctity, religion, and charity which they met with in that abbey were great beyond their expectation; and these, together with the special respect shown to them by the prior, in the abbot's absence, and the whole convent, who admitted them to their fraternity, charmed them, and raised their esteem both for the order and the House of Cluny above all others. And because, long before that time, the earl and his lady had determined, by the advice of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, to found some religious house to make atonement for their sins, and for the welfare of their souls, they forthwith resolved that it should be rather of the Cluniac than of any other order. They therefore, soon after, sent over their request to Abbot Hugh, and the convent of Cluny, that they would favour them with two, three, or four monks out of their flock; and the intention was to give them a church, anciently dedicated to St. Pancras, under the castle of Lewes, and which the earl and countess purposed at the

\* The original word *villains* appears to have meant simply the cultivators of the soil of a villa, or township. Their position was superior to the lowest class, the *servi* or *serfs*, for, although their lives and personal property were to a great extent at the disposal of the lord, they had a right of maintenance out of the land, from which they could not be separated; they formed, it is supposed, the origin of the present copyholders. The exact meaning of the word *bordar*, or *bordarii*, is unknown. Maitland calls them cottagers.



setting out to endow with lands and possessions sufficient for the maintenance of twelve monks. The abbot at first made great difficulty in the affair, and seemed unwilling to comply, as the proposed place of abode for his monks was to be a long way off, in another land, and especially as the sea would be between them and the parent convent; but understanding that the earl had obtained licence from King William to introduce monks of their order into England, and being satisfied of his approbation thereof, he became reconciled to the proposal, and agreed to send them four monks of his convent, *Lanzo* being chief: . . . "And thus it was," says the earl, "that I and my wife procured a convent of Cluniac monks in England."\* The first difficulty got over, other establishments of Cluniacs were soon formed in England; Wenlock was founded in 1080, and Bermondsey two years later. A citizen was the chief benefactor in the present instance; his name, Aylwin Child; who, through the favour of the eminent churchman Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, obtained four Cluniac monks from another of the great Cluniac houses—the monastery of La Charité, in France. The Cluniacs, it may be necessary here to observe, were the first offshoot of the Benedictine branch of monachism, and had their origin, like the parent tree, in the desire to improve upon the previous discipline. The reformation desired by the sterner Benedictines was begun by Bernon, abbot of Gigni, in Burgundy, but consummated by Odo, abbot of Cluny, about 912: he, therefore, is chiefly looked on as the founder of the order of Cluniacs.

A brief view of their customs may be acceptable. The following extract is from Stevens's translation of the French history of the Monastic Orders, given in his continuation of Dugdale, and transcribed in the great edition of the 'Monasticon.' "They every day sung two solemn masses, at each of which a monk of one of the choirs offered two hosts. . . . If any one would celebrate mass on Holy Thursday, before the solemn mass was sung, he made no use of light, because the new fire was not yet blessed. The preparation they used for making the bread which was to serve for the sacrifice of the altar is worthy to be observed. They first chose the wheat, grain by grain, and washed it very carefully. Being put into a bag, appointed only for that use, a servant, known to be a just man, carried it to the mill, washed the grindstones, covered them with curtains above and below, and having put on himself an alb, covered his face with a veil, nothing but his eyes appearing. The same precaution was used with the meal. It was not bouted till it had been well washed; and the warden of the church, if he were either priest or deacon, finished the rest, being assisted by two other religious men, who were in the same orders, and by a lay brother particularly appointed for that business. These four monks, when matins were ended, washed their faces and hands: the three first of them did put on albs; one of them washed the meal with pure clean water, and the other two baked the hosts in the iron moulds; so great was the veneration and respect the monks of Cluni paid to the holy Eucharist." The sites of the mill and the bakehouse of Bermondsey Abbey are both yet traceable.

The rapidity with which the new order spread was most extraordinary; before any very great length of time had elapsed there were at least two thousand religious houses looking up to the Abbot of Cluny as their spiritual head. We may

\* Monasticon, vol. v p. 1.

judge of the wealth and influence of the House of Cluny by the fact, that in 1245 it was able to entertain within its walls, and without disarranging the habits of the four hundred monks resident in it, the reigning Pope, twelve cardinals, a patriarch, three archbishops, the King of France, his mother, and three of his sons, the Emperor of Constantinople, and dukes and lords too many to enumerate. The other chief foreign houses at that time were those of St. Martin des Champs, at Paris, and La Charité. The building belonging to the latter was considered the finest in the kingdom. No doubt the Priory of Bermondsey must have been here similarly distinguished for its architectural grandeur; for although no portion of the chief feature, the church, has been preserved to us even in engravings, the long list of benefactors, occupying several folio pages of the 'Monasticon,' is of itself a sufficient testimony. Among those benefactors we find the names of William Rufus, who gave to the monks the manor and manor-house, or palace, then standing there; Robert Bloet, Bishop of Lincoln, and Chancellor of England; Mary, sister to Maud (good Queen Maud), the wife of Henry I.; Henry I. himself; King Stephen; John, son of Hubert de Burgh; and a host of other distinguished persons. Some of the gifts are sufficiently curious. Thus in 1152 Alan Pirot gave six thousand herrings and one acre of land. The first Prior of Bermondsey was Peter, one of the four monks of La Charité. Among his successors we need only mention Richard, elected prior in 1210, who built an almshouse or hospital adjoining the monastery for poor children and converts, called St. Saviour's Hospital, to which Agnes, sister of Thomas à Becket, was also a benefactor; John de Causancia, during whose rule the Priory became involved in trouble, Causancia and several monks being arrested on account of their having received some rebels into their house for shelter, supposed to be adherents of the Earl of Lancaster, who had been defeated at Boroughbridge; and Richard Dunton (1372), the first English prior, the previous heads of the monastery having all been appointed by the Abbot of Cluny. This last-mentioned change was in consequence of the priory having been restored, after its sequestration with the other alien houses in the previous reign, by Richard II., who released it from its subjection to Cluny, made a *denizen* instead of an *alien* monastery of it, and at the same time raised it to the rank of an abbey. Two hundred marks was the price of this favour. This was not the only benefit conferred on the house by Prior Dunton: he rebuilt the cloister and refectory, and in 1387 covered the nave with lead, made new glass windows in the presbytery, and gilt tables for the high and morning altars. Why he did not stay to enjoy the honours of the abbacy, so peculiarly his own, we know not; just at the period in question he resigned, and John Attelburg was created abbot by Pope Boniface IX., at the request of Richard II.

The few brief and incidental notices of the conventual buildings, included in the foregoing pages, are in effect all that have been preserved. The records of incidents connected with the history of the monastery are not much more numerous; but what may be wanting in this respect through the loss of the records, amid the general wreck at the dissolution, is more than compensated for by the interest which attaches to those which do exist. The least important we shall dismiss first. Provincial Chapters it appears were frequently held here; and the King occasionally used it for important state councils. Thus during the



Christmas of 1154, Henry II., immediately after his coronation, held an important meeting here of his nobles, to consult with them on the general state of the country, and the measures it was advisable to adopt. In the reign of Henry III., many of the nobility having determined upon an expedition to the Holy Land, met at Bermondsey, to arrange the order of their journey. Many eminent and noticeable persons were buried in the church; among whom may be mentioned Mary, sister of good Queen Maud, before mentioned; Leofstane, provost, shrive (sheriff), or domesman of London, 1115; and Margaret de la Pole, 1473. In 1397 the body of the murdered Duke of Gloucester, (murdered at Calais, there is little doubt, by the order of Richard II., his nephew,) was brought to Bermondsey, and placed in the church, where it remained till the interment in Westminster Abbey.

Hospitality was one of the duties enjoined upon the inmates of religious houses, and to the last it appears to have been the duty they most constantly and willingly fulfilled. In the cases of persons of high rank the reception of visitors was an affair of great ceremony and importance. Bermondsey had at different times two visitors, to whom we may be sure every possible honour was done: the first of these was Katherine, the wife of Henry V., the French Princess whom Shakspeare has made so familiar to us in connexion with the blunt wooing of her gallant lover, and by her own pleasant attempts as a student of the English language, and who alone perhaps of all her country's children could have so quickly reconquered France from the conqueror, as she now did, by throwing around him the nuptial tie. Few marriages promising so much of state convenience have ended in giving so much individual happiness, as Henry enjoyed with his young and beautiful bride. His early death was grieved by all; his courtiers and nobles wept and sobbed round his death-bed: what, then, must have been *her* feelings at his loss? Fortunately, perhaps, Katherine was not present at the last moment, nor did she learn the dreadful tidings for some days afterwards. It was to receive this distinguished visitor that some years later the monks of Bermondsey were suddenly summoned from all parts of the monastery by the stroke on one of the great bells, twice repeated, who, hurrying into the church, robed themselves, and prepared everything for the reception of the new comer. Upon the Queen's near approach, two of the great bells would ring out a peal of welcome, and then the abbot would advance to meet her, saluting her with his blessing, and sprinkling holy water over her. The procession then entered the church, and made a stand before the crucifix, where the visitor prayed. Service in honour of the Saviour as the patron saint followed; the singing-boys in the choir sang, the organ played, and at the termination of the whole the Queen would find the best accommodation the Abbey could furnish provided for her use. She appears to have found all she desired, for she remained at Bermondsey till her death. One little incident has been recorded on the subject of her residence here, which is supposed to have been caused in some way by the dissatisfaction of the court at her second marriage, with Owen Tudor, a gentleman of Wales, and, through this match, the founder of the Tudor dynasty. On the 1st of January, 1437, her son, the young Henry VI., sent to her at Bermondsey a token of his affectionate remembrance, in the shape of a tablet of gold, weighing thirteen ounces, on which was a crucifix set with sapphires and pearls. She was then, no doubt, very ill,

for two days later she died. There is a striking connexion between this and the next distinguished visitor, Elizabeth of York, a lady who, if not one of the most interesting of female characters in herself, is unquestionably so from the circumstances of her strange and eventful history. She came to Bermondsey quite as much a prisoner as a visitor, and she owed that imprisonment to the man whom she herself had been to a considerable extent the means of placing on the throne,



[Queen Elizabeth Woodville.]

Henry VII., the grandson of the widow of Henry V., and of her second husband, Owen Tudor. That two such women should meet in the same place, to spend the last years of their lives, forms, in our opinion, no ordinary coincidence. The history of Elizabeth of York, though but an episode of that of Bermondsey, is so full of romance, and so closely connected with it, by her imprisonment and death within its walls, that the ancient priory may not improbably be freshly remembered through those circumstances, when all others might have else failed to preserve more than the barest and driest recollections of the great house of the Cluniacs. Her history is, indeed, from first to last a romance, but a romance of a stern and melancholy nature; not destitute of sweet passages on which the imagination would love to rest but cannot, for there is always to be seen, through the opening vista of the future, ghastly and monstrous shapes, from which there is no averting the eye. It was on a visit to Jaquenetta, Duchess of Bedford, then married to a second husband, Sir Richard Woodville, that Edward IV., the handsomest, most accomplished, and most licentious man of his time, first beheld the duchess's daughter, Elizabeth Gray, the widow of Sir John Gray, a Lancastrian, slain at the second battle of St. Alban's. The knight's estates had been forfeited to Edward, and the young widow, who is said to have been as eloquent as she



was beautiful, availing herself of the opportunity, threw herself at the king's feet, and implored him, for the sake of her innocent and helpless children, to reverse the attainder. The irresistible petitioner rose with more than the grant of what she had asked—the king's heart was hers. Edward, perhaps for the first time, was seriously touched; and, to the astonishment of the nation generally, and to the rage of no small portion of the King's own partisans, the Yorkists, the King some months after, at a solemn assembly of prelates and nobles, in the ancient abbey of Reading, announced his marriage with the widow of the fallen Lancastrian knight; and, amid the surprise which prevailed throughout the assemblage, the King's brother, the Duke of Clarence, and the Earl of Warwick, led the *Queen* into the hall, and caused her in that character to be welcomed by all present. Thus ends one phase of her history. In the next we behold her again as a widow: but this time her widowhood has brought her new and more anxious public duties; she is not merely a mother, but the mother of the young King Edward V. and of his brother the Duke of York. Into the particulars of the momentous period which includes the death of the young princes in the Tower, of course we are not about to enter; but it may be permitted to us to observe, that few parents ever have endured keener agonies for their children than this unfortunate lady. The wild rumours that so quickly floated about as to the intentions of the Duke of Gloucester, the sudden shedding of the blood of her son and brother at Pomfret (Lords Gray and Rivers), the messages and deputations to and fro between the Protector and the Sanctuary at Westminster,



[Sanctuary, Westminster, from a sketch by Dr. Stukeley, before its destruction in 1773.]

where she had taken refuge with her youngest son, distracting her with conflicting thoughts—one moment fearing to give the young prince up to destruction, the next fearing to bring that destruction on him by indiscreet jealousy, or by thwarting Gloucester's views—all this must have been terrible to the lately-made

widow, had nothing remained behind. But when at last, calling for her child, she delivered him up to the Cardinal Archbishop, and, as soon as she had done so, burst into an uncontrollable fit of anguish, she but too rightly felt she had lost both her children.

In the interval between the death of the princes and that of their murderer, Richard, occurs the most unromantic, and in every way most unsatisfactory, part of the history of one whose misfortunes, so unexampled for their severity, make us regret to meet with any incidents that tend to deprive her of our sympathy through the lessening of our respect. Suffice it to say, that whilst at one period we find her eagerly engaging in the scheme proposed of marrying the Earl of Richmond to her daughter Elizabeth; at another, when the prospect looked less bright for the exile, she appears to have listened to Richard's overtures, first of marrying her daughter Elizabeth to his son, and when that son died, of giving her to himself. Whether there may not have been some dissimulation practised, in the hope of silencing the fears of Richard, who was aware of the project with regard to Richmond, cannot now be known, but the circumstances render such a supposition not improbable. Whatever her conduct at this period, there is, unhappily, no doubt as to her subsequent misfortunes. The king, Henry VII., certainly did redeem the promise as to the marriage made by the Earl of Richmond, but it was done so tardily and so ungraciously, that the very people were disgusted at his conduct; and by their sentiments we may judge of the mother's. But this was not all. In the month of November, 1486, an extensive insurrection broke out in Ireland, at the head of which was, nominally, a youth who it was pretended was the Earl of Warwick (then in reality confined in the Tower), the son of the late Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV. A great council was immediately held at the Charter House near Richmond, where, first, a general pardon was resolved on, free from all exceptions, and the second resolution was (a curious commentary on the first) to arrest Elizabeth Woodville, the Queen Dowager. This is altogether one of the most inexplicable of those many and subtle strokes of policy that mark the history of the English king, whose "life," it has been well observed, "produces much the same effect on the mind as the perusal of the celebrated manual of Machiavelli, most of whose notions he anticipated and put into practice."\* The queen was immediately arrested, deprived of all her property, and placed a close prisoner in the monastery of Bermondsey. Henry's historian, Bacon, may well observe, "whereat there was much wondering that a weak woman, for the yielding to the menaces and promises of a tyrant, [he is alluding to her transactions with Richard III.] after such a distance of time wherein the king had showed no displeasure or alteration, but much more after so happy a marriage between the king and her daughter, blest with issue male, [only two or three weeks before,] should upon a sudden mutability or disclosure of the king's mind be so severely handled:" for such it appears was the motive for this arrest set forth by the king. No one, however, believed in the truth of the allegation; and Bacon, following the chronicler Hall, gives a remarkable explanation of the affair. Having observed that the prompter of the young counterfeit of the Earl of Warwick, a priest, had never seen the latter, he continues, "so it cannot be, but that some *great* person,

\* 'Pictorial England,' vol. ii. p. 318



that knew particularly and familiarly Edward Plantagenet, had a hand in the business, from whom the priest might take aim. That which is most probable, out of the precedent and subsequent acts, is, that it was, the Queen Dowager from whom this action had the principal source and motion. For certain it is she was a busy, negotiating woman, *and in her withdrawing chamber had the fortunate conspiracy for the king against King Richard III. been hatched, which the king knew, and remembered perhaps but too well;* and was at this time extremely discontent with the king, thinking her daughter, as the king handled the matter, not advanced but depressed; and none could hold the book so well to prompt and instruct this stage-play as she could." In the words of the old proverb, misfortunes never came singly to the unhappy queen: the Marquis of Dorset, her son by her first husband, was arrested soon after and thrown into the Tower. At the coronation of the queen, his half-sister, in the following year, he was however released; and was, we believe, present at the ceremony. The mother appears to have been still left to pine away in her enforced solitude at Bermondsey, where she lingered till 1492, when a fatal illness seized her. On her death-bed she dictated the following pathetic will, which is of itself a decisive answer as to the doubts that have been raised concerning the penury of her latest days. It is dated Bermondsey, April 10, 1492:—"I, Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queen of England, late wife to the most victorious prince of blessed memory Edward the Fourth, being of whole mind, seeing the world so transitory, and no creature certain when they shall depart from hence, having Almighty God fresh in mind, in whom is all mercy and grace, bequeath my soul into his hands, beseeching him of the same mercy to accept it graciously, and our blessed lady queen of comfort, and all the holy company of heaven, to be good means (or mediators) for me. Item, I bequeath my body to be buried with the body of my lord at Windsor, according to the will of my said lord and mine, without pomps entering or costly expenses done thereabout. Item, *whereas I have no worldly goods to do the Queen's Grace, my dearest daughter, a pleasure with, neither to reward any of my children, according to my heart and mind,* I beseech Almighty God to bless her Grace, with all her noble issue; and with as good heart and mind as is to me possible, I give her Grace my blessing, and all the aforesaid my children. Item, I will that *such small stuff and goods that I have* be disposed truly in the contentation of my debts and for the health of my soul as far as they will extend. Item, if any of my blood will any of the said stuff or goods to me pertaining, I will that they have the preferment before any other. And of this my present testament I make and ordain mine executors, that is to say, John Ingleby, Prior of the Charter-house at Shene, William Sutton and Thomas Brente, Doctors; and I beseech my said dearest daughter, the Queen's Grace, and my son Thomas Marquis Dorset, to put their good wills and help for the performance of this my testament." And thus closes the eventful life of Elizabeth of York. Some sixty years ago, when the workmen were busy in the vaults of Windsor, preparing a place of sepulture for the family of George III., they lighted upon a stone coffin buried fifteen feet below the surface. It contained the remains of Queen Elizabeth Woodville.

Bermondsey has yet another memory in connexion with this unfortunate queen's persecutor, Henry VII., and one that illustrates another remarkable trait of his

character—his superstitious piety. If we could trace the secret springs of action that were here at work, we should no doubt find a close and striking connexion between the King's religious and political character; the one, indeed, being perhaps cherished as a kind of expiation for the other. His masterly policy was not often a very upright and honourable policy; so, this stroke was followed by the erection of a chapel, that, by the founding of masses to be said evermore for his soul, he might keep a tolerably fair reckoning in the great account-book of his conscience. He is not the only monarch who has endeavoured to keep an "even mind" by the adoption of a similar kind of offset. Henry was in both the chief features of his character a not unworthy follower of the French Louis XI.; it was fortunate that he did not superadd the cruelty of his crafty original. It appears • that an indenture was executed between the King, the city of London, and the abbots of Westminster and Bermondsey, some time after the death of his queen, the daughter of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, by which the abbot and monks of Westminster were to pay 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* annually to those of Bermondsey, for the holding of an anniversary in the church on the 6th of February in every year, to pray for the good and prosperous estate of the King during his life and the prosperity of his kingdom, also for the souls of his late queen and of their children, of his father, the Earl of Richmond, and his progenitors, and of his mother, the Countess of Richmond, after her decease. Full directions are contained in the indenture as to the mode of performing the ceremony. As a glimpse of what was sometimes doing in the old church, as well as of the old custom itself, the following extract will be found interesting:—"The abbot and convent of St. Saviour of Bermondsey shall provide at every such anniversary a hearse, to be set in the midst of the high chancel of the same monastery before the high altar, covered and appareled with the best and most honourable stuff in the same monastery convenient for the same. And also four tapers of wax, each of them weighing eight pounds, to be set about the same hearse, that is to say, on either side thereof one taper, and at either end of the same hearse another taper, and all the same four tapers to be lighted and burning continually during all the time of every such Placebo, Dirige, with nine lessons, lauds, and mass of Requiem, with the prayers and obeisances above rehearsed." Why Bermondsey, with its reminiscences of his wife's mother, whose soul, be it observed, is not included in the list of souls to be prayed for, should have been chosen by Henry VII. for the solemnization of the anniversary, were a curious problem to solve.

At the dissolution, the Abbot of Bermondsey had no tender scruples about conscience or principle, like so many of his brethren, but arranged everything in the pleasantest possible manner for the King; and he had his reward. While the poor monks had pensions varying from 5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* a-year to 10*l.* each allotted them, his amounted to 336*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The revenue of the abbey then amounted to 548*l.* 2*s.* 5½*d.* The monastery itself, with the manor, demesnes, &c., the "court-leet, the view of frank-pledge, and the free warren," were granted by Henry VIII. to Sir Robert Southwell, knight, Master of the Rolls, who sold them to Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford. It is to this gentleman that the antiquary's maledictions on the destroyer of the fine old Abbey of Bermondsey legitimately belong. He pulled down the conventual church and most of the other buildings, and erected a mansion on the site; and



then, as if satisfied with what he had done, re-conveyed the mansion with the orchards, gardens, &c., to Sir Robert. The manor he subsequently sold to a "citizen and goldsmith" of London. In the mansion built by Sir Thomas Pope afterwards resided the Earl of Sussex, Elizabeth's chamberlain; and here also, it appears from Stow, he died. The old chronicler's account of his funeral is picturesque, as usual. "On the ninth of June (1583), deceased Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, lord chamberlain to her majesty, a knight of the garter, at Bermondsey, beside London; and was on the eighth of July following conveyed through the same city of London toward Newhall, in Essex, there to be buried. First went before him forty-five poor men in black gowns, then on horseback one hundred and twenty serving-men in black coats, then twenty-five in black gowns or cloaks, besides the heralds at arms; then the deceased Earl in a chariot covered with black velvet, drawn by four goodly geldings; next after was led the Earl's steed, covered with black velvet; then Sir Henry Ratcliffe, the succeeding Earl, chief mourner, and eight other lords, all in black; then the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London riding in murrey (dark-red or purple); and then on foot the gentlemen of Gray's Inn; and last of all the Merchant Tailors in their livery, for that the said Earl was a brother of their company, as many noblemen and famous princes, kings of this realm, before him, had been." According to the earl's directions, his executors kept open house, as we should now say, for twenty days after his interment. Altogether, this was a tolerably expensive funeral; the burial charges amounting to above 1600*l.*, and the housekeeping to 158*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.*

A walk over the site of the great Abbey of the Cluniacs can now afford little gratification, either to the lover of antiquities or to the man of taste generally. The remains spared till the present century have now mostly disappeared, including the gateway represented in our engraving at the end of this paper. The entire site is pretty well covered with modern houses and dirty streets and courts. The Long Walk, once perhaps a fine shady avenue, where the abbot or his monks were accustomed to wile away the summer afternoon, is about one of the last places that would now tempt the wandering footsteps of the stranger; the Grange Walk no longer leads to the pleasant farm or park of the abbey, and is in itself but a painful mockery of the associations roused by the name; the court or Base Court Yard is changed into Bermondsey Square, flanked on all sides by small tenements, the handiwork of the builders who completed a few years ago what Sir Thomas Pope began; and though some trees are yet there, of so ancient appearance that for aught we know they may have witnessed the destruction of the very conventual church, yet they are dwindling and dwindling away, as though they felt themselves a part of the old Abbey, and had no business to survive its destruction. They will not have much longer to wait; little remains to be destroyed. In the Grange Walk is a part of the gate-house of the east gateway, with a portion of the rusted hinge of the monastic doors. In Long Walk, on the right, is a small and filthy quadrangle (once called, from some tradition connected with the visits of the early English monarchs to Bermondsey, King John's Court, now Bear Yard), in which are the houses represented on our commencing page, where the stone-work, and form and antiquity of the windows, afford abundant evidence of their connexion with the monastery. Lastly, in the

churchyard of the present church of St. Mary Magdalen are some pieces of the wall that surrounded the gardens and church of the Cluniacs.

But there are two other memorials of the Abbey, which are not likely to



[Remains of the Eastern Gate-house of the Abbey, 1874.]

perish with the establishment to which they belonged. In the church of St. Mary, a handsome edifice, built on the site of a smaller one erected by the monks at a very early period (it is supposed for the use of their servants and tenants), is a very curious ancient *salver*, of silver, now used for the collection of alms. On the centre is a beautifully chased representation of the gate of a castle or town, with two figures, a knight kneeling before a lady, who is about to place his helmet on his head. The long-pointed *solleretts* of the feet, the ornaments of the arm-pits, and the form of the helmet, are supposed to mark the date of the *salver* as that of Edward II. The other memorial to which we have referred is of a much more interesting character. In the *Chronicle of Bermondsey* before mentioned we read at one part as follows:—

“Anno Domini 1117. The cross of St. Saviour is found near the Thames.” And again, under the date of 1118, “William Earl of Morton was miraculously liberated from the Tower of London through the power of the *holy cross*.” This Earl of Morton was a son of the nobleman mentioned in *Domesday*. It appears he had as much faith as the monks could have desired in the truth of the miracle, for the *Chronicle* subsequently states, “In the year 1140 William Earl of Morton came to Bermondsey, and assumed the monastic habit.” Before we pursue the history of this Holy Cross, which we have no doubt was the Saxon cross found in the manner commemorated, we may observe that pilgrimages to churches and shrines were, according to Fosbroke, the most ancient and universal of all pilgrimages. If the Saxon cross had not been set up at Ber-



mondsey before Earl Morton's release, it would assuredly have been raised immediately after. These pilgrimages were remarkably profitable things to a monastery. Sir David Lindsay, the old Scottish poet and church reformer, has given us an agreeable account of the feelings and customs once universally prevalent with regard to this kind of idolatrous worship of "imagery," which, says the poet finely,

*"Of the unlearned be the books;  
For when the laicks on them looks  
It brings them to remembrance  
Of Saintes lives the circumstance;  
How, the faith for to fortify,  
They suffered pain right patiently.  
Seeing the image on the rood,  
Men should remember on the blood  
Which Christ into his passion  
Did shed for our salvation;  
Or when thou seest the portraiture  
Of blessed Virgin Mary pure,  
A pleasant babe upon her knee,  
Then in thy mind remember thee  
The worde which the prophet said,  
How she should be both mother and maid.  
But who that sitteth on their knees,  
Praying to many imageries  
With oration and offerands,  
Kneeling with cup into their hands,  
No difference be I say to thee  
From the Gentile's idolatry."*

Sir David's doctrine obtained wide acceptance; and one of the earliest popular manifestations of Protestant feeling was the destruction of all these "imageries," including, no doubt, many an exquisite and matchless piece of workmanship that the Protestant world of the present day could well wish to have been spared. In the account of St. Paul's Cross is given a description of the striking circumstances that attended the destruction of the Rood of Grace from Kent. The degradation of the Rood of Bermondsey was, it appears, an appendix to that day's proceedings. In an ancient diary of a citizen, preserved among the Cottonian MSS., under the date of 1558, occurs the following passage:—"M. Gresham, mayor. On Saint Matthew's day, the apostle, the 24th day of February, Sunday, did the Bishop of Rochester preach at Paul's Cross, and had standing afore him all his sermon-time the picture\* of Rood of Grace in Kent, and was [*i. e.* which had been] greatly sought with pilgrims, and when he had made an end of his sermon, was torn all in pieces; then was the picture of Saint Saviour, that had stood in Barmsey Abbey many years, in Southwark, taken down." "Taken down" are the words, not "destroyed." If the reader will turn to the engraving at the end of this paper, he will see, in the front of the building attached to the chief or north gate, the rude representation of a small cross, with some zigzag, *Saxon*-like ornaments, the whole being evidently something placed upon or let into the wall, not a part of the original building; and there it

\* This word was often used to express an image, or statue.

remained till the comparatively recent destruction of the pile. Going further back, we find the same cross in the same situation in 1679, when a drawing was made of the remains of the Abbey, which was afterwards engraved by Wilkinson. There can then, we think, be no doubt, apart from the corroborative evidence of tradition, that this is the old Saxon cross found near the Thames, or that it is a part of the "picture" before which pilgrims used to congregate in the old conventual church.



Remains of the Abbey, from a drawing made immediately before their demolition.





[Leather and Skin Market, Bermondsey.]

## LII.—MODERN BERMONDSEY.

IT is a bold act to take up arms against old proverbs—those condensed epitomes of worldly wisdom, which charm by their brevity quite as much as by their truth: yet to the dictum that “two of a trade can never agree” we feel impelled to reply by pointing to **BERMONDSEY**. The inhabitants of that land of leather, that region of skins and pelts, afford a significant contradiction to the proverb: there are many “of one trade” here congregated, and we have reason for knowing that they “agree” very well. Why it is that the bazaar-system of the East is thus acted on in many parts of London—why it is that we find the watchmakers in one locality, the silkweavers in another, the sugar-refiners in a third—need not here be discussed; but there appears reason for believing, as we shall endeavour to explain farther on, that the selection of Bermondsey as a “local habitation” for the leather-manufacturers is greatly dependent on a series of *tide-streams*, which intersect the district, and which afford that abundant supply of water so indispensably necessary in the manufacture. Be the cause what it may, however, the fact is certain, that almost the whole circle of operations connected with this manufacture, so far as the metropolis is concerned, are met with in Bermondsey:

indeed it is scarcely too much to say that the history of a sheep's-skin and of an ox-hide forms the staple material for a description of this spot.

There are, however, other features which render modern Bermondsey a remarkable spot. It has been said that "there is a greater variety of trades and manufactures carried on in this parish than in any one parish besides throughout the kingdom;" and although we doubt whether the means exist for making this determination, or, if existing, whether they have been properly estimated, yet the great diversity of operations is observable at a glance. Like as the Great Eastern Railway forms a point of sight from which the dwellings of the Spitalfields weavers may be conveniently seen,\* so will a trip on the Greenwich Railway reveal to us many of the characteristic features of Bermondsey, which it intersects from north-west to south-east.

No sooner do we take our seat in one of the railway carriages than we find ourselves in close vicinity to manufactories and tanneries. Chimneys innumerable shoot up at intervals of a few yards, towering above a very maze of red roofs, and furnishing their contribution to the smoky atmosphere of the neighbourhood.

It is chiefly on the south-western side of the railway, and within a mile of London Bridge, that factory-chimneys are met with. A closer glance will detect other general features in the district; we shall see vacant spaces or yards, surrounding or connected with many of the buildings, and exhibiting evidences of the tanners', the fell-mongers', the leather-dressers', or the parchment-makers' operations. We shall see that many of the buildings are so constructed as to allow free access of air to all parts of the interior: these are tanners' drying-lofts. We shall see large areas of ground in which low sheds or open boxes are ranged by dozens in parallel rows: these are glue-factories. We shall see many lofty warehouses, with cranes and doors at various parts of their height: these are wool-warehouses. Until recently, too, its rope-walks formed one of its principal features. But the railway traveller soon observes a remarkable change in the appearance of the district which he is traversing; he finds himself suddenly transferred to a neighbourhood of nursery-grounds and market-gardens—speckled here and there, it is true, with tanneries and other factories—but exhibiting the general features of open country; and this is the character of the district from thence to Deptford and Greenwich.

It would not perhaps be far from the truth to say that Bermondsey may be regarded as a region of manufacturers, a region of market-gardeners, a region of wholesale dealers, and a maritime region, according to the quarter where we take our stand. Were we indeed to confine ourselves strictly to the parochial limits, the features would include little of the two latter; but we are not so strictly limited, and shall perhaps include a little of St. Olave's, and of one or two other parishes, in our remarks on Bermondsey generally.

To the dwellers north of the Thames it is perhaps generally known that Bermondsey lies south-east of London Bridge, while the burghers of Southwark can define the spot more closely. The parochial boundary embraces a portion of the banks of the Thames eastward of Dockhead; extends from thence in an irregu-

\* London—No. XLIX. 'Spitalfields,' p. 385.



lar line towards the Dover Road, separating Bermondsey from Rotherhithe and Deptford parishes; skirts along the rear of the houses in the Kent Road and the Borough High Street; enters Bermondsey Street by Snow's Fields; and proceeds thence to St. Saviour's (once called Savory) Dock. Let us, however, take a ramble over the bridge, and commence our observations at its south-eastern corner, proceeding thence in the direction of Rotherhithe.

Perhaps no part of the metropolis has suffered greater changes of appearance in modern times than that at which we begin the survey of Bermondsey. The southern approaches to the new London Bridge required such a large increase to be made in the elevation of the roadways, that the west end of Tooley Street would have been sunk in a valley, had not a reconstruction of that part been made. The only mode of carrying the roadway continuously from the High Street towards Dockhead was by an inclined plane; and on the northern side of this plane the houses have been rebuilt in an elegant and substantial manner, forming a striking contrast, both in appearance and in elevation, to the houses which previously occupied that portion of Tooley Street. A still greater change has occurred on the southern side: for here we meet with the terminus of the South-Eastern and Brighton Railways. Great changes have been made in the appearance of the neighbourhood of this station within the last few years. Besides the railways above named, here are also the termini of the South London and of the Crystal Palace and West End of London Railways, and also one of the principal stations on the railway between Charing Cross and Greenwich.

After passing two or three large wharfs, we may be said to enter fairly upon the old and unaltered portion of Tooley Street, whose name is a strange corruption of the former appellation, St. Olave's Street, and whose shops exhibit a singular mixture of the features which are found separate in other parts of the district:—wharfingers, merchants, salesmen, factors, and agents; store-shippers, biscuit-bakers, outfitters, ship-chandlers, slop-sellers, block-makers, and rope-makers; engineers and other manufacturers; together with the usual varieties of retail tradesmen—all point to the diversified, and no less busy than diversified, traffic of this street. "Here," it has been said truly, "the crane and the pulley seem never to be idle."

If we turn out of this leading thoroughfare into any of the narrow streets which bend towards the river, we find still greater indications of the warehousing and wharfing system; and singular indeed are the contrasts which some of these streets have exhibited at different times. Mill Lane, for example, which leads down to Battlebridge Stairs, occupies the site of the London manor-house, or "inn," of the abbots of Battle—the "Maze" (now an assemblage of small courts on the opposite side of the Railway Station) having once been the garden attached to the manor-house. From Morgan's Lane to St. Saviour's Dock there is a line of street—called in one part Pickle-herring Street, and in another Shad Thames—which exhibits an uninterrupted series of wharfs, warehouses, mills, and factories, on both sides of a narrow and crowded roadway. The buildings on the northern side are contiguous to the river; and through gateways and openings in these we witness the busy scenes and the mazes of shipping which

pertain to such a spot. We see the handiwork of Commerce, who, to use the words of Thomson,—

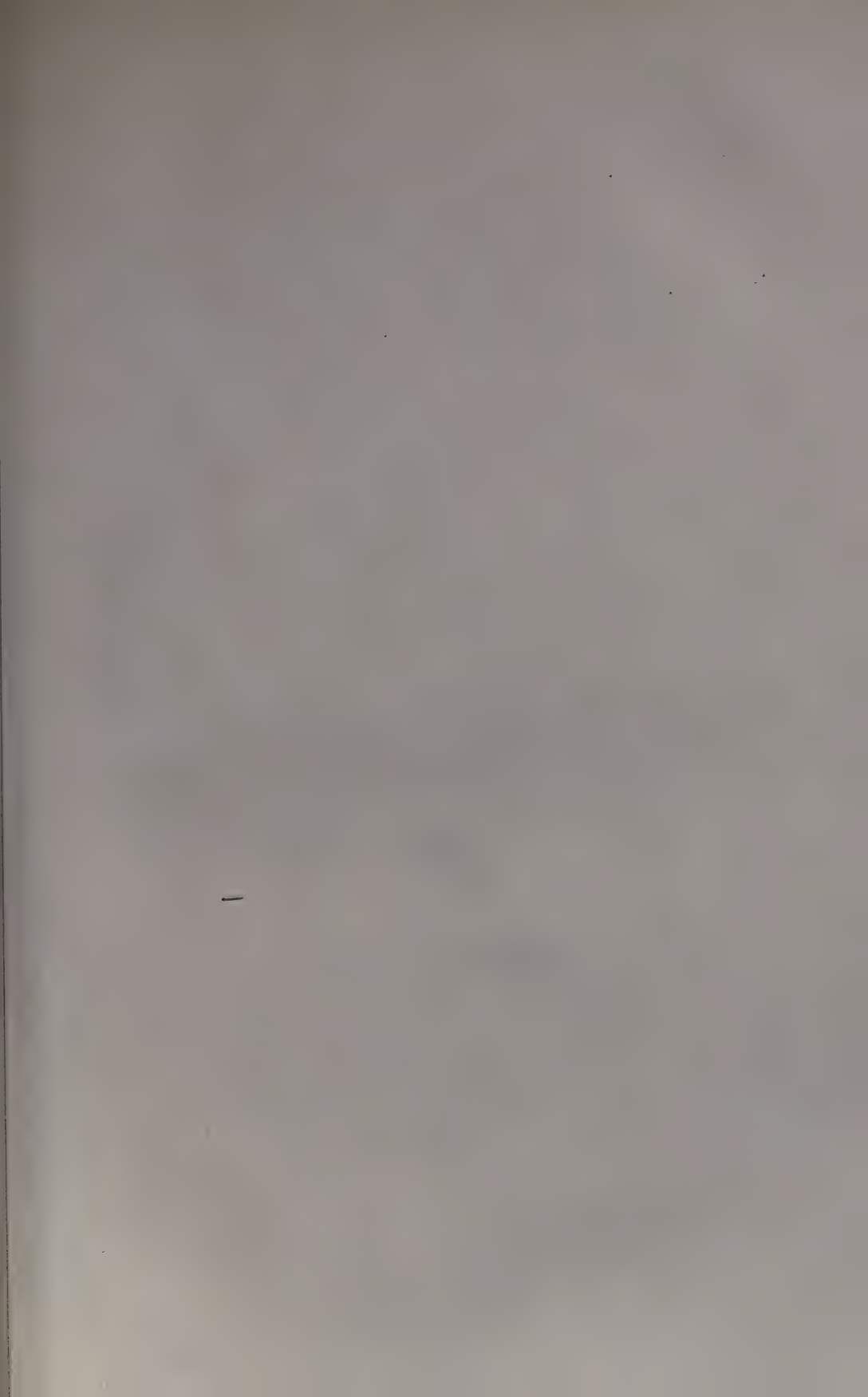
“ the big warehouse built,  
Rais'd the strong crane, chok'd up the loaded street  
With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O Thames,  
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, King of Floods !  
Chose for his grac'd resort ! ”

In advancing towards St. Saviour's Dock, a short inlet between the river and Dockhead, we leave on the right a few streets which collectively form what is termed Horsleydown—once “ Horse-down,” a grazing-ground for horses ; and after passing several large granaries we arrive at the southern end of St. Saviour's Dock. Here commences the parish of Bermondsey ; and a little farther progress brings us to a district as remarkable for its appearance as for its importance, in past times at least, to the manufactures of Bermondsey. All Londoners have heard of the “ Rookery,” or, more irreverently, the “ Holy Land ” of St. Giles's ; but far less is known of “ Jacob's Island ” in Bermondsey, though it has been rendered familiar to many by the most successful of modern novelists.

The first street beyond St. Saviour's Dock is Mill Street. Here, on the right-hand side, until within the last twenty years, was a stream or ditch about twenty feet wide, encircling a cluster of mean and dilapidated houses, standing on a plot of ground popularly known as “ Jacob's Island,” to which access was gained by about a dozen wooden bridges from the “ terra firma ” on the other side of the stream. This stream was bounded on the four sides by Mill Street, Bermondsey Wall, Nutkin's Corner, and London Street ; and from the east end of the latter “ Jacob's Island ” could be seen in all its ragged glory. The ditch became filled with water at every high tide. In one of Mr. Dickens's most popular works,\* the features which this spot presented are described so vividly, and with such close accuracy, that we cannot do better than quote the passage. He first speaks of the ditch itself and the houses exterior to the island. “ A stranger, standing on one of the wooden bridges thrown across this ditch in Mill Street, will see the inhabitants of the houses on either side lowering from their back doors and windows, buckets, pails, and domestic utensils in which to haul the water up ; and when his eye is turned from these operations to the houses themselves, his utmost astonishment will be excited by the scene before him. Crazy wooden galleries, common to the backs of half a dozen houses, with holes from whence to look on the slime beneath ; windows, broken and patched, with poles thrust out on which to dry the linen that is never there ; rooms so small, so filthy, so confined, that the air would seem too tainted even for the dirt and squalor which they shelter ; wooden chambers thrusting themselves out above the mud, and threatening to fall into it, as some of them have done ; dirt-besmeared walls and decaying foundations—all these ornament the banks of Folly Ditch.” This is the scene in the narrow passages near the Island, two of which are known by the humble names of Halfpenny Alley and Farthing Alley. In Jacob's Island itself the “ warehouses are roofless and empty, the walls are crumbling down, the windows are now no windows, the

\* “ Oliver Twist.”







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doors are falling into the street, the chimneys are blackened, but they yield no smoke; and, through losses and Chancery suits, it is made quite a desolate island indeed."

Wilkinson gave a view of this spot in the 'Londina Illustrata' more than fifty years ago, in which the artist (and spectator likewise) is supposed to be standing on Jacob's Island, and looking across the Folly Ditch to the crazy, ancient houses of London Street. The ditch, as we have already intimated, has long been filled up, and the bridges have disappeared. Most of the houses, it is true, are still standing; but modern improvement and sanitary requirements have so altered their appearance that the spot could not be recognised by the above description.

The history of the ditch above referred to is connected, in a remarkable way, with the manufacturing features of Bermondsey. When the Abbey was at the height of its glory, and formed a nucleus to which all else in the neighbourhood was subordinate, the supply of water for its inmates was obtained from the Thames through the medium of this stream. Bermondsey was probably at one time very little better than a morass, the whole being low and level: indeed, at the present time, manufacturers in that locality find the utmost difficulty in obtaining a firm foundation for their buildings, such is the spongy nature of the ground. In the early period just alluded to, the spot, besides being low, was almost entirely unencumbered with buildings; and thus a channel from the Thames, although not many feet in depth, was filled throughout the entire district at every high tide. There was a mill at the river-side, at which the corn for the granary of the Abbey was ground; and this mill was turned by the flux and reflux of the water along the channel. When the Abbey was destroyed, and the ground passed into the possession of others, the houses which were built on the site still received a supply of water from this water-course. In process of time tanneries were established on the spot, most probably on account of the valuable supply of fresh water obtainable every twelve hours from the river. This seems to be an opinion entertained by many of the principal manufacturers of the place. There appears reason to believe that the Neckinger, the name which the ditch formerly held, was by degrees made to supply other ditches, or small water-courses cut in different directions, and placed in communication with it; for, provided they were all nearly on a level, each high tide would as easily fill a dozen as a single one. Had there been no mill at the mouth of the channel, the supply might have gone on continuously; but the mill continued to be moved by the stream, and to be held by parties who neither had nor felt any interest in the affairs of the Neckinger manufacturers. Disagreements thence arose; and we find that, about ninety years ago, the tanners in the central parts of Bermondsey instituted a suit against the owner of the mill for shutting off the tide when it suited his own purpose so to do, to the detriment of the leather-manufacturers. The ancient usages of the district were brought forward in evidence; and the result was, that the right of the inhabitants to a supply of water from the river, at every high tide, was confirmed, to the discomfiture of the mill-owner. Since that period there were occasional disagreements between the manufacturers and the owners of the mill respecting the closing of sluice-gates, the repair and cleansing of the ditch, and the construction of wooden bridges across it; but

the tide, with few exceptions, still continued to flow daily to and fro from the Thames to the neighbourhood of the Grange and Neckinger Roads. Many of the largest establishments in Bermondsey were for years dependent on the tide-stream for the water—very abundant in quantity—required in the manufacture of leather.

Other manufacturers, however, constructed artesian wells on their premises, while the mill at the mouth of the stream was worked by steam power, so that the channel itself became much less important than in former times. Latterly this ditch, or "tide-stream," as it was sometimes called, was under the management of commissioners, consisting of the principal manufacturers, who were empowered to levy a small rate for its maintenance and repair.

This stream has somewhat detained us in our circuit walk, but it is so closely connected with the establishment and advancement of the staple manufacture of the district that we have felt it proper not to omit these details. The interest which the inhabitants of the parish took in the decision of 1786 indicates the importance that was attached to it.

When we have passed St. Saviour's Dock, in our ramble eastward, we see that the region of wharfs and granaries, of warehouses and factories, has in part given place to features of a more maritime character. We are approaching towards Rotherhithe. We meet seamen—sauntering, jovial, careless, light-hearted seamen—in the streets. We meet with anchor-smitheries and boat-builders' yards, with outfitters, slop-sellers, and sea-biscuit bakers; with dealers in all the knick-knacks to which "Jack" is so much attached. The opposite side of the river presents these features in a more marked degree, but the eastern parts of Bermondsey are not without them. The same picture, but painted in stronger colours, presents itself through the greater part of Rotherhithe, past the entrance to the Thames Tunnel—past the Surrey Dock—to the Greenland Dock, that "profitable nuisance," as Pennant once termed it, when the whale-fishery was at its height. But it is not of Rotherhithe that we have here to speak; we will, therefore, bend our steps southward.

The belt of houses which skirts the Thames at the junction of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe does not extend far from its banks before we obtain glimpses of the nursery-grounds and market-gardens—the third feature in this district. Here, too, we meet with another of those streams which seem at one time to have been so plentiful in this locality. Contiguous to a narrow street called West Lane, which we believe separates the two parishes, is a stream, or ditch, communicating with the Thames, and sending out a number of minor branches, which, turning and winding, and commingling with each other, form a number of little islands in the open fields of Rotherhithe. These islands were formerly used as bleaching-grounds; but they now present rather a desolate appearance, and the streams are muddy and ill ordered.

Such a curious intermixture of agricultural and manufacturing labour, of nature and art, of open ground and close factories, we do not know in any other part of London, as in the district intersected by the Greenwich Railway in the second mile of its length. We may go to many parts of the metropolis and see groups of black chimneys and large buildings, symbols of the operations conducted within; we may visit many other districts in which the nurseryman or the



market-gardener pursues his labours in an atmosphere (for London) tolerably free from smoke; but here the two characteristics present themselves in common. The market-gardens are very extensive; and between them, at various isolated spots, are the factories: here, white-lead works; a little farther on, chemical-works, then oil-cloth works, glue-factories, biscuit-factories, and engine-factories; and farther westward, the thickly-congregated leather manufactories. In most of these instances each factory is isolated, having gardens within a few yards of it on all sides. A lover of the pastoral and the picturesque might not think the gardens improved, in rural association or in appearance, by the presence of these busy scenes of industry; but it is only one instance of that which overgrown London exhibits on every side—the gradual absorption of green fields in the labyrinth of brick and mortar, a process by which Greenwich and Hampstead, Clapham and Hammersmith, bid fair to be eventually as much *in* London as Pimlico, Bermondsey, and Mile End now are. The market-gardens between Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, Deptford, and the Kent Road still exist, however, and we are indebted to them for no small portion of our daily supply of culinary vegetables. On market mornings, at two or three o'clock, the market-gardener's waggon is receiving its store, and setting out for Covent Garden Market, where the greater part of the produce is sold; and on the same day all may buy just as much of this food as they may require, and in any corner of London. This is not the place to dwell on the wonderful yet simple machinery by which a large city is supplied with its daily store of food; but such thoughts naturally occur to the mind when a district of market-gardens is spread out before us.

The Roman Catholic Convent, noticed in our last Chapter, is situated at the spot where the maritime and the agricultural districts may be said to meet. It is at the corner of a street called Parker's Row, the north end of which belongs to the former, and the south to the latter. Nay, the Convent is associated with another circumstance which still more disturbs those notions of seclusion and romance which we in England are accustomed to entertain in respect to such establishments: the site on which it is erected was previously a tan-yard, supplied with water from the tide-stream, which passed close to the Convent in its progress from the Folly to the neighbourhood of the Neckinger Mills. At a short distance from this Convent is the pleasantly-situated New Church of Bermondsey.

In proceeding southward from the "water-side division" of Bermondsey (as that part is called which is nearest to the Thames) we may select among many tolerably pleasant roads and pathways, passing through, or rather dividing the market-gardens, and leading to the manufacturing establishments which speckle the scene. One of the pleasantest of these, perhaps, is Rotherhithe New Road, which connects the streets and lanes bordering upon the Surrey and Commercial Docks with the Old Kent Road, close by the Surrey Canal Bridge. Between Jamaica Level and Rotherhithe New Road, with Deptford Lower Road for its eastern boundary, is Southwark Park, a large space of ground, covering some sixty acres, which has been laid out with walks and in part ornamented with shrubberies. The formation of this park was undertaken by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and it was thrown open to the public in 1869. In a road called the Spa Road,

leading eastward to Bermondsey New Church, we meet with the Spa from which the road derived its name. A chalybeate spring was discovered here about a century ago; and the place was converted into a sort of tea-garden by an ingenious man, who had exhibited some talent for painting, and who decorated his house of entertainment with subjects from his own pencil. The following description from Hughson, compared with the modern exhibitions, "Mont Blanc" and "Mount Vesuvius," will make us doubt whether there is really anything new "under the sun." Mr. Keyse, the proprietor, established a sort of Vauxhall at the Bermondsey Spa, and, finding this to succeed, his ingenuity "suggested various improvements, and among others he entertained the public with an excellent representation of the siege of Gibraltar, consisting of transparencies and fireworks, constructed and arranged by Mr. Keyse himself; the height of the rock was fifty, and the length two hundred feet; the whole of the apparatus covering about four acres of ground."

On the east of the market-gardens are the docks, ponds, and reservoirs belonging to the Commercial, the Greenland, and the Grand Surrey Docks; and also the buildings which constitute the town of Deptford. These collectively separate the Bermondsey nurseries from that bend or "reach" of the Thames which bounds the western side of the Isle of Dogs.

If we draw a line from Bermondsey New Church to the intersection of the Grange Road with the Old Kent Road, we shall find to the west, or rather the north-west, of that line nearly the whole of the factories connected with the leather and wool trade of London. A circle one mile in diameter, having its centre at the spot where the Abbey once stood, will include within its limits most of the tanners, the curriers, the fellmongers, the woolstaplers, the leather-factors, the leather-dressers, the leather-dyers, the parchment-makers, and the glue-makers, for which this district is so remarkable. There is scarcely a street, a road, a lane, into which we can turn without seeing evidences of one or other of these occupations. One narrow road—leading from the Grange Road to the Kent Road—is particularly distinguishable for the number of leather-factories which it exhibits on either side; some time-worn and mean, others newly and skilfully erected. Another street, known as Long Lane, and lying westward of the church, exhibits nearly twenty distinct establishments where skins or hides undergo some of the many processes to which they are subjected. In Snow's Fields, in Bermondsey New Road, in Russell Street, upper and lower, in Willow Walk, and Page's Walk, and Grange Walk, and others whose names we cannot now remember—in all of these, leather, skins, and wool seem to be the commodities out of which the wealth of the inhabitants has been created. Even the public-houses give note of these peculiarities, by the signs chosen for them, such as the "Woolpack," the "Fellmongers' Arms," "Simon the Tanner," and others of like import. If there is any district in London whose inhabitants might be excused for supporting the proposition that "there is nothing like leather," surely Bermondsey is that place!

It might at first seem that the connexion between leather and wool is not very apparent, the nature, uses, and preparation of the two being so very dissimilar; but when we remember that both are taken from those animals whose flesh sup-



plies us with one portion of our daily food, and in part from other animals, we perceive a reason why the cleansing and preparation of them are conveniently effected in one spot. The ox yields hide for stout leather; the sheep yields wool and skin for thin leather and parchment; the horse yields hide and valuable hair; and from the following enumeration of some of the manufacturers in Bermondsey Street alone it will be seen how many branches of trade spring from these sources:—hide-sellers, tanners, leather-dressers, morocco-leather dressers, leather sellers and cutters, curriers, parchment-makers, wool-merchants, wool-staplers, horse-hair manufacturers, hair and flock manufacturers, patent hair-felt manufacturers. There are, besides these, skin and hide salesmen, fellmongers, leather-dyers, and glue-makers, in other parts of the vicinity.

The extent to which these branches of manufacture are carried on at Bermondsey has never, as far as we are aware, been ascertained; but it must be enormous. The following remarks of Mr. M'Culloch ('Statistical Account of the British Empire') will illustrate the national importance of the manufacture of leather. After alluding to the large scale in which the manufacture is carried on at Bermondsey, that gentleman states, that, besides the hides and skins of animals slaughtered in this country, vast quantities are imported from abroad, to be tanned or dressed in England. "At an average of the years 1833 and 1834, no fewer than 304,279 cwt., or 34,079,248 lbs., of foreign cow, ox, and buffalo hides were entered for home consumption, exclusive of vast quantities of lamb-skins, goat-skins, &c. The total quantity of all sorts of leather, tawed, tanned, dressed, and curried in Great Britain may at present be estimated at about 65,000,000, which, at 1*s.* 6*d.* per pound, gives 4,875,000*l.* as the value of the leather alone." He proceeds to estimate the value of this leather, when manufactured into shoes, harness, gloves, and other saleable articles, at nearly three times this amount, or at 13,000,000*l.* per annum. This sum he divides into three portions, viz., 4,875,000*l.* for the raw material; 2,031,000*l.* for profits, rent of workshops, and capital invested; and 6,094,000*l.* for wages. The distribution of this large amount of wages he thus conjectures:—"Supposing those employed as shoemakers, saddlers, glovers, &c., to make, one with another, 30*l.* a-year, the total number of such persons will be 203,000. This, however, does not give the total number of persons employed in the leather-trade, inasmuch as it excludes the tanners, curriers, &c., employed in dressing and preparing the leather. But if, from the value of the prepared leather, 4,875,000*l.*, we deduct 1,500,000*l.* for the value of the hides and skins, and 2,300,000*l.* for tanners' and curriers' profits, including the expense of bark, lime, pits, &c., we have 1,075,000*l.* left as wages. Now, as the wages of tanners, curriers, leather-dressers, &c., may, we believe, be taken at 35*l.* a-year at an average, we shall have 30,700 as the number employed in these departments." At the present time (1874) the weekly sale in Bermondsey Market alone amounts to about 15,000 hides, 25,000 sheep-skins, and 500 calves' skins.

These are high numbers, and point to the vast importance of this department of manufacture. The nature of our publication does not admit details of manufacturing processes, nor descriptions of particular factories; but the topography and general features of Bermondsey are so dependent on the subdivision of em-

ployments arising out of the leather-manufacture, that we deem it right to glance rapidly at them.

In the Chapter relating to "Smithfield," the career of the ox and the sheep is traced down to the point when the drovers consign the animals to the hands of the butcher. Let us take up the thread of the story from that point. The animals are slaughtered, the flesh is retailed for the tables of rich and poor, and the skins and hides pass into other hands. Who is there that has not, at some time or other, had his ears dinned and tormented in the London streets by a cart, rattling and rumbling over the rough stones, and laden with sheep-skins? Neither the sound, nor the sight, nor the odour is a pleasant one; yet is there the germ of much wealth in those carts. They do not belong to the butcher, nor to the tanner, nor to the leather-dresser, nor to the wool-dealer; they are owned by "skin-salesmen," who act as agents between buyer and seller. As the Smithfield salesman transacts the dealings between the country grazier and the London butcher, receiving a small per centage on the purchase price of the animals; as the Mark Lane corn-factor sells the corn of the country farmer to the miller, the mealman, or the corn-chandler of London, receiving in like manner a small payment for his services; so does the skin-salesman act as agent for the butcher, disposing of the skins to the "fell-monger," and receiving a few pence on the purchase-money of each. There are some fell-mongers in Bermondsey who purchase their sheep-skins directly from the butchers, without the intervention of a salesman; but the general system is as we have stated.

It may next be asked whether these skins, thus taken away in carts from the butchers and slaughterers, are conveyed to factories, to storehouses, or to markets? If the "fell-monger" is the purchaser, the skins are conveyed to his yard; but if, as is more common, the salesman is employed as an intermediate party, the skins are conveyed to the Skin Market in Bermondsey. Until within the last forty years, there were two places used as skin-markets on the Southwark side of the water; one near Blackfriars Road; and the other near the Southwark Bridge Road: but the tanners and leather-dressers, deeming it desirable to concentrate the whole routine of operations, made arrangements for building the present Leather and Skin Market. They formed a company, subscribed a joint stock, and purchased a large piece of ground a little to the north of Long Lane, Bermondsey; and by about the year 1833 the whole was completed, at an expense of nearly fifty thousand pounds. On passing into New Weston Street from Long Lane we see the front portion of this building on the right-hand side. It is a long series of brick warehouses, lighted by a range of windows, and having an arched entrance gateway at either end. These entrances open into a quadrangle or court, surrounded by warehouses, and enclosing others for the stowage of hops. In the warehouses is transacted the business of a class of persons who are termed "leather-factors," who sell to the curriers or leather-sellers leather belonging to the tanners; or sell London-tanned leather to country purchasers, or country-tanned leather to London purchasers: in short, they are middlemen in the traffic in leather, as skin-salesmen are in the traffic in skins. Beyond this first quadrangle is a second, called the "Skin Depository," and having four entrances, two from the larger quadrangle, and two from a street leading into



Bermondsey Street. This depository is an oblong plot of ground terminated by semicircular ends: it is pitched with common road stones along the middle, and flagged round with a broad foot-pavement. Over the pavement, through its whole extent, is an arcade supported by pillars; and the portion of pavement included between every two contiguous pillars is called a "bay." There are about fifty of these "bays," which are let out to skin-salesmen at fifteen pounds per annum each; and on the pavement of his bay the salesman exposes the skins which he is commissioned to sell.

Here on market-days may be seen a busy scene of traffic between the salesmen on the one hand and the fellmongers on the other. The carts, laden with hides and skins, come rattling into the place, and draw up in the roadway of the depository; the loads are taken out, and ranged on the pavement of the bays; the sellers and buyers make their bargains; the purchase-money is paid into the hands of the salesman, and by him transmitted to the butcher; and the hides or skins are removed to the yards of the buyers. Our frontispiece presents a sketch of the scene here described.

It is necessary here to mention a distinction which is made between *hides* and *skins*. The latter are the coverings of sheep and calves, whereas the skins of oxen and horses are known in the trade as *hides*.

As was supposed when the New Skin-Market was built, the dealings in hides have become, in part at least, to be carried on here as well as that in skins. A large quantity of ox-hides, however, from which the thicker kinds of leather are made, are still sold at Leadenhall Market, which has long been the centre of this trade. It is not difficult to see why this is the case, for cattle are generally slaughtered, not on the premises of the butcher, but in slaughter-houses near the flesh-markets, and therefore in the vicinity of Leadenhall hide-market. Nearly all the leather manufacturers in Bermondsey are proprietors in this market.

There is, or at all events was, a difference between the earlier operations of the fellmongers and the tanners of Bermondsey: the former purchase sheepskins at Bermondsey Market from salesmen who act as agents to the London butchers, and then prepare the skins for the leather-dressers and parchment-makers; whereas the tanners purchase ox, cow, and calf skins at Leadenhall Market, from the hide-salesmen, as also horse hides from the persons known as "knackers," and then tan these hides. There are many points of similarity between the two departments; but there are also differences which make a broad line of distinction between them.

All the tanneries in London, with, we believe, one exception, are situated in Bermondsey; and all present nearly the same features. Whoever has resolution enough to brave the appeals to his organ of smell, and visit one of these places, will see a large area of ground—sometimes open above, and in other cases covered by a roof—intersected by pits or oblong cisterns, whose upper edges are level with the ground: these cisterns are the tan-pits, in which hides are exposed to the action of liquor containing oak-bark. He will see, perhaps, in one corner of the premises, a heap of ox and cow horns, just removed from the hide, and about to be sold to the comb makers, the knife-handle makers, and other manu-

facturers of horn. He will see in another corner a heap of refuse matter about to be consigned to the glue-manufacturer. In a covered building he will find a



[Neckinger Mills Leather Manufactory, Bermondsey, 1841.]

heap of hides exposed to the action of lime, for loosening the hair with which the pelt is covered; and in an adjoining building he will probably see a number of men scraping the surfaces of the hides, to prepare them for the tan-pits. In many of the tanneries, though not all, he will see stacks of spent tan, no longer useful in the tannery, but destined for fuel or manure, or gardeners' hot-beds. In airy buildings he will see the tanned leather hanging up to dry, disposed in long ranges of rooms or galleries. Such are the features which all the tanneries, with some minor differences, exhibit.

In the Willow Walk, and one or two other places in the vicinity, may be seen instances of one of the purposes to which tan is appropriated. A large plot of ground contains, in addition to heaps of tan, skeleton frames about five or six feet in height, consisting of a range of shelves one above another; and on these shelves are placed the oblong rectangular pieces of "tan-turf," with which the middle classes have not much to do, but which are extensively purchased for fuel, at "ten or twelve for a penny," by the humbler classes. This is one of the numerous branches of trade arising out of the leather-manufacture, and giving to Bermondsey so many of its peculiar characteristics.

The whole of the fell-mongers belonging to the metropolis are congregated within a small circle around the Skin-Market in Weston Street. It forms no part



of the occupation of these persons to convert the sheepskins into leather. The skins pass into their hands with the wool on, just as they are taken from the sheep; and the fellmonger then proceeds to remove the wool from the pelt, and to cleanse the latter from some of the impurities with which it is coated. This occupation is extremely dirty and disagreeable, and offers few inducements to a visit from a stranger.

The produce of the fellmongers' labours passes into the hands of two or three other classes of manufacturers, such as the wool-stapler, the leather-dresser, and the parchment-maker. The wool-staplers, thirty or forty in number, are, like the fell-mongers, located almost without a single exception in Bermondsey. They are wool-dealers, who purchase the commodity as taken from the skins, and sell it to the hatters, the woollen and worsted manufacturers, and others. They are scarcely to be denominated manufacturers, since the wool passes through their hands without undergoing any particular change or preparation; it is sorted into various qualities, and, like the foreign wool, packed in bags for the market. In a street called Russell Street, intersecting Bermondsey Street, the large warehouses of these wool-staplers may be seen in great number; tiers of ware or store rooms, with cranes over them; waggons in the yard beneath; huge bags filled with wool—some arriving and others departing—these are the appearances which a wool-warehouse presents. It may, perhaps, not be wholly unnecessary to observe, that the sheep's wool here spoken of is only that portion which is taken from the pelt or skin of the slaughtered animal, and which is known by the name of skin-wool. The portion which is taken from the animal during life, and which is called "shear-wool," possesses qualities in some respects different from the former, and passes through various hands. As very few sheep are sheared near London, the shear-wool is not, generally speaking, brought into the London market, except that which comes from abroad.

The leather-dresser, to whom the pelts (the name applied to skins when the wool has been removed from them) are consigned by the fell-monger, undertakes the preparation of all the thinner kinds of leather, whether from the sheep-pelts just alluded to, or from goat, kid, deer, dog, or other thin skins. The leather for gloves, for women's shoes, for bookbinders, for coach-trimmings, and for ornamental purposes, is mostly prepared by the leather-dresser, who differs from the tanner in this, that the latter prepares the thicker hides, which require the process of tanning; whereas the former manufactures those thinner kinds of leather which are prepared with alum, with oil, and with other substances, but not by tanning. The same remark may be applied to the leather-dressers of the metropolis as to the tanners, the fell-mongers, and the wool-staplers—Bermondsey contains them all, with few exceptions. A leather-dresser's manufactory presents many of the features observable in a tannery. There are the pits or cisterns in which the skins and pelts are steeped; there are the blocks on which the skins are placed while being scraped; there are the drying-rooms in which the prepared leather is hung. But there are points in which the two kinds of factories differ. When the tanner has tanned his leather, any staining, softening, or farther preparation which it may require is performed by the currier; whereas the leather-dresser brings the thinner kinds of leather to a completion, carrying

on within his own establishment all the processes, from the cleaning of the pelt to the consignment of the leather to the glove-maker, the shoemaker, or the bookbinder. The dyeing of coloured leather, the "tawing" of white leather, the "shammoying" of wash-leather—all are done, to a greater or less extent, by the leather-dresser. There is one extensive establishment at Bermondsey, known as the Neckinger Mills, at which, in addition to other varieties of leather, a very large proportion of all the "morocco-leather" made in England is produced. The stores of prepared leather kept at an establishment of this kind are immense. The mills here spoken of were built some century or more ago, by a company who attempted the manufacture of paper from straw; but this failing, the premises passed into the hands of others, who established the leather-manufacture. In illustration of what was formerly stated respecting the tide-streams, we may remark that this is one of the factories which still obtain their supply of water from this source. We have thought that a wood-cut representation, given in a previous page, of a leather-manufacturer's establishment, will convey a general idea of the appearance which Bermondsey derives from the numerous examples of them.

Glue-manufactories form another item in the list for which Bermondsey is so remarkable, and which, so far as the metropolis is concerned, is confined almost wholly to that locality. Here, as in the leather-manufacture, both buildings and open ground are required. The small erections which we have spoken of as being visible in the glue-manufactories from the Greenwich Railway are covered stages, or tiers of frames, each frame having a net-work stretched across it, for the reception of thin cakes of glue, which are thus dried by the access of air. In passing one of these factories more closely, the eye of a stranger is attracted by the appearance of thousands of small white substances, either suspended under roofs or lying on stages exposed to the open air. These are scraps and parings of hides and skins, useless to the leather-manufacturer, but valuable to the glue-maker, as the substance whence his glue is produced: they are thus exposed for the purpose of being dried before the gelatine is extracted from them. After all this has been done—after the tanner and the fellmonger, the leather-dresser and the glue-maker, have derived from the hides and skins all that is valuable to them, and have coined gold out of these rude substances—the refuse still possesses a value as manure, for which purpose it is sold to agriculturists and gardeners.

There was a time when the manufacture of hats formed one of the characteristics of this neighbourhood; but this branch of manufacture, from some cause with which we are not well acquainted, has suffered a curious migration. At about the end of the last century and the beginning of the present, the "Maze" (a district between Bermondsey Street and the Borough High Street), Tooley Street, the northern end of Bermondsey Street, and other streets in the immediate vicinity, formed the grand centre of the hat-manufacture of London; but since then some commercial motive-power has exerted a leverage which has transferred nearly the whole assemblage farther westward. If we wish to find the centre of this manufacture, with its subordinate branches of hat-block makers, hat-dyers, hat-lining and leather cutters, hat-shag makers, hat-tip makers, hat-bowstring



makers, hat-furriers, hat-trimming makers, &c., we must visit the district included between the Borough High Street and Blackfriars Road. A glance at that curious record of statistical facts, a 'London Directory,' will show to what an extent this manufacture is carried on in the district just marked out. It is true that Bermondsey still contains one hat-factory which has been characterised as the largest in the world, and that Tooley Street still exhibits a sprinkling of smaller firms; but the manufacture is no longer a feature to be numbered among the peculiarities of Bermondsey.

The connexion between fur, hair, wool, and skin—all being portions of the coating of animals—might raise a supposition that the manufacture or rather preparation of the first, like that of the other three, is carried on at Bermondsey. But this is the case only to a small extent. The fur for hatters is cut from the pelts of the beaver, the neutria, the rabbit, and other fur-bearing animals, by a class of tradesmen called "hatters' furriers," residing principally in the hat-making district; while the furs which are left on the pelts such as are used for muffs and tippets are slightly dressed by persons residing in various parts of London.

A walk through the streets of Bermondsey shows us that everybody is busy and active. Scarcely any houses are shut up—scarcely any loiterers or idlers are looking about for a leaning-post. Unlike Spitalfields, which experiences great and frequent depressions in trade—thus bearing heavily on the resources and the comforts of the weaver—the staple manufacture of Bermondsey seems always more or less flourishing. We seldom hear of petitions, and subscriptions, and appeals, for the "poor tanners;" and long may it be before such are heard!

If this article should fall into the hands of any who are accustomed to cross London Bridge daily in the course of their regular avocations, they will probably understand to whom we allude when we speak of the sack and bag women of Bermondsey. Not more regular are the omnibuses in their daily arrival from Kennington and the villages south of the Thames, than the women whom we see bustling along to and fro over London Bridge. Their features show them to be generally natives of the "Emerald Isle;" their garb shows that they move in a humble, a very humble, station in life; but their light and rapid walk or run, or—perhaps more correctly—trot, indicates the happy activity of persons having "something to do" by which an honest living may be gained. These women carry on their heads bundles of coarse canvas, either made up into bags and sacks, or about so to be. The corn-trade of Mark-Lane, the wool-trade of Bermondsey, and other branches of commercial dealings, require a very large supply of coarse bags and sacks. There are many firms whose sole or principal occupation is to manufacture these bags, while other persons keep "sack and bag hire-warehouses."

The women to whom we allude are the persons who make these bags and sacks. They go to the warehouses, principally on the northern side of the water, receive each a bundle of coarse canvas or other woven material sufficient to make a certain number of bags, place the bundles on their heads, and—braving weather and crowds and interruptions right merrily—hasten to their own poor

dwelling, which are principally in the lower parts of Bermondsey. They receive, as may be supposed, an extremely low price for the labour which they bestow. As soon as the bags are made they are wrapped up into a bundle and carried home to the warehouses. The morning is the time when these busy journeyings to and fro are principally made; and they form one among the many "moving pictures" which London Bridge presents.



[Bermondsey Sack and Bag Women, London Bridge.]





[The Mint.]

### LIII.—THE MINT.

A STRIKING illustration of the magnitude of the transactions of the British Empire may be drawn from the records of the Royal Mint. In the ten years ending with 1869, the amount of gold coined at the Mint was valued at 52,527,627*l.*; whilst that of silver was 1,886,537*l.*; and of copper (or bronze) 1,012,695*l.* The gold, silver, and bronze coinage of the British currency during the year 1870 represented a value of rather more than three millions sterling. The total gold in circulation in the United Kingdom, according to the Master of the Mint, does not exceed eighty millions sterling; this is composed of sixty-eight millions of sovereigns, and twelve millions pounds in half-sovereigns. Any one may send bullion to be coined, but for many years the Bank of England alone has been the medium between the foreign importer and the Mint. During the lapse of time the sources of our supplies of bullion have been frequently changed. Time was when even England itself added silver to the other inexhaustible stores which it was for ever pouring forth from its bosom; Edward I., for instance, received no

less than seven hundred and four pounds *weight* of silver during the year 1296 from Devonshire, and down to the reign of George I. silver money has been coined from the proceeds of the Welsh and other native mines. The principal sources of supply at present are the mines of Peru and Mexico for both silver and gold; and from the mines comparatively recently discovered in the Australian Colonies a large quantity of gold is also received. The Bank buys silver at the market-price, which fluctuates; gold at £3 17s. 9d. per ounce; but it will make no purchases of gold without having first sent specimens for assay to the assay-master of the Royal Mint. This is the simple history of our uncoined money generally. But there are some notable exceptions. In the year 1842 the newspapers of the day informed us that considerable interest was excited by the arrival in the Borough of the first portion of the ransom payable by the Chinese nation to the British Government, which amounted to two millions of dollars. It was packed in wooden chests, and filled ten waggons and carts, forming a train of considerable length; and was escorted by a detachment of the 32nd regiment. The whole passed over London Bridge, and was conveyed to the Bank. This money, which weighed upwards of sixty-five tons, was brought from China by Her Majesty's ship 'Conway.' It was, no doubt, ultimately coined into British money, and we have probably been circulating our shillings to and fro without the slightest notion of their having once formed a part of the price of Canton—nay, for aught we know, some of them may in their state of transformation find their way back again to the Celestial Empire, to gladden, possibly, for a second time the eyes of some unconscious Chinese, and be treasured for their novelty in the same cabinet where they had previously been hoarded for their intrinsic value. In 1804 a somewhat similar convoy passed through the streets, which had been taken under no less memorable circumstances. Political considerations having determined our Government to commence war with Spain, a bright notion occurred to it before making a formal declaration of its purposes. Some Spanish vessels with treasure were then expected home; accordingly Captain Moore, with four vessels, was despatched to intercept them. He was successful, but did not obtain possession of the prize till the Spanish admiral's vessel had blown up, and some hundreds of persons had gone to their last account. To the honour of the British people, their indignation was all but universal. There was one incident that did much to deepen the general impression of the affair. A Spanish gentleman was on board one of the ships, who, after twenty-five years' industry and economy in America, had realised a fortune, and was now returning to his native country, contented in its possession, and blessed with a numerous and beautiful family to share it. Before the action commenced, he, with one of his sons, went on board one of the largest ships, the better perhaps to assist in repelling so unexpected an attack; and in a few minutes beheld the one in which he had left his wife and his other children surrounded with flames. This was the admiral's ship already mentioned.

None of the humiliating and painful reflections attached to this case belonged to the one preceding it by some forty years, and which accordingly seems to have been marked by a very joyous sort of procession. The day was a remarkable one, being that on which the young sovereign George the Third's first son and successor was born. "Just after Her Majesty was safely in her bed, the waggons with the



treasure of the 'Hermione' entered St. James's Street; on which His Majesty and the nobility went to the windows over the palace-gate to see them, and joined their acclamations on two such joyful occasions; from whence the procession proceeded to the Tower in the following order, viz.:—A company of light horse, attended with kettle-drums, French horns, trumpets, and hautboys. A covered waggon, decorated with an English jack, and a Spanish flag underneath, hanging behind the waggon. Two more covered waggons. Seven waggons uncovered. And, lastly, a covered waggon, decorated with an English jack and a Spanish flag. In the whole twenty waggons. The procession was concluded with an officer on horseback, carrying an English ensign, attended by another holding a drawn cutlass. The escort to each waggon consisted of four marines with their bayonets fixed. The whole cavalcade was saluted by the people with acclamations of joy. On opening some of the chests at the Bank they were greatly surprised to find a bag full of gold instead of silver in one of them; several have since been found of the same kind." \* The treasure weighed sixty-five tons, and was valued at nearly a million sterling. In the last incident of this kind we shall mention, which occurred just a century before, the money was obtained without violence of any kind from its owners, yet not the less disgraceful was its possession. It was the purchase-money of Dunkirk, acquired by Cromwell, and so much valued by the English people, that just before the sale was concluded the merchants of London offered through the Lord Mayor any sum of money to Charles rather than it should be lost. The offer, however, was declined. We have already, in our account of the Tower, noticed Charles's visit there to see the wealth he had so dearly purchased. Pepys had a hope of getting some portion of the treasure to pay off the naval arrears, but the king knew better how to dispose of it than on such merely national purposes.

These passages refer to one of the extraordinary modes of supplying the Mint with bullion. Another proposed method, which has engaged a great deal of attention, is of a very interesting, though, unfortunately for its projectors, not of a very practical character. The name of Raymond Lully, the alchemist, is well known. He was the chief of those who, in the middle ages, helped to spread abroad through Europe a belief in the possibility of transmuting the baser metals into gold. He appears to have been a simple-minded, enthusiastic man, who in this matter probably imposed upon himself by his discoveries in the then wonderful science of chemistry. His chief object, to which he adhered with the most exemplary fortitude through all kinds of difficulties and dangers, was the conversion of the Mohammedans; and when he came to England, during the reign of Edward I., it was to engage that monarch in some new holy war. Edward had, however, plenty of business on hand with the Scotch and Welsh patriots; but the temptation held out by Lully was irresistible, being no less than that of filling his treasury on the cheapest possible terms. The alchemist set to work in "the chamber of St. Katherine" in the Tower; and Ashmole says, "gold is affirmed, by an unwritten verity, to have been made . . . and, besides the tradition, the inscription is some proof, for upon the reverse is a cross fleury, with *lioneux*, inscribed, *Jesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat*, that is, as Jesus passed invisible and in the most secret manner by the midst of the Pharisees, so

\* Gent. Mag. Aug. 12, 1762.

that gold was made by invisible and secret art amidst the ignorant.\*" Ashmole here refers to an inscription first seen on the gold noble of Edward III., and continued on various coins down to the period of Elizabeth. Much speculation has been excited by it, but to little purpose. The reader may wonder why the work did not proceed, since the great secret was discovered. It appears that, after a time, Edward refused to keep his promise, and Lully, on his part, declined any longer making the King rich. He was, in consequence, confined in one of the Tower dungeons. Such is the story; and it does not seem very difficult to extract from it the essential truth, that alchemy was yet to be ranked amongst the undiscovered secrets of science. Not such was the conclusion of the government. One of the most curious parts of the history of the Mint is the continual faith our sovereigns have had in being able to supply it with cheap gold and silver. The patent roll of the third year of Edward III.'s reign states that the King had been given to understand that John le Rous and Master William de Dalby could make silver by art of *alkemony*; that they had heretofore made it, and still did make it; and that by such making of that metal they could greatly profit the realm. He therefore commanded Thomas Carey to find them out, and to bring them before the King, with all the instruments, &c., belonging to the said art. If they would come willingly, they were to be brought safely and honourably; but if not, they were to be seized and brought before the King, wherever he might be. All sheriffs, &c., were commanded to assist the said Thomas Carey. Either rumour had a little enhanced the skill of "John le Rous and Master William de Dalby," or they had themselves assumed too readily their "blushing honours," for no alchemic money poured into the Mint in consequence of the mandate. In the reign of Henry VI. the tempting cup of wealth seemed again brought to the royal lips. In that monarch's twenty-second year John Cobbe presented a petition to the King, stating that he was desirous of operating upon certain materials by art philosophical, viz., to transubstantiate the inferior metals, by the said art, into perfect gold and silver, so as to endure every trial; but that certain persons had suspected this to be done by art unlawful, and therefore had power to hinder and disturb him in giving proof of it. The King, in answer, granted a special licence of protection, and, hoping at least to find among a multitude of alchemists the treasure he desired, soon after bestowed a similar mark of his grace on several other persons. Growing more and more impatient for some tangible result, in his thirty-fifth year he appointed a commission to inquire into the truth of the art, the professors of it having promised him wealth enough to pay all his debts in gold and silver, to the great advantage of the kingdom. The members consisted of Augustine and Preaching friars, the Queen's physician, the master of St. Laurence Pontigny College, an alderman of London, a fishmonger, two grocers, and a mercer—certainly one of the oddest mixtures of persons for a tribunal of judgment on a scientific question we ever remember to have read of. The result must have been, we should suppose, partially favourable, for two years later we find the King again granting a licence for the pursuit. The people's faith in alchemy, during all this period, seems to have been no less earnest than that of their sovereign, but it was a faith of a

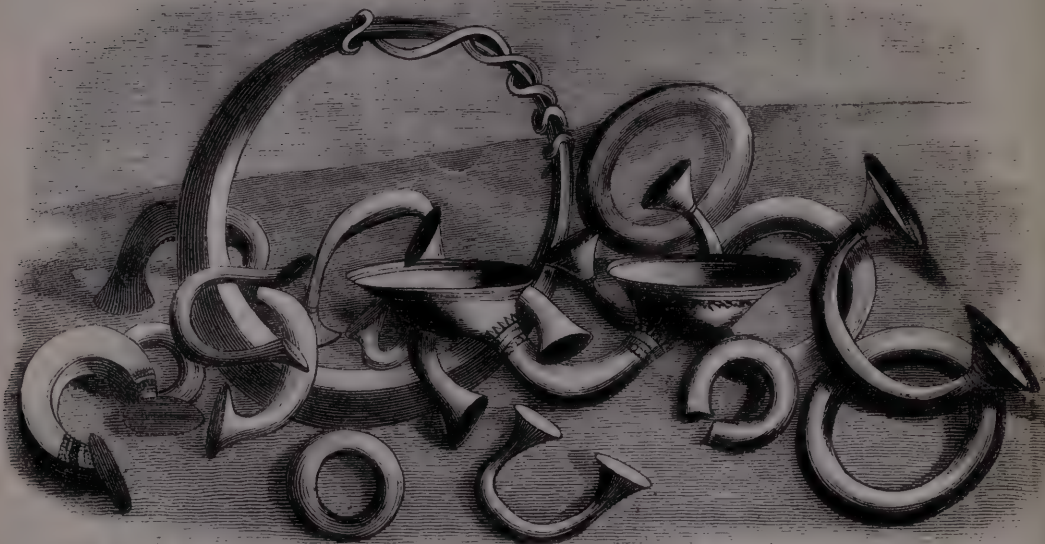
\* Ashmole's *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum*. The translation of the inscription is, however, a very loose paraphrase. Literally it is—"Jesus passing over went through the midst of them."



very different nature. They appear to have believed that gold and silver might be made, but only by the assistance of the Evil One. An alchemist was a wiser, subtler, and infinitely more mischievous sort of witch, one who would soar above the vulgar desire of sticking pins into people, and preventing butter from being churned, in order to play at ducks and drakes with the national money. Many and many a time, no doubt, has the rustic (and perhaps even higher than he), when he has heard some of the marvellous tales of the alchemists and the Mint, blessed himself as the thought crossed him that his little hoard might be of money made in the mysterious way, and gone to look at it once more to be sure that it had not disappeared. We have already seen that John Cobbe was obliged to petition the King for a licence, on the ground of having been disturbed by persons who suspected him to practise by *art unlawful*; another evidence of a similar kind, and in connexion with a new instance of the royal hankering after this "new way to pay old debts," occurs in the Leet Book of the corporation of Coventry, under the date of the 6th of January, in the seventeenth year of the reign of Henry's conqueror and successor, Edward IV. "The mayor received a privy signet by the hands of a servant of the King, the tenor whereof after ensueth: 'By the King.—Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well, and let you wite (know) that it hath been showed unto us that our well-beloved John French, our servant, com'nyng [*query*, coming in] and commonly abiding in our city there, intendeth by his labour to practise a true and a profitable conclusion in the cunning of transmutation of metals, to our profit and pleasure; and for to make a clear showing of the same before certain our council and servants by us therefore appointed, is required a certain time to prepare his materials: we, not willing therefore our said servant to be troubled in that he shall so work or prepare for our pleasure and profit, will and charge you that ye ne suffer him in any wise by person or persons to be letted, troubled, or vexed of his said labour and practice, to the intent that he at his good liberty may shew unto us, and such as be by us therefore appointed, the clear effect of his said conclusion. Given under our signet, at our palace of Westminster, the 29th day of December.'" The excessive courteousness of tone perceptible in this epistle will not escape observation. From this time, if the art of alchemy still continued for a time to find believers, the sovereigns of England appear to have grown too wise by experience to rank themselves publicly among the number.

The establishment of the Mint in London must date from the remotest periods of the known history of the latter. There can be no doubt some of the Roman emperors coined money here, and specimens bearing the name of London in an abbreviated form still exist. In the Saxon period, also, we know not only that London had a Mint, but that it was the chief one in the kingdom. There were eight moneyers (as the chief officers were called, to whom the coining of money was intrusted in early times) in London in the reign of Athelstan, and six at Winchester, the next place in rank. The Mint in the Tower is as old as the building; and it has been worked in every reign from the Conquest to the present time, with one or two unimportant exceptions. In treating of the "Mint" through the remainder of this article, we propose to direct our attention chiefly to the *growth of our national coinage*, as illustrated by the introduction of the most important new coins from time to time into it. The engravings introduced will at the same time show the nature and extent of its artistical progress, from

the earliest period up to that of the Commonwealth; for since then, if there has been progress at all, it has been in the wrong direction. This is no place to enter into disquisitions on the uncertain subject of the money of the ancient Britons, of the Roman-British, or of the Saxons: suffice it, therefore, to observe that to the period of the first are assigned the ring coins of the character here represented; to that of the second the rude coins, bearing some—incriptions



[Ring Coins.]

supposed to refer to Boadicea, and others to Cunobelin, a British king of the time of Augustus; whilst to the third may be assigned the first real coin having a direct connexion with our present system. The silver *penny* is first mentioned in the laws of Ina, king of the West Saxons, who reigned from 689 to 726. It most probably derived its name from the word *pendo*, to weigh, being then, as now, the 240th part of a pound. Its weight was  $22\frac{1}{2}$  grains, and would now be worth  $2\frac{3}{4}d$ . This coin was for several centuries the chief circulating medium. "The silver penny of Alfred," says Ruding (to whom we must express our obligations), "is the first authentic coin yet discovered which can with certainty be appropriated to the London Mint." The history of the silver penny offers a good illustration of the disgraceful as well as foolish system adopted by our older sovereigns of depreciating the real value of coin, in the hope of preserving at the same time the original current value. From  $22\frac{1}{2}$  grains, in the Anglo-Saxon period, it had fallen to 18 grains by the reign of the third Edward, to 12 grains

SILVER PENNIES.



[William I.]



[Edward I.]



[Richard II.]



by the reign of the fourth Edward, to 8 grains by the reign of the sixth Edward, and during the reign of Elizabeth was fixed at  $7\frac{3}{4}$  grains, its present weight. The silver halfpenny and farthing are both mentioned in the translation of the Saxon gospels; they would now be worth respectively about  $1\frac{3}{4}d.$  and  $\frac{3}{4}d.$ : these also continued for several centuries in circulation. The last halfpenny was struck during the Commonwealth; the last farthing in the reign of Edward VI. Next in antiquity to the Saxon penny is the styca, or copper money of the kings of Northumberland, and which appear to have been confined to that kingdom. Their date is from 670 to about the close of the ninth century. The styca would now be worth about a third of a farthing.

The rudeness of the money during these early times, and of the system under which it was coined, offered a wide field for knavery; and the consequence was that the currency was at all times in a deplorable state. Punishments more and more severe were tried on the great offenders, who were the moneyers themselves, but with only the most temporary benefit. We learn that in the reign of Edgar the penny had become at one time scarcely equal to a halfpenny in weight; and on one Whit Sunday, St. Dunstan, who had become very indignant at this state of things on the part of the public officers, refused to celebrate mass till three moneyers had received immediate punishment. Accordingly their right hands were struck off. A more frightful instance of the kind occurred in the reign of Henry I., the "Lion of Justice" as he has been called, who had a very significant testimony of the baseness of his money in the refusal of dealers to take it in the market. He was then in Normandy, but, determined upon swift and sweeping vengeance, he sent over his mandate to Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, to summon the moneyers throughout England to appear at Winchester against Christmas Day. As they arrived, they were taken apart singly, and underwent the most cruel and disgraceful mutilations. They were afterwards driven into banishment. Three alone out of ninety-four persons escaped punishment, and to them was committed the charge of making a new coinage to supply the whole kingdom. The rudeness of the money offered, of course, facilities to others beside moneyers for living upon the coinage. Makers and utterers of false coin flourished. In a curious anecdote of King John and Pandulph, we see that even learned ecclesiastics occasionally were to be found in their ranks. Immediately after sentence of excommunication was pronounced on John by Pandulph at Northampton in 1212, the King, doubtless with the view of intimidating Pandulph for continuing the interdict he had promulgated, ordered the sheriff to bring before him all the prisoners then in his custody. Some of these he caused to be hung, some to have their eyes torn out, and some their feet cut off. Among the prisoners was a priest, a clerk, who had counterfeited money, whom the King ordered to be hanged. Pandulph at once stepped forward, and threatened to excommunicate whoever should touch the priest, and went himself in search of a candle to fulfil his determination. John was now frightened, and, following the legate, delivered the prisoner into his hands that he might himself execute justice upon him. The latter, however, was immediately set at liberty. The chief offenders against the King's coin, if history has not belied them, were the Jews, of whom no less than 280 persons of both sexes were hung in London alone by Edward I. His bigotry against them, coupled with his

rapacity, which their wealth was so well able to gratify, may account for a great part of these horrible proceedings, without taking it for granted that his Jewish were so infinitely worse than his Christian subjects. But Edward did not punish only. He was too much of the statesman to allow all the evils of his monetary system to remain unchecked, save by the irregular operation of such influences: to him the recently-abolished Company of Moneyers were indebted for a confirmation of the privileges they enjoyed (including the great one of being the only national coiners), and most probably also for a general consolidation and improvement of their body, so as to make it more responsible; for we find that by the following reign the reformation of the Mint may be said to have been essentially completed: then an officer called the Comptroller was appointed, who, like the Warden and the Master, was to send in his accounts separately. From this time no fraud could take place without the conjunction of the three officers. In 1851 a complete change was effected in the administration, and the control became vested, subject to the Treasury, in a master and a deputy-master, and comptroller.

The improvements carried into effect among the coiners appear very wisely to have been closely connected with a similar reformation of the coinage. From the reign of Henry III. English money begins to improve in appearance, as well as to exhibit more variety. According to a manuscript chronicle in the archives of the city of London, the King, in 1257, made a penny of the finest gold, which weighed two sterlings, and willed that it should be current for twenty pence. This was the first English coinage of gold. Under the date of Edward I.'s reign, our old writers speak of a coinage of silver halfpennies and farthings, then for the first time made round, instead as of old, square. These new coins were issued in 1279, and are connected with an interesting story. An old prophecy of Merlin had declared that whenever the money of England should be round, the Prince of Wales should be crowned in London. Llewellyn, the last prince, was slain by Edward in 1282: his head was cut off and sent to London, where it was placed in the Tower, crowned with willows, in mockery either of its late unhappy owner's pretensions or of the prophecy.



[Silver Groat of Edward III.]

[Gold Noble of Richard II.]

Edward III. introduced several new coins into circulation, namely, the gold florin, with its half and quarter; the gold noble, also with its divisions; the groat and the half-groat. The gold florin, intended to pass for six shillings, now worth about nineteen, was found an inconvenient sum, and also, it is said, priced beyond its real value: so it soon gave place to the gold noble, or rose noble, as it was sometimes called, of the value of 6s. 8d., or half a mark. On this coin we per-



ceive Edward, completely armed, in a ship—a reference most probably to his great naval victory over the French at Sluys in 1340, when the latter lost from ten to fifteen thousand men. This is the coin bearing the extraordinary legend before mentioned, and which was supposed in ancient times to have been made of Lully's wondrous gold. The noble of Richard II. (shown above) is almost an exact fac simile of this famous coin, which was subsequently (temp. Henry VI.) raised to the value of ten shillings, and called the rial. The silver groat borrowed its name from the French word *gros*, and was no doubt so designated from its being the largest piece then known.

No new coins appeared from this time until the reign of Edward IV.; but a story of a remarkable kind is told by Speed, Hollinshed, and other writers, of which, according to a high authority, the silver coins of Henry V. probably present a permanent memorial. In the coin here shown the reader will perceive



[Silver Groat of Henry V.]

below the flowing hair small round circles. These are the only distinguishing features of Henry V.'s coin from his father's, and are, it is supposed, "intended for eyelet holes, from an odd stratagem when he was prince." \* The following account of the "odd stratagem" is from Speed. The period referred to is the latter part of Henry IV.'s reign, when the King being "somewhat crazy, and keeping his chamber, hearing news daily of his son's loose exercises, too mean for a prince, and their constructions—(ever made to aim at his crown), he began both to withdraw his fatherly affection, and to fear some violence against his own person; which, when Prince Henry heard of, by some that favoured him of the King's council, in a strange disguise he repaired to his court, accompanied with many lords and noblemen's sons. His garment was a gown of blue satin, wrought full of eyelet holes, and at every eyelet the needle left hanging by the silk it was wrought with. About his arm he wore a dog's collar, set full of SS of gold, the tirets thereof being most fine gold. Thus coming to Westminster and the court of his father, having commanded his followers to advance no farther than the fire in the hall, himself, accompanied with some of the King's household, passed on to his presence, and, after his duty and obeisance done, offered to make known the cause of his coming. The King, weak then with sickness, and supposing the worst, commanded himself to be borne into a withdrawing chamber, some of his lords attending upon him, before whose feet Prince Henry fell, and with all reverent obeisance spake to him as followeth:—'Most gracious sovereign and renowned father, the suspicion of disloyalty and divulged reports of my dangerous intendments towards your royal person and crown hath enforced at this time and in this manner to present myself and life at your Majesty's dispose. Some

\* Leake's History of British Money.

faults and misspent time (with blushes I may speak it) my youth hath committed, yet those made much more by such fleering pickthanks that blow them stronger into your unwilling and distasteful ears. The name of sovereign ties allegiance to all; but of a father, to a further feeling of nature's obedience: so that my sins were double if such suggestions possessed my heart: for the law of God ordaineth that he which doth presumptuously against the ruler of his people shall not live, and the child that smiteth his father shall die the death. So far therefore am I from any disloyal attempts against the person of you, my father and the Lord's anointed, that if I knew any of whom you stood in the least danger or fear, my hand, according to duty, should be the first to free your suspicion. Yea, I will most gladly suffer death to ease your perplexed heart; and to that end I have this day prepared myself, both by confession of my offences past, and receiving the blessed sacrament. Wherefore I humbly beseech your Grace to free your suspicion from all fear conceived against me with this dagger, the stab whereof I will willingly receive here at your Majesty's hand, and so doing, in the presence of these lords, and before God at the day of judgment, I clearly forgive my death.' But the King, melting into tears, cast down the naked dagger (which the prince delivered him), and raising his prostrate son, embraced and kissed him, confessing his ears to have been over-credulous that way, and promising never to open them again against him. But the prince, unsatisfied, instantly desired that at least his accusers might be produced, and, if convicted, to receive punishment, though not to the full of their demerits: to which request the King replied that, as the offence was capital, so should it be examined by the peers, and therefore willed him to rest contented until the next parliament. Thus by his great wisdom he satisfied his father from further suspicion, and recovered his love that nearly was lost."\*



[Angel of Edward IV.]

The gold angel, and angelet or half-angel, were first struck by Edward IV. in 1466, and were intended to pass in the room and at the value of the noble and



[Sovereign of Henry VII.]

\* Speed's History of Great Britain, ed. 1632, p. 767.



half-noble, but were considerably inferior in intrinsic value. The next new coins issued from the Mint during the reign of Henry VII. were the sovereign, with its double and half, of gold, and the testoon or shilling of silver. The term shilling is, at least, as old as the Saxon period, when, however, it expressed money of account only: it now became a coin of currency. The name testoon



[Groat or Shilling of Henry VII.]



[The George Noble of Henry VIII.]

was derived from the French word *teste* or *tête*, a head, the royal portrait being stamped in the novel form of a profile. The coin itself was often called a groat. The testoon in the course of a reign or two obtained a bad reputation, having become greatly debased. Heywood has several epigrams on the subject. Here is one of them:—

"These testoons look red; how like you the same?  
'Tis a token of grace: they blush for shame."

The debasement here referred to commenced with the reign of Henry VIII., who, to the other characteristics of his reign, added the feature that he was the first English sovereign who corrupted the sterling quality of his coin. His predecessors had often tried the effect of making a small piece of silver or gold pass for the value of larger ones; but in some cases this may have arisen from erroneous notions as to the laws which govern the value of money, and, at the worst, it was a sort of frank dishonesty: it was reserved for "bluff King Hal" to try to cheat the nation; to keep the coin of promise to the eye, but break it to the hope; to place, in a word, the British Government on the level of the poor wretches who were being continually strung up for the same crime, without having the same excuse for its commission. Among the coins struck by Henry VIII. may be mentioned the George noble, so called from the representation of St. George and the Dragon stamped on the reverse. A specimen of a silver crown-piece was coined by Henry, but that coin was first issued for currency by his son Edward, with the half-crown, sixpence, and threepence.



[Crown of Edward VI.]

During this reign the corruption of the coin was carried even still further. Henry had reduced the proportions of his silver from eleven ounces two pennyweights of the pure metal and eighteen pennyweights of alloy, to four ounces of silver and eight of alloy. Edward's government now left only three ounces of silver in the pound of mixed metal. Old Latimer, in one of his sermons (1548), complains bitterly of the interference of the ecclesiastics of his day in the affairs of government: "Some," he says, "are ambassadors, some of the privy council, some to furnish the court, some are lords of the Parliament, some are presidents, and some *comptrollers of Mints*. Well, well, is this their duty? Is this their office? Is this their calling? Should we have ministers of the church to be comptrollers of the Mint? . . . I would fain know who comptrolleth the devil at home at his parish while he comptrolleth the Mint?" The honest bishop was also very probably thinking at the same time *how* the Mint was comptrolled by them, but left that part of the business untouched, as being beyond his sphere. All this evil was now to be remedied, and, above most other features, the reformation of the coinage is the one perhaps that adds the greatest lustre to the reign of the virgin queen. In our account of the Exchange, we have had occasion to show that Sir Thomas Gresham was one of the most strenuous promoters of this reformation, if indeed he was not its chief originator. The silver was now restored to its original proportions of eighteen pennyweights of alloy in the pound of standard metal, which are also the proportions observed to this day. In making this alteration it was necessary to recall the corrupt coin of her brother and father, and melt it down for re-casting. The real value of what was received at the Mint for this purpose was about 244,000*l.*, *its current value having actually been 638,000*l.** Whilst the process of reformation was going on, Elizabeth went publicly to the Tower, where she coined several pieces with her own hand, and distributed them among her suite. This queen added silver three-halfpenny and three-farthing pieces to the money of England; and during her reign the first milled money appeared; the "mill-sixpences" of which Master Slender was robbed.



[Milled Sixpence of Elizabeth.]



[Three-farthings of Elizabeth.]

During the period commencing with the reign of Charles I. and ending with that of his son, the history of the Mint is highly interesting; we can here only notice in the fewest words its chief points. One of Charles's most despotic acts in his contest with the Parliament was the seizing the money placed in the Mint by the merchants of London (a custom with them at that time) to the amount of 200,000*l.*, and, like most of his other acts of a similar nature, recoiled terribly upon himself: some of the most influential moneyed men of the empire were made hostile to him. The coins of Charles I. are in themselves a history of his



subsequent life, showing in the variety of their shape and the places of their coinage the troubled character of the period, and the shifts to which he was continually reduced. We have them lozenge-shaped, round, and octangular; and others again are small bits of silver plate, an inch and a half long, with a scarcely legible drawing of a castle. Among the places of mintage we find Oxford, York, Shrewsbury, Newark, Carlisle, Pontefract, &c. Silver ten and twenty shilling pieces were struck by Charles. In marked contrast with the money current during the war appears that of the Commonwealth when the contest was over. Unquestionably the finest coins we can boast of belong to the period in most other respects so unfavourable to the arts. Prior to the war Nicholas Briot, a French engraver, had produced for Charles I. the most beautiful money then known: it was a pupil of Briot's, Thomas Simon, who, in the service of Cromwell, outstripped his master, and produced the coins here shown, in which the bust of the great Protector is considered to be, with few exceptions, the most masterly



[Silver Crown of Cromwell.]

production of any modern artist who has exhibited his genius in this mode. It is probable that Simon's very excellence in connexion with such a subject was his dire offence when Charles II. came to the throne. How else are we to account for the treatment he then received? He was superseded; and although in a generous spirit of emulation he prepared a crown-piece, esteemed to this day one of the noblest specimens of medalling known, and presented it to the King, with a petition for his restoration, the application was unsuccessful. We must not quit the subject of the Commonwealth money till we have referred to the coins which so long furnished a standing joke for the Cavaliers. These appeared before Cromwell's appointment as Protector, and presented on the one side the English arms, and on the other the arms of England and Ireland, with the inscription "God with us." One Royalist jest was, that it appeared from their own coin that God and the Commonwealth were on different sides; another, that the two shields were the breeches of the Rump Parliament: this last was a prolific source of amusement. So late as 1731, we read in a prologue, spoken in Bury School, of

" A silver pair of breeches neatly wrought,  
Such as you see upon an old Rump groat,  
Which emblem our good grandsires chose to boast  
To all the world, the tail was uppermost." \*

\* Gent.'s Mag., 1731.

We may dismiss rapidly the only remaining coins that require notice. The guinea was coined by Charles II., and was so called as being made from the gold brought over by the African Company from Guinea, whose stamp, the elephant, appears upon all the coins made from their bullion. Accompanying the guinea were struck in the same reign the five-guinea piece, the two-guinea, and the half-guinea. The present copper coinage of halfpennies and farthings also dates from Charles's reign; and the figure of Britannia, still preserved, was modelled after the celebrated Miss Stewart, afterwards Duchess of Richmond. Charles II. also coined a tin farthing, with a stud of copper in the centre. James, and William and Mary, continued that coin, and added a halfpenny of the same kind. This tin coinage was recalled in 1693. The reign of William and Mary is memorable in the history of the Mint, from another great reformation of the coinage, which had become so much depreciated by clipping, that 572 bags of silver coins brought into the Mint in 1695, which ought to have weighed above 18,450 lbs., did actually weigh but a little more than half, or 9,480 lbs. This single re-coinage must have cost the Government nearly two millions. Anne's reign is chiefly noticeable to the connoisseur in coins for the famous farthings, about which there has been so much misunderstanding. A complete set of this Queen's farthings comprise no less than six different coins, though these are all more or less rare, but in particular the one here



[Queen Anne's Farthing.]

engraved, which is consequently valuable. The gold quarter-guinea was coined by George I., and is remarkable as bearing for the first time the letters F. D. (Fidei Defensor). Gold seven-shilling pieces and copper pennies and twopences first appeared during the reign of George III.; both the first and the last have since been withdrawn. The guinea and half-guinea were withdrawn in 1815, when they were replaced by the present sovereign and its half. The last new pieces added to our coinage was the fourpenny-piece, in 1836, which is of a different type from the existing groat; and the florin in 1849. A few years later the copper coinage was recalled, and superseded by bronze; and since 1869 the old copper coinage has ceased to be a legal tender in the United Kingdom.

Till the present century the Mint remained in the Tower. But about 1806 the Government, finding the military department had greatly encroached upon the buildings originally used for coining, intrusted to Sir Robert Smirke the erection of a new edifice upon Tower Hill. It was completed about 1811, at an expense of above a quarter of a million of money. This immense sum included Boulton's expensive machinery, which, by successive improvements, has been brought to such a degree of perfection as will enable the officials to receive fifty thousand pounds' worth of gold one morning in bullion, and return it the next in coin. It is amusing to contrast this rapidity with the state of things existing when every



piece was struck by hand, or when the entire process of coining could be carried on in a single room, as we see it in the engraving at the end of this paper, which evidently agrees in its essentials with the old English methods. In the present interesting process of coining the ingots are first melted in pots, when the alloy, of copper, is added (to gold, one part in twelve; to silver, eighteen penny-weights to a pound weight), and the mixed metal cast into small bars. And now begin the operations of the stupendous machinery, which is unequalled in the Mint of any other country, and is in every way a triumph of mechanical skill. The bars, in a heated state, are first passed through the breaking-down rollers, which, by their tremendous crushing power, reduce them to only one-third their former thickness, and increase them proportionally in their length. They are now passed through the cold rollers, which bring them nearly to the thickness of the coin required, when the last operation of this nature is performed by the draw-bench—a machine peculiar to our Mint, and which secures an extraordinary degree of accuracy and uniformity in the surface of the metal, and leaves it of the exact thickness desired. The cutting-out machines now begin their work. There are twelve of these engines in the elegant room set apart for them, all mounted on the same basement, and forming a circular range. Here the bars or strips are cut into pieces of the proper shape and weight for the coining-press, and then taken to the sizing-room to be separately weighed, as well as sounded on a circular piece of iron, to detect any flaws. The protecting rim is next raised in the marking-room, and the pieces after blanching and annealing are ready for stamping. The coining-room is a magnificent-looking place, with its columns and its great iron beams, and the presses ranging along the solid stone basement. There are eight presses, each of them making, when required, sixty or seventy (or even more) strokes a minute; and as at each stroke a blank is made a perfect coin—that is to say, stamped on both sides, and milled at the edge—each press will coin between four and five thousand pieces in the hour, or the whole eight between thirty and forty thousand. And to accomplish these mighty results the attention of one little boy alone is required, who stands in a sunken place before the press, supplying it with blanks. The bullion is now money, and ready for the trial of the Pix, which, at the Mint, is a kind of tribunal of judgment between the actual coiners and the owners, as the greater trial known by the same name in the Court of Exchequer is to test the quality of the money as between the Master of the Mint and the people. This trial generally takes place on the appointment of a new master before the members of the Privy Council and a certain number of the Goldsmiths' Company; from the latter a jury of twelve persons is sworn. The Lord High Chancellor, or, in his absence, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, presides. Ruding was present at the trial of the Pix in 1799, when, after a variety of minute experiments, it was found that a certain quantity of gold which should have weighed 190 pounds, 9 ounces, 9 penny-weights, and 15 grains, did weigh just 1 pennyweight and the 15 grains less: a closeness of approximation sufficient, no doubt, to satisfy the nicest tribunal.

It has often been rumoured from time to time that some change or re-coinage of our gold money is in meditation. It may be worth while therefore to recall an idea put forth by Swift on a somewhat similar occasion. In 1712 he delivered to the Lord Treasurer a plan for the improvement of the British

coinage, which, among other matters, proposed that they should *bear devices and inscriptions, alluding to all the more remarkable parts of the sovereign's reign.* "By this means," he says, "medals that are at present only a dead treasure, or mere curiosities, will be of use in the ordinary commerce of life, and at the same time perpetuate the glories of her Majesty's reign, reward the labours of her greatest subjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for public services, and excite the emulation of posterity. To these generous purposes nothing can so much contribute as medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of necessary use and observation, not perishable by time, not confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, statues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illustrious actions."\*

From the annual report of the Deputy-Comptroller of the Mint (1874) we learn that the relative amount of gold, silver, and bronze coined in the years 1872 and 1873 was as follows:—The gold coinage, in round sums, amounted in the former year to about 15,000,000*l.*, and in the latter to 3,300,000*l.*; of silver the amount was 1,238,000*l.* and 1,034,000*l.*; and of bronze 48,800*l.* and 43,745*l.*, respectively.

There are mints both at Melbourne and at Sydney, which are authorised to coin gold, but not silver; and the importation of gold coin into this country from both the above mints has largely increased of late years, it being now of the same design as, and equally legal tender with, that issued from the Royal Mint.

\* Guardian, No. 96.



[Process of Coining, Sixteenth Century.]





[The Thames Tunnel.]

#### LIV.—THE THAMES TUNNEL.

WHATEVER Wapping may appear to the eyes of landmen, to the British sailor it is, without doubt, a region of romance ; a place to think about when—having been long tossed on some “still vexed” sea, or, more intolerable annoyance, becalmed on some far-stretching dead waste of waters—his heart yearns towards home ; and the spot, made so familiar to him by the songs and stories he most delights in,—the spot where he has so often first touched English ground after many months’ absence,—rises to his imagination decked in fairer and more glowing hues than poet or painter ever lavished on places a hundred times more beautiful. *We go* through its long and narrow streets thinking nothing of all this, and turning up our noses at its dirt, and age, and squalor ; but the sailor’s respect for us is not so remarkable as to make that circumstance trouble him : we verily believe, if he told

the truth, he would acknowledge he liked Wapping the better for its disagreeables. And after all, it may be questioned whether he does not love as "wisely" as "well." See the attention every one here pays to him. From the moment we pass Tower Hill, and those immense warehouses to the right—rising story upon story, and large enough, apparently, to be the storehouses of an empire rather than of a single metropolitan dock (St. Katherine's)—every other shop is in some way or other devoted to *his* wants, *his* instruction, *his* recreations; or to the wants of what he is quite as anxious about as his own, those of his good ship. Here we have the wholesale slopseller occasionally condescending to throw a half-unpacked bundle of jackets or shirts into his window, and who can at the briefest notice rig out a ship's crew: there the retail dealer, who is not too proud to exhibit nearly his whole substance to the light of common day, and covers his entire front, from the pavement to the first floor, with snow-white ducks, and rough pilot coats, oil-skin overalls, and every variety of hat, from the small jaunty round to the coal-heaver fashioned, with the long descending piece behind. Then there are the ship-joiners, and ship-carpenters, and ship sail-makers—each a numerous race. The aristocratical shop-keeper of Wapping we take to be the mathematical instrument-maker, whose windows, so full of neatly-finished and highly-polished brass articles, in so many varieties of form, might even cut a figure in Bond Street: sea-charts and sounding-machines, telescopes, compasses, and quadrants,—these are his staple commodities. The book-stall is equally characteristic of its customers and the place. A glance over its literature will at once show you your precise latitude and longitude. Side-by-side you see 'Azimuth Tables' and 'Falconer's Shipwreck,' 'The Little Sea Torch, or the Guide for Coasting Pilots,' and 'The New Naval Song Book,' ready to tempt some Inceledon of the deck with a promise of a fresh accession of strength for the next trip.

But the general visitor may find much in Wapping to excite his attention, without having a sailor's sympathies. The London Docks, for instance, occupying above ninety acres, with their truly vast tobacco and other warehouses, are here. And the historical memories are not destitute of interest. It was in Wapping that the infamous Jeffreys, when James II. abdicated the throne, sought to shelter himself from the popular indignation, but in vain: he was detected in spite of his disguise as a common seaman, cudgelled, and hurried off to the Tower, where he died a few days after. The name of one of the outlets to the Thames preserves the memory of many a terrible tale of murder and piracy on the high seas: it was at Execution Dock, long known by that name, that all pirates used to be executed; and it appears, from an anecdote recorded by Maitland in his History,\* not pirates only, but sailors found guilty of any of the greater crimes committed on ship-board. He states that, "on the 20th of December, 1738, one James Buchanan, condemned at the late Admiralty Sessions at the Old Bailey for the murder of Mr. Smith, fourth mate of the 'Royal Guardian' Indiaman, in Canton River, in the East Indies, was carried from Newgate to Execution Dock in Wapping, to suffer for the same. But before he had hung five minutes a gang of sailors cut him down, and carried him off alive in triumph down the water. He afterwards escaped to France, as was commonly reported." The pirates were

\* Vol. i. p. 591.



formerly hung about low-water mark, and left till three tides had overflowed them. This custom is of old date, for Stow mentions it as usual in his time. The same writer adds that "there was never a house standing" till within fifty years of the period at which he wrote, the close of the sixteenth century; "but since," he continues, "a continuous street, or filthy straight passage, with alleys of small tenements or cottages, is builded, inhabited by sailors and victuallers, along by the river of Thames, almost to Radcliffe, a good mile from the Tower."\* The cause of the building of the first part of Wapping (that near the river) is curious. The manor being continually overflowed with water, the Commissioners of Sewers originated the idea of building houses on the banks, on the principle that the tenants would be sure to take effective measures for the preservation of their lives and property. The idea was good, and, being carried into practice, successful. This was the commencement of Wapping. And thus may be explained a circumstance that excited some surprise in sinking the Wapping shaft of the great work which forms the subject of this paper. Houses previously stood on the spot, which were removed for the shaft; and at some distance below their foundation were found the relics of a ship-builder's yard, including part of a slip, a ship's figure-head, and a great quantity of oak.

Such is Wapping, the place at one extremity of the Thames Tunnel; but before speaking of the Tunnel itself, we will say a few words about Rotherhithe, where its opposite outlet is situated; first, however, recalling a few recollections of the early subaqueous excavations attempted or accomplished in England. Beneath the Tyne and Wear are passages made by the coal-miners, extending from one side to the other; and at Whitehaven an excavation made by these men extends for upwards of a mile under the sea. Mr. Dodd believes the first of these in point of time to be that in the Wylan Colliery, crossing below the bottom of the Tyne.† These works were of course very simple and easy, or they would not have been attempted. It was towards the close of the last century that something much more arduous was proposed by the gentleman we have mentioned, an engineer of reputation. He says, "From the importance of a communication between the towns of North and South Shields, which were under my constant view, and where no bridge could possibly be constructed, my mind happily thought upon the scheme of making a subterranean and (I may say) subaqueous passage to accomplish this desirable purpose." Circumstances caused the abandonment of the scheme. He next proposed a Tunnel from Gravesend to Tilbury; and it is interesting to observe how similar its chief features were to have been to those of the present Tunnel. Like that, its form was to be cylindrical, with a drain beneath, and a dip of the whole work in the centre of the river. The plan was much approved, public meetings were held, a government survey made with a favourable result, a subscription-book opened which rapidly filled, and at last operations commenced by the sinking of a well on one side; when so much water was found, that the whole affair was aban-

\* Survey, 1633, p. 461.

† He mentions an amusing story connected with this passage. A cow was grazing near the air-shaft built on one side of the river, when she accidentally slipped into it, and fell or rather rolled from side to side downward to a depth of a hundred and ninety-two feet, without serious injury. We may imagine the amazement of the colliers at work at the bottom. They drove the animal through the passage to the other side of the river, where she was taken up by the usual means of ascent to the top, and immediately swam back to her own meadow.

done as impracticable.\* Two or three years after this an attempt was made, only a mile below the present Tunnel, to connect Rotherhithe and Limehouse, by an experienced Cornish miner of the name of Vesey. A company was formed under the title of the Thames Archway Company, an act of parliament obtained, and the work begun. A shaft of eleven feet in diameter was sunk to the depth of forty-two feet: to avoid certain difficulties, it was then contracted to eight feet, and thus continued to the depth of seventy-six feet. The horizontal excavation was there begun, in the form of a driftway, to be afterwards widened into the required dimensions for a passage, and carried to within one hundred and fifty feet of the Middlesex shore, when the engineer of this second attempt had also to report that further progress was impracticable. Five or six years were thus expended, during which the talents of three different engineers had been put in requisition, and rewards offered for plans, which brought in communications from all quarters. It was under the remembrance of these discouraging circumstances that Mr. (afterwards Sir M. I.) Brunel appeared before the public with a proposal in 1823, which it was stated had received the sanction of many eminent persons, in particular of the Duke of Wellington and Dr. Wollaston. The mere idea of a Tunnel below rivers is of course a matter of little moment, whoever the originator—the doing it every-thing. The novelty of Mr. Brunel's proposed mode of operation, therefore, was rightly judged of great importance. That gentleman has himself explained the origin of his idea. The writer of the article 'Tunnel' in the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia' states that he was informed by Mr. Brunel "that the idea upon which his new plan of tunnelling is founded was suggested to him by the operations of the teredo, a testaceous worm, covered with a cylindrical shell, which eats its way through the hardest wood; and has on this account been called by Linnæus *Calamitas narium*. The same happy observation of the wisdom of nature led our celebrated countryman Mr. Watt to deduce the construction of the flexible water-main from the mechanism of the lobster's tail." To the practical form which the idea thus given assumed we shall revert presently.

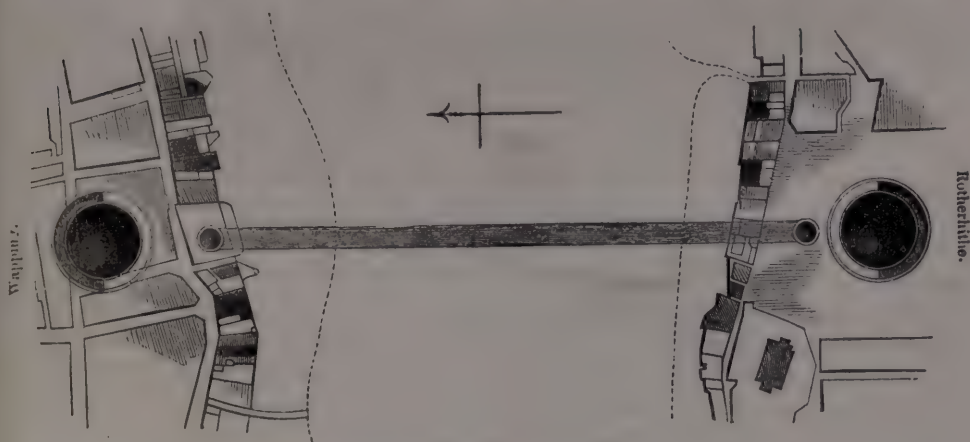
Rotherhithe in this, as in the preceding instance, was chosen as the starting-place of the Tunnel, though the precise spot was a mile nearer to the city. Unlike Wapping, Rotherhithe (or Redriff, as it is often corruptly called) is of great antiquity; and, were it from one circumstance only, of considerable historical interest. It was here that the famous trench or canal of Canute was commenced, in order that the invader might avoid London Bridge, an account of which has been given in our notice of that structure.† In the reign of Edward III. a great navy was fitted out at Rotherhithe, under the care of the Black Prince, for the invasion of France. And, lastly, it was off Rotherhithe that Richard II. was so alarmed at the shouts and the array of the malcontents whom he came to appease, that he returned hastily to the Tower; whilst the infuriate people, led by one kind of wrong from which they suffered, into the commission of another of which they were the inflictors, swept on to the Marshalsea and Lambeth, and committed the excesses already frequently referred to. Rotherhithe, like Wapping, has its numerous docks, a similar population, and presents generally the

\* Reports, with Plan, Sections, &c., of the proposed Dry Tunnel, or Passage from Gravesend, in Kent, to Tilbury, in Essex, by R. Dodd, Engineer. 1793.

† Vol. i. p. 77.



same features. But there are some circumstances which distinguish the Surrey from the Middlesex side: we may instance its numerous flour-mills, the various manufactories, and the wharfs for the coasting-trade of England which are all to be found between the Tunnel and London Bridge. The importance of an easy mode of communication between two such places, only some twelve hundred feet apart geographically, but four miles by the way of London Bridge, will be at once apparent. But it is still more so, if we consider for a moment the peculiar connection between the two great interests which belong to the different sides of the river. An immense amount of the foreign goods brought into the West India, the London, and St. Katherine's Docks, on the north side, is absorbed by this coasting-trade on the south; and, it appears, is almost entirely conveyed from one to the other by land carriage. During the year 1829, of 887 waggons and 3241 carts which passed over London Bridge southwards, no less than 480 of the first, and 1700 of the second, turned down Tooley Street—one-half of which are supposed to be engaged in the traffic mentioned. The accommodation a Tunnel might afford to passengers receives a striking illustration from the returns made to Parliament of the watermen engaged at the different ferries in the neighbourhood, who were three hundred and fifty in number, and calculated to take, on an average, not less than 3700 passengers daily. On the north the Tunnel is connected, through Old Gravel Lane, with Ratcliffe Highway, and also by a roadway in continuation of the former to the Commercial Road and Whitechapel. On the south it is near to the Deptford Lower Road. All these places, to a certain extent, assumed a new character when the influence of the new traffic came to be felt.



[Plan of the Tunnel and its Approaches.]

In the beginning of 1824 Mr. Brunel had the satisfaction to see the first and least arduous, but still indispensable, step secured, the formation of a Company with the express object of carrying his designs into execution, and by whom an Act of Parliament was obtained. The Company took the preliminary precaution of having three parallel borings made beneath the bed of the Thames in the direction of the proposed Tunnel, when the report was so very favourable that, in consequence, Mr. Brunel went to work in a somewhat bolder way than he had

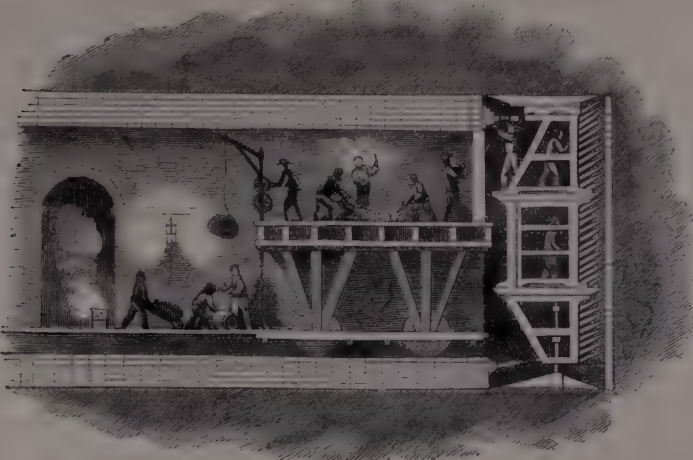
otherwise intended. The soil was the great object of deliberation, for upon it depended at what level the Tunnel should be commenced. The assistance of some eminent geologists was here of great moment. These informed the engineer that below a certain depth the soil would be a kind of quicksand, and therefore advised him to keep above it, and as close as possible to the stratum of clay forming the bed of the river. We shall presently see that the geologists were right.

We are not about to give a technical description of the progress of the works of the Tunnel, which could be interesting alone to the professional or scientific man; but we must notice at some length two or three of their chief points, not only because the success of the work has depended upon them, but because in their admirable simplicity, as well as their wonderful fitness to the purposes designed, they cannot fail to be universally understood and appreciated.

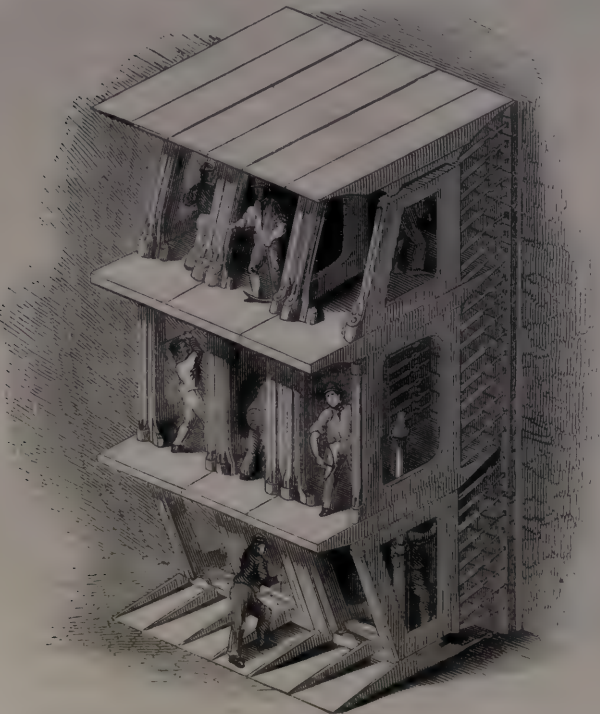
And first of the construction of the shaft with which the Tunnel was commenced in March, 1825. This seems to our eyes, uninitiated in the wonders of engineering, not one of the least marvels of this altogether marvellous work. A space being marked out a hundred and fifty feet distant from the river, the bricklayers began raising a round frame, or cylinder, three feet thick and one hundred and fifty feet in circumference. This was strengthened in various ways, by iron rods, &c., passing up the centre of the thickness; and was continued to the height of forty-two feet. The excavators now commenced their work on the inside, cutting away the ground, which was raised to the top of the shaft by a steam-engine there placed, and which also relieved them from the water that occasionally impeded their descent. We may imagine the wonder with which a person unacquainted with the object of these preparations must have beheld that enormous mass of masonry at last beginning to descend regularly and peacefully after the busy pigmies who were carving the way for it, and at the same time, as it were, accommodating itself to the convenience of the bricklayers, who, in order to give it the additional height required, had merely to keep adding to the top as it descended. This is the history of the great circular opening into which the visitor passed from the little lobby, and where was placed, in the centre, an elaborate machinery of pumps, connected with a steam-engine, raising its four hundred gallons per minute, and, as though that was really too trifling for an engine of its respectability of power, performing into the bargain the duties of drawing carriages along the railway, which then occupied one of the two arches of the Tunnel, and that of hoisting and letting down all the heavier articles passing between the upper and lower world. We must not omit to observe, with regard to the shaft, that by its means the bed of gravel and sand twenty-six feet deep, full of land-water, in which the drift-makers of the earlier attempt had been compelled to narrow the dimensions of their already small shaft, was passed without inconvenience. We may add also that, when the shaft was sunk to its present depth of sixty-five feet, another shaft, of twenty-five feet diameter, was sunk still lower, till, at the depth of eighty feet, the ground suddenly gave way, sinking several feet, whilst sand and water were blown up with some violence. This confirmed the statement of the geologists, and satisfied the engineer as to the propriety of the level he had chosen.



The shaft accomplished, the Tunnel itself was begun at the depth of sixty-three feet. The excavation Mr. Brunel proposed to make from bank to bank was to be about thirty-eight feet broad and twenty-two and a half high, which, being defended by strong walls, was to leave room within for a double archway, each fifteen feet high, and wide enough for a single carriage-way and a footpath. The mode in which this great excavation was accomplished has been the wonder and admiration of the most experienced engineers, and will for ever remain a monument of the genius of its author. The engravings before us represent two



[Longitudinal Section of the Tunnel showing the Shield and the mode of working it.]



[Three Divisions of the Shield used in constructing the Thames Tunnel.]

views of the working of the *shield*, by means of which the weight of the superincumbent bottom of the river has been supported, whilst the men who were undermining it were sheltered in its little cells below. This mighty instrument—one in idea and object, but consisting of twelve separate parts or divisions, each containing three cells, one above the other—is thus used. We will suppose that, the work being finished in its rear, an advance is desired, and that the divisions are in their usual position—the alternate ones a little before the others. These last have now to be moved. The men in their cells pull down the top poling-board, one of those small defences with which the entire front of the shield is covered, and immediately cut away the ground for about six inches. That done, the poling-board is replaced, and the one below removed, and so on till the entire space in front of these divisions has been excavated to the depth of six inches. Each of the divisions is now advanced by the application of two screws—one at its head, and one at its foot—which, resting against the finished brickwork, and turned, impel it forward into the vacant space. The other set of divisions then advance. As the miners are at work at one end of the cells, so the bricklayers are no less actively employed at the other, forming the brick walls of the top, sides, and bottom—the superincumbent earth of the top being still held up by the shield till the bricklayers have finished. This is but a rude description of an engine almost as remarkable for its elaborate organization as for its vast strength. Beneath those great iron ribs a kind of mechanical soul really seems to have been created. It has its shoes and its legs, and uses them too with good effect. It raises and depresses its head at pleasure; it presents invincible buttresses in its front to whatever danger may there threaten, and, when the danger is past, again opens its breast for the further advances of the indefatigable host. In a word, to the shield the successful formation of the Tunnel is entirely owing. We may add that following the shield was a stage in each archway for the assistance of the men in the upper cells.

But, great as was the confidence of Mr. Brunel in his shield, and the resources which he must have felt he had within himself, ready for every difficulty, it is impossible that he could have ever anticipated the all but overwhelming amount of obstacles that he had to contend against, principally from the character of the soil, and the extraordinary influence which the tides exercised even at the Tunnel's depth. The first nine feet of the Tunnel (commenced with the new year, 1826) were passed through firm clay; then came a loose watery sand, where every movement was made with imminent hazard. Thirty-two anxious days passed in this part. Substantial ground again reached about the 14th of March, matters went on prosperously till September following, by which time two hundred and sixty feet had been completed. On the 14th of that month the engineer startled the Directors with the information that he expected the bottom of the river, just beyond the shield, would break down with the coming tide. It appears he had discovered a cavity above the top of the shield. Exactly at high tide the miners heard the uproar of the falling soil upon the head of their good shield, and saw bursts of water follow; but so complete were the precautions taken that no injury ensued, and the cavity was soon filled by the river itself. Another month, and a similar occurrence took place. By the 2nd of January, 1827, three hundred and fifty feet were accomplished, when the tide, during the removal of one of the poling-boards,



forced through the shield a quantity of loose clay ; but still no irruption of the river itself followed—the fear of which, from the commencement to the termination of the work, was continually upon every one's mind. From January to April the Tunnel proceeded at an excellent rate, although the ground continued so very moist that, in the latter month, an inspection, by means of a diving-bell, of the bed of the river became necessary. Some depressions were observed, and filled up by the usual means—bags of clay. A shovel and hammer, being accidentally left on this occasion in the river, were afterwards found during an influx of loose ground through the shield, having descended some eighteen feet. This little circumstance shows the nature of the ground above, and the all but invincible difficulties through which the engineer had to make his way. But the more important incidents of the work—those which were to put his ability and fortitude to the severest tests—were now coming on. About the middle of May, some vessels, coming in at a late tide, moored just over the head of the Tunnel. The consequence was, that the obstruction they presented to the water caused a great washing away of the soil beneath. What followed may be best described in the words of Mr. Beamish, the then resident assistant-engineer, whose Report of this, the first irruption of the river, together with other interesting matter, we give as a perfectly dramatic view of the scene, the actors, and the event.

“ May 18, 1827. Some of the faces cut down without difficulty. As the water rose with the tide, it increased in the frames very considerably between Nos. 5 and 6, forcing its way at the front, then the back : Ball and Compton (the occupants) most active. About a quarter before six o'clock No. 11 (division) went forward. Clay appeared at the back. Had it closed up immediately. While this was going forward my attention was again drawn to No. 6, where I found gravel forcing itself with the water. It was with the utmost difficulty that Ball could keep anything against the opening. Fearing that the pumpers would now become alarmed, as they had been once or twice before, and leave their post, I went upon the east stage to encourage them, and to chase more shoring for Ball. Goodwin, who was engaged at No. 11, where indications of a run appeared, called to Rogers, who was in the act of working down No. 9, to come to his assistance. But Rogers, having his second poling (board) down, could not. Goodwin again called. I then said to Rogers, ‘ Don't you hear ? ’ Upon which he left his poling for the purpose of assisting Goodwin ; but before he could get to him, and before I could get fairly into the frames, there poured such an overwhelming volume of water and sludge as to force them out of the frames. William Carps, a bricklayer, who had gone to Goodwin's assistance, was knocked down, and literally rolled out of the frames on the stage as though he had come through a mill-sluice ; and would undoubtedly have fallen off the stage had I not caught hold of him, and with Rogers's assistance helped him down the ladder. I again made an attempt to get into the frames, calling upon the miners to follow ; but all was dark (the lights at the frames and stage being all blown out), and I was only answered by the hoarse and angry sounds of Father Thames's roarings. Rogers (an old sergeant of the Guards), the only man left upon the stage, now caught my arm, and, gently drawing me from the frames, said, ‘ Come away, pray sir, come away ; 'tis no use, the water is rising fast. ’ I turned once more ; but,

hearing an increased rush at No. 6, and finding the column of water at Nos. 11 and 12 to be augmenting, I reluctantly descended. The cement-casks, compo-boxes, pieces of timber, were floating around me. I turned into the west arch, where the enemy had not yet advanced so rapidly, and again looked towards the frames, lest some one might have been overtaken; but the cement-casks, &c., striking my legs, threatened seriously to obstruct my retreat, and it was with some difficulty that I reached the visitors' bar,\* where Mayo, Bertram, and others, were anxiously waiting to receive me. . . . I was glad of their assistance; indeed, Mayo fairly dragged me over it. Not bearing the idea of so precipitate a retreat, I turned once more; but vain was the hope! The wave rolled onward and onward. The men retreated, and I followed. Met Gravatt coming down. Short was the question, and brief was the answer. As we approached I met I. Brunel. We turned round: the effect was splendid beyond description. The water as it rose became more and more vivid, from the reflected lights of the gas. . . . As we reached the staircase a crash was heard, and then a rush of air at once extinguished all the lights. . . . Now it was that I experienced something like dread. I looked up the shaft and saw both stairs crowded; I looked below, and beheld the overwhelming wave appearing to move with accumulated velocity. Dreading the effect of the reaction of this wave from the back of the shaft upon our staircase, I exclaimed to Mr. Gravatt, 'The staircase will blow up!' I. Brunel ordered the men to get up with all expedition; and our feet were scarcely off the bottom stairs, when the first flight, which we had just left, was swept away. Upon our reaching the top, a bustling noise assailed our ears, some calling for a raft, others a boat, and others again a rope; from which it was evident that some unfortunate individual was in the water. I. Brunel instantly, with that presence of mind to which I have been more than once witness, slid down one of the iron ties, and after him Mr. Gravatt, each making a rope fast to old Tillet's waist, who, having been looking after the packing of the pumps below the shaft, was overtaken by the flood. He was soon placed out of danger. The roll was immediately called—*not one absent!*"

The diving-bell being again employed, and the hole or chasm discovered, some three thousand bags of clay, armed with small hazel rods, were expended before it was effectually closed. On the 21st of the next month the water in the Tunnel was got under; but it was not till the middle of August that the soil forced in was completely cleared away, and the engineer able to examine the effect of the irruption on his work. The structure was found perfectly sound, even whilst a part of the brick-work close to the shield was reduced to nearly half its original thickness by the tremendous violence of the rushing waters, whilst the chain which held the divisions of the shield together had been snapped like a twig, and whilst various heavy pieces of iron belonging to the shield were found driven into the ground as if by a battering-ram. Progress was now recommenced; and here we would pause a moment to pay a just tribute of admiration to the men, as well as to their directors, for the courage they had so constantly evinced. Even now, as they resumed their labours with the impression of the recent event fresh upon their minds, something or other was constantly occurring to excite fresh alarm. Now a report would take place in the frames like a cannon-shot, some part having

\* A bar so placed as to keep the visitors at some little distance from the shield and the unfinished works.



been suddenly ruptured ; now alarming cries were heard, as some irruption of earth or water impetuously poured in. With the bursts of soil and water would be felt large quantities of carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen, which, presently igniting with an explosion, would wrap the place in a sheet of flame. Beautiful at such times to those who had coolness to admire it was the appearance of the mingling fire and water, the flame appearing to dance along the surface of the liquid. And to what may we not get accustomed ? Those philosophers, the miners and bricklayers, used to look quietly on at the cry of "Fire and water ;" or, if they did make any observation, it was nothing more important than a prudent piece of advice, such as "Light your pipes, my boys." But perhaps, of all the difficulties overcome or endured, none appeared more serious to the men than the impurity of the air ; especially in summer, when the most powerful labourers had frequently to be carried out in a state of insensibility. Headaches, sickness, eruptions on the skin, were matters of too common occurrence to be noticed. Such a combination of circumstances must have given a strange colour to the lives of these labourers. An accurate description of the feelings and thoughts of the more imaginative would no doubt be as interesting as a romance. They felt, and rightly, that a part of the true glory which belongs to such a work was theirs ; and such feelings elevate even ordinary men. They, indeed, served also a kind and thoughtful master. It was touching to hear the terms in which one of the miners spoke of him. As in their waking hours these men could have had no thought but of the Tunnel, so no doubt did the eternal subject constantly mingle with their dreams, and harass them with unreal dangers. One amusing instance may be mentioned. Whilst Mr. Brunel, jun., was engaged one midnight superintending the progress of the work, he and those with him were alarmed by a sudden cry of "The water ! the water ! Wedges and straw here !" followed by an appalling silence. Mr. Brunel hastened to the spot, where the men were found perfectly safe. They had fallen fast asleep from fatigue ; and one of them had been evidently dreaming of a new irruption.

By January, 1828, the middle of the river had been reached ; and, whatever the dangers and difficulties experienced up to that time, there was the gratification arising from their having been completely overcome without the loss of a single life. That gratification was to exist no longer. Even the very completion of the Tunnel was now to become a grave matter of doubt, and its projector to be left for long years in the sickening suspense of hope deferred on a matter wherein he had risked his professional reputation, and to which he devoted his entire energies—we might almost say, without exaggeration, his life. "I had been in the frames," says Mr. Brunel, junior, in a letter written to the Directors on the fatal Saturday, August 12, 1828, "with the workmen throughout the whole night, having taken my station there at ten o'clock. During the workings through the night no symptoms of insecurity appeared. At six o'clock this morning (the usual time for shifting the men) a fresh set came on to work. We began to work the ground at the west top corner of the frame. The tide had just then begun to flow ; and, finding the ground tolerably quiet, we proceeded by beginning at the top, and had worked about a foot downwards, when, on exposing the next six inches, the ground swelled suddenly, and a large quantity burst through the opening thus made. This was followed instantly by a large body of

water. The rush was so violent as to force the man on the spot where the burst took place out of the frame (or cell) on to the timber stage behind the frames. I was in the frame with the man; but upon the rush of the water I went into the next box, in order to command a better view of the irruption, and, seeing there was no possibility of their opposing the water, I ordered all the men in the frames to retire. All were retiring, except the three men who were with me, and they retreated with me. I did not leave the stage until those three men were down the ladder of the frames, when they and I proceeded about twenty feet along the west arch of the Tunnel. At this moment the agitation of the air by the rush of the water was such as to extinguish all the lights, and the water had gained the height of the middle of our waists. I was at that moment giving directions to the three men in what manner they ought to proceed in the dark to effect their escape, when they and I were knocked down and covered by a part of the timber stage. I struggled under water for some time, and at length extricated myself from the stage; and by swimming, and being forced by the water, I gained the eastern arch, where I got a better footing, and was enabled, by laying hold of the railway rope, to pause a little, in the hope of encouraging the men who had been knocked down at the same time with myself. This I endeavoured to do by calling to them. Before I reached the shaft the water had risen so rapidly that I was out of my depth, and therefore swam to the visitors' stairs—the stairs of the workmen being occupied by those who had so far escaped. My knee was so injured by the timber stage that I could scarcely swim or get up the stairs, but *the rush of the water carried me up the shaft*. The three men who had been knocked down with me were unable to extricate themselves, and I am grieved to say they are lost; and, I believe, also two old men and one young man in other parts of the work." The scene at the shaft was truly deplorable. At one period there were no less than eighteen men immersed, all of whom, with the exception of the unfortunates who perished, were taken out in an exhausted state, and some of them fainting. The noise in the shaft, created by the influx of the water, is described as having been absolutely deafening. The news rapidly spread about the neighbourhood of the Tunnel; and before it was known who were lost and who saved, the wives and relations of the workmen were rushing in, and adding to the confusion and distress of the scene by their wild gestures and exclamations. The water, as we have seen, actually bore Mr. Brunel up to the top of the shaft, and then still rising, flowed over even to the visitors' lodge. It was then evident that all who were still below had perished.

This calamity occurred at a critical time. The funds of the Company were exhausted: their confidence, in some measure, now failed too. After two descents in the bell, the rent was discovered, and most formidable were its dimensions. It was of oblong shape, quite perpendicular, and measuring about seven feet in its longest direction, from east to west. The measures so often before and afterwards resorted to with success were adopted. *Four thousand tons* of soil, principally clay in bags, were laid in the place. When they re-entered the Tunnel there was the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the work as substantial as ever, but there was but too much reason to fear it was of little consequence—the completion might now never take place. What with the accident, and what with its consequences, we need not wonder to find it stated that the engineer appeared



almost in a state of frenzy. For seven years from that time all was silence and darkness beneath those hollow roofs; and had the matter thus ended, what would have been the judgment of posterity? The plan had failed; and many of that immense array of projectors, *hundreds in number*, who now poured in their plans upon the Directors, would have lamented, with delightful self-forgetfulness, that Mr. Brunel had not adopted their schemes. But the Tunnel *was* to be completed—he *was* to be the man.

In January, 1835, the arches of the Tunnel were at last unclosed. Government, after repeated applications, agreed to make advances for the continuation of the work, which was accordingly once more carried forward with renewed energy. Very slow, however, was the progress made. Of sixty-six weeks, two feet four inches only per week were accomplished during the first eighteen, three feet nine inches per week during the second eighteen, one foot per week during the third eighteen, and during the last twelve weeks only three feet four inches altogether. This will excite little surprise when we know that the ground in front of the shield was, from excessive saturation, almost constantly in little better than a fluid state, that an entire new and artificial bed had to be formed in the river in advance, and brought down by ingenious contrivances till it was deep enough to occupy the place of the natural soil where the excavation was to be made, and that then there must be time allowed for its settlement, whenever the warning rush of sand and water was heard in the shield. Lastly, owing to the excavation being so much below that of any other works around the Tunnel, it formed a drain and receptacle for all the water of the neighbourhood. This was ultimately remedied by the sinking of the shaft on the Wapping side. Yet it was under such circumstances that the old shield injured by the last irruption was taken away and replaced by a new one. If our readers consider for a moment the first and most important office executed by this engine, that it alone bore up above and kept back in front the incalculable pressure of the river and its bed, we may appreciate the opinions of engineers when the idea was first started: "It was impracticable," was their common remark; yet it was done without the slightest derangement of the ground, or the loss of a single man. The most serious evil attending these delays and difficulties was the extra expenditure they involved, which became so great that the Lords of the Treasury declined further advances without the sanction of Parliament. A Committee was in consequence appointed, and witnesses examined, including of course the chief and assistant engineers. The result was favourable, and the work proceeded. On Wednesday, August 23, 1837, a third irruption occurred, but happily without any fatal consequences, or without materially retarding the works. An interesting escape marks this event. The water had gradually increased in quantity at the east corner since two P.M., rushing into the shield with a hollow roar as though it fell through a cavity. A boat was taken out of the river and sent down into the Tunnel for the purpose of conveying materials (for blocking up the frames) down to the shield. Notwithstanding all that could be done by the men, the water gained upon them and rapidly rose in the Tunnel. About four o'clock, the water having risen to within seven feet of the crown of the arch, and everything having been done that could be effected for the security of the work, it was thought most prudent for the men to retire, which they did in a very orderly

manner along a platform which had been most judiciously and providentially constructed for that purpose in the east arch only a few weeks before by Sir I. Brunel's orders. After the men had retired, and as the water continued rising gradually, Mr. Page, the acting engineer, accompanied by Mr. Francis, Mr. Mason, and two of the men, got into the boat for the purpose of reaching the stages to see if any change had taken place; and, after passing the six hundred feet mark in the Tunnel, the line attached to the boat ran out, and they returned to lengthen it. To this accident they were indebted for their lives; for while they were preparing the rope the water surged, running up the arch ten or twelve feet. Every one made his way to the shaft, and Mr. Page, fearing that the men would be jammed in the staircase, called to them to go up steadily; but they, misunderstanding him, returned, and it was with some difficulty that they could be prevailed upon to go up. Had the rope been long enough, all the persons who were in the boat (which was in a sinking condition when they grounded) must inevitably have perished in the surge, for now not less than a million gallons of water burst into the Tunnel in the course of a single minute. The lower gas-lights were then under water; and the pipes being but partially filled, the remainder burnt first very irregularly, leaving the Tunnel almost in darkness, and then, flaming up to the top of the glasses, threw a blaze of light over the west arch and the water. When the water had risen to within fifty feet of the entrance to the Tunnel, it came forward in a wave; and Mr. Page, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Francis, who were at the bottom of the visitors' stairs, ran up to the second landing, but were so rapidly followed that one of the party was up to his knees before he reached the top. Two other irruptions of the Thames complete this part of the history of the Tunnel. The first occurred on the 2nd of November, 1837, when the water burst in about four in the morning, and speedily filled the Tunnel. The excellent arrangements provided for escape secured the safety of the seventy or more persons in it at the time, with one exception. When the roll was called there was no answer to one name. Inquiry being made, some one it appeared had seen a miner returning towards the shield when all else were leaving it, and that was all that was known of him.

The fifth and last irruption occurred on the morning of the 6th of March, 1838, and was remarkable for the noise resembling thunder with which it was accompanied. Happily no loss of life occurred. All this while the Tunnel was every week approaching nearer and nearer to the goal of the engineer's hopes—the opposite shore; and all parties began to feel the buoyancy of assured success inspiring them as they found the difficulties grow less and less formidable. They were, however, still sufficient to have paralysed any less energetic spirits than those who had brought the whole to that point. Here is an incident of so late date as 1840:—On the 4th of April, about eight o'clock in the morning, being then about low water, the top face of No. 12 was attempted; but no sooner was the poling-board removed than the second one canted over, and a quantity of gravel and water rushed into the frame, forcing out another of the boards. At the hole thus left unprotected, the ground rushed in with such impetuosity as to knock the men out of the shield; and they, being panic-struck, ran away, but, finding that the water did not follow, they returned to the scene of action, and after immense exertions succeeded in stopping the run, when upwards of six



thousand cubic feet of ground had fallen into the Tunnel. The rush of the ground was attended with a very great noise, resembling the bursting of a thunder-cloud, and a general extinguishing of the lights. While this was taking place in the Tunnel, a still more unusual phenomenon was occurring on the shore at Wapping, where, to the astonishment and dismay of the neighbourhood, the ground commenced sinking gradually over an area of upwards of seven hundred feet, leaving a cavity on the shore of about thirty feet in diameter and thirteen in depth. It was most fortunate that this occurred at low water, for at high water an irruption of the river would have been the inevitable consequence. A number of men were sent over, and the hole was filled with bags of clay and gravel, and everything rendered perfectly secure by the return of the tide.

With another incident of the same year of a somewhat similar nature, we conclude these notices of the "hair-breadth 'scapes," the "accidents by flood," and, in a sense, by "field," which have marked almost every few months of the lives of the labourers in this great and hazardous undertaking. It appears that frequently the sand, mixing with water, so as to be quite in a fluid state, would ooze through the minute cracks between the small poling-boards, leaving immense cavities in the ground in front. A remarkable instance occurred upon the 24th of July. The sand had been running in this way the whole of the night, and had completely filled the bottom of the shield. In the morning, on opening one of the faces, a hollow was discovered extending upwards of eighteen feet along the front of the faces, projecting six feet into the ground, and being about the same in height. This enormous cavity was filled with brickbats and lumps of clay, one of the miners being obliged to lay himself the whole length of his body into the faces for the purpose of filling the farther end; and of course at the hazard, every moment he continued in his position, of being buried beneath fallen masses of earth, now left without any support from below.

The reward for every difficulty, anxiety, or suffering, was at last obtained. It is pleasant even to have to record that, on the 13th of August, 1841, Sir Isambert Brunel passed down the shaft erected on the Wapping side of the river, and thence by a small driftway through the shield into the Tunnel. Under what a new aspect that beautiful double archway must have thence appeared even to him, whose eyes had not for a single day forgotten to look upon it for many years! And, as he turned, what power must have been felt in that little beam of light struggling through the driftway! The world must have appeared brighter from that moment. Nor should the labourers be forgotten, who, whilst expressing their admiration of him who had given method, firmness, and prosperity to their labours in the cheering with which they greeted his appearance in the Tunnel from the opposite shore, deserve their meed of respect and applause.

In the early part of 1842, the shield was taken to pieces and removed, the Tunnel, measuring twelve hundred feet in length, being completed. The great circular shafts at either end were fitted with handsome staircases and provided with seats for the accommodation of foot-passengers, and the superstructure at the top of the shafts erected; and on the 25th of March, 1843, the Tunnel was opened as a public thoroughfare for the passage of persons from one shore to the other under the bed of the River Thames. The total cost of the Tunnel was 454,714*l*. The Tunnel, as originally intended, was to be for the transit of vehicles,

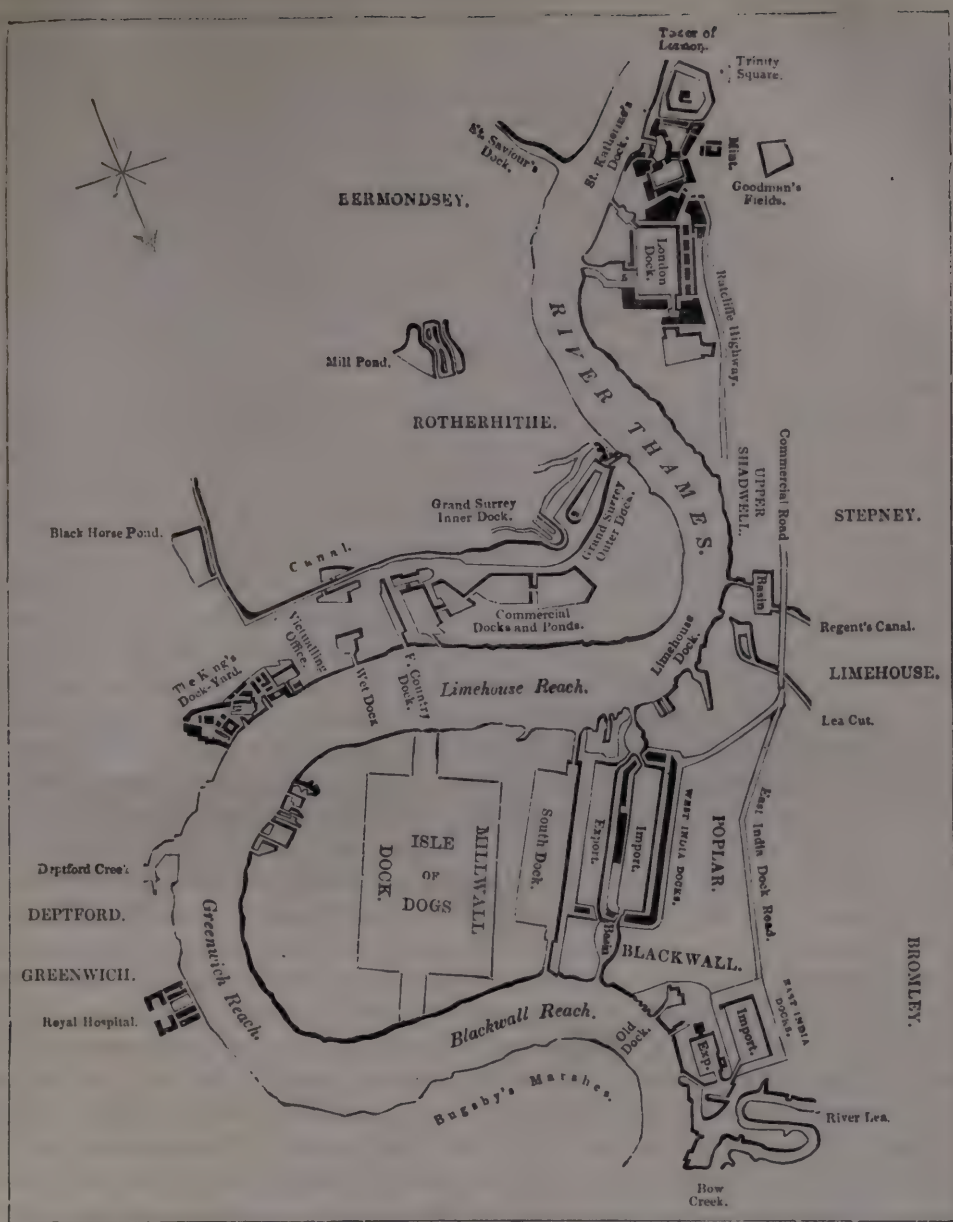
as well as for foot-passengers, as seen in our illustration on page 49; but this part of the project was never carried into execution. The entrances for vehicles were to consist of immense spiral roadways, winding twice round a circular excavation fifty-seven feet deep, in order to reach the proper level: the extreme diameter of the spiral roads being about two hundred feet. As a piece of engineering skill, this gigantic undertaking was in the end considered eminently successful; but its success as a commercial enterprise can hardly be considered commensurate with its magnitude. At various times propositions were brought forward for using the Tunnel as a connecting link for the railways on both sides of the Thames; but it is only very recently that practical direction has been taken in the matter. In 1871 the Tunnel was closed for pedestrians, and it has since been converted into a railway in connection with the East London line. It has now, therefore, realised its original purpose, though not in the way designed by Sir M. I. Brunel.

Another subterranean and subaqueous communication for foot-passengers, between Tower Hill and Tooley Street, was commenced in February, 1869, by Mr. Barlow, the engineer, and opened in the following year. This tunnel, called the Tower Subway, consists of simply an iron cylinder, about ten or twelve feet in diameter, and extends under the bed of the river from the bottom of Stoney Lane, Tooley Street, to Tower Hill. This is open to pedestrians only, who pay a toll of a halfpenny.



[Sectional View of the Works while in Progress, showing the Relative Positions of the Tunnel and the Thames.]





[Map of the Port of London.]

## LV.—THE DOCKS.

WE may trace the vastness of London, the varied character of its external features, and the wonderful diversity which its social aspects present, to three distinct causes. First, its official supremacy, as the residence of the sovereign, the seat of the government and legislature, and all the most important departments of the state; secondly, its manufacturing industry; and, thirdly, its commercial

importance as a port. Any one of these elements would nourish a large amount of population; but without the two latter it would be kept within moderate limits, and it is chiefly in consequence of their influence that London is twice as large as Paris.

That portion of London connected with the port and shipping differs so much from the districts appropriated to manufactures, and from all others possessing a special character of their own, as to constitute one of the most distinct divisions of the metropolis. It embraces, on the northern side of the river, a district extending eastward from Tower Hill, and comprising Wapping and Ratcliffe Highway, Shadwell, Limehouse, Poplar, and Blackwall; and, on the other side, commences with Tooley Street, and comprehends Rotherhithe and all along the river to Deptford. The general characteristics of the district have already been noticed;\* and we shall, therefore, devote the present number to an account of one of its great features—the Docks.

The stranger, especially from an inland county, who takes a passage by one of the steamers which leave London Bridge every half-hour for Greenwich, will be astonished at the apparently interminable forests of masts which extend on both sides of the channel, where a width of three hundred feet *should* be kept for the purposes of safe navigation, but which the crowd of ships from all quarters of the globe, of colliers, coasters, steam-boats, and river-craft, renders it difficult for the harbour-masters to maintain. If the tide be running upward, laden coal-barges are thronging the channel, proceeding to the wharfs in the upper part of the river; and colliers at their moorings are at all times discharging their cargoes into barges alongside. By the regulations of the coal-trade only a certain number of coal-ships are allowed to unload at the same time, the others remaining lower down the river until their turn arrives; and the coal-meters, who are appointed by the City, are also limited in number. But for these restrictions the river would present a still more crowded appearance, as it has happened that above three hundred colliers have arrived in the Lower Pool in one day; and even now a very large portion of the river is occupied by this one branch of commerce. Seventy years ago not only coal-ships, but vessels of every other kind, discharged their cargoes into lighters while at anchor in the stream; but such a practice would now be impossible, so great has been the increase of commerce. East Indiamen generally came only as far as Blackwall, where they discharged their cargoes into decked lighters of from fifty to one hundred tons, and, the hatchways being secured under lock and key, they proceeded to the wharfs. West India ships discharged in the river, and the cargoes were also conveyed in lighters to the legal quays. All other vessels, except they were of small size, were in like manner compelled to use lighters in discharging their cargoes. At the present time the majority of the barges and river-craft are solely employed in transporting the cargoes of coal, corn, and timber ships, comparatively speaking, only a small proportion being required for the conveyance of all other commodities, the chief of which are of a bulky kind, and do not offer any great temptation to pilferers. In 1792 the number of barges and craft required for the traffic between the ships in the river and the quays was 500 for timber and 1180 for coal, each averaging thirty-three tons; 402 lighters of thirty-nine tons; 338 punts of twenty tons; 57 lugger-boats of twenty-four tons; six

\* Thames Tunnel, LIV. p. 50.



loops of twenty-seven tons; 10 cutters of seventy-one tons; and 10 hoys of fifty-eight tons; making a total of 3503 craft. Property of the most costly and valuable description, and every kind of merchandise, was daily exposed to plunder in these open boats, for only the lighters of the East India Company were decked, and it was considered that even they afforded a very insufficient protection. The temptation to pilfer was almost irresistible, those who were honestly disposed taking their share under the plea that wastage and leakage were perquisites. So many persons were engaged in the work of depredation on the river, that it was carried on in the most daring and open manner—lightermen, watermen, labourers, the crews of ships, the mates and officers in some instances, and to a great extent the officers of the revenue, being combined in this nefarious system; while on each side of the river there was a host of receivers, some of them persons of opulence, who carried on an extensive business in stolen property.\* In 1798 the Thames Police, called then the Marine Police, was instituted for the repression of these offences, but the source of the evil was still untouched, the temptation remaining undiminished so long as the exposure of property was rendered unavoidable by the absence of sufficient accommodation in quays and warehouses.

In 1558 certain wharfs, afterwards known as the "legal quays," were appointed to be the sole landing-places for goods in the port of London. They were situated between Billingsgate and the Tower, and had a frontage of 1464 feet by 40 wide, and of this space 300 feet were taken up by landing-stairs and by the coasting-trade, leaving, in the year 1796, only 1164 feet for the use of the foreign trade. Other wharfs had, it is true, been added from time to time, five of these, "sufferance wharfs," as they were called, being on the northern side of the river, and sixteen on the opposite side, comprising altogether a frontage of 3676 feet. The warehouses belonging to the sufferance wharfs were capable of containing 125,000 tons of merchandise, and 78,800 tons could be stowed in the yards. The want of warehouse-room was so great that sugars were deposited in warehouses on Snow-hill, and even in Oxford-street. Wine, spirits, and the great majority of articles of foreign produce, especially those on which the higher rate of duties was charged, could be landed only at the legal quays. In 1793 sugars were allowed to be landed at the sufferance wharfs, but the charges were higher than at the legal quays; extra fees had to be paid to the revenue officers for attendance at them, though at the same time they were inconveniently situated, and at too great a distance from the centre of business. The above concession to the sufferance wharfs was demanded by common sense and necessity, for the ships entered with sugar increased from 203, in 1756, to 433, of larger dimensions, in 1794. Generally speaking, the sufferance wharfs were used chiefly by vessels in the coasting-trade, and for such departments of the foreign trade as could not by any possibility be accommodated at the legal quays. Even in 1765, commissions appointed by the Court of Exchequer had reported that the latter were "not of sufficient extent, from which delays and many extraordinary expenses occur, and obstructions to the due collection of the revenue." But the commerce of London had wonderfully increased since

\* See Mr. Colquhoun's work on the 'Commerce and Police of the River Thames' for some curious statements as to these practices.

that time, its progress in the twenty-five years from 1770 to 1795 having been as great as in the first seventy years of the century. The value of the exports and imports of London in 1700 was about ten millions sterling, and in 1794 about thirty-one millions; and the shipping engaged in foreign trade had increased in tonnage still more than in numbers, as the following table of British and foreign shipping inwards will show:—

	Number of Ships.	Tonnage.	Average Tonnage.
1702 . . .	839	80,040	96
1751 . . .	1,498	198,053	132
1794 . . .	2,219	429,715	194

The coasting-trade had more than doubled in tonnage, and nearly so in number, from 1750 to 1795:—

	Number of Ships.	Tonnage.	Average Tonnage.
1750 . . .	6,396	511,680	80
1795 . . .	11,964	1,176,400	101

For the accommodation of this vastly-increased trade scarcely an effort had been made, and the mercantile interests experienced in consequence impediments and losses which it is wonderful did not arouse them earlier to provide a remedy. Merchandise was kept afloat in barges, as we now see coal, from want of room to discharge it at the legal quays, where sugar-hogsheads piled six and eight high, bales, boxes, barrels, bags, and packages of every description were heaped together. These quays were converted into a market for spirits, oil, fruits, and other commodities, and the export and import trades were confounded together on the same limited and inconvenient spot. At one time the stripping and cutting of tobacco was performed on quays, and the sugar-hogsheads were put to rights by the coopers on the decks of the loaded ships, while spirits were landed at one wharf and gauged at another. The Custom-House authorities might have done much to have remedied these inconveniences, but the service of this department appears to have been very inefficiently performed. The number of holidays was far too great; the officers were not very punctual in their attendance; and there was a general want of classification and arrangement amongst them, so that, while some had too much to do, others had too little. Instances are on record of above a thousand tons of goods lying for several days in lighters at a sufferance wharf, during which only two officers were on duty. Goods were allowed to remain on board ship a certain time after they were reported, but, in consequence of the crowded state of the quays, this time was not unfrequently overstepped, and penalties were incurred in consequence. The delays and obstructions of all kinds were profitable enough to the depredators on the river, but ruinous to the merchants.

About the year 1793 the complaints of the merchants began to attract more attention than they had hitherto received, and they held meetings, at which various remedies were proposed, but no substantial improvement was the result. At length, in 1796, Parliament took up the subject, and instituted a formal inquiry. After the war had commenced the evils complained of had enormously increased. The commerce of other countries flowed towards London, and merchant-ships, instead of arriving and departing singly, were compelled to sail in large fleets under the convoy of men-of-war, and thus the operations of a more extended trade were concentrated into irregular periods, which demanded the most



extraordinary activity and every possible facility which tended to promote despatch and economy of time and labour. This was a most flourishing era for the river plunderers, but the difficulties and inconvenience of the mercantile interest had now become so pressing as to render improvement inevitable, however difficult it might be to devise the most appropriate remedy. The Parliamentary Committee had under its consideration eight different plans for giving greater accommodation to the trading and shipping interests, and it had also to listen to the representations of various classes whose interests were involved in maintaining matters in their existing state; and amongst those who would be benefited by almost any change there was not as yet that concurrence which was desirable, and which would at once have led to a decisive result. It was not until 1799, three years after the Committee above mentioned had been appointed, that the West India merchants, a very influential and wealthy body, attained their object; and, but for the inquiry conducted by the Committee of 1796, the delay would have been still greater. Liverpool and Hull had long experienced the benefits of wet docks, and, in 1789, a private individual, Mr. Perry, a ship-builder, had constructed a dock called the Brunswick Dock, adjoining his building-yard at Blackwall, capable of containing at one time twenty-eight East Indiamen, and fifty or sixty ships of smaller burden. But even in 1799 the Greenland Dock was not allowed to be used by vessels discharging their cargoes, in consequence of objections on the part of the Commissioners of Customs.

The obstacles overcome by the generation which is now passing away, in the attempt to provide wet docks in the port of London, are comparatively so little known by the generation which is enjoying the fruit of their efforts, as to render a brief recapitulation of the various plans of 1796 not altogether uninteresting.

The first plan which we shall notice was intended to provide accommodation for the increased trade and shipping by deepening and improving the river, and extending the legal quays, at an estimated expense of 565,000*l*. Its author, who was chairman of the wharfingers of these quays, proposed that, from London Bridge to Deptford, the depth of the river at low water should be increased to sixteen and twenty feet, and, calculating that, in 1795, the number of ships (exclusive of all coasters except colliers) in the port of London at any one time did not exceed 750, he would, in the space already mentioned, have provided mooring-tiers for 1200 colliers, coasters, and foreign traders, with a ballast-wharf, 1140 yards in length, fronting the King's Yard at Deptford. To each species of trade, and the shipping employed in it, a distinct portion of the river was to be assigned; the space between London Bridge and the Tower on one side being for craft employed at the legal quays; the station for the coasting-trade commencing at the southern foot of the bridge and on the northern side from Tower Dock, from which point, on each side of the river, were to be the stations for the foreign shipping, the colliers being removed entirely out of the upper Pool. Harbour-masters were to be appointed to enforce the berthing of ships in their proper places. This plan also comprised the widening of the legal quays from forty to seventy feet, by platforms so as not to obstruct the current; the taking down of houses on each side of Thames Street, at the back of the legal quays, where spacious warehouses were to be erected; the avenues leading to Thames

Street to be widened, and here also additional warehouses were to be built. The authorities at the Custom-House were also to be called upon to enforce stricter regulations for the despatch of business. The object of this temporising scheme would not have alleviated one of the most prominent causes of complaint—the plunder of merchandise from lighters and barges on their passage from the ships to the quays, as it would still have been necessary for shipping to discharge their cargoes while lying in the river; and the accumulation of warehouses in the rear of the legal quays would have afforded very inferior accommodation in comparison with the commodious arrangements which the docks now present.

The “Merchants’ Plan” is also deserving of attention. They proposed purchasing eighty acres of land in Wapping, east of Nightingale Lane, and to excavate and form wet docks, of thirty-nine acres, capable of containing 350 ships, and one other of about two acres for lighters. One of the entrances of the larger dock was to be by a canal two miles and three-quarters in length, navigable for ships of 350 tons, and communicating with the river at Blackwall. The whole area of eighty acres was to be surrounded by a high wall, enclosing warehouses, wharfs, and quays. The Commissioners of Customs and the Corporation of the Trinity House each approved of this plan so far as related to the construction of docks, and it will be seen that it was nearly followed in the formation of the London Docks. The canal was objected to by the authorities at the Custom-House on the ground that, while shipping were towed along it, there would be great facilities for smuggling and plundering—an apprehension which, in that day, haunted all who had property afloat on the river. The Brethren of the Trinity House remarked, in their report on the plan, that contiguity to the metropolis was one of the essential points to be insisted upon in every project for wet docks, as long and tedious lighterage, fraught with so many evils both to property and the revenue, would be at once diminished. The estimated expense of the Merchants’ Plan was 993,000*l*.

The authorities of the City had also their plan, or rather plans, the chief feature of which was a dock, of 102 acres, in the Isle of Dogs, to contain above 400 ships, and another at Rotherhithe, of the same extent, for colliers. They moreover proposed to extend the frontage and area of the legal quays to 4150 feet in length and 60 in depth, by making five indented quays (and, including Billingsgate, six), each capable of accommodating twenty-nine lighters. The existing approaches to the quays, which were very narrow and incommodious, and caused great obstruction, were also to be widened. It was also proposed to arch over quays and to construct warehouses on them, with special reference to the security of the revenue. The erection of warehouses at the proposed docks does not appear to have been contemplated, and they would, therefore, have merely relieved the river without obviating the necessity of lighterage. The cost of carrying these extensive plans into effect was estimated at 1,109,352*l*.

The fourth plan, described as Mr. Wyatt’s, was a project for constructing three docks in the Isle of Dogs, with a basin, common to them all, at Blackwall, capable of receiving 160 ships, and having three entrances; the corresponding western basin at Limehouse to accommodate 800 lighters. The three docks were to be of oblong form, extending from east to west: the northern dock to contain 200 ships; the middle dock, 250, for ships with the most valuable cargoes of foreign



produce; and the southern dock to contain 300 colliers. The whole area comprising the three docks was to be surrounded by a wall sixteen feet high. Landing wharfs and warehouses, the most prominent features of the existing docks, were not contemplated in this plan; but ships were to discharge their cargoes on a floating wharf, the Custom-House duties to be ascertained at the time. Lighterage would therefore still have been necessary; and there would have been a waste of time in craning goods from the ship to the floating-wharf, and then into the lighter; whence they would require to be a third time moved at the quay before they finally reached the warehouse. The estimated expenses of the plan were 840,252*l.*; and it was partly followed in the construction of the West India Docks.

The Southwark Plan, as it was called, which was estimated to cost only 300,000*l.*, was calculated for local rather than general convenience. Docks for colliers, timber-ships, and vessels for sale, were to be formed at Rotherhithe; and a canal (in which we perceive the idea of the Surrey Canal) was to open an outlet from the western extremity of the dock through Southwark, and, after nearly touching the King's Bench Prison, would have entered the Thames nearly opposite St. Paul's.

A plan was submitted by Mr. Spence for arranging all the shipping frequenting the river into twelve classes, according to their respective employments, for each of which it was proposed to erect a separate dock, either on the Isle of Dogs or between the Tower and Limehouse; six of these docks to be 600 feet square, and the remaining six one-third less. The estimated expense was 500,000*l.*; but the general opinion was that a single spacious dock would be more convenient and less expensive.

Mr. Walker's plan for docks, quays, and warehouses at Wapping, though not differing greatly from the Merchants' Plan, was favourably regarded, on account of the site being contiguous to the City. He proposed to excavate fifty-five acres for docks; thirty-five acres additional being intended for quays, wharfs, and warehouses. One of the entrances was to be by a canal intersecting the Isle of Dogs at a point nearer the southern shore than the proposed canal in the Merchants' Plan. The cost was estimated at 880,000*l.*

The last of these plans was Mr. Reaveley's, which displayed considerable ingenuity, and consisted in fact of four distinct projects: 1. To form a new channel for the river in a straight line from Limehouse to Blackwall; the Long Reach round the Isle of Dogs thus constituting a dock, with flood-gates at each entrance. 2. To continue the new channel below Blackwall towards Woolwich Reach, so as to convert another bend of the old channel into a dock. 3. To make a new channel from Wapping, and to form three docks out of the three bends, to be called Ratcliffe Dock, Blackwall Dock, and Greenwich Dock. The Trinity House objected that the King's Dock at Deptford would be injured by the latter plan; on which Mr. Reaveley proposed:—4. To make a new channel from Wapping to the old channel between Greenland Dock (now the Commercial Docks) and Deptford, thence inclining to the northward until it opened into Woolwich Reach, thus forming two spacious docks out of the bends of the river (above and below) at Blackwall. The estimated cost of these various plans was not given.

These projects brought forward the interests which depended upon the continuance of things as they were. The Tackle House and City porters complained

that, if the import and export business were removed beyond the City limits, their right to the exclusive privilege of unloading and delivering all merchandise imported into the City would be worthless; the carmen, who enjoyed a similar monopoly, made the same complaint, and they stated that Christ's Hospital derived an income of 400*l.* a-year from the licences under which they exercised their privilege; the watermen foretold that the establishment of docks would deprive one-half of them of bread; the lightermen stated that they had a capital of 120,000*l.* invested in tackle and craft employed in the transport of merchandise, which capital would be annihilated if shipping were enabled to discharge their cargoes on quays within docks; the proprietors of the legal quays endeavoured to prove that, if only the West India trade were allowed to use docks, the value of their interests would be diminished two-thirds, and that it would be totally annihilated if the foreign trade were to be altogether withdrawn from the river; and, lastly, the proprietors of the sufferance wharfs raised their voices against the proposed docks.

Some of the objections were not directly founded on a probable loss to the individuals who urged them; but it was contended that unloading ships in docks would be more expensive than discharging them into lighters in the river. Here, however, experience could be adduced to show that the case would be quite otherwise. Excluding details which were not common to the respective circumstances of Liverpool and London, it was shown that the expense in the discharge of 500 hogsheads of sugar would be 52*l.* less in docks than in the river. Others scarcely hoped to see an end put to the system of plunder, which had existed so long, and with such impunity, as to be regarded almost in the nature of a port-charge—as an evil which there was little hope of removing. They feared that articles would be conveyed over the dock-walls, or that the docks would be the resort of depredators and smugglers, who would convey property out at the gates; and it was in order to allay these apprehensions that the Parliamentary Committee observed in their Report that “the walls may be built too high to convey articles over, the gates be kept by revenue officers, and no extraordinary concourse be permitted.” The Commissioners of Customs, with the same object, also gave it as their opinion that the revenue “*may* be as effectually guarded by their officers within docks as in the open river;” and they alleged, further, that with wet docks the delay in the payment of duties occasioned by the detention of cargoes for want of accommodation at the quays and warehouses would be altogether avoided. Only one witness examined before the Parliamentary Committee thought that docks would not “pay.” So little, however, did even the Committee see their way distinctly as to observe in their Report, that “wet docks do not necessarily imply quays, and still less the delivery of cargoes on quays;” so that at this date (April, 1796) there was no clear apprehension of the plans which would eventually be adopted even if docks were constructed.

Three years afterwards, in 1799, not a single Bill had been passed for the construction of docks, but several had been introduced into Parliament for the still desiderated improvements of the port, and a Committee was appointed to report on their merits. Of the plans of 1796 only that of the merchants, for docks at Wapping, and that of the City, for docks on the Isle of Dogs, appear to have been now entertained; but there was one new plan, the object of which was to



rebuild London Bridge, and to admit ships of 500 tons burthen up to Blackfriars Bridge, either by a large central arch of 300 feet span and 90 feet high, or by a double roadway in the middle of the bridge with a drawbridge on each side admitting ships into a basin, from which they were to pass either up or down the river, only one of the drawbridges to be opened at the same time, to prevent impediment to passengers and vehicles. This plan also comprised a range of quays and warehouses on both sides of the river from London Bridge to Blackfriars Bridge. A drawing of the substantial and lofty warehouses which it was proposed to erect is given in the Parliamentary Report; and, as they admitted of no architectural embellishment, this long and dreary line of uniform buildings enclosing the river has an aspect little short of appalling, and it cannot be regretted that its banks are left with meaner buildings of more picturesque variety. The question respecting the advantages of docks had now, however, made such progress that the Committee, in reference to the last-mentioned project, were inclined to consider "any plan for the improvement of the port imperfect, of which wet docks did not make a part." There remained, therefore, only two plans under consideration; and though, as observed in the Report, docks might be advantageously established in each of the places proposed, yet, considering the inconvenience resulting from further delay, the Committee gave a preference to those intended to be constructed in the Isle of Dogs, as they could be formed in the shortest time and at the least expense. The Bill for the West India Docks was therefore passed in 1799, and on the 21st of August, 1802, they were opened for business. A compulsory clause was introduced into the Act requiring all ships laden with West India produce to make use of these docks for the space of twenty-one years. In the following year (1800) the Act for the construction of the London Docks (or rather Dock, for the smaller dock was not made until many years afterwards) was passed; and it also obtained exclusive privileges, vessels laden with certain produce, as wine, brandy, tobacco, rice, being required to enter. The London Dock was opened on the 30th of January, 1805. In 1803 the Act for making the East India Docks at Blackwall was passed, and they were opened on the 4th of August, 1806. This terminates the first period in the history of these useful establishments.

The interest of the proprietors of the legal quays was bought by Government for 486,087*l.*, and compensation amounting to 138,791*l.* was granted to persons having vested interests in the mooring-chains in the river. The amount paid out of the Consolidated Fund by virtue of the several Acts for improving the port of London was 1,681,685*l.*, including the purchase of the legal quays. The sum demanded as compensation (without reckoning the purchase of houses and land, which cost the London Dock proprietors especially an enormous sum) was little short of four millions sterling, of which only 677,382*l.* was awarded and paid. The Docks did not contribute towards such compensation.

Besides the West India, London, and East India Docks, there were constructed in the course of a few years afterwards the Commercial Docks, the East Country Docks, the Surrey Canal Dock, and the Regent's Canal Dock, which we shall notice presently.

The second period in the history of these works commences with the St. Katherine's Docks, the projectors of which stood pretty much in the same relation to

the old Dock Companies as these latter did to the proprietors of the legal quays in 1796. In 1822, the government refused to renew the privileges of the West India Docks, which were on the point of expiring, when ships with West India produce would be at liberty to enter any other dock. The privileges of the London Dock, to which allusion has already been made, would also expire in January, 1826; and in 1827 the East India Dock would cease to be the only place for the admission of East India produce, thus liberating the private trade. It was clear that a considerable portion of the business which had hitherto been forced into channels which were remote from the centre of trade would in future be directed to the dock nearest London, and that it would in consequence possess a virtual monopoly, as it already enjoyed great advantages from its situation, and was overflowing with business, although the dues were high. The merchants felt that it would be desirable to have another dock, possessing equal advantages in point of contiguity and convenience, and which would prevent their being dependent on a single establishment; and besides this consideration, it appeared to them that the addition of a new dock was required for the accommodation of an increased trade. Among the projectors of the St. Katherine's Docks were therefore to be found many of the principal merchants of the port of London; and in 1824 they carried a bill into parliament to effect their object. It was strenuously opposed; but a strong case was made out in its favour, and the Committee of the House of Commons reported that "they were strongly impressed with the important benefits that would result if the sanction of parliament were given to the application for the construction of the St. Katherine's Docks." The site selected was regarded as a favourable situation for commercial purposes when it was proposed to extend the legal quays. At that time (thirty years previously) the district chiefly consisted of "mean and wretched alleys and courts, and some vacant ground: the houses are in general old and ruinous, and the inhabitants low and poor." In 1763, also, St. Katherine's was actually constituted a legal quay; but from some cause the proceeding was informal, and it had never been used as such; and in 1799 its eligibility for wet docks was also pointed out. The bill for converting the site here spoken of into wet docks received the royal assent in 1825. Upwards of eight hundred houses were taken down, with St. Katherine's Hospital, founded in 1148 by Matilda of Boulogne, wife of King Stephen, together with the house of the master, a valuable appointment in the gift of the queen, or of the queen-dowager, if there be one. The hospital and master's residence have been rebuilt in the Regent's Park. The first stone of the new docks was laid 3d May, 1827; and they were opened 25th October, 1828, having been constructed with unexampled rapidity. Two other bills for the construction of docks passed in the same year, one on the south side of the river, and another, for colliers, on the Isle of Dogs; but the project was abandoned in both cases.

We may now commence a tour of the different docks; and, beginning with those nearest London, we first visit St. Katherine's, which are just below the Tower. The lofty walls which constitute it, in the language of the Custom-House, a place of "special security," surround an area of twenty-three acres, of which eleven are water, capable of accommodating 120 ships, besides barges and other craft. The frontage of the quays is 4,600 feet, or nearly three times the extent of the legal quays of 1796; and the warehouses, vaults, sheds, and covered ways will contain





[St. Katherine's Docks.]

110,000 tons of goods. The warehouses are massive and spacious, five stories high. The vaults below, for wine and spirits, are admirably constructed; and where a range of vaults turns off to the right and left, the arches are by no means destitute of architectural beauty; and, seen by the dim illumination of a lamp (in the spirit vaults the Davy lamp is used), the visitor is reminded of the solemn gloom of the crypts in some of our most ancient ecclesiastical edifices. All the arrangements connected with the St. Katherine's Docks are directed to secure the two great desiderata of commercial success, economy and despatch, which are attained by ingenious and skilful contrivances, both in the general plan and in the application of mechanical resources. The defects which experience had detected in the older docks were, of course, avoided. The ground-floors of the warehouses present an opening towards the basin eighteen feet high; and cargoes are raised into them out of the hold of a ship without the goods being deposited on the quay. A cargo which could not be placed in the warehouse in less than fifteen days in one of the earlier-constructed docks, can be raised from the ship's hold into the warehouses at St. Katherine's in one-fifth of the time; but, before there were any docks at all, an East Indiaman of 800 tons was not usually delivered of her cargo in less than a month; or if of 1200 tons, six weeks were required; and then the goods were to be taken in lighters from Blackwall nearly to London Bridge, where they were placed on the quay, and thence transferred to the warehouses. Another calculation was, that for the delivery of a ship of 350 tons eight days were necessary in summer and fourteen in winter, which the projectors of docks in 1796 contended could be accomplished in wet docks in exactly one-half of the time for each season. At St. Katherine's, the average time occupied in discharging a ship of 250 tons is twelve hours, and for one of 500 tons two or

three days, the goods being placed at the same time in the warehouse. Indeed, there have been occasions when still greater dispatch has been used, and a cargo of 1,100 casks of tallow, averaging from nine to ten cwt. each, has been discharged in seven hours. This would have been considered little short of a miracle on the legal quays less than a century ago. One of the cranes in these docks cost about 2,000*l.*, and will raise from thirty to forty tons. It is worked by ten or a dozen men, and is chiefly used in raising large blocks of marble, &c. The height of the warehouses, and their being close to the water, renders the appearance of the St. Katherine's Docks very compact; and, though the water room is small as compared with other docks, a larger amount of business may be transacted in an equal space than at any other. Before the construction of docks so high up the river, vessels of above 250 tons were scarcely ever seen so near the Bridge; but ships of 800 and 900 tons have been safely towed into St. Katherine's. The lock leading from the river to the dock is 185 feet long and 45 feet broad; and the depth of water at spring tides is about 28 feet. In 1841 about 1000 vessels and 10,000 lighters were accommodated at St. Katherine's Docks.

The London Docks are separated from St. Katherine's by Nightingale Lane. This magnificent establishment comprises an area of above one hundred acres, and cost about 4,000,000*l.* sterling. The two docks can accommodate 500 ships, and the warehouses will contain 232,000 tons of goods. According to the returns of the London and St. Katherine's Dock Company, in 1871—the two companies having become amalgamated—the value of these two docks was set down at 7,401,963*l.* Almost bewildering for their extent and the immense quantity and value of the property which they contain are the wine and spirit vaults, which can accommodate 60,000 pipes of wine. One of the vaults has an area of seven acres. The warehouses around the wharfs are imposing from their extent, but are nothing near so lofty as those at St. Katherine's; and, being situated at some distance from the dock, goods cannot be craned out of the ship's hold and stowed away at one operation. The walls surrounding the docks cost 65,000*l.* The annual net receipts of the company in 1824 were about 162,000*l.*, and 96,000*l.* was paid in salaries and wages. At the same period upwards of 42,000*l.* a year was paid to the officers of Customs and Excise employed by these Revenue Boards in the same establishment. The business of these docks was never so well managed as at the present time, competition and the termination of their exclusive privileges in 1826 having led to many important improvements.

The Victoria Docks, which cover an area of about two hundred acres, are situated in Plaistow Marshes, at a short distance eastward of Bow Creek or the entrance of the river Lee. These docks were formed in 1855; they contain upwards of a mile of wharfage and quay frontage, and are under the management of the London and St. Katherine's Dock Company. Their value in 1871 was set down at 1,111,680*l.*

The West India Docks are about a mile and a half from the London Docks, and they may be most conveniently visited from the City by taking the Blackwall Railway from Fenchurch Street. Their extent is nearly three times that of the London Docks, the entire ground which they cover being upwards of three hundred acres. The northern or import dock is 170 yards long by 166 wide, and the export dock is of the same length, and 135 yards wide. These two docks, with the warehouses, are enclosed by a lofty wall five feet in thickness. The warehouses will



contain above 180,000 tons of merchandise, and there has been at one time, on the quays and in the sheds, vaults, and warehouses, colonial produce worth 20,000,000*l.* sterling, comprising 148,563 casks of sugar, 70,875 barrels and



[West India Dock.]

433,648 bags of coffee, 35,158 pipes of rum and Madeira, 14,000 logs of mahogany, and 21,000 tons of logwood, besides other articles. In 1869 the canal which crossed the Isle of Dogs, on the south side of the export dock, was enlarged to 2,650 feet by 450, or to an extent of about twenty-seven acres, at a cost of nearly 500,000*l.* This dock, called the South West India Dock, is capable of accommodating the largest-sized vessels that come to the port of London.

The East India Docks at Blackwall may also be most conveniently reached by the railway. They were at one time under the management of a certain number of the East India Directors; but, since the opening of the trade to India, these docks have been purchased by the West India Dock Company. The import dock has an area of nineteen acres, the export dock of ten acres, and the basin three; and as they were constructed for vessels of the largest size, they have never less than twenty-three feet of water in depth. The shipping which entered the East



[East India Import Dock.]

and West India Docks in 1870 numbered 2,002 ships, with a burthen of 750,000 tons.

Neither the East nor West India Docks were open to strangers without permission being first obtained, but at all the other docks the gates are freely open during the hours of business. The system of exclusion was at one period so rigid,



[East India Export Dock.]

that the crews were discharged on the ship entering the dock. They are now allowed to remain on board, subject, of course, to strict regulations respecting the use of fires. The number of persons employed in each of the docks is very great, and a large proportion of the labourers are taken on only by the day. The other classes employed comprise revenue officers, for whom small offices are fitted up, clerks, warehousemen, engineers, coopers, and various others. At the entrance of the St. Katherine's and the London Docks are "stands" of carts and waggons waiting to be employed by whoever has merchandise to be removed from the warehouses.

The advantage of bonded goods being warehoused at a convenient distance for the wholesale dealers is so important, that cargoes which have been discharged in the docks farthest from the metropolis have been brought up in lighters to those nearest the City. The Blackwall Railway will enable the former to retain some of their advantages, as a few minutes will take a purchaser from the heart of the City. St. Katherine's Docks are about fifteen minutes' walk from the Royal Exchange; the West India Docks are three miles from the Exchange, and the East India Docks three miles and a half. Millwall Dock, which occupies a considerable space in the Isle of Dogs, between Cubitt Town and Millwall Pier, was opened in 1868, and affords dockage on an average to about 2000 ships during the year.

The docks in London which have the privilege of legal quays, and are places of "special security," are capable of receiving in their warehouses and other places for stores about 500,000 tons of merchandise, which are placed in bond under the inspection and care of officers of the revenue, and the duty need not be paid until the goods are taken out for home consumption. These advantages render London a free port, and, without them, its character as a great entrepôt for the produce of the world could not be maintained. The gradual extension of the warehousing system is one of the most important commercial reforms of the



present century. Previous to 1804, that is, before there were any docks, the duties on almost every species of merchandise were paid when imported, a drawback to the amount being allowed on re-exportation. Besides raising prices, this system encouraged frauds on the revenue, by which fortunes were dishonestly realised. On the opening of the West India Docks the produce of the West Indies was admitted at those docks without the payment of duty being required at the time; and, when the London Docks were opened, rice, tobacco, wine, and spirits were admitted there also on the same terms. Until the out-ports obtained warehouses of equal security, London enjoyed advantages which have since been partially extended to all the ports of any consideration.

Before passing to the other side of the river, we must notice the R<sup>egent's</sup> Canal Dock, between Shadwell and Limehouse; and, though it is a place for bonding timber and deals only, it affords great accommodation to the trade of the port by withdrawing shipping from the river.

The docks on the southern banks of the Thames are the Grand Surrey Canal Dock at Rotherhithe, about two miles below London Bridge. With this dock are incorporated the Commercial Docks and Timber Ponds, and also the East Country Dock. At the two latter docks timber, corn, hemp, flax, tallow, and other articles, which pay a small duty and are of a bulky nature, remain in bond, and the surrounding warehouses are chiefly used as granaries, the timber remaining afloat in the dock until it is conveyed to the yards of the wholesale dealer and the builder. The Surrey Dock, like the R<sup>egent's</sup> Dock, is merely an entrance basin to a canal, and can accommodate 300 vessels: the warehouses, chiefly granaries, will not contain more than 4000 tons of goods. The Commercial Docks, a little lower down the river, occupy an area of about forty-nine acres, of which four-fifths are water; and there is accommodation for 350 ships, and in the warehouses for 50,000 tons of merchandise. They were used originally for the shipping employed in the Greenland fishery, and provided with the necessary apparatus for boiling blubber; but, the whale fishery being given up, the docks were, about the year 1807, appropriated to vessels engaged in the European timber and corn trades, and ranges of granaries were built. The East Country Dock, which adjoins the Commercial Docks on the south, is capable of receiving twenty-eight timber ships, and was constructed about the same period for like purposes. It has an area of six acres and a half, and warehouse-room for 3700 tons.

For the removal of goods and merchandise warehoused in the various docks, "warrants" are necessary. These are granted by the proper officer at the docks, on application of the importer, in favour of any one whom the latter shall name; and unless the rules laid down with respect to dock warrants are fully complied with, goods will not be delivered from the dock.

Before concluding this paper, it may be as well to mention that formerly great objection was raised to the accommodation of steam vessels in the docks, in consequence of the risk from fire.

From near the Tower to Blackwall, a distance of about four miles, the Middlesex side of the river is almost entirely occupied by Docks; whilst the mass of shipping, the many-storied warehouses, and the heaps of merchandise from every region of the globe, justify the claim of London to be called "the great emporium of nations, the metropolis of the most intelligent and wealthy empire that the sun

ever shone upon, and of which the boast is, as of Spain of old, that upon its dominions the sun never sets." The number of hands employed in the Docks varies according to the demand, whether brisk or slack, but may be safely put down at from five to six thousand. The scene presented early in the morning before the Dock-gates, when the men are clustering around to obtain a day's work, is one of the "sights" of London. "Here," as Horace Mayhew tells us, "may be seen congregated swarms of men, of all grades, looks, and kinds. There are decayed and bankrupt master-butchers, master-bakers, publicans, grocers, old soldiers, old sailors, Polish refugees, broken-down gentlemen, discharged lawyers' clerks, suspended Government clerks, almsmen, pensioners, servants, thieves,—indeed, every one who wants a loaf and is willing to work for it." We may be pardoned for closing this chapter by quoting Cowper's lines—

"Where has commerce such a mart,  
So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied,  
As London,—opulent, enlarged, and still-  
Increasing London?"





[Westminster Bridge, 1842.]

## LVI.—WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

THE metropolitan world of the present and the latter half of the last century seems to have been seized with a very sudden and sweeping determination to get rid of a variety of circumstances which however annoying or mischievous in themselves, had been borne most patiently by our forefathers from time immemorial. It is truly surprising to walk through the principal thoroughfares of London and mark how entirely everything in the shape of street magnificence, street cleanliness, or street comfort that meets the eye, belongs to the existing or the preceding generation. Let accident or necessity take us where innovation has not yet appeared,—to any of those spots or districts, growing smaller and fewer every day, which yet preserve for our instruction a few glimpses of the overhanging houses, the alley-like streets, the din, the danger, and the filth surrounding the whole like another atmosphere, which so recently characterised London generally,—and it seems difficult to understand how senses of vision, hearing, or smell, constituted like our own, could have ever regarded such nuisances with complacency. It may be supposed that only the poorer and less prominent neighbourhoods or thoroughfares were of this kind: so far, however, was this from being the case, that the highway to, and precincts of, the chief courts of justice, of the houses of legislature, and of the great Abbey, the foremost objects of attention to all foreign visitors, the constant places of resort of all the most distinguished Englishmen, were but a century ago in a condition

which we should say St. Giles's or Bethnal Green now but faintly emulates. Our evidence will satisfy the most incredulous. On the 27th of January, 1741, Lord Tyrconnel, in moving "for leave to bring in a bill for the better paving and cleansing the streets within the city of Westminster and the liberties thereof, and for preventing nuisances therein," said, "It is impossible, Sir, to come to this assembly, or to return from it, without observations on the present condition of the streets of Westminster—observations forced on every man, however inattentive, or however engrossed by reflections of a different kind. . . . The filth, Sir, of some parts of the town, and the inequality and ruggedness of others, cannot but in the eyes of foreigners disgrace our nation and incline them to imagine us a people not only without delicacy but without government—a herd of barbarians or a colony of Hottentots." From other notices also we learn that the Houses of Parliament were obliged, from session to session, to publish an order for the keeping clear the way for the members;\* and that when the Monarch came by land to visit them it was necessary to throw fagots into the ruts to enable the unwieldy vehicle of state to pass along with moderate ease. Who that now passes from Charing Cross into Westminster would suspect he was traversing the very localities which Lord Tyrconnel had in view in his description? And the reformation of the evils more particularly referred to by the noble lord, connected with the surface of the ground, is but a type of the greater changes that have here been wrought. Let us imagine ourselves following some foreign visitor from the City to Westminster a century ago. As soon as he turned the corner at Charing Cross he entered a narrow street occupying the right side only of the space now forming Whitehall and Parliament Street, and which, nowhere very broad, measured in some parts scarce eighteen feet. Continuing his route between the walls of Whitehall on the left and the Park on the right, near the Horse Guards he stopped to admire the stately proportions of the Banqueting House, almost the only part of the famous Palace which the fire of 1697 had left entire; or to take a last look of Holbein's beautiful gate, which he would hear was likely before long to be removed—the one *loss* among all the buildings and places to be swept away. Thinking of this gate, he would care little for the absence of the other, also belonging to Whitehall, which had stood but a few years before at the corner of King Street and Downing Street, and over which Henry VIII. had been accustomed to pass from the chambers of the Palace to regale himself with the pleasures of his tennis-court, his bowling-green, his cock-pit, or his tilt-yard, or merely with a simple walk in the Park. As the stranger passed along King Street (which in one part presents to this day the same aspect as of old) he had reason to be thankful if he got safely through without injury to person or apparel from the confused throng of pedestrians, horsemen, carts, and coaches jammed together in that narrow space; still more fortunate was he if some occasion of public ceremony, such as the King going to open parliament, had not drawn him thither. It makes one's sides ache to think of being borne along with such a procession through such a place. Forgetting for a moment the disagreeables of the way and the astonishment they bred in him, he would find the neighbourhood an interesting one. Near the end of King Street (which then extended to some little distance on the other side of the

\* This form is, indeed, still retained,



present Great George Street, which was not yet in existence) he beheld the place rejoicing in the name of Thieving Lane, through which felons had been formerly conducted (somewhat circuitously, in order to avoid touching the Sanctuary of the Abbey, where they must have been freed) to the Gate-house or Prison of the Abbot of Westminster, standing just by the beginning of Tothill Street; and close by was the famous Sanctuary itself, occupying the space where now stands the Sessions House. From King Street the road to the Abbey and the houses of Parliament diverged to the left towards the Thames; but then, again turning to the right, passed between New Palace Yard and the old decaying houses which stood on that pleasant green sward we now see opposite the former, with the statue of Canning conspicuous in front. This part was called St. Margaret's Lane; and a lane truly it was, hemmed in closely by the old "Fish-yard" and by parts of the ancient Palace of Westminster, where, among other curiosities about shortly to disappear, our visitor would see two old prisons of the regal habitation, known respectively as Heaven and Purgatory, in the last of which "was preserved the ducking-stool which was employed by the burgesses of Westminster for the punishment of scolds. The lady," he would be informed, if he was curious in such matters, "was strapped within a chair fastened by an iron pin or pivot, at one end of a long pole, suspended on its middle by a lofty trestle, which, having been previously placed on the shore of the river, allowed the body of the culprit to be plunged 'hissing hot into the Thames.' When the fervour of her passion was supposed to have subsided by a few admonitory duckings, the lever was balanced by pulling a cord at the other end, and the dripping Xantippe was exposed to the ridicule of her neighbours."\* The different buildings we have mentioned rendered St. Margaret's Lane so narrow that it has been thought worthy of note that palisades became absolutely necessary between the footpath and the roadway for the safety of passengers. And when—strange contrast of magnificence and meanness!—the royal vehicle with its eight gorgeously caparisoned horses floundered along this miserable road, it had, after setting down the king at the entrance to the House of Lords, to drive into the court-yard of Lindsey or Abingdon House, then standing at the west corner of Dirty Lane (now Abingdon Street), in order to be able to turn. Wherever the visiter looked it was the same. The beautiful architecture of Henry VII.'s Chapel required an effort in order to get to see it; and Westminster Hall was in a still worse condition, some of the niches of the lower part of its front being hidden behind public-houses† and coffee-houses, which were propped up by it, and which but for its support would have spared all trouble of taking down. The gate of the Woolstaple opposite the Hall, the last remains of the establishment to which old Westminster owed so much, he would be too late to see, as it had lately (in 1741) been removed—and noticeable was the occasion of that removal. The last relic of the old monopolising principles of business, which confined certain advantages to certain places, was displaced to make room for a structure which, long desired, was at last only achieved by a triumph over similar principles, and which was to open to Westminster a new career of im-

\* Smith's 'Antiquities of Westminster,' vol. i. p. 262.

† The two public-houses which concealed some portion of the Hall were only removed in the beginning of the present century, when the fragments of eight figures, in niches of exquisite workmanship, were discovered.

provement, not less important and much more brilliant than even the Staple had done, which originally raised Westminster from a village to a town : in a word, our stranger, stepping from the Palace Yard into a narrow lane leading to the water (the site of which now forms one side of Bridge Street), beheld the work in progress which was the immediate cause of all the changes that rumour said were about to be made in the route through which he had passed—he beheld the rising but unfinished piers and arches of the **BRIDGE**.

The change wrought on the other side of the Thames has been still more extensive, though none of the interest attached to the removal of ancient and well-known buildings belongs to it. In lieu of the present Westminster Road, and the streets ramifying from it in all directions, gardens extended nearly the whole way to Kennington Common. It will be seen from what we have stated that the present approaches of the Bridge formed no part of the ancient route used by travellers in crossing from the Middlesex to the Surrey shore at this part of the Thames.

Where the suspension bridge now spans the river between Lambeth and Millbank, passengers formerly crossed by a wherry from the stairs near the gateway of Lambeth Palace, and were landed on a shelving slope directly opposite the end of Market Street, and a little southward of the church of St. John the Evangelist. At the top of the slope stood a little wooden house ; that was the old ferry-house, and the place was that of the old horse-ferry. Directly opposite, some hundred yards or so from Lambeth Palace, is an opening to an obscure street, still known as Ferry Street ; and one, if not both, of the houses, which then formed considerable inns, still stand there, where travellers were accustomed to wait for the return of the boat, or for better weather than prevailed at the moment of their arrival, or to stay all night and sleep there if the day were far spent and themselves somewhat timid. How primitive all this seems ! One can hardly be satisfied that we are really speaking of the Thames at Westminster, and a time so little removed. The horse-ferry, it appears, belonged to the Archbishop of Canterbury from time immemorial, by whom it was leased at a rent of 20*l*. at the time of its suppression on the opening of the Bridge. Both the archbishop and the lessee received compensation.

We have incidentally referred to the opposition long shown to the project of a better mode of transit over the river, one more in accordance with the skill and enterprise and capital of the eighteenth century, as well as with the demands of industry, trade, and commerce. The obstinacy of the principles which actuated the opposers may be judged from the long duration of the contest which our local reformers had had to maintain. Their first movements took place so early as the reign of Elizabeth, and were followed up during almost every succeeding reign, and particularly during the periods of James I., the two Charles', and George I., in each of which the matter was brought before Parliament. On one of the latest of these unsuccessful attempts the petition presented to the House was met by a counter-petition from the Londoners, who exhibited great alarm and anxiety on all such occasions, and now remonstrated in language that might imply they felt the very existence of the trade and welfare of London depended on keeping Westminster without a bridge for ever. The Company of Watermen also warmly opposed the project, saying it would be highly preju-



dicial to its members, by greatly lessening, if not totally destroying, several ferries between Vauxhall and the Temple, which they had power to work on Sunday, and which produced a very considerable sum yearly, for the benefit of poor, aged, decayed, and maimed watermen and their widows. This opposition was somewhat more rational, and was rationally set aside by compensation. It excites a smile to read of some of the other enemies of the proposed Bridge: side by side with the petitions of the City of London, the Borough of Southwark, and the Watermen's Company, was the petition of the *West Country Bargemen*. On the third reading of the Bill in the House of Commons the petitions from all these parties came pouring in together, and the similarity of their language shows that their unanimity was indeed wonderful. It "will be a great prejudice to the navigation of the river of Thames, so as to render it dangerous, if not impracticable," says the City; it "will tend to obstruct the navigation of the river Thames," says the Company of Watermen; it "will greatly obstruct the navigation of the said river," say the lightermen and bargemen: but these last had an additional horror in store. It "will," they add gravely, "endanger the *lives of the petitioners* and the *loss of goods or merchandise* by them carried." "How, in the name of common sense?" might have been well asked; but the thing was too farcical to be worthy of any serious notice. Assured, however, of compensation, as all the parties were who had the slightest right to it, before the Bill was passed, there seems to have been an intense bitterness of feeling excited; and if we may judge from a clause in the Act, some danger was apprehended that, in the failure of all fair means, foul would be resorted to. The clause in question provides that persons wilfully destroying or damaging the said bridge should suffer *death*. The Act passed, after counsel had been heard for and against the measure, on the 31st of March, 1736, by a vote of 117 to 12. It was odd enough that, whilst the first debate was going on, the Thames, as if anxious to know what was determined in a matter so nearly affecting its interests, came up almost to the very doors of the Parliament House, and left the lawyers in Westminster Hall a foot deep of water to wade through. The site chosen for the Bridge, after much consideration, was from the Woolstaple or thereabouts, in the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, to the opposite shore in Lambeth. The erasure of the last vestige of the once celebrated market for wool, to which, generally in common with a few other places, all staple commodities were obliged to be brought and weighed for the payment of the customs, now followed, and demands a few words of notice.

"It seemeth," says Stow, speaking of matters as they remained to his day, "that the merchants of the staple be the most ancient merchants of this realm, and that all commodities of the realm are staple merchandises by law and charter, as wool, leather, wool-fels, lead, tin, cloth," &c. So early as the time of Edward I. the staple was held at Westminster, and princely were the merchants who belonged to it. The church of St. Margaret, first erected by the Confessor, to prevent a too great concourse of people to his new and beautiful abbey, was almost entirely rebuilt by them in the reign just mentioned: a noticeable circumstance, because they could hardly have been permanent inhabitants of the parish; with every change of the locality or localities of the staple—and such changes were continually taking place—they must have shifted too. Thus

during the reign of the third Edward, in one year the staple of wool was appointed to be at Canterbury only, for the honour of Thomas à Becket; and yet but two years later the woolstaple of Bruges, on the continent, was removed to several places in England, among which Westminster was again chosen. The general reason of these changes, with trifling differences as to the individual case, is pointed out by Stow in connexion with this last-mentioned occurrence. It was done, he says, "to the great benefit of the King, and loss unto strangers and merchants." The staple at that time, he adds, began on the next morrow after the feast of *St. Peter ad Vincula*. It is positively ludicrous to follow the Kings of that period through the turnings and windings of their policy with respect to the staple, seeing

"As from a tower the end of all,"

the addition of a few extra thousands into the royal pocket. In the thirty-seventh of Edward III. the staple of wool was again removed from England to the continent, Calais being now the favoured place. Six-and-twenty of our best and wealthiest merchants were appointed the farmers; and the record of this incident gives an additional illustration of the rank and consequence of this class in the fourteenth century. Every merchant had a train of six men at arms and four archers, and all at the King's cost. Into the subsequent shiftings to and fro it were useless to enter; we therefore conclude our notices of the woolstaple by observing that, at the time of Henry VI., there were six wool-houses at Westminster, which were granted by that King to the Abbey; that the boundaries of the staple extended from Temple Bar to Tothill, within which the court of the staple alone had jurisdiction, consisting of a mayor and two constables (chosen by the merchants), associated with two alien merchants, and six



[Westminster, about 1660.]

others, alien and native, to act as mediators; and, lastly, that the staple fell into disuse, like its fellows in other places, as commerce increased, and became in-



formed by better principles. We may now pursue without interruption the history of the erection of the structure that forms our subject.

The mode of raising the money required was by lottery, that ever-ready resource of the last century, when new works had to be built, or old ones that had failed in their object to be paid for, and which statesmen did not hesitate, as in the present instance, to adopt as the readiest mode of obtaining finances for extraordinary occasions. The act authorised the raising of 625,000*l.*; from which the prizes having been paid, the residue, calculated at 100,000*l.*, was for the new work. In casually turning over the pages of the Act, after a glance at the title, one would suppose some curious mistake had been committed, so much is there about the lottery, and so little about the Bridge. Page after page is filled with minute details, describing who are to be the managers of the lottery, the form of the oath to be taken, the number and form of the tickets, including those distinguished as “the fortunate,” the rolling, the cutting, the drawing, &c. The next year it became necessary to pass a new Act, continuing the lottery; for only 43,000*l.* had been raised in the time allotted: the sum was then raised from 625,000*l.* to 700,000*l.* The tickets were fixed at 10*l.* each, but those who took a certain number had a reduction made. In connexion with lotteries and the Bridge may be mentioned a curious incident, which gives a somewhat amusing glimpse of the legislation of the last century. On the 2nd of March, 1735, whilst the bill for the Bridge was in progress, one Henry Jernegan, goldsmith, petitioned the House, stating that he had made a silver cistern, that had been acknowledged by all persons of skill, who had seen the same, to excel whatever of the kind had been attempted in this kingdom; that, after an expense of several thousand pounds on the workmanship alone, exclusive of the weight in silver, and after great hazards in the furnace, and four years of application to the raising and adorning the model, the cistern now remained on his hands. Our readers may wonder what this had to do with the building of Westminster Bridge, as we did ourselves in reading the passage referring to it in the journals of the House of Commons. But the House, it appears, not only thought the proposed connexion was in due course of propriety, but actually voted an instruction to the committee on the bill to make provision in it for the petitioner—by directing, we presume, the disposal of the cistern by lottery. Whilst the managers of the Bridge lottery were about their magnificent scheme, it was thought, it seems, they might very well undertake the Little-Go of Henry Jernegan, goldsmith. The second lottery had better fortune than its predecessor, and funds poured into the hands of the Bridge Commissioners. This body consisted of two hundred peers and members of the House of Commons, to whom was intrusted the direction of affairs, “and who,” says Labeleye, the architect of the Bridge (writing at the period of its erection); “notwithstanding their great trouble, care, and wearisome attendance in the discharge of the several important trusts reposed in them by the Legislature, have absolutely no kind of salaries, perquisites, fees, rewards, or consideration whatsoever, except, as a nobleman among them nobly expresses it, *the honour of doing what was thought impossible.*” Why the erection of a bridge over the Thames should be thought a work of such great difficulty as to be spoken of in these terms, we can now hardly understand; we have grown familiar with this kind of architectural greatness. But when Westminster Bridge

was undertaken England had seen no work of corresponding magnitude performed since the building of Old London Bridge, six centuries before; and that structure, making every allowance for the difference between ancient and modern engineering, was a work, by comparison, as easy to build, as it was awkward and dangerous when accomplished. Having referred to the architect of the Bridge, we may here say a few words on him and his publication. He was by birth a Swiss, who appears to have been patronised, if he was not brought over to England, by the Earl of Pembroke, the chief of the acting commissioners, but who became a naturalised subject of England, and proud of his adopted land. He was a man highly esteemed, it is said, for his honour and probity. On the completion of the Bridge he retired to spend his latter days in the more congenial atmosphere of France, where, it has been stated, he would not engage in any work that he thought would offend the English, and there he died in 1762. Such is the entire amount of the biography of this able man that we have met with. Neither Horace Walpole nor Mr. Allan Cunningham mention him among their other notices and lives of architects, in their respective works on the subject. But his biography is the Bridge itself; and no man need desire to have a more honourable or permanent record. Of all the particulars respecting the erection of this great work Labeledye has left us a full and interesting account in a publication prepared by him at the desire of the commissioners. We shall borrow pretty largely from its pages, not only because they are so evidently the proper materials, but also on account of the strange and not very creditable neglect with which it has been treated by those who have since written on the edifice; and the consequence has been, the perpetuation of the most absurd mistakes, and the continual repetition of the same errors from one writer to another. The author of the account in the edition of Maitland's 'History,' published in 1756, was perhaps excusable; he may have written before Labeledye's publication appeared (in 1751). But others since then have gone on copying that account, or, if they did depart from it, it was to add new errors of their own. For instance, in the history we read, "all the piers are laid at a considerable depth under the bed of the river, in a hard bed of gravel, which *never requires piling*;" and in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1738, under the date of September 13, that the *first pile* was driven by a newly-invented machine in the presence of a vast crowd of spectators; whilst Pennant, by a stroke of the pen, reduces the arches from fifteen to fourteen.

On looking at the spot chosen, Labeledye found the width of the river to be about 1220 feet, or 300 feet wider than London Bridge. The line across the water was almost due east and west. As to the water, Labeledye saw that he could so place his bridge as to allow the stream of the tide both at ebb and flood to pass straight through the arches, except during the first quarter of the flood, when the stream runs from Whitehall to Lambeth, and a period when of course large and heavily-laden boats would avoid passing through. He then examined the ground by repeated borings, which satisfied him of the existence of a bed of gravel quite across the Thames, and which was generally so hard, "and, as it were, petrified," that the boring-drills would not penetrate far into it, and the ballast-men found it difficult to dig when they prepared the foundation of the piers. Most people are aware that the general mode of erecting piers of bridges



is by the cofferdam, a kind of wall of wood formed of piles separately driven in, enclosing the space required, from which the water may then be drawn; but Labelye's method was different, and in England, we believe, at the time, new. He proposed to the commissioners that the foundation of every pier should be laid on a strong grating of timber planked underneath; that this grating of timber should be made the bottom of a vessel, such as is called *caisson* by the French; that the sides of this caisson should be so contrived as to be taken away after the pier should be finished; that the bed of the river should be dug to a sufficient depth and made level, in order to lay thereon the bottom of the caisson; that wherever the ground under the excavation or pit should prove good, there would be no necessity for piling it; but that, in case the ground under the foundation-pit should not prove of a sufficient consistence, it should be piled all over as closely as necessary; the heads of these piles then to be sawn level, close to the bottom of the pit, and on their tops the grating and foundation of the pier should be laid as is usual in such cases. And this description accurately explains the method followed. The caissons used by Labelye were the largest ever known, containing each one hundred and fifty loads of fir timber. The piers also he proposed should be built in an uncommon manner. Instead of an outward shell of hard stones, filled in the inside with rubble or brick-work, he determined to build them quite solid, and of large blocks of Portland stone. The first stone of the first pier was laid by the Earl of Pembroke, January, 1739, and whilst the latter was in progress many were the predictions of failure; but Labelye heeded them not, satisfied with his own conviction of success, and the knowledge that with the greater part of his opponents their wish with regard to the work was the father to their thought. Still they tried his temper, if they could not shake his confidence, and some of the principal personages appear to have had the ear of the commissioners; and, indeed, among the commissioners themselves there were some who caused the architect great trouble and anxiety. We need not wonder, therefore, at the tone of gratification in which he records the completion of different parts of his work, showing as they did from time to time the success that awaited the whole. It was on the 23rd of April, he tells us, "the festival of St. George, the first pier was entirely completed, having been executed with all the success that could be desired, without loss either of life or limb, and attended with a much less expense than would have attended any other method of building the piers; to the great mortification of many evil-minded persons, especially some disappointed projectors and artificers, who, without knowing what was really intended to be done, or being capable of putting it in execution, roundly asserted everywhere that this method of building was entirely impracticable, or at least would prove so expensive, that the charge of laying the foundation of one single pier would amount to more than the whole amount of the superstructure!" In excavating the foundation for the second pier a copper medal was found, about the size of a halfpenny, in tolerable preservation, having the head of the Emperor Domitian on one side, and a woman with a pair of scales and a cornucopia on the other. Labelye, mentioning the occurrence, says, "it is easily accounted for, if it be true that there was a ferry about this place in the time of the Romans; and there are many things which confirm this opinion." By the time they got to the fourth pier the work proceeded with great celerity, and that part of the bridge was finished in twenty days.

Up to this period the intention of the commissioners was to erect a timber superstructure of very peculiar and ingenious construction, which the curious reader may find engraved in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1750, and which was the design of a Mr. King. But though they thus far gave way to the busy whisperers who said a stone structure would be too expensive, the whole thing too hazardous, and (very likely) the architect too unfit, they allowed Labeledye, as we have seen, to commence in his own mode, wisely considering that, if the foundation and the piers were duly cared for, it would be easy at any time to replace the timber of the remaining part with stone. But an accident gave Labeledye the power of carrying out his entire design, and the metropolis a bridge worthy of it. This was the great *frost*, which, commencing on Christmas-day, 1739, continued with extraordinary severity for several weeks. The Thames soon began to be impassable on account of the floating masses of ice, which, gradually becoming fixed, gave a strangely wild and picturesque character to the scene. The river appeared like a far-stretching snowy field, covered with huge icy rocks. People began to pass to and fro, then booths were erected, until the whole became a kind of continued fair, and the printing presses scattered about were busily employed in diffusing records of so novel an occurrence. The frost was as extensive in its sphere of operations as it was severe. In Ireland persons passed across the fresh-water lake Lough Neagh on the ice, a distance of twenty miles. In Poland and Lithuania the very bears and wolves were driven from their hiding-places into the open country, and became a new calamity to the inhabitants. Trees were split, bread and most other eatables had to be thawed by the fire before they could be cut, water still liquid froze in the very act of pouring it from one vessel into another, and stood up in the glass like an icicle; the warm blood stiffened in the veins; persons were found dead on the highways, and some of the poor even in their houses. The damage to the shipping, &c., on the Thames was very great; vessels with valuable ladings sunk, and others, with lighters and boats innumerable, were greatly injured. The works of the bridge were not destined to escape. All the piles then standing, one hundred and forty in number, were torn away from their strong fastenings, and above half of them snapped in two, and other mischief of less importance was done. But the apparent evil was in this case a great good. It set the minds of the commissioners to work to re-consider their purpose. Whilst the frost continued no advance could be made, and, says Labeledye, "during that interruption some commissioners observed at the Board that the goodness of the method made use of in building the piers was then sufficiently tested; that the public in general was highly disgusted at the thoughts of having a wooden bridge," and spoke freely of its disadvantages, among which was the liability of "being carried away or greatly damaged by any future heaps of ice, such as was then on the frozen Thames." The subject of the repairs of a wooden bridge was now agitated, and that soon decided the question. Its contractors declined undertaking to keep it in repair at any fixed price. Before the labourers were able to recommence the work, on the discontinuance of the frost in February, 1740, Labeledye had obtained the sanction of the commissioners to a bridge of stone, with fifteen arches, and abutments, all on what was then esteemed a peculiarly grand scale; the former, for instance, increasing from a span of 52 feet (excluding the small abutment arches) on each side, to one of 76 for the centre arch, and the piers from 12 feet



broad to 17. The entire length of the bridge was to be 1220 feet, its breadth 40.

The same originality of thought and independence of action that excited the fears of the timid, and appeared to justify the doubts and censures of the hostile, in the commencement, with the piers and foundations, were still more strikingly shown when the superstructure began to appear. "In order to give the utmost strength to the arches of the bridge," says Labelye, "I designed their construction very different from the common way of building such arches; for, in order to destroy or counterbalance the thrust or lateral pressure with which all arches (even the semicircular ones) do endeavour to separate or overset their piers, every arch of Westminster Bridge (except the two small ones at the abutments) is double. The first arch is semicircular, built with great blocks of Portland stone, from three to five feet in height or depth; over which there is another arch built with Purbeck stones, bonded in with the under semicircular arch. This upper arch is of a particular figure or curve, four or five times thicker in the reins, or towards the bottom, than at the key or top. Both these arches, taken together, do form a kind of arch which can be demonstrated to be in *equilibrio* in all its parts. By means of these secondary arches, and the proper disposition of the superincumbent materials, every arch of Westminster Bridge is able to stand by itself, independent of the abutments or any other arch. I asserted, above twelve years ago, that arches thus constructed must have that property, as a necessary consequence, from a mathematical proposition as clearly demonstrated as any one proposition in Euclid or Apollonius; and the truth of my assertion has since been put out of all doubt, for when, by the settling of the western fifteen-foot pier, in 1747, it became necessary to take down the two adjoining arches, and to rebuild them, all the other arches, even the next to them on each side, stood firm and well (though unsupported on one side); nor were they at all affected by two severe shocks of earthquakes that were felt in London in February and March, 1749, to the great amazement of many, and to the no less confusion and disappointment of not a few malicious or ignorant people, who had confidently asserted, and propagated the notion, that upon unkeying any one of the arches the whole bridge would fall." The "people" here referred to, however, had had a great triumph when the accident Labelye mentions occurred to the western fifteen-foot pier. The Bridge was thought to be almost finished in 1747, and preparations were making for the opening, when suddenly the pier in question began to sink, and it became necessary to take down one of the arches. In a spirit of bitter indignation Labelye records the annoyance this unfortunate and, to him as well as other persons, incomprehensible circumstance caused him. "Notwithstanding most of the considerable bridges of which we have any account have, in the course of their building, met with some accident like this, it is certain that never was an accident so much taken notice of. It was very sincerely deplored by all those who had any good nature or public spirit, and as heartily rejoiced at by those of a contrary disposition, such as the watermen, ferrymen, and a great many others: nay, by some who were fed and maintained by the commissioners with much better bread than they ever deserved or ever could earn." The arch being removed, heavy weights were laid on the pier, consisting of some 700\*

\* All the accounts we have seen but Labelye's own give the weight as 12,000 tons, which he himself refers to as a mistake of the "daily newspapers and mouthy magazines,"

tons of stone in blocks, and iron cannon condemned as unserviceable; and Labelye was going on to add 1400 tons more when he was stopped by the commissioners, who were frightened by the representations of a "wicked cabal bent upon mischief for mischief's sake." These persons must have been hard pushed for arguments before they could have talked in the following ludicrous style.— They told the commissioners that the further loading might not only be dangerous to the adjoining arches, but crush the centres and make them fall into the river, and even draw after them *a considerable part of his Majesty's ordnance*. These men must have been born diplomatists. Was ever so magnificent a phrase made out of such small materials! This was the only instance in which the commissioners prevented Labelye from following his own designs. After some delay the affair was settled by a sort of compromise, Labelye adopting another plan for the repair.

Previous to the building of the new bridge in 1860, the old one had at various dates undergone extensive reparations, which time and other causes had rendered necessary. About thirty years ago, it was considered desirable to strengthen the foundations of the pier undermined by the flow of the Thames since the removal of Old London Bridge; to lower the roadway in the centre and raise the approaches, and also to widen the bridge. In making these alterations much interest was excited among professional men by the knowledge that the cause of the sinking of the pier in 1747 would now most probably be discovered, and they were not disappointed. "On the removal of the ground within the sheet piling the projecting part of the timber bottom of the caisson was found to be broken and separated from that part underneath the pier: this had arisen from the space intended for the caisson not having been dredged sufficiently large to receive it, so that it was resting on the slope of the excavation, the centre part being hollow, until the weight of the masonry broke away the sides and allowed the pier to settle on the loose sand and gravel which had run in; the level of the blue clay being nearer the surface at this pier than the adjoining one, the excavation was principally in that material, and its intense stiffness will account for the dislocation that took place in the timber-work."\* Such was the cause of the accident which gave Labelye so much annoyance and postponed the opening of the Bridge for three years. It was observed that the caissons were found in so perfect a state, that the fir retained even its resinous smell.

The semi-octagonal turrets must not be passed without a few words. Labelye says they were not only built for their evident accommodation to passengers desiring or obliged to stop without interfering with the roadway, or for the relief they afford to the eye in breaking so long a line, but for the additional security they gave to the bridge, by strengthening the parts between the arches, and thereby offering so much more weight to repel the lateral pressure. He calls the common idea, that the more an arch is loaded the stronger it will be, a vulgar error. Presuming that the architect ought to be a fair judge of his own intentions, we may with confidence repel the satire of the French wit or traveller referred to by Pennant, M. Grosley, who, in his 'Tour to London,' assures us that the cause of their erection was to prevent the suicide to which the English have so strong a propensity, particularly in the gloomy month of November; for, had they been low, he thoughtfully observes, how few could resist the charming

\* Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal, May, 1841.



opportunity of springing over ! whereas, the difficulty of climbing up those heights was so great that the poor hypochondriac had time to cool, and, desisting from his purpose, think proper to give his days their full length, and end them like a good Christian in his peaceful bed. Maitland mentions a more serious purpose to which these recesses might have been put, and one that gives us a pregnant illustration of the social state of the neighbourhood in the last century. He says they might have “served for places of ambush for robbers and cut-throats,” but for the establishment of a guard of twelve watchmen specially appointed for the security of the passage during the night. “We walk the public streets with so much danger in these hours,” he continues, “that this provision was extremely necessary.”

Altogether, Westminster at this time was certainly no pleasant neighbourhood to live in, where you could not move in the day without the danger of stumbling in some deep rut, or of having some carriage wheel rubbing off its superabundant mud on your clothes as it passed you ; whilst at night there were the additional comforts of unlighted ways and lurking robbers ; and, night and day, intolerable stenches stealing across your path, in every possible variety, each suggestive of its own agreeable origin. How much do we not owe to the Bridge ! But for that structure there is no saying how much longer Westminster would have remained lagging behind its neighbour city in the path of improvement. The writer of the account of Middlesex, in the ‘*Beauties of England and Wales*,’ says—“So just are the proportions, and so complete and uniform the symmetry, that, if a person whispers against the wall of the alcove on one side of the way, he may be plainly heard on the opposite side.”\* These recesses, we may add, were removed from the bridge many years ago, and some of them now serve as sheltered resting-places in Victoria Park.

The bridge was finally completed in November, 1750, having been erected, as Labelye informs us, without turning of the whole or any part of the river, without stopping, or even hindering, the free navigation one single moment, and without having any sensible fall under its arches. Great was the triumph of friends, melancholy the disappointment of enemies. By the former it was emphatically designated as the noblest bridge in the world, and the public voice ratified the judgment. A day of public rejoicing, on the occasion of the opening, was named by the commissioners, which, by an odd piece of neglect, was discovered, when too late, to fall on a Sunday. They then determined to commence at twelve o’clock on the Saturday night, and hurry the thing over, so as to avoid scandal. Accordingly on the 17th of November, or rather the 18th, just after midnight, a procession was formed of gentlemen of Westminster, Labelye and his chief assistants, and a large concourse of spectators, who enjoyed the novelty of such a torchlight ceremonial. These were preceded by kettle-drums and trumpets. Guns also fired from time to time. All the next day the Bridge was like a fair. The cost of the whole edifice, including the “several conveniences requisite thereto,” was, according to Maitland’s work, 389,500*l.*, which was raised from no less than twelve lotteries ; but Labelye gives the entire cost, on what he believed to be good information, for all the materials delivered, work done, and labour of all sorts in and about Westminster Bridge, at 218,000*l.* only. The difference is

\* *Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. x., part 4, page 529.

probably to be accounted for by the circumstance that the same commissioners had the care reposed in them, by successive Acts of Parliament, of all the great improvements we have pointed out as following the erection of the Bridge, and some portion of their expenses may be included in Maitland's estimate. One of the most interesting features of Labelye's pamphlet is the variety of curious illustrations he gives of its size, and the quantity of materials used, &c. He does this evidently with all the gusto of an artist—retiring first in this direction, then in that, from the painting on his easel, in order that he may enjoy his favourite picture in all lights. As the result of his inquiries, he tells us that above 50,000*l.* worth of stone and other materials were always under the ground, or concealed by the water; that each of the five arches was wider than the largest hall in Europe—that of Westminster adjoining, of which he gives a careful admeasurement; that the quantity of stone in the middle arch only, above the piers, and exclusive of all its ornaments, was full 500 tons more than was used in the Banqueting House, Whitehall; and, lastly, that the whole Bridge contained nearly double the quantity of stone materials to those employed in the erection of St. Paul's. Even these notices add to our comprehension of the high character of the structure, which a subsequent writer in a scientific publication says was "unquestionably the greatest and most difficult work that had ever been attempted in this country."

We have purposely left our mention of the abutments of the Bridge to the conclusion of our paper. These were certainly noble and stately works, and Labelye knew it, and was proud of them, and took pains to enumerate their several advantages; but we here transcribe the passage only for the sake of one remark, at its conclusion, which shows how earnestly he had thought about a subject which long remained a standing reproach to the metropolis—the state of the Thames banks, made only the more glaring by the glorious works that connect them. Of the abutments Labelye says, "The stairs and causeway are properly placed for the conveniency of water-passengers; and the loading and landing of goods will be at all times out of the indraught of the arches, besides leaving convenient room for boats, and for the watermen to ply for fares, without embarrassing the streets leading to and from the Bridge. Lastly, these abutments may in time lead the way to the making of most useful and beautiful quays along the river, between high and low water mark, than which nothing can more contribute to the trade and ornament of the city and liberty of Westminster, and to the preservation and improvement of the navigation of the river, which would thereby have always sufficient stream to clear its bed from sand, mud, and shoals; and would always retain water enough for working and navigating of boats, and other crafts and vessels, and for the loading and unloading them at all times with ease." We have here in brief the essence of all the reports and pamphlets that have been since issuing from time to time on this fruitful subject; and, considering how few there must have been who then shared in such comprehensive views, it is a valuable illustration of the architect's mind.

About the year 1855 it was finally settled that old Westminster Bridge—which had become almost unsafe for the traffic over it—should be replaced by a new one, of architecture more in keeping with the adjacent Houses of Parliament. The work was accordingly commenced, and the first half thrown open to the public in 1860. The new bridge, built from the designs of Mr. Page, is constructed chiefly



of iron, resting on granite piers, and the Gothic ornamentation of the parapet and other portions is at once light and graceful : indeed, it is considered not only the handsomest and widest structure of the kind hitherto erected, but the cheapest and the most scientifically designed. It consists of seven elliptical arches, which, in combination, give a total span of 748 feet. The span of the centre arch is 120 feet ; of the others, two are 115 feet, two 104 feet 6 inches, and the outer two 94 feet 9 inches. The piers are 100 feet by 10 feet, and the width of the bridge is 83 feet, allowing 53 feet for carriage-ways, and 15 feet on each side for footways ; the roadway is divided into going and coming roads, and has tramways or grooves for the wheels of heavy vehicles.

The magnificence which surrounds Westminster Bridge stands unrivalled by any other spot in London. Here, on one side, are the hoary walls of Lambeth Palace, and handsome red-brick blocks of buildings forming St. Thomas's Hospital ; there the Houses of Parliament, with the venerable Abbey beyond. Westward appear the light and graceful bridges of Lambeth and Vauxhall ; and eastward the elegant and substantial bridges of Charing Cross and Waterloo, the innumerable church spires of the City and the lofty dome of St. Paul's Cathedral forming an admirable background. What Labeyle appears to have so much desired to give the completing touch to the picture as seen from *this* bridge, namely, the embankment of the river, has at last been accomplished, and by this means commercial utility and artistic ornament has at length been added.

It is curious to read now a report which appeared about thirty years ago from the pen of Mr. Walker, the President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, describing in detail the particulars of the improvements in this direction which were at that time projected. Mr. Walker says :—

“ As regards the embanking of the river, it might be sufficient to say that the recommended line does not interfere to prevent the formation of any of the terrace or road schemes, which is the case ; but, as our attention has been drawn to the road improvements upon the banks of the river above Vauxhall Bridge, it would be improper not to refer to this as a result of the projected embankments, which Mr. Cubitt will probably be the first to carry into effect on an enlarged scale, upon the estates of the Crown and the Marquis of Westminster. So far as we have been able to judge from the opinions of those most largely interested, there appears a probability that a carriage-way will be formed along the bank of the river from Chelsea nearly to the new Houses of Parliament. The east side of Millbank is the first interruption. If upon the site of the worst part of Westminster, the property of the Dean and Chapter, or upon the vacant Crown land round the Penitentiary, a basin or dock was formed, with an entrance near the horse-ferry, for the trade of the present Millbank Street Wharf, the houses in that street, which are of value chiefly as connected with the wharfs, might be taken down, and the site of them, with the embanked ground of the river, applied to form a terrace attached to the Houses of Parliament. The view of the river from the drive would be uninterrupted from Chelsea until reaching the Houses of Parliament, when the road would necessarily leave the water-side for Palace Yard, Parliament Street, and Whitehall. It might then turn down Whitehall Place or Scotland Yard, whence it could be carried upon arches springing from piers in the new embanked ground, down to Blackfriars Bridge, and thence by a

direct street to St. Paul's and the Royal Exchange, or might fall into some of the new and improved streets in progress or projected by the City authorities. A splendid communication would thus be formed from Chelsea, or from above it, along the river, into the heart of the City. It may be some time before all this can be accomplished; but it would be easy to show that from Chelsea to Millbank, and from Millbank to Blackfriars, it would not be a very difficult or expensive work, that it would not interrupt the trade of the wharfs between Whitehall and Blackfriars, and that the proposed line of embankment would be in furtherance of this object."

Since the above paragraph was written, all and more than Mr. Walker dared to speak of then has been accomplished. After many years of agitation the great work of embanking the Thames was commenced in 1864, and completed in 1874, under the superintendence, and from the designs, of Sir Joseph William Bazalgette, C.B. The southern section, called the Albert Embankment, extends from Vauxhall to Westminster Bridge, a distance of about 4,300 feet; whilst on the northern side of the river, the embankment is in two divisions, one reaching from Chelsea Hospital to Vauxhall, and the other from Westminster to Blackfriars Bridge. The latter portion, called the Victoria Embankment, was the first completed, and occupies a considerable space of land reclaimed from the Thames, much of which is laid out as a garden for promenading. Below the roadway there is a tunnel used for the Metropolitan District Railway, and beneath that are the sewers in connection with the main drainage works on the northern side of the Thames.



Thames Embankment, from Waterloo Bridge.





[View from the Garden of Strawberry Hill.]

## LVII.—STRAWBERRY HILL.—WALPOLE'S LONDON.

"WHEN I was very young, and in the height of the opposition to my father, my mother wanted a large parcel of bugles; for what use I forget. As they were then out of fashion, she could get none. At last she was told of a quantity in a little shop in an obscure alley in the City. We drove thither; found a great stock; she bought it, and bade the proprietor send it home. He said, 'Whither?' 'To Sir Robert Walpole's.' He asked, coolly, '*Who is Sir Robert Walpole?*'"\*

"*What is Strawberry Hill?*" might be a similar question with many persons, were we not living in a somewhat different age from that of Sir Robert Walpole. But it may be asked, with some propriety, "What has Strawberry Hill to do with London?" The maker of Strawberry Hill—the builder-up of its galleries, and tribunes, and Holbein-chambers—the arranger of its "painted glass and gloom"—the collector of its pictures, and books, and bijouterie, says of himself, "I am writing, I am building—both works that will outlast the memory of battles and heroes! Truly, I believe, the one will as much as t'other. My buildings are paper, like my writings, and both will be blown away in ten years after I am dead: if they had not the substantial use of amusing me while I live, they would be worth little indeed."† Horace Walpole himself prevented the realization of his own prophecy. It was said of him, even during his lifetime, "that he had

\* Horace Walpole to the Miss Berries, March 5, 1791.

† Horace Walpole to Conway, August 3, 1761.

outlived three sets of his own battlements;" but he nevertheless contrived, by tying up his toy-warehouse and its moveables with entails and jointures through several generations, to keep the thing tolerably entire for nearly half a century after he had left that state of being where "moth and dust do corrupt." And though the paper portion of his "works"—his 'Royal and Noble Authors,' his 'Anecdotes of Painting,' his 'Historic Doubts,' &c.—are formed of materials not much more durable than his battlements, he was during a long life scattering about the world an abundance of other paper fragments, that have not only lasted ten, twenty, thirty, forty years after he was dead, but which aftertimes will not willingly let die. It was in Strawberry Hill that the everyday thoughts and experiences for the most part centred that have made the letters of Horace Walpole the best record of the manners of the upper ranks during half a century, when very great social changes were working all around. Strawberry Hill and Horace Walpole are inseparably associated in our minds. The house in Arlington Street, from which he sometimes dates, is, like most other West-end houses, a thing distinguished only by its number; and which has no more abiding associations than the chariot which rolls on from its first drawing-room through the necessary decay of cracked varnish and split pannels, until its steps display the nakedness of their original iron, and the dirty rag that was once a carpet is finally succeeded by the luxury of clean straw once a-week. We cannot conceive Horace Walpole in a house with three windows upon a floor, in a formal row of ugly brick brethren. It is in Strawberry Hill, in the "little parlour hung with a stone-colour Gothic paper, and Jackson's Venetian prints"—or in the "charming closet hung with green paper and water-colour pictures"—or in "the room where we always live, hung with a blue and white paper in stripes, adorned with festoons"—that we fancy him writing to Montagu, Mann, Chute, and Conway, in the days when "we pique ourselves upon nothing but simplicity," and Lady Townshend exclaimed of the house, "It is just such a house as a parson's, where the children lie at the foot of the bed." In a few years the owner had visions of galleries, and round towers, and cloisters, and chapels; and then the house became filled with kingly armour, and rare pictures, and cabinets of miniatures by Oliver and Petitot, and Raffaele china. Then, when Strawberry Hill came to the height of its glory, the owner kept "an inn, the sign the Gothic Castle," and his whole time was passed in giving tickets for seeing it, and hiding himself while it was seen.\* Lastly came the time when the *old* man was laid up for weeks with the gout, and the building and curiosity-buying was at an end; and after the Duchess of York had come to see his house in 1793, when he put a carpet on the step of his gate, and matted his court, and presented chocolate upon a salver, he says, here "will end my connexions with courts, beginning with George the First, great-great-grandfather to the Duchess of York! It sounds as if there could not have been above three generations more before Adam." There never was a place so associated with the memory of one man as Strawberry Hill is with Horace Walpole. There is nothing to confuse us in the recollection. We are not embarrassed with the various branches of the genealogical tree. Horace the first or Horace the second, Horace the great or Horace the little, do not jostle in our memories. Imagination has no great room to play, with a catalogue in hand, and a porter

\* Horace Walpole to Montagu, Sept. 3, 1763



watching that no trinkets are stolen, and a mob of people about us, who “admire a lobster or a cabbage in a market-piece, dispute whether the last room was green or purple, and then hurry to the inn for fear the fish should be over-dressed.”\* Even as the author of ‘The Castle of Otranto’ saw the portrait all in white of Lord Deputy Falkland walk out of its frame in the great gallery at Strawberry Hill, so if Mr. Robins had permitted us to wander about the house in the cold twilight, we should most assuredly have seen a dapper little gentleman in embroidered velvet, who would have told us something new worth communicating to our readers. As it is, we must be content without any revelations from Strawberry Hill. The world ought to be content. It possesses some three thousand closely printed pages of private history, gossiped over and committed to paper in great part within those walls. Strawberry Hill has a wonderful resemblance to “the House of Tidings” of Chaucer; and that house

“Ne half so quaintly was ywrought.”

Like each other—

“Al† was the timber of no strengtin,  
Yet it is founded to endure.”

But the uses of the poetical and prosaic “House of Tidings” were identical.

“And by day in every tide  
Be all the doorés open wide,  
And by night each one is unshut;  
Ne porter is there none to let  
No manner tidings in to pace,‡  
Ne never rest is in that place,  
That it n’ is filled full of tidings,  
Either loud or of whisperings,  
And ever all the house’s angles  
Is full of rownings§ and of jangles,  
Of wars, of peace, of marriages,  
Of rests, of labours, of viages,  
Of abode, of deathé, and of life,  
Of love, of hate, accord, of strife,  
Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,  
Of heal, of sickness, or leasings,||  
Of fair weather and tempestés,  
Of qualm, of folk, and of beastés,  
Of divers transmutations,  
Of estatés and of regions,  
Of trust, of drede,¶ of jealousy,  
Of wit, of winning, of folly,  
Of plenty and of great famine,  
Of cheap, of dearth, and of ruin,  
Of good or of misgovernment,  
Of fire and divers accident.”

Chaucer’s house was for all time, but it has left very few minute records: Strawberry Hill has reference to a fraction of existence; but for half a century it can boast of the most delightful historiographer of the London world of fashion—a noisy, busy, glittering world at all periods, but in Walpole’s pages something more amusing than the respectable monotony of the same world in our better days of prudence and decorum.

\* Horace Walpole to Montagu, March 25, 1761.

† *Al*—although.

‡ *Pace*—paces.

§ *Rownings*—mutterings.

|| *Leasings*—lyings.

¶ *Drede*—doubt.

The letters of Horace Walpole cannot at all be regarded as a picture of society in general. He has no distinct notion whatever of the habits of the middle classes. Society with him is divided into two great sections—the aristocracy and the mob. He was made by his times; and this is one of the remarkable features of his times. With all his sympathy for literature, he has a decided hatred for authors that are out of the pale of fashion. Fielding, Johnson, Sterne, Goldsmith, the greatest names of his day, are with him ridiculous and contemptible. He cannot be regarded therefore as a representative of the literary classes of his times. As the son of a great minister he was petted and flattered till his father fell from his power; he says himself he had then enough of flattery. When he mixed among his equals in the political intrigues of the time, he displayed no talent for business or oratory. His feeble constitution compelled him to seek amusement instead of dissipation; and his great amusement was to look upon the follies of his associates and to laugh at them. He was not at bottom an ill-natured man, or one without feeling. He affected that insensibility which is the exclusive privilege of high life—and long may it continue so. When Lord Mountford shot himself, and another Lord rejoiced that his friend's death would allow him to hire the best cook in England, the selfish indifference was probably more affected than real. Walpole himself takes off his own mask on one occasion. When he heard of Gray's death, in writing to Chute he apologises for the concern he feels, and adds, "I thought that what I had seen of the world had hardened my heart; but I find that it had *formed my language*, not extinguished my tenderness." When he speaks of individuals we may occasionally think that the world had formed his language; he is too often spiteful and malicious: but when he describes a class he is not likely much to exaggerate. The *esprit de corps* would render him somewhat charitable: if he did not "extenuate" he would not set down "in malice," when he was holding up a mirror of himself and of the very people with whom he was corresponding.

In the early part of the last century London saw less of the wealth and splendour of the aristocracy than previous to the Revolution. The great political divisions of the kingdom kept many families away from the Court; and the habits of the first Elector of Hanover who walked into the ownership of St. James's, and of his son and successor, were not very likely to attract the proud and the discontented from the scenes of their own proper greatness. Walpole, writing from Newmarket in 1743, says, "How dismal, how solitary, how scrub does this town look; and yet it has actually a street of houses better than Parma or Modena! Nay, the houses of the people of fashion, who come hither for the races, are palaces to what houses in London itself were fifteen years ago. People do begin to live again now; and I suppose in a term we shall revert to York Houses, Clarendon Houses, &c. But from that grandeur all the nobility had contracted themselves to live in coops of a dining-room, a dark back room, with one eye in a corner, and a closet. Think what London would be if the chief houses were in it, as in the cities in other countries, and not dispersed like great rarity-plums in a vast pudding of country." It was some time before the large houses of the nobility once more made London the magnificent capital which it subsequently became. In the mean time the lordly tenants of the "coops" above described spent a vast deal of their time in places of *public* resort. Let us cast







WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, 1745.



a rapid glance at the fashionable amusements of the second half of the last century.

The year 1741 presents to us a curious spectacle of the aristocracy and the people at issue, and almost in mortal conflict, not upon the question of corn or taxes, but whether the Italian school of music should prevail, or the Anglo-German. "The opera is to be on the French system of dancers, scenes, and dresses. The directors have already laid out great sums. They talk of a mob to silence the operas, as they did the French players; but it will be more difficult, for here half the young noblemen in town are engaged, and they will not be so easily persuaded to humour the taste of the mobility: in short, they have already retained several eminent lawyers from the Bear Garden to plead their defence."\* The fight had been going on for nearly twenty years. Everybody knows Swift's epigram

*"On the Feuds about Handel and Bononcini."*

"Strange, all this difference should be  
'Twixt Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee."

Walpole naturally belonged to the party of his "order." Handel had produced his great work, the 'Messiah,' in 1741, at Covent Garden. Fashion was against him, though he was supported by the court, the mob, and the poet of common sense. He went to Ireland; and the triumph of the Italian faction was thus immortalized by Pope:—

"O Cara! Cara! silence all that train:  
Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:  
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,  
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:  
One trill shall harmonise joy, grief, and rage,  
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage:  
To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,  
And all thy yawning daughters cry encore.  
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,  
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.  
But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,  
If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense:  
Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,  
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;  
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,  
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.  
Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more—  
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore." †

Handel came back to London in 1742, and the tide then turned in his favour. Horace Walpole shows us how fashion tried to sneer him down; he is himself the oracle of the divinity. "Handel has set up an oratorio against the operas, and succeeds. He has hired all the goddesses from farces, and the singers of Roast Beef from between the acts at both theatres, with a man with one note in his voice, and a girl without ever a one; and so they sing, and make brave hallelujahs; and the good company encore the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune."‡ The Italian Opera House in the Haymarket itself went out of fashion in a few years, and the nobility had their

\* Horace Walpole to Mann, Oct. 8, 1741.

† Dunciad, Book IV.

‡ Horace Walpole to Mann, Feb. 24, 1743.

favourite house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. What the Court then patronised the aristocracy rejected. "The late royalties went to the Haymarket, when it was the fashion to frequent the other opera in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Lord Chesterfield one night came into the latter, and was asked if he had been at the other house? 'Yes,' said he, 'but there was nobody but the king and queen; and as I thought they might be talking business, I came away.'"<sup>\*</sup> However, amidst all these feuds the Italian Opera became firmly established in London; and through that interchange of taste which fortunately neither the prejudices of exclusiveness nor ignorance can long prevent, the people began gradually to appreciate the opera, and the nobility became enthusiastic admirers of the oratorio.

In the days of Walpole the Theatre was fashionable; and in their love of theatrical amusements the nobility did not affect to be exclusive. In not liking Garrick when he first came out, Walpole and his friend Gray indulged probably in the fastidiousness of individual taste, instead of representing the opinions of the fashionable or literary classes. Gray writes, "Did I tell you about Mr. Garrick, that the town are horn-mad after? There are a dozen dukes of a night at Goodman's Fields sometimes; and yet I am stiff in the opposition." Walpole, in May, 1742, six months after Garrick's first appearance, says, "All the run is now after Garrick, a wine-merchant, who is turned player, at Goodman's Fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, who will not tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it; but it is heresy to say so: the Duke of Argyle says he is superior to Betterton."<sup>†</sup> From some cause or other, Walpole hated and vilified Garrick all his life. His pride was perhaps wounded when he was compelled to jostle against the actor in the best society. In the instance of Garrick, Pope's strong sense was again opposed to Walpole's super-refinement. The great poet of manners said to Lord Orrery on witnessing Garrick's Richard III., "That young man never had his equal as an actor, and will never have a rival." As a manager Garrick did not scruple to resent an injustice, however offensive to the leaders of the ton. "There has been a new comedy, called 'The Foundling,' far from good, but it took. Lord Hobart and some more young men made a party to damn it, merely for the love of damnation. The Templars espoused the play, and went armed with syringes charged with stinking oil and with sticking-plasters; but it did not come to action. Garrick was *impertinent*, and the pretty men gave over their plot the moment they grew to be in the right."<sup>‡</sup> The Templars with their syringes and stinking oil, and Lord Hobart with his ready "damnation," give one a notion of the mob-legislation of the theatres at that period, for boxes, pit, and gallery constituted one mob. There was a calm awhile, but in 1755 Walpole writes: "England seems returning: for those who are not in Parliament there are nightly riots at Drury Lane, where there is an Anti-Gallican party against some French dancers. The young men of quality have protected them till last night, when, being opera-night, the galleries were victorious." Walpole tells us a most amusing story of the manner in which these things were managed in his earlier days. "The town has been trying all this winter to beat pantomimes off the stage, very boisterously; for

<sup>\*</sup> Horace Walpole to Conway, Sept. 25, 1761.

<sup>†</sup> Horace Walpole to Mann,

<sup>‡</sup> Horace Walpole to Mann, March 11, 1748.



*it is the way here to make even an affair of taste and sense a matter of riot and arms.* Fleetwood, the master of Drury Lane, has omitted nothing to support them, as they supported his house. About ten days ago he let into the pit great numbers of Bear Garden *bruisers* (that is the term), to knock down everybody that hissed. The pit rallied their forces and drove them out. I was sitting very quietly in the side-boxes, contemplating all this. On a sudden the curtain flew up, and discovered the whole stage filled with blackguards, armed with bludgeons and clubs, to menace the audience. This raised the greatest uproar; and among the rest, who flew into a passion but your friend the philosopher! In short, one of the actors, advancing to the front of the stage to make an apology for the manager, he had scarce begun to say, 'Mr. Fleetwood ——' when your friend, with a most audible voice and dignity of anger, called out, 'He is an impudent rascal!' The whole pit huzzaed, and repeated the words. Only think of my being a popular orator! But what was still better, while my shadow of a person was dilating to the consistence of a hero, one of the chief ringleaders of the riot, coming under the box where I sat, and pulling off his hat, said, 'Mr. Walpole, what would you please to have us do next?' It is impossible to describe to you the confusion into which this apostrophe threw me. I sank down into the box, and have never since ventured to set my foot into the playhouse. The next night the uproar was repeated with greater violence, and nothing was heard but voices calling out, 'Where's Mr. W.? where's Mr. W.?' In short, the whole town has been entertained with my prowess, and Mr. Conway has given me the name of Wat Tyler.\* The participation of people of fashion in theatrical rows is a sufficient evidence of the interest which they took in the theatre. They carried the matter still farther in 1751, by hiring Drury Lane to act a play themselves. "The rage was so great to see this performance, that the House of Commons literally adjourned at three o'clock on purpose."†

Vauxhall and Ranelagh figure, as we have seen, in the descriptions of the 'Spectator' and the 'Citizen of the World,' in the 'Connoisseur' and in 'Evelina.'‡ But none of these writers give us an adequate notion of the *fashion* of Vauxhall and Ranelagh. Addison, and Goldsmith, and Miss Burney looked upon the great crowd of all ranks as they would look upon life in general. Walpole saw only his own set; but how graphically has he described them! The mere surface of the shows, the gilding and varnish of the gaiety, fills the imagination. At Vauxhall we see Prince Lobkowitz's footmen, in very rich new liveries, bearing torches, and the Prince himself in a new sky-blue watered tabby coat, with gold button-holes, and a magnificent gold waistcoat; and Madame l'Ambassadrice de Vénise in a green sack, with a straw hat; and we hear the violins and hautboys, the drums and trumpets, of the Prince of Wales's barges.§ Imagine such a sight in our own days! And then, one-and-twenty years later in life, Walpole is again going to Vauxhall to a *ridotto al fresco*, with a tide and torrent of coaches so prodigious, that he is an hour and a half on the road before he gets half way from Arlington Street. "There is to be a rival mob in the same way at Ranelagh to-morrow; for the greater the folly and imposition, the greater is the crowd."||

\* Horace Walpole to Mann, November 26, 1744.

† Horace Walpole to Mann.

‡ London, vol. i. No. 23.

§ Horace Walpole to Conway, June 27, 1748.

|| Horace Walpole to Montagu, May 11. 1769.

But for a little, quiet, domestic party at Vauxhall, composed of the highest in rank and fashion, Walpole is the most delightful, and, we have no doubt, the most veracious of chroniclers. Mrs. Tibbs and the pawnbroker's widow of Goldsmith are mere pretenders to coarseness by the side of Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe. Walpole receives a card from Lady Caroline in 1750 to go with her to the Gardens. When he calls, the ladies "had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them." All the town had been summoned; and in the Mall they picked up dukes and damsels, and two young ladies especially, who had been "trusted by their mothers for the first time of their lives to the matronly care of Lady Caroline." They marched to their barge with a boat of French horns attending. Upon debarking at Vauxhall they "picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from 'Jenny's Whim;' where, instead of going to old Strafford's catacombs to make honourable love, he had dined with Lady Fanny, and left her and eight other women and four other men playing at brag." "Jenny's Whim" was a tavern at Chelsea Bridge. The party assemble in their booth and go to supper, after a process of cookery which would rather astonish a Lady Caroline of our own day: "We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about our ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit-girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction." Lady Caroline was not singular in her tastes. Before the accession of George III. it was by no means uncommon for ladies of quality to sup at taverns, and even to *invite* the gentlemen to be of the company. Walpole says that in 1755 a Frenchman, who was ignorant of the custom, took some liberties with Lady Harrington, through which mistake her house was afterwards closed against him. This practice, which to us seems so startling, was a relic of the manners of a century earlier. The decorum of the court of George III. banished the custom from the upper ranks; but it lingered amongst the middle classes: and Dr. Johnson thought it not in the slightest degree indecorous to say to two young ladies who called upon him, "Come, you pretty fools, dine with Maxwell and me at the Mitre;" to which the ladies, who wished to consult the philosopher upon the subject of Methodism, very readily assented. In the reign of the second George, and perhaps a little later, the great ladies, whether at taverns or in private houses, carried their vivacity somewhat farther than we should now think consistent with perfect propriety. Lady Coventry, at a great supper at Lord Hertford's, "said, in a very vulgar accent, if she drank any more she should be *muckibus*." How the Americans of our own day must be shocked at the vulgarity of our aristocratic predecessors; for *they* will not tolerate even the word *drunk*, and describe the condition which that word conveys by the pretty epithet *excited*! We are adopting the term; and it may be expected that the refinement in our nomenclature may lead to a revival of a little of the old liberty in our practice. Walpole explains that *muckibus* was "Irish for sentimental." He did not foresee the change in our English. He calls things by their right names. He tells us that "Lord Cornwallis and Lord Allen came drunk to the Opera;" and, what is harder to believe, that the Chancellor, Lord



Henley, being chosen a governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, "a smart gentleman who was sent with a staff carried it in the evening when the Chancellor happened to be drunk." These exhibitions were in 1763.

We might believe, from the well-known lines of Pope, that the amusement which was invented for the solace of a mad king was the exclusive inheritance of an *aged* aristocracy:

"See how the world its veterans rewards,  
A youth of folly, an old age of cards."

Not so. The cards were a part of the folly of youth as well as of age. Walpole never appears to have had the passion of a gambler; but we learn from his fifty years' correspondence that he was always well content to dabble with cards and dice, and he records his winnings with a very evident satisfaction. The reign of



[Horace Walpole]

*ombre*, whose chances and intrigues interested the great quite as much as the accidents and plots of the reign of Anne, was supplanted by the new dynasty of *whist*; and then *whist* yielded to the more gambling excitement of *loo*; to which *faro* succeeded; and the very cards themselves were at last almost kicked out by the ivory cubes, which disposed of fortunes by a more summary process. In 1742 *whist* was the mania, though Walpole voted it dull: "Whist has spread a universal opium over the whole nation." Again: "The kingdom of the Dull is come upon earth. . . . The only token of this new kingdom is a woman riding on a beast, which is the mother of abominations, and the name in the forehead is Whist; and the four-and-twenty elders, and the woman, and the whole town, do nothing but play with this beast."\* Whist had a long reign. In 1749 Walpole writes: "As I passed over the green [Richmond], I saw Lord Bath, Lord Lonsdale, and half-a-dozen more of the White's club, sauntering at the door of a house

\* Horace Walpole to Mann.

which they have taken there, and come to every Saturday and *Sunday* to play at whist. You will naturally ask why they can't play at whist in London on those days as well as on the other five? Indeed I can't tell you, except that it is so established a fashion to go out of town at the end of the week, that people do go, though it be only into another town."\* Ministers of state, and princes who had something to do, were ready to relieve the cares of business by gambling, as much as other people gamed to vary their idleness. Lord Sandwich "goes once or twice a-week to hunt with the Duke [Cumberland]; and as the latter has taken a turn of gaming, Sandwich, to make his court—and fortune—carries a box and dice in his pocket; and so they throw a main, whenever the hounds are at fault, 'upon every green hill, and under every green tree.'"† Five years later, at a magnificent ball and supper at Bedford House, the Duke "was playing at hazard with a great heap of gold before him: somebody said he looked like the prodigal son and the fatted calf, both."‡ Amongst the royal and noble gamblers, swindlers *par excellence* sometimes found their way. There was a Sir William Burdett, whose name had the honour of being inscribed in the betting-room at White's as the subject of a wager that he would be the first baronet that would be hanged. He and a lady, "dressed foreign as a princess of the house of Brandenburg," cheated Lord Castledurrow and Captain Rodney out of a handsome sum at faro. The noble victim met the Baronet at Ranelagh, and thus apostrophised him: "Sir William, here is the sum I think I lost last night; since that, I have heard that you are a professed pickpocket, and therefore desire to have no farther acquaintance with you." The Baronet took the money with a respectful bow, and then asked his Lordship the further favour to set him down at Buckingham Gate, and without waiting for an answer whipped into the chariot.§ No doubt the Baronet prospered and was smiled upon. Walpole tells another story of a hanger-on upon the gaming-tables, which has a dash of the tragic in it: "General Wade was at a low gaming-house, and had a very fine snuff-box, which on a sudden he missed. Everybody denied having taken it: he insisted on searching the company. He did: there remained only one man, who had stood behind him, but refused to be searched, unless the General would go into another room alone with him. There the man told him that he was born a gentleman, was reduced, and lived by what little bets he could pick up there, and by fragments which the waiters sometimes gave him. 'At this moment I have half a fowl in my pocket; I was afraid of being exposed: here it is! Now, sir, you may search me.' Wade was so struck that he gave the man a hundred pounds."|| The genius of gambling might be painted, like Garrick, between the tragic and the comic muse. We turn over the page, and Comedy again presents herself, in an attitude that looks very like the hoyden step of her half sister, Farce: "Jemmy Lumley last week had a party of whist at his own house: the combatants, Lucy Southwell, that curtseys like a bear, Mrs. Prijean, and a Mrs. Mackenzy. They played from six in the evening till twelve next day; Jemmy never winning one rubber, and rising a loser of two thousand pounds. How it happened I know not, nor why his suspicions arrived so late, but he fancied himself cheated, and refused

\* Horace Walpole to Mann, June 4, 1749.

† Horace Walpole to Mann, January 31, 1750.

‡ Horace Walpole to Bentley, 1755.

§ Horace Walpole to Mann, 1718

|| Horace Walpole to Mann, January 10, 1750.



to pay. However, *the bear* had no share in his evil surmises: on the contrary, a day or two afterwards, he promised a dinner at Hampstead to Lucy and her virtuous sister. As he went to the rendezvous his chaise was stopped by somebody, who advised him not to proceed. Yet, no whit daunted, he advanced. In the garden he found the gentle conqueress, Mrs. Mackenzy, who accosted him in the most friendly manner. After a few compliments, she asked him if he did not intend to pay her. 'No, indeed, I shan't, I shan't; your servant, your servant.' 'Shan't you?' said the fair virago; and taking a horsewhip from beneath her hoop, she fell upon him with as much vehemence as the Empress-Queen would upon the King of Prussia, if she could catch him alone in the garden at Hampstead."\*

There was deep philosophy in a saying of George Selwyn's, when a waiter at Arthur's Club House was taken up for robbery: "What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!" It may be doubted whether the gentlemen-highwaymen who peopled Newgate at that era had a much looser code of morals than some of the great folks they pillaged. The people of London got frightened about an earthquake in 1750, and again in 1756. There was a slight shock in the first of those years, which set the haunters of White's furiously betting whether it was an earthquake or the blowing-up of the powder-mills at Hounslow. Bishop Sherlock and Bishop Secker endeavoured to frighten the people into piety; but the visitors at Bedford House, who had supped and stayed late, went about the town knocking at doors, and bawling in the watchman's note, "Past four o'clock and a dreadful earthquake." Some of the fashionable set got frightened, however, and went out of town; and three days before the exact day on which the great earthquake was prophesied to happen, the crowd of coaches passing Hyde Park Corner with whole parties removing into the country was something like the procession already described to Vauxhall. "Several women have made earthquake gowns—that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night. These are of the more courageous. One woman, still more heroic, is come to town on purpose; she says all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But what will you think of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back—I suppose to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish?"† When the rulers of the nation on such an occasion, or any other occasion of public terror, took a fit of hypocrisy and ordered a general fast, the gambling-houses used to be filled with senators who had a day of leisure upon their hands. Indifference to public opinion, as well as a real insensibility, drew a line between the people of fashion and the middle classes. Walpole tells a story which is characteristic enough to be true, though he hints that it was invented:—"They have put in the papers a good story made on White's: a man dropped down dead at the door, was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not; and when they were going to bleed him, the wagers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet."‡ A great deal of this reckless spirit of gambling, which lasted through the century, and which probably has only

\* Horace Walpole to Montagu, May 14, 1761.

† Horace Walpole to Mann, April 2 1750.

‡ Horace Walpole to Mann, September 1, 1750.

clothed itself more decently in our own day, must be attributed to the great increase of the wealth of the aristocracy, through the natural effects of the great increase of the profitable industry of the middle classes. But it cannot be denied that much of the increase flowed back to the sources from which it was derived, in the form of bills, bonds, post-obits, and mortgages. The financial maxim of Charles Fox, that a man need never want money if he was willing to pay enough for it, tended to keep matters somewhat equal.

The idea from which we cannot escape, when we trace the history of fashion in the middle of the last century, is, that the prevailing tone indicated something like a general moral intoxication. A succession of stimulants appears necessary to the upholding of social existence. This must be always in some degree the case with the rich and idle, whose vocation is chiefly to what they call pleasure. But we have few glimpses in the letters and memoirs of that period of the disposition to those calm domestic enjoyments which are principally derived from the cultivation of a taste for reading and the arts, and which, in our own day, equally characterises the middle and the upper classes. Of course, under the loosest state of manners, even in the profligate court of Charles II., there must have been many families of the upper ranks who despised the low vices and unintellectual excitements of their equals in birth; and under the most decorous and rational system of life there must be a few who would gladly restore a general licence, and who occasionally signalise themselves by some outbreak. But neither of these constitute a class. In the youth and middle age of Walpole the men and women of fashion appear to have lived without restraint imposed by their own sense of decorum, without apprehension of the opinions of their associates, without the slightest consideration for the good or evil word of the classes below them. "In a regular monarchy the folly of the prince gives the tone; in a downright tyranny folly dares give itself no airs; it is in a wanton overgrown commonwealth that *whim* and debauchery intrigue together."\* Every lady or gentleman of spirit was allowed to have a *whim*, whether it inclined to gambling, or intrigue, or drunkenness, or riots in public places. What Walpole said of the Duke of Newcastle, that he looked like a dead body hung in chains always wanting to be hung somewhere else, gives one a notion of the perpetual restlessness of the fashionable class. The untiring activity of some leaders lasted a good deal longer; and no doubt occasionally displays itself even now in a preternatural energy, which makes the cheek pale in the season of bloom and freshness. But there is now some repose, some intervals for reflection; the moral intoxication does not last through sixteen of the four-and-twenty hours. The love of *sights*, the great characteristic of the vulgar of our own day, was emphatically the passion of the great in the last century. The plague was reported to be in a house in the City; and fashion went to look at the outside of the house in which the plague was enshrined. Lady Milton and Lady Temple on a night in March put on hats and cloaks, and, sallying out by themselves to see Lord Macclesfield lie in state, "literally waited on the steps of the house in the thick of the mob, while one posse was admitted and let out again for a second to enter."† The "mob" (by which Walpole usually means an assemblage of people of any station below the aristocracy) paid back this

\* Horace Walpole to Mann.

† Horace Walpole to Lord Hertford, March 27, 1764.



curiosity with interest. The two Miss Gunnings lighted upon the earth of London in 1751, and were declared the handsomest women alive. "They can't walk in the Park or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow that they are generally driven away." It is difficult to understand how a real plebeian mob should know anything about the Miss Gunnings, at a time when there were no paragraphs of personality in the meagre newspapers. The Gunning mob was probably a very courtly one. At any rate the curiosity was in common between the high and the low. One of these fair ladies became Duchess of Hamilton. "The world is still mad about the Gunnings: the Duchess of Hamilton was presented on Friday; the crowd was so great that even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs; and people go early to get places at the theatres when it is known they will be there." \* Ten years later there was another great sight to which all resorted—the Cock-lane Ghost. How characteristic of the period is the following description of a visit to the den of the ghost!—"We set out from the Opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney-coach, and drove to the spot: it rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in; at last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable. When we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow-candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts? We had nothing. They told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. *We stayed, however, till half an hour after one.*" † Imagine a prince of the blood, two noble ladies, a peer, and the son of a prime minister, packing in one hackney-coach from Northumberland House on a winter's night, and in a dirty lane near Smithfield watching till half-past one by the light of a tallow-candle, amidst fifty of the "unwashed," for the arrival of a ghost! In those days the great patron of executions was the fashionable George Selwyn; and this was the way he talked of such diversions:—"Some women were scolding him for going to see the execution [of Lord Lovat], and asked him, 'how he could be such a barbarian to see the head cut off?' 'Nay,' says he, 'if that was such a crime, I am sure I have made amends, for I went to see it sewed on again.'" ‡ When M'Lean, the highwayman, was under sentence of death in Newgate, he was a great attraction to the fashionable world. "Lord Mountford, at the head of half White's, went the first day. . . . But the chief personages who have been to comfort and weep over this fallen hero are Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe." § These were the heroines of the minced chickens at Vauxhall; and we presume they did not visit the condemned cell to metamorphose the thief

\* Horace Walpole to Mann, March 23, 1752.

† Horace Walpole to Montagu, February 2, 1762.

‡ Horace Walpole to Conway, April 16, 1747.

§ Horace Walpole to Mann, August 2, 1750.

into a saint, as is the "whim" of our own times. The real robbers were as fashionable in 1750 as their trumpery histories were in 1840. "You can't conceive the ridiculous rage there is of going to Newgate; and the prints that are published of the malefactors, and the memoirs of their lives and deaths set forth with as much parade as—as—Marshal Turenne's—we have no generals worth making a parallel."\* The visitors had abundant opportunities for the display of their sympathy:—"It is shocking to think what a shambles this country is grown! *Seventeen were executed this morning.*"† Amidst such excitements, who can wonder that a man of talent and taste, as Walpole was, should often prefer pasting prints into a portfolio, or correcting proofs, at "poor little Strawberry?"

The reckless and improvident spirit of the period when Horace Walpole was an active member of the world of fashion is strikingly shown in the rash, and we may say indecent, manner in which persons of rank rushed into marriage. The happiness of a life was the stake which the great too often trusted to something as uncertain as the cast of a die or the turn-up of a trump. It seems almost impossible that in London, eighty or ninety years ago only, such a being as a Fleet parson could have existed, who performed the marriage ceremonial at any hour of the day or night, in a public-house or a low lodging, without public notice or public witnesses, requiring no consent of parents, and asking only the names of the parties who sought to be united. We might imagine, at any rate, that such irreverend proceedings were confined to the lowest of the people. The Fleet parsons had not a monopoly of their trade. In the fashionable locality of May Fair was a chapel in which one Keith presided, who advertised in the newspapers, and made, according to Walpole, "a very bishopric of revenue." This worthy was at last excommunicated for "contempt of the Holy and Mother Church;" but the impudent varlet retaliated, and excommunicated at his own chapel Bishop Gibson, the Judge of the Ecclesiastical Court, and two reverend doctors. Keith was sent to prison; where he remained many years, but his shop flourished under the management of his shopmen, called Curates; and the public were duly apprised of its situation and prices:—"To prevent mistakes, the little new chapel in May Fair, near Hyde Park Corner, is in the corner-house opposite to the City side of the great chapel, and within ten yards of it, and the minister and clerk live in the same corner-house where the little chapel is; and the license on a crown stamp, minister and clerk's fees, together with the certificate, amount to one guinea, as heretofore, at any hour till four in the afternoon. And that it may be the better known, there is a porch at the door like a country church porch."‡ Keith issued from his prison a manifesto against the Act to prevent clandestine marriages, to which we shall presently advert, in which he gravely puts forth the following recommendation of his summary process with reference to the lower classes:—"Another inconveniency which will arise from this Act will be, that the expense of being married will be so great that few of the lower class of people can afford; for I have often heard a Fleet parson say that many have come to be married when they have

\* Horace Walpole to Mann, October 18, 1750.

† Horace Walpole to Mann, March 23, 1752.

‡ Daily Post, July 20, 1744; quoted in Mr. Burn's valuable work on 'The Fleet Registers'



had but half-a-crown in their pockets, and sixpence to buy a pot of beer, and for which they have pawned some of their clothes." \*

But exclusive fashion did not care to be exclusive in these practices. Sometimes a petticoat without a hoop was to be led by a bag-wig and sword to the May Fair altar, after other solicitations had been tried in vain. The virtue of the community was wonderfully supported by these easy arrangements, as Walpole tells us, in his best style: "You must know, then—but did you know a young fellow that was called Handsome Tracy? He was walking in the Park with some of his acquaintance, and overtook three girls; one was very pretty: they followed them; but the girls ran away, and the company grew tired of pursuing them, all but Tracy. He followed to Whitehall Gate, where he gave a porter a crown to dog them: the porter hunted them—he the porter. The girls ran all round Westminster, and back to the Haymarket, where the porter came up with them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till Tracy arrived, quite out of breath, and exceedingly in love. He insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him; and, after much disputing, went to the house of one of her companions, and Tracy with them. He there made her discover her family, a butterwoman in Craven Street, and engaged her to meet him the next morning in the Park; but before night he wrote her four love-letters, and in the last offered two hundred pounds a-year to her, and a hundred a-year to Signora la Madre. Griselda made a confidence to a staymaker's wife, who told her that the swain was certainly in love enough to marry her, if she could determine to be virtuous and refuse his offers. 'Ay,' says she, 'but if I should, and should lose him by it.' However, the measures of the cabinet council were decided for virtue; and when she met Tracy the next morning in the Park, she was convoyed by her sister and brother-in-law, and stuck close to the letter of her reputation. She would do nothing; she would go nowhere. At last, as an instance of prodigious compliance, she told him, that if he would accept such a dinner as a butterwoman's daughter could give him, he should be welcome. Away they walked to Craven Street: the mother borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and kept the eager lover drinking till twelve at night, when a chosen committee waited on the faithful pair to the minister of May Fair. The doctor was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the king; but that he had a brother over the way who perhaps would, and who did." †

But "the butterwoman's daughter" had no lack of high example to teach her how to make a short step into the matrimonial "ship of fools." The Fleet Registers, and those of May Fair, are rich in the names of Honourables and even of Peers. For example: "February 14, 1752, James Duke of Hamilton and Elizabeth Gunning." Walpole has a pleasant comment upon this entry. "The event that has made most noise since my last, is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. . . . About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at faro at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred

\* Daily Post, July 20, 1744; quoted in Mr. Burn's valuable work on 'The Fleet Registers.'

† Horace Walpole to Montagu, Sept. 3, 1748.

pounds each ; he soon lost a thousand. . . . Two nights afterwards, he found himself so impatient, that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without license or ring : the Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop. At last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half-an-hour after twelve at night, at May Fair chapel.”\*

The people of rank at last grew frightened at their own practices. The Act against Clandestine Marriages came into operation on the 26th of March, 1754. On the 25th there were two hundred and seventeen marriages at the Fleet entered in one register ; and on the same day sixty-one ceremonies of the like agreeable nature took place at May Fair. After the Act was passed in 1753 there was to be an interval of some months before its enactments were to be law. Walpole says, “The Duchess of Argyle harangues against the Marriage Bill not taking place immediately, and is persuaded that all the girls will go off before next Lady Day.”†

\* Horace Walpole to Mann, Feb. 27, 1752.

† Horace Walpole to Montagu, July 17, 1753



[The Gallery, Strawberry Hill]

[To be concluded in another Number.]





[Blackfriars Bridge, 1842.]

### LVIII.—BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

IN our account of Westminster Bridge we have shown the strenuous opposition offered by the City authorities to every proposal for that structure: it seems something strange, therefore, as well as amusing, to find their opinions undergo so sudden a change as is apparent in the history of their acts only four years after its erection. About that time, finding no hapless victims in the shape of West-country bargemen had been drowned, and that the Thames, however it might sympathise in the civic feelings, had eschewed all violent proceedings, and rolled along with its burdens as placidly as ever beneath even the very arches; finding no news come that the Docks or the Custom House had performed the miracle predicted of them, and appeared one fine morning off Westminster, the City took "heart of grace:" the idea which had made the innovation seem so peculiarly terrible—the impossibility of saying where such proceedings would stop—grew less and less formidable; so all of a sudden it determined not merely to be even with its late antagonists, but to steal a march upon them: it very wisely resolved to have a new bridge of its own. This was towards the close of the year 1753. We may imagine how the City's former coadjutors, in the course of things as they were, were confounded. It was not merely the great diminution of strength for opposition, but the quarter from whence the proposal came that was to be op-

posed:—*Et tu, Brute!* So, after one gallant struggle in the enemy's own quarters in 1755, when they obtained a favourable committee of the Common Council, who reported that the construction of a new bridge would prejudice the navigation, and be very injurious to the interests of the City, but whose report was condemned by a majority of 132 to 106, their movements were but of a faint and melancholy character. They appear to have been led on this occasion by the Company of Watermen, who, when the proposed Act was before Parliament, once more mustered the West-country bargemen, now re-inforced by the market-gardeners, and a number of other witnesses, in order to make as goodly a show as possible in support of the allegations of its petition; which declared, as in the previous instances (with a constancy of purpose we cannot too much admire when we consider how peculiarly vexatious the *facts* had since proved), that all sorts of dangers to the navigation were to be apprehended. But the opposition had little of the warmth that had characterised the previous case: the Company was, in all probability, shrewd enough to see that the measure would be successful, but then another and more valuable Sunday ferry was about to be destroyed; so, as it was also shrewd enough to see the utility of a bold front, it demanded more than was expected, and was thus enabled to retire from the contest with a very handsome compensation. The Act passed in 1756. One of the reasons which induced the City to adopt this unexpected course was the dangerous condition of London Bridge, and the possibility of its being shut up for a considerable period, of course to great and general inconvenience and loss. Another reason was the advantage anticipated from the increase of good houses, and consequent improvement in the value of the land around the extremities of the proposed bridge, which would tend to enable it the better to bear its quota of the land-tax (one-sixteenth the assessment of the whole kingdom). But the moving impulse, we suspect, is to be found in the jealousy of the growing prosperity of Westminster. In an able scheme for the general improvement of the City published in the year 1754, and which is given at large in Maitland, the writer, in one part, says, "Many well-wishers to the City, by way of retaliation, or rather of self-preservation, begin to think no less than an absolute necessity" the business of erecting a new stone bridge; and, in another part, in enumerating the advantages of such a structure, says, "At present the City have the justest grounds for being alarmed at the schemes already laid or laying for new and magnificent streets, new inns, stage-coaches, livery-stables, and trades of all kinds in the neighbourhood of Westminster Bridge. And it is of the last importance for the city of London seriously to reflect that when these schemes, which are now little more than embryos, shall come to maturity, it will be too late to hope for bringing back those advantages into the City which may now be affected by their proposed bridge, if very speedily resolved on." The citizens determined that no blame for want of speed should apply to them; a few weeks after the appearance of this document proceedings were commenced. The spot chosen was a memorable one in the history not only of London, but of our country generally. Often, no doubt, has the question arisen in the minds of persons unversed in metropolitan historical lore, as the appellation of the bridge they were crossing struck their attention, whence the nature of the connection between things raising ideas so strangely contrasted as monasteries and friars, and bridges, omnibuses and cabs? We can only answer



that *here* was one of the most magnificent of the great religious establishments which formed, at one period, so marked a feature of London; and that it has left to the locality a long train of the most interesting and important recollections, of which the name given to the district, the bridge, and the adjoining road, is now the only existing memorial.

The order of Black Friars came into England in 1221, the year of their founder Dominic de Guzman's death. Their first house was at Oxford, their second in London at Holborn, or Oldbourne, on the site now occupied by Lincoln's Inn. The cause of their removal from thence does not appear; but in 1276 Gregory Rocksley, then mayor, in conjunction with the barons of the city, gave to Robert Kilwarby, Archbishop of Canterbury, a cardinal of Rome and an ecclesiastic, eminent not merely for his rank, "two lanes or ways next the street of Baynard's Castle, and also the tower of Montfichet, to be destroyed" for the erection of a house and church for the Black Friars; and there they settled. The materials of the Castle of Montfichet, which had been built by and derived its name from a relative and one of the followers of the Conqueror, were used for the new church, which Kilwarby made a magnificent structure. A striking instance of the favours shown to the brotherhood was given in the permission of Edward I. for the taking down of the city wall from Ludgate (standing just above the end of the Old Bailey) to the Thames for their accommodation, which had then to be rebuilt so as to include their buildings within its shelter. The expenses of this rebuilding and of a "certain good and comely tower at the bend of the said wall," wherein the king might be "received, and tarry with honour" to his ease and satisfaction in his comings there, were defrayed by a toll granted for three years on various articles of merchandise. Nor did Edward's liberality rest here. Every kind of special privilege and exemption was granted to the house and the precincts. Persons could open shops here without being free of the City; malefactors flying from justice found sanctuary within the walls; and the inhabitants were governed by the prior and their own justices.

A surprising list of names of eminent personages is given by our historians as having been buried in the church of the Black Friars; and the circumstance is not to be wondered at if, as Pennant observes, "to be buried in the habit of the order was thought to be a sure preservative against the attacks of the devil." Here lay the ashes of Hubert de Burgh, the great Earl of Kent, translated from the church at Oldbourne, and his wife Margaret, daughter of the King of Scotland; Queen Eleanor, whose heart alone was interred here, with that of Alphonso her son; John of Eltham, Duke of Cornwall, brother of Edward III.; Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, so distinguished for his intellectual accomplishments, who was beheaded in 1470, one of the victims to the wars of the Roses; Sir Thomas Brandon, 1509, the uncle of the Duke of Suffolk, who took Henry VIII.'s beautiful sister Mary into France as the bride of the French king, and after the death of the latter, a few months later, brought her back as his own; Sir Thomas and Dame Parr, the parents of Henry VIII.'s last wife; and earls, knights, ladies, and other persons of rank too numerous to mention. But historical memories of still greater moment belong to the church of the Black Friars. Here, in 1450, met that famous Parliament of Henry VI., in which his queen's favourite, Suffolk, was impeached, and was about to be tried, when by a manœuvre

previously arranged between him and the weak king, he preferred placing himself at the disposal of Henry, by whom he was banished for five years. Suffolk hugged himself too soon on his escape. Encouraged by the general detestation in which he was held, some of his rivals about the court most probably, (for it was never exactly known who,) caused him to be waylaid as he was crossing from Dover to Calais by a great ship of war, the captain of which greeted his appearance on his deck with the significant salutation "Welcome, traitor!" Three days after he was, as is well known, executed in a cock-boat by the ship's side. It is a startling illustration of a man's character, as well as of a time, to find no inquiry, much less punishment, following such an act. In this church another Parliament made itself noticeable by its daring to have a will of its own in opposition to that of Henry VIII., when that monarch, in 1524, demanded a subsidy of some eight hundred thousand pounds to carry on his unmeaning wars in France, but was obliged to content himself with a grant cut down into much more reasonable limits. Of this Parliament Sir Thomas More was speaker, and to his honour be it said, that although he was a great personal favourite with the court, and treated there with extraordinary marks of respect and affection, he acted with admirable firmness and dignity both towards his overbearing royal master, and that master's equally overbearing servant, the Chancellor Wolsey. In answer to the latter's application, More thought it would not "be amiss" to receive the Chancellor as he desired, who accordingly came into the house with his maces, poleaxes, cross, hat, and great seal, and with a retinue which filled every vacant part of the place. But when Wolsey, after explaining his business, remained silent, expecting the discussion and business to proceed, he was surprised to find the assemblage silent too. He addressed one of the members by name, who politely rose in acknowledgment, but sat down again without speaking: another member was addressed by Wolsey, but with no better success.

At last the great Chancellor became impatient; and looking upon him who was to be his still greater successor, said, "Masters, as I am sent here immediately from the King, it is not unreasonable to expect an answer: yet there is, without doubt, a surprising and most obstinate silence, unless indeed it may be the manner of your House to express your mind by your Speaker only." More immediately rose, and, with equal tact and courage, said the members were abashed at the sight of so great a personage, whose presence was sufficient to overwhelm the wisest and most learned men in the realm; but that that presence was neither expedient nor in accordance with the ancient liberties of the House. They were not bound to return any answer; and as to a reply from him (the Speaker) individually, it was impossible, as he could only act on the instructions from the House. And so Wolsey found himself necessitated to depart. Although much modified, the demands of the King were still so heavy that the people were dissatisfied. They were indeed greatly distressed, and no doubt thought the paying of any taxes to be but a dark piece of business: so, as the Parliament had commenced among the Black Friars, and ended among the Black Monks (at Westminster), they kept the whole affair in their recollection by the name of the Black Parliament.

The next event, in the order of time, is one of the deepest interest in the history



of the place. It was here that, on the 21st of June, 1529, Wolsey and his fellow Cardinal, Campeggio, appointed by the Pope to act with him in the matter of the proposed divorce of Henry and Catherine, sat in judgment, with the King on their right, and Catherine, accompanied by four bishops, on their left. When the King's name was called, he answered "Here!" but the Queen remained silent when hers was pronounced. Then the citation being repeated, the unhappy Queen, rising in great anguish, ran to her husband, and prostrating herself before him, said, in language that would have deterred any less cruel and sensual



Trial of Queen Catherine.

nature from the infamous path he was pursuing, "Sir, I beseech you, for all the love that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right: take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor woman and a stranger, born out of your dominions. I have here no assured friend, much less impartial counsel; and I flee to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas! Sir, wherein have I offended you, or on what occasion given you dis-

pleasure? Have I ever designed against your will and pleasure, that you should put me from you? I take God and all the world to witness that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure," &c. At the conclusion of a most admirable, womanly, and yet dignified address, she rose, left the court, and never entered it again. She died at Kimbolton in 1536, heart-broken, but refusing to the last to renounce her rights and title of Queen. Even in that period, which so often awakes the injurer to a sense of the wrongs he has committed, and crowds into a few hours or days a world of unanticipated and then useless anguish, her royal husband remained consistent in cruelty, refusing her permission even to see her daughter once—but once—before she died. One of Catherine's judges had scarcely less reason than herself to remember that eventful day in the Black Friars. Wolsey, unable to prevail with Campeggio to give a decision at the time, seems to have been suspected by Anne Boleyn (then waiting the Queen's degradation to fill her place) to have acted but lukewarmly in the matter. Henry, too, had grown tired of his gorgeous Chancellor, and began to think of the value of his trappings. To sum up shortly the result: in that same Black Friars, where he had endeavoured to bully one Parliament, the sentence of *premunire* was passed against him by another; and the man who had there sat in judgment upon Catherine, and been throughout the chief instrument in Henry's hands to doom that noble and virtuous lady to a lingering death, found that day's proceedings the immediate cause of his own downfall, and still speedier dissolution. The blow which Catherine's innocence, and moral fortitude and pious resignation, enabled her for a time to bear up against, killed Wolsey at once.

Such are the chief historical recollections of the great House of the Black Friars. There are some minor matters connected with its history, which are also deserving of notice, as bearing indirectly on the subject of our paper. The privileges before mentioned, it appears, produced continual heart-burnings between the city and the inhabitants of the favoured part, and violent quarrels were the consequences. We have an illustration of the feelings which prevailed in the circumstance that one of the priors having found himself obliged to pave the streets without the wall joining to the precinct, and a cage or small prison being afterwards there set up by the city, the prior pulled it down, saying, "Since the city forced me to pave the place, they shall set no cage there on my ground." At the dissolution, Bishop Fisher, who held it *in commendam*, resigned the house to the king. The revenues were valued at the very moderate sum of 100*l.* 15*s.* 5*d.* The prior's lodgings and the hall were granted to Sir Francis Bryan in 1547. We need scarcely add that these, with the church, and all the old privileges, have long since been swept away; although in 1586 a protracted, and for a time successful, struggle was maintained for the latter, by the inhabitants both of the Black and the White Friars (adjoining) in the courts of law in opposition to the city. Two or three passages of the statements made on this occasion will not be without interest for our readers. The city claimed the liberties, on the ground that the precincts were in London, offering, as a kind of proof that their right had been acknowledged, the circumstance that divers felons had been tried by the city for crimes committed within the precincts during the friars' time. Accordingly they now claimed from the crown all waifs, strays, felons' goods, amercements, escheats,



&c., the execution of all processes, the expulsion of all foreigners, the assize of bread, beer, ale, and wine, the wardmote-quest, and such other jurisdictions as they had in the rest of the city. The answer was very long and elaborate. With regard to the felons it was observed, that they were probably apprehended in London with the stolen things on them, and, therefore, were properly arraigned in the city; or that they were arraigned by the king's special commission, which would have been no infringement of the friars' rights. In another part of the document various statements were made of the rights and privileges granted to the house, and of the complete failure of the city at various times to encroach upon them: thus, as to the first, it appears that in addition to the favours lavished upon their house by Edward I., the succeeding monarch made them free of all tenths, fifteenths, subsidies, quotas, tallages, or other burdens whatsoever granted, or to be granted, by the clergy or commons; and as to the latter, that besides numerous instances of successful resistance during the existence of the House, "Sir John Portynarie reported in his Life, that immediately after the dissolution the Mayor pretended a title to the liberties, but King Henry VIII., informed thereof, sent to him to desist from meddling with the liberties, saying, 'He was as well able to keep the liberties as the friars were.' And so the Mayor no further meddled, and Sir John Portynarie had the keys of the gates delivered to him, and a fee for keeping the same." Among the other arguments used were the loss to the crown—"Her Majesty may lose ten thousand pounds a day by lands within the said precincts, which may escheat to her, which, if the city will have it, is reason the city should give Her Majesty a good fine for it;" [this looks a little like spite:] and a bold answer to the allegations of the city as to the social state of the neighbourhood in question:—"They pretend to win favour to their cause, that they seek their liberties only for reformation of disorders, when gain is the mark they shoot at. But the Black Friars, for good order of government, may be a lanthorn to all the city, as shall be plainly proved, and is now inhabited by noblemen and gentlemen." The respectability here claimed for the neighbourhood of the Black Friars in 1586 does not appear to have been a mere counsellor's flourish, for among other residents about the period were Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Worcester, to whose mansion, on the occasion of his marriage with an heiress of the house of Bedford in 1600, Queen Elizabeth came as a visitor. She was met at the water side by the bride, and carried to her house in a lectica\* by six knights, where she dined.

Lord Cobham also, it appears, had a house in the neighbourhood, with whom her Majesty supped the same day, when a characteristic incident occurred, in connexion with Essex, then fast losing ground in the favour of his royal mistress. It appears from the Sydney Papers, transcribed in Pennant, that "there was a memorable mask of eight ladies, and a strange dance new invented. . . . . Mistress Fitton went to the Queen and wooed her dance. Her Majesty (the love of Essex rankling in her heart) asked what she was? '*Affection*,' she said. '*Affection*!' said the Queen: '*Affection is false*.' Yet her Majesty rose up and danced." The French ambassador also resided in Blackfriars during the succeeding reign, as we learn from the record of a terrible accident which happened

\* *Lectica*, a kind of litter, the Roman bier.

in his house, and which seems to have sadly alarmed honest Stow with the idea that it was not merely a kind of judgment for our national sins, but a warning to be heedfully observed, lest still worse should follow. It appears that a celebrated Jesuit preacher, Father Drury, addressed a large audience in a room in the upper part of the house, and that during the sermon, the place being badly built or decayed, fell, and nearly a hundred persons perished.

Seeing, then, that Blackfriars was a place of such repute in the beginning of the seventeenth century, one would hardly expect to find it by the latter part of the eighteenth so altered, that one of the recommendations of the new bridge should be the certainty of its working a purification of the district, and redeeming it from the state of poverty and degradation into which it had fallen. In a pamphlet ‘On the Expediency, Utility, and Necessity of a New Bridge at or near Blackfriars, 1756,’ the site of the approach on the Middlesex shore is described as being occupied on both sides of the Fleet-ditch by a “body of miserable ruins in the back of Fleet Street, between that and Holborn on one side, and between the other and the Thames, and so again from each side of Ludgate.” And a builder examined before a committee of the House expressed his opinion that the houses and ground included were not worth five years’ purchase. A question put to another witness examined on the same occasion seems to show the cause of this state of things. He was asked whether, in case the bridge was built as desired, the vicinity of the Fleet, Ludgate, Newgate, and Bridewell would not be an objection to the building better houses? and he owned in some parts it might. The Fleet and Newgate prisons are subjects too large to be touched upon here; the others we shall have occasion to mention in a subsequent part of our paper. We close this part of our subject, therefore, with a picturesque glimpse of the predecessor of Farringdon Street, at a time when the ditch yet reached up to the foot of Ludgate Hill; and beyond, the old Market extended through the centre of the present area to the bottom of Holborn. “In walking along the street in my youth,” says Pennant, “on the side next to the prison, I have often been tempted by the question, ‘Sir, will you please to walk in and be married?’ Along this most lawless space was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with ‘Marriages performed within’ written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop; a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or roll of tobacco.”\* We have noticed the most thriving trade of the district, that of the “Fleet-parsons,” in our last number.

At the extremity of this street the City then determined to build its new bridge. On the other side of the river the aspect of affairs was still more favourable. In the maps of the reign of Elizabeth we perceive opposite the Black Friars, on the Surrey shore, one long but single line of houses, with handsomely laid-out gardens at the back, and here and there a few other scattered habitations, surrounded by extensive fields, with trees, &c. And although, no doubt, this as well as every other part in the immediate neighbourhood of the City had become much more populous a century later, when the Bridge was built, yet the amount of the purchase-money for houses and land, on the Surrey as compared with the Middlesex

\* Pennant’s London, 3rd ed. p. 224.



side, shows how much the Bridge has done for all this part: for the first, was paid 1500*l.*; for the last, 7500*l.*; whilst the ferry alone cost 12,500*l.* The first step taken by the committee to whom the direction of the new work was intrusted was that of advertising for plans; and there was no lack of communications. They were for a time fairly puzzled between the different schemes laid before them, and had a heavy task to investigate the separate claims of bridges with semi-oval, and bridges with semi-circular arches; bridges with iron railings, and bridges with stone balustrades. They had every possible motive to decide carefully; for not only was the good taste and judgment of the City at trial—as, according to their choice, the attempt might end in failure and disgrace, or in success and honour—but the competitors were evidently the *élite* of their class, and the affair altogether was attracting much attention. It may be sufficient to say that Smeaton was among the rejected, and that Samuel Johnson engaged in the controversy raised upon the merits of the different kinds of arches. The plan which roused the opposition of the learned moralist was that of a young man of six-and-twenty, named Mylne, who was unknown to most, if not all, of the chief persons of influence connected with the management of the affair, but who, it was said, possessed unusual ability and attainments. His father was an architect of Edinburgh, descended from a family who had been master-masons to the sovereigns of Scotland for several generations. At an early period he had been sent to Rome to pursue his studies, where he had gained the first prize in the first architectural class, and had subsequently made the tour of Europe, from which he was but now returned. His plan described a bridge of nine elliptical arches, the centre a hundred feet wide, and the others on each side decreasing towards the extremities of the structure, till the breadth of the last should be seventy feet. The length of the bridge was to be nine hundred and ninety-five feet, the breadth forty-two. In general form, the whole bridge presented one continuously rounded line or arch, which had a particularly beautiful effect, and which was still further enhanced by the double Ionic columns adorning the face of every pier, though their introduction may be thought an architectural license barely admissible, considering how little the duty they had to do—that of supporting small projecting recesses, evidently placed there for the purpose. No sooner was it known that this plan had been received with the greatest favour by the judges (to whose credit be it recorded that, whilst Mylne's talents alone pleaded for him, there were among the other competitors men whose cause was forwarded, as much as it was possible, by noblemen and others of the highest personal influence) than assailants rushed forward from all quarters, who were as spiritedly met by defenders; and a paper war raged, which, commencing with the form of the arches, ended with the propriety of the sentiments and the accuracy of the Latinity of the inscription placed beneath the work on the occasion of laying the first stone. Johnson, as we have said, was an opponent of Mylne's; and answer and counter-answer came thick and fast. We should have been glad to have transcribed a passage from Johnson's part of the controversy; but it is so entirely technical in its tone, as well as scientific in its nature, that we can find nothing of sufficient interest. We need only therefore say, that, in his accustomed vigorous style, he proved so completely the evils of the elliptical arches of Mylne, that one does not know whether to be most surprised at the

audacity of the architect in thereafter going on to erect them, or at the presumption of the arches themselves in venturing to stand for so many centuries, as they yet promise to do, in opposition to such an expression of opinion. These debates, it appears, led very properly to an impartial examination of the subject by eight competent gentlemen, who, in 1760, reported in favour of the plan. "The form of the elliptical arch was then considered not only best adapted to the navigation at all times of the tide, without raising the carriage-way to an inconvenient height, but also much stronger than the semicircular arch constructed in the common way, whilst at the same time its great width rendered fewer piers necessary. Mr. Mylne was accordingly chosen surveyor on the 27th of February, 1760."\*

The first pile was driven in the middle of the Thames on the 7th of May in the same year, and was broken in the course of the ensuing week by one of our old friends, a West-country bargeman. As it appeared, however, to be from neglect only that his barge had been allowed to drive against it, he was let off with a fine. The foundations of every pier were to be piled, in order to guard against the recurrence of such accidents as the sinking of the pier at Westminster Bridge a few years before. Mylne, like Labelye, built his piers with caissons; and it appears the latter were laid somewhat carelessly, as they soon came to be in a distorted position. The architect himself presented to the British Museum a model of a part of his bridge, representing the plan of his centre frames (the wood-work on which the stone is laid during the formation of the arch), which shows that in this part of his work he was original and eminently happy. The first caisson was "launched with great dexterity" on the 19th of May, but the tide was not high enough to float it off to its destined station, and the populace assembled were greatly disappointed. On the 2nd of June it was conveyed to its moorings within the piles, and duly descended to its place. The first stone was laid on the 31st of October by the Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Chitty, attended by the members of the Committee, and a brilliant assemblage of other personages, when various coins were deposited in the proper place, and certain large plates, of pure tin, with an inscription in Latin stating that the work was undertaken "amidst the rage of an extensive war," and ending with the following glowing eulogy on the minister: "And that there might remain to posterity a monument of this City's affection to the man who, by the strength of his genius, the steadiness of his mind, and a certain kind of happy contagion of his probity and spirit (under the Divine favour, and fortunate auspices of George II.), recovered, augmented, and secured the British empire in Asia, Africa, and America, and restored the ancient reputation and influence of his country amongst the nations of Europe, the citizens of London have unanimously voted this bridge to be inscribed with the name of William Pitt." Among the other medals deposited in the stone was a silver one, which had been cherished as the memorial of the young architect's first triumph, the medal given him by the Academy at Rome. As nearly as possible one hundred years later, the old bridge having been condemned, these memorials were again brought to light in clearing away the old structure to make room for its successor.

We have now but little more to say concerning the old Bridge. It appears,

\* Condensed account of a Report to the Common Council, 1784, in 'Penny Cyclopædia,' vol. iv. p. 484.



from the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' that on the 1st of October, 1764, the great arch was opened, and that the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, &c., in the City barge, "with her oars in full play, passed through it. The workmen ranged themselves round the rim of the arch, one man to each stone, on the occasion, which had a very pretty effect in showing the magnificence of the arch, by a comparative view of the men and the stones." It was opened for foot passengers in 1766, a temporary footway having been made across the arches; for horses in 1768; and completely on the 19th of November, 1769. The embankments and approaches, which were works of considerable difficulty, occupied some years longer. The funds for the work had been raised by loan, on the security of the City, the loan to be repaid by tolls levied on the bridge. These were very successful, producing, in the first twelve weeks, 758*l.*, and in a subsequent year (from Lady-day, 1782, to Lady-day, 1783) above 8000*l.*: ultimately Government bought the tolls, and made the bridge free. The entire expense was nearly 300,000*l.*, but it is greatly to the credit of the architect that he built the bridge itself for some 160*l.* less than his estimate: he said the expense should not exceed 153,000*l.*; it was just 152,840*l.* 3*s.* 10*d.* Our readers, after this statement, will be surprised to hear how shabbily he was treated. He had been engaged during the progress of the work at a salary of 300*l.* a-year, with the promise of a further remuneration of five per cent. on the money laid out. Some honest gentlemen, however, objected to the payment of the per centage; and Mylne was obliged to assume a hostile position before he could obtain it in 1776.

So entirely is this gentleman's name now connected with Blackfriars Bridge, that we shall make no apology for giving two or three further notices of his career. The Bridge, of course, brought him into great repute; and among many other agreeable proofs of public estimation was that of his filling the post once occupied by Wren, the Surveyorship of St. Paul's. He has left there a memorable record of himself. He it was who first suggested the placing over the entrance into the choir the magnificent epitaph or inscription on Wren, *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*. Here, too, lie his remains, near the tomb of him he so much revered. He died on the 5th of May, 1811. Having mentioned his controversy with Johnson, it is pleasant to have to add that the latter afterwards acknowledged his full merit, and they became intimate. With an interesting anecdote we conclude these brief notices of an able architect and high-principled man: "Mr. Mylne made some very great alterations and improvements at King's Weston for the late Lord de Clifford, then Mr. Southwell, who knew him at Rome, and from his bridge at Blackfriars conceived a very high idea of his talents. Concerning this seat, Mr. Mylne's clerk used to relate the following anecdote. On Mr. Mylne's arrival there he commenced making a plan, by which he discovered a small room in the house to which there were no means of access, and, in cutting into it, they found to their great astonishment a quantity of old family plate, together with the records of a barony granted in the reign of Henry III. to that family, in consequence of which Mr. Southwell took the title of Lord de Clifford. This room was probably shut up during the rebellion in the reign of Charles I."\*

\* Chalmers's Gen. Biog. Dictionary, vol. xxii., p. 549.

Among the buildings removed in the formation of the approaches to the Bridge were two that we must not pass unnoticed. In the periodical publications of the time we read that on the 30th of July, 1760, the Commissioners of City Lands sold Ludgate, near the new bridge, for 148*l.*, or, in other words, for the presumed value of the materials; and it was then taken down. Such is the brief record of the destruction of the once famous gate, said to have been first built by the barons during the reign of King John, from the stones of the houses of a number of Jews they caused to be pulled down; but which, if Geoffrey of Monmouth is to be believed, had a right to date its origin from no less a personage than the redoubted British king Lud, who, according to the same particular authority, erected it in the year 66 before Christ. A curious evidence of the truth of the first-mentioned circumstance was discovered when the gate was rebuilt in 1586, in the shape of a stone with the following Hebrew inscription: "This is the ward of Rabbi Moses, the son of the honourable Rabbi Isaac;" and which had no doubt been fixed originally upon the front of one of the Jews' houses. An equally curious evidence of the faith of the City in Geoffrey's story was presented both by the old and the new gate, each of which had on one side statues of King Lud and his two sons, Androgeas and Theomantius, or Teomanticus. Other authorities think the original name was Fludgate, derived from the Saxon appellation of the Fleet. Ludgate was turned into a prison during the reign of Richard II.; when it was ordained that all free men of the City should, for debt, trespasses, accompts, and contempts, be imprisoned in Ludgate, whilst traitors, felons, &c., were to be committed to Newgate. About 1454 the gate was enlarged, and had a chapel added to it by Sir Stephen Forster, who, it is said by Pennant, Maitland, and others, was moved to that work by the grateful remembrance of its connexion with a touching and romantic incident of his own history. According to them he was once a prisoner in Ludgate, and was "begging at the gate,"\* when he was by a certain rich widow interrogated what sum would discharge him. He replied twenty pounds, which she generously disbursed, and, taking him into her service, he, by an indefatigable application to business, gained the affections of his mistress to such a degree, that she made him her husband; and, having greatly enriched himself by commerce, amidst his affluence bethought himself of the place of his confinement.† It appears, from the same authority, the merchants and tradesmen were accustomed to place themselves here in their pecuniary misfortunes (to avoid, we presume, being sent to a worse gaol by their creditors); and that, when Philip of Spain came through London on his first visit in 1554, the year of his marriage with Mary, there were thirty of these prisoners in confinement, whose united debts amounted to 10,000*l.*, and who presented to that monarch a remarkably well-written Latin document, begging him to redress their miseries and free them. They asked this "the rather, for that that place was not a gaol for villains, but a place of restraint for poor unfortunate men; and that they were put in there, not by others, but themselves fled thither, and that not out of fear of punishment, but in hopes of better fortune." The friendly author of this address was no less a person than Roger Ascham. The other building to which we have referred was the beautiful bridge erected by Sir George Waterman, in the year of his mayoralty,

\* Many readers will remember the existence of this shameful custom in connection with the old Fleet prison.

† Maitland, vol. i. p. 27.



.672, over Fleet ditch, and opposite Bridewell hospital. This was removed during the formation of the Bridge approaches, October 19, 1765, and on the same day that the sewer extending from thence to the Thames was completed.

Among the public buildings alluded to in the Committee of the House of Commons as tending to keep respectable persons from the neighbourhood of the Black Friars was that of Bridewell. It will perhaps be remembered that in our account of Christ Church we stated that in the comprehensive plan presented by the City to Edward VI. the rioters, vagabonds, strumpets, &c., of the metropolis were to be sent to this place. This was a sad degradation of the once-regal palace, the occasional home of a long succession of monarchs from the very earliest periods. The original building was formed in part from the remains of an old Saxon castle which Stow supposes to have stood on the same site. The name is derived from a well in the neighbourhood dedicated to St. Bride or Bridget. The place having fallen to great decay, Henry VIII., on the occasion of the announced visit of the Emperor Charles V., rebuilt the whole in the space of *six weeks*, and in a truly magnificent manner. But after all the expense and trouble, the Emperor, when he came in 1522, preferred lodging in the Black Friars, and leaving the new palace to his suite. A gallery of communication was then thrown right across the Fleet from one house to the other, and an opening cut through the City Wall. Henry himself subsequently resided here occasionally, and in particular during the period of the trial of Catherine in the Black Friars. When Edward VI. devoted it to the purpose already pointed out, it is said to have been once more in a dilapidated state: if so, we need not much wonder at the speed with which the builders had "run it up." Bridewell was thenceforward used as a house of correction for rogues and vagabonds, and for disobedient and idle apprentices, but it has now been superseded as a house of detention for boys or adults.

It may here be observed, by the way, that as a prison Bridewell had the high distinction of having been the first place of the kind in England where reformation was a leading object. There were confined in the prison, during the year 1837, 770 males and 352 females. It was also made a house of industry, and a place of education for poor children, who were taught different trades by certain persons dignified by the title of arts masters, but who were merely so many poor broken-down tradesmen. The boys wore a peculiar dress, and in that guise made themselves so great a nuisance to the neighbourhood that in 1755 a report was made to the governors. This, be it observed, is almost the precise period when the Act of Parliament for the Bridge was being obtained. From the time of their change of dress an improvement is said to have taken place. The boys are now removed to the "House of Occupation" near Bethlehem Hospital. The jurisdiction of Bridewell and of Bethlehem Hospital are in the hands of the same body of governors. The site of Bridewell is now greatly limited. When Pennant wrote, it appears, much of the original building (by which we presume he means that of Henry VIII.) remained: such as "great part of one court with a front, several arches, octagon towers, and many of the walls;" also "a magnificent flight of ancient stairs" leading to the Court of Justice, "a handsome apartment." All this has now disappeared, having been pulled down within the last few years. A dark-coloured stone front about the middle of Bridge Street marks the entrance

to Bridewell. In the pediment appears the arms of the City of London, and the arched passage leading through the building is terminated by iron gates, having upon them other armorial devices. A flight of stairs on the left leads to the offices and the hall of the institution, and in the basement are five or six cells (now rarely used) for the confinement of unruly apprentices. In a recess upon the staircase is a bust of Richard Clark, Esq., with an inscription stating that he died in 1831, at the age of ninety-one years. He was treasurer of Bridewell and Bethlehem Hospitals for a period of half a century, and was the "friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson." The bust was presented by Philip Hardwick, Esq., in 1837.

The hall, which was rebuilt about ten years ago, is entered through two or three fine apartments, of which it forms the suitable termination. It is a noble room, lighted by a handsome range of windows on each side. The walls round the lower part of the room, at a certain height, are covered with tablets containing the names of benefactors to the united hospitals. Above these tablets, between the windows, pictures occupy all the vacant spaces, of different degrees of merit, from the portraits of the various benefactors and governors of the hospital, painted by obscure artists, to the two Lelys, and the once famous Holbein, which occupy a considerable space at one end of the room. Lely's pictures are portraits of Charles II. and James II., Holbein's represents the grant of the charter of Bridewell to Sir George Barnes, the then Lord Mayor. Among the other personages introduced are William, Earl of Pembroke, Thomas Goodrich, Bishop of Ely and Lord Chancellor of England, and the painter himself, whose name, at least, is said to be given to the figure in the right corner. It is uncertain whether this picture was completed by Holbein, as he, as well as the young king, died very soon after the event here represented. Over the fireplace of the old hall there was a gigantic picture of a worthy alderman on horseback, but this is now preserved in the Guildhall.

The repair of Blackfriars, like that of Westminster Bridge, was for many years a most expensive and laborious business, and almost every year either the one or the other was under the hands of the engineers and builders. This arose from the soft nature of the Portland stone of which both bridges were erected, and its peculiar unfitness to resist the action of water. Blackfriars being examined in 1833, it was found that almost every part of the work required reparation—new piling, for which coffer-dams had to be made, new cutwaters, new arch-stones, &c. The extent of the repair needed may be best understood from the estimated expense, 90,000*l*.! But it was inevitable, so an Act of Parliament was obtained, and the work proceeded with.

In 1843 the Chamberlain reported to the Common Council that no less a sum than 100,960*l*. had already been expended in the repairs of Blackfriars Bridge, besides 800*l*. spent in procuring a local Act (4 William IV.). A subsequent report showed that 10,200*l*. had been required for the repair of one arch alone in the course of six years; and from 1851 to 1859 the expenditure had been at the rate of about 600*l*. a year.

During the repairs and alterations made in the old bridge, its architectural beauty seems to have suffered very much. The graceful arch, extending from shore



to shore, formed by the upper line of the bridge, became lost by the raising of its ends; and the open balustrade, which gave to the Bridge, as seen from the water on the neighbouring banks, an inconceivable lightness and grace, was exchanged for a dull, heavy parapet.

The Common Council was at last forced, by the faulty and dilapidated condition of the old Bridge, to build a new one, which was commenced in 1862. Twelve designs were sent in at the competition, and that of Mr. Joseph Cubitt was in the end adopted. The architect commenced by building a temporary structure of great strength. It consisted of two storeys—the lower for carriages, the upper for pedestrians—and the length from wharf to wharf was 990 feet. The demolition of the old Bridge began with vigour in 1864. The Bridge, which had taken nearly ten years to build, was demolished in less than a year. In some cases the work of removal and re-construction went on harmoniously and simultaneously side by side; and the Bridge was completed and opened by her Majesty on the 6th of November, 1869—as nearly as possible a hundred years after the opening of its predecessor, which took place on the 19th of November, 1769.

The new Bridge, which was built at a cost of 320,000*l.*, is in the Venetian-Gothic style of architecture, and is constructed principally of iron, resting on granite piers. It consists of five arches: the centre one 185 feet between the piers, those on either side 175 feet, and the end arches 155 feet. The central piers are 20 feet 6 inches wide, and the remaining two 18 feet each—making a total length of bridge clear between the shore abutments of 923 feet. The structure is 75 feet wide—*i.e.* roadway 45 feet, and the footpaths 15 feet each. Great care was taken to ensure good foundation for the piers. Metal caissons were sunk into the bed of the river for about 38 feet under low-water mark, and filled with concrete to half this height, and upon these foundations solid brickwork was raised to the level of the bed of the river, and upon these again was built the pier itself, consisting of solid brickwork faced with granite. The arches are separated by detached columns of polished red Aberdeen granite, with Gothic mouldings of Portland stone for the bases and capitals; the columns support semi-octagonal recesses, having seats inside, and slightly raised above the footway. Each arch is composed of nine carved ribs of wrought iron, braced together with short lattice girders, the external faces of which are ornamented with gilt bosses. The stone roadway and footpaths are laid in a bed of concrete and asphalt, spread over a series of iron plates which are laid over the whole bridge. The carved caps to the columns bear on the eastern side—that side of the Bridge looking towards the confluence of the Thames with the German Ocean—ornamentations consisting of the sea-gull, sea-weeds, &c.; and on the western side the stork, bittern, swan, and such plants as are found in fresh water, and are especially indigenous to the river Thames, whose waters are spanned by the bridge.

The original Blackfriars Bridge took nine years in building; Vauxhall Bridge was begun in 1811, and completed in 1816; Waterloo Bridge was also begun in 1811, and completed in June, 1817, so as to commemorate the second anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. Six years were spent in the erection of Southwark Bridge, five years in that of Hungerford, and about ten in the completion of new Westminster Bridge. London Bridge took seven years before it was completed;

but new Blackfriars Bridge was opened only three years and a half after the laying of its first stone.

It is perhaps worthy of note that, since the substitution of the new for old Blackfriars Bridge, Southwark Bridge ranks as the oldest of such structures in the metropolis, and that the whole of our bridges across the Thames have been built within the memory of the living generation.



[Old Blackfriars Bridge, 1636.]





[Cromwell's House, see page 138.]

## LIX.—CLERKENWELL.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in the last chapter of 'Waverley,' while alluding to the imperceptible gradations by which national and political changes are wrought, remarks, " Like those who drift down the stream of a deep and smooth river, we are not aware of the progress we have made until we fix our eye on the now distant point from which we have been drifted."

As with political changes, so is it with the topographical features of a country, a district, or a parish. We may see houses and streets springing up around us; we may see green fields turned into brick-fields, and pleasant paths into paved streets; we may find a little road-side inn transformed into a dazzling "gin-palace," and direction-posts and mile-stones replaced by gas-lamps; the stage-coach may be superseded by the "cab" and the omnibus, and the drowsy and decrepit watchman by the active policeman. These changes, if watched as they proceed, become familiar to us: we are rendered accustomed to one change before another occurs; and, like the growth of a brother or sister with whom we live, we are hardly conscious that the change is really occurring. But if we direct a glance back to a former period, forgetting the steps by which the present has resulted from the past—if we "fix our eye on the now distant point from which we have been drifted"—we regard the amount of change as something almost inexplicable, and wonder how such things can be.

Those who reside in the outskirts of London have such changes as these presented to them in a very marked degree. North, south, east, and west—on all sides—a period of twenty years is sufficient to change the whole appearance of the border of London, if such a border can be found. The parish of CLERKENWELL was, two generations ago, a part of this border; for it was separated very decidedly from the village of Islington, green fields and country paths forming the communication from one to the other. But now where are the fields or the paths? And where are the fields and gardens which, even half a century ago, lay at the north and the west of the New River Head? They are gone, or going so rapidly that we can scarcely trace them. Let any one now look around him from the “Angel” at Islington, and remember that it was this spot which was thus alluded to in 1780:—“It was customary for travellers approaching London to remain all night at the Angel Inn, rather than venture after dark to prosecute their journey along ways which were almost equally dangerous from their bad state and their being so greatly infested with thieves.” Let him then turn his attention to the western end of Perceval Street, in St. John’s Street Road: here, in 1780, “persons walking from the City to Islington in the evening waited near the end of St. John’s Street, in what is now termed Northampton Street (but was then a rural avenue, planted with trees, called Wood’s Close), until a sufficient party had collected, who were then escorted by an armed patrol appointed for that purpose.”\* Not only has this important highway ceased to present the discouraging characteristics here mentioned, but the whole vicinity on both sides has since become crowded with streets.

Although the parish of Clerkenwell extends beyond the New or Euston Road towards the north, yet the district to which the name of Clerkenwell was more particularly attached in past times is that immediately surrounding the Green, the Close, and St. John’s Square. The village of Clerkenwell ramified from the Priory of St. John as a centre, and was for many ages included within a small circuit around it: nearly all which is northward of the Close may be regarded as modern. Before taking a rapid glance at the changes which this part of London has undergone, and showing its chief peculiarities at the present day, it may be well to mention the limits within which Clerkenwell as a parish is bounded. The Goswell Street Road, from the Charter House to the “Angel” at Islington, forms the eastern boundary of the parish; the northern boundary lies at about one-sixth of a mile northward of the Euston Road, from High Street, Islington, or rather the Liverpool Road, to near King’s Cross: the western limit of the parish, from King’s Cross (once Battle Bridge) to Saffron Hill, lies at a short distance from and parallel with Farringdon Road; and an irregular line from Saffron Hill, past the south end of St. John’s Lane, to the Charter House Garden, completes the boundary.

This district is supposed to have been formerly a continuation of the great moor or morass which extended from Spitalfields to Moorfields and Finsbury; not itself actually a morass, but a succession of gentle pastures and slopes, bounded on the east by the morass, and on the west by the “River of Wells,” afterwards the “River Fleet,” then the “Fleet Ditch,” and, finally, the common

\* J. and H. S. Storer, and T. Cromwell, “History and Description of the Parish of Clerkenwell,”—a book to which we shall be much indebted in the following pages.



sewer.\* There is evidence, from a consideration of the relative levels of the surrounding spots, that there must have been here a pleasant alternation of hill and dale: the River of Wells flowing along a depressed channel between two hills, where are now the abodes of filth and wretchedness; and the Holeburne or Oldbourne, with vineyards on its banks, flowing into the former at the spot once known as Holborn Bridge. Fitzstephen, in the year 1190, speaks of the "open, pleasant meadows, the flowing rivulets, and the noise of the water-wheels," in the suburbs on the northern side of the City wall.

We have reason to believe, from details given in a former chapter,† that the site of the assemblage of streets now forming Clerkenwell was, six hundred years ago, a green and pleasant country spot, having numerous springs and wells, which were resorted to in holiday fashion. About the same period were founded those two monastic or ecclesiastical establishments, which formed a nucleus for the dwelling-houses built on the spot: we mean the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Nunnery of St. Mary. These were situated on the two opposite sides of what is now Clerkenwell Green, the Priory on the south, and the Nunnery on the north; and Mr. Cromwell gives the following imaginary picture of the scene by which the inmates were surrounded:—"On every side but that towards the City they had the prospect of wooded hills and uplands, intermingled with vales of luxuriant verdure; contiguous was the well-dressed, and, we will doubt not, richly productive vineyard; and at unequal distances from their precincts, towards the west, the ground fell into those romantic steepes and secluded dells amongst which the river took its course, and created, as it rushed through the numerous mills erected over it, the 'delightful' sounds which enkindled the descriptive enthusiasm of Fitzstephen. In the contemplation of such a scene, we could for the moment forego all the advantages resulting from that altered state of things which has closed the view of it for ever, and almost sigh for the return of times, when the spread of commerce and the improvements of civilisation had not deprived our suburb of natural beauties of so rich an order."‡

There is very little evidence remaining to show the rate or the manner in which buildings gradually sprang up around the Priory and the Nunnery. In Aggas's Map of London, dated 1563, very few streets or houses are represented in this neighbourhood, except those immediately contiguous to, or occupying the site of, the monastic buildings. Cow Cross, Turnmill Street, and the southern end of St. John Street, are represented; but bounded on three sides by little else than fields. By the year 1617, according to Malcolm,§ a number of fine houses had been built in the district, which were inhabited by persons of rank and fashion. A list of twenty-three "Lords," "Ladies," and "Sirs" is given, as having lived in Clerkenwell Close, Clerkenwell Green, St. John's Square, St. John's Lane, and St. John Street, in that year. How large would be the circle, round the same centre, which would include an equal number of the titled and the high-born at the present day?

In the year 1708 the number of houses in Clerkenwell were reckoned at 1146; in 1724, 1529; and in 1772, 1889. The changes which occurred during these intervals were of two kinds, viz. the increase of buildings generally northward of

\* See 'London,' Chap. xiii.; "Underground," p. 229.

† Ibid. p. 226.

‡ History of Clerkenwell, p. 13.

§ Londinium Redivivum, vol. iii. p. 225.

the site of the Priory ; and the departure of titled and wealthy persons to other parts of London. It is probable that we may place at the beginning of the last century, or the latter end of the preceding one, the commencement of that remarkable localisation which has ever since distinguished the spot. What was the circumstance which led to the establishment of the *Watch-makers*, *Clock-makers*, and *Jewellers* of the metropolis in the parish of Clerkenwell we do not know ; nor have we heard any plausible reason assigned by those who, residing on the spot, and carrying on these branches of manufacture, might be supposed to be best informed on the matter. But be the case what it may, the fact is certain. Although there are dealers in these articles of traffic in other parts of the metropolis, the real *makers* are to be found in Clerkenwell ; not without exception, certainly, but with exceptions so few as to render the rule more striking. From St. John's Square to the New River Head, and from Goswell Street to Coppice Row, there is scarcely a street which does not contain some artisans in these departments of handicraft ; and in many of the streets nearly the whole of the houses are thus occupied. Let any one, as a matter of curiosity, make a tour of inspection, and glance at the door-plates and inscriptions : he will see a curious exemplification of what is here stated. He must not, when he sees the designations, " escapement-maker," " engine-turner," " fusee-cutter," " springer," " secret-springer," " finisher," " joint-finisher," &c., imagine that these are avocations of totally different kinds from those alluded to above : they all form, as we shall endeavour to show in a future page, only a small part of the subdivisions to which the watch-manufacture has been subjected. There are not, as in Bermondsey, large buildings and open yards to indicate the nature of the staple manufacture carried on ; nor are there, as in Spitalfields, humble private dwellings, whose windows present a characteristic appearance. The house of a Clerkenwell watch-maker is simply a " private house," in the common English acceptance of the term ; having in some cases a workshop constructed in the rear. There are a few of these houses which have an open shop at the ground-story, for the sale of articles connected with watches and jewellery ; but in by far the greater number of instances the inscription on the doorplate alone indicates the nature of the business carried on within.

As the present is best illustrated by comparing it with the past, we will take a rapid circuit of the district chiefly occupied by these manufacturers, and shew what are the changes which the principal streets have undergone, and how they are now occupied.

Let us begin at the "spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood." There is a part of St. John Street, not very far from Smithfield, which presents a much greater width than any other portion of the street, and greater than we customarily find in London. It occurs at the spot where St. John's Lane terminates at St. John Street. In what is now the roadway of this wide portion of the street once stood Hicks's Hall, having a carriage-way on all four sides of it, in the same manner as the Sessions House now has on Clerkenwell Green. This Hall was built in the year 1610, for the accommodation of the Justices of the Peace for the county of Middlesex, who had previously met at a common inn called the " Castle," in St. John Street, where they were much inconvenienced by " carriers, and many other sorts of people."



The place here indicated is the southernmost extremity of Clerkenwell parish, and is not unworthy of notice from the associations connected with its vicinity. Southward of it we have the Priory and Hospital of St. Bartholomew; eastward, the Charterhouse; and northward the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem—all of which have occupied our attention in former chapters of this work. Within a short distance, too, is the meat market of Smithfield, the supply of which gives rise to some of the busiest scenes which St. John Street presents. On the evenings preceding the market-days, before the cattle market was transferred to Copenhagen Fields, the whole length of St. John Street, from end to end, was rendered bustling and diversified by the passing of cattle and sheep to Smithfield.\*

The portion of Clerkenwell included between St. John's Street and Goswell Street, and terminated at the north by Islington, and on the south by the Charter House, comprises probably about one-fifth of the area of the parish, the southern half of it being much more ancient than the northern. Wilderness Row, leading from one of the above-named streets to the other, separates the parish of Clerkenwell from the grounds of the Charter House; and this is the locality of the "Pardon Churchyard," alluded to in our account of the Charter House † as having had such celebrity soon after the plague of 1349. The streets immediately north of this spot do not partake, in any great degree, of the character which we have assigned to modern Clerkenwell: they are in general small and humble.

When we arrive northward as far as Compton Street, which is one of the numerous streets leading from one of the great thoroughfares to the other, we approach a district which, until the present century, presented but a sprinkling of houses here and there, instead of the compact mass of streets now exhibited. The names of Compton, Northampton, Perceval, Spencer, Wynyate, and Ashby, which these new streets present, are given from various names and titles pertaining to the Marquis of Northampton, the principal ground-landlord of the district. At the corner of Ashby Street there stood, until recently, a large house which was once the town residence of the Northampton family, and the vicinity of which has undergone singular changes since the period when the house was thus occupied. The plot of ground which now forms Northampton Square was then a garden, or part of a garden, belonging to the mansion. On every other side were open fields and rural paths. Now how great is the difference! The house itself has been demolished, and on its site the Martyr's Memorial Church has been erected; the garden is an inhabited square, and the fields and paths are transformed into streets which are inhabited principally by the class of persons before alluded to. The quiet respectability which distinguish the "watchmaking" streets of Clerkenwell, are nowhere more observable than within the quadrangular space bounded by Goswell Street Road, Wynyate Street, St. John Street Road, and Compton Street. We may here observe that a small portion of the parish of St. Luke, immediately eastward of the district here described, is occupied in a similar manner.

Immediately adjacent to the Northampton estate, and occupying the principal portion of the ground from thence to the "Angel" at Islington, is a valuable estate belonging to the Brewers' Company, the acquisition of which is traced to a

\* See 'London,' 'Smithfield.'

† 'London,' vol. ii. p. 114.

circumstance tinged with much of the air of a romance. Stow mentions the popular notion entertained on the matter; while subsequent documents have tended to confirm it. In the latter end of the sixteenth century the spot of ground here indicated was used as a cow-lair. One morning a Miss Wilkes, daughter of a gentleman who owned this property, was walking here with her maid, and observing a woman milking a cow, was seized with a whim to try her own skill in a similar manner. She had scarcely stooped in the act of putting her wish into execution, when an arrow, from the bow of a gentleman who was exercising himself in archery in the neighbourhood, pierced and carried away her high-crowned hat. Impressed with an agitated consciousness of the narrow escape which her life had had, she resolved to raise some monument of her gratitude on that same spot, should she ever become its possessor. After an interval of many years, and when she had become the wife of Sir Thomas Owen, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, she purchased the field, and built thereon ten alms-houses, and a free grammar-school, which she afterwards bequeathed to the Brewers' Company. On the gable front of the school were fixed three arrows—one on the apex, and the other two on the corners—as a memorial of the event. That the alms-houses and the school were built by Lady Owen, and by her presented to the Brewers' Company, is a matter of no doubt; and the story of the arrow is so pretty a one that it deserves to be true likewise.



[Lady Owen's School.]

Let us now pass over to the western side of St. John's Street, and see what are the changes which time and manufactures have made. Beginning again at the "place where Hicks's Hall formerly stood," and passing up St. John's Lane, we come to the time-honoured spot which occupied our attention in a former chapter.\* Not only has the building over the Gate, as was there detailed, been transformed into a public-house, but the Square, which was at one time part of the Priory precincts, and afterwards a place of residence for the titled and the wealthy, has become a region of watchmakers and jewellers. The "secret springer" and the

\* 'London,' Chapter XXXIV., 'St. John's Gate.'



"hand-maker," the "enameller" and the "lapidary," have usurped the place of the Hospitallers of St. John: romance and chivalry have departed, and have made way for the apron and the work-bench. Each is fitted for a certain stage in the progress of society; and while we acknowledge that the former wrought some good in their day, we have scarcely a right to regret that such times are passed away.

When passing through the little avenue called "Jerusalem Passage," which leads from St. John's Square to Clerkenwell Green, or rather to Aylesbury Street, we have on the left a mass of houses which occupy both sides of the site of the northern wall of the Priory. Imagine Clerkenwell Green to be really a green, bounded on the south by a wall, through a postern-gate in which the priors and monks had ingress and egress; and on the north by the wall of the Nunnery, also with its postern-gate. Imagine also a fine open country on all sides (except perhaps on the south), with vineyards and meadows, and springs and rivulets. We shall then have an idea of what this spot once was. The subsequent changes tell their own tale. Red Lion Street, branching out southward from the Green, passes through what was once the garden of the Priory, and exhibits, even to a greater extent than St. John's Square, the peculiar features of modern Clerkenwell. In order to convey to those who are not familiar with this district an idea of the peculiarity to which we have so often alluded, we perhaps cannot do better than instance the street here mentioned. Out of about eighty houses in this street, a very large portion are occupied by manufacturers of clocks, watches, or jewellery, either under those designations, or some of the many subdivisions to which the manufacture is subjected.

Aylesbury Street, now a street of middle-class shops, once boasted of its mansions and its gardens. In the space which now separates this street from St. John's Church once stood Aylesbury House and Gardens, the town-residence of the Earls of Aylesbury in the reign of Charles II. By the year 1720 it was spoken of as being "still standing, but let out in tenements;" and a portion of it is still supposed to form the house at the north-east corner of St. John's Square.

But Aylesbury Street derives something like celebrity from another circumstance, which connects it with the Shaksperian times. In a small street, branching from it on the north, called Woodbridge Street, but formerly known as Red Bull Yard, once stood the celebrated "Red Bull Theatre," one of the many which existed in London during the latter part of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries. It is said to have rivalled in size the "Globe" theatre at Bankside, and the "Fortune" near Whitecross Street; and to have excelled all the others. There are many scattered notices of the theatre in the writers of that period, from which it appears to have been held in much repute. During the puritanical furor of a later date, this theatre, like the others, seems to have fallen in the shade: but it was not, like some of them, actually destroyed; for we find that short comic pieces were acted there during the reign of Charles II. In a small octavo volume, of which two copies exist at the British Museum, called 'The Wits, or Sport upon Sport,' written by Francis Kirkman in 1673, there is a frontispiece representing the interior of the Red Bull Theatre, with actors on a square platform, and audience on all four sides. In the preface to the book is a paragraph which throws some light on the con-

dition of the theatre at that time:—"When the publique theatres were shut up, and the actors forbidden to present us with any of their tragedies, because we had enough of that in earnest, and comedies, because the vices of the age were too lively and smartly represented, then all that we could divert ourselves with were these humors and pieces of plays" (alluding to several which the volume contains), "which, passing under the name of a merry, conceited fellow, called Bottom the Weaver, Simpleton the Smith, John Swabber, or some such title, were only allowed us, and that but by stealth too, and under pretence of ropedancing or the like; and these being all that was permitted us, great was the confluence of the auditors; and these small things were as profitable, and as great get-pennies to the actors, as any of our late famed plays. I have seen the RED BULL playhouse, which was a large one, so full, that as many went back from want of room as entered; and as meanly as you may now think of these drolls, they were then acted by the best comedians then and now in being." It is supposed to have been at this theatre that the first *woman* ever acted on the English stage, the female characters having been played by boys and youths till about the time of the restoration; for one Thomas Jordan, an actor at the Red Bull, wrote a prologue to introduce "the first woman that came to act on the stage" as Desdemona. At what time this theatre was destroyed does not clearly appear; but its site is probably now occupied by part of a distillery, which extends from thence into St. John Street.

At the corner of Jerusalem Passage and Aylesbury Street, according to Messrs. Storer (Malcolm places it "next to St. John's Gate," which may perhaps mean the same thing), resided the eccentric Thomas Britton, who was known to high and low as the "Musical small-coal man." The lower part of his house was a receptacle for small-coal, in which he was a dealer; but the upper floor was a concert-room, where he indulged a taste, or we may properly call it a passion, for music in a very singular way. There were but few concerts in London at that time (about a century and a half ago), and the novelty of the thing was, no doubt, quite as attractive as its excellence. The concert-room, which was ascended by a kind of ladder in the open air, attracted, as Dibdin relates, "all the fashion of the age, who flocked regularly every week to taste a delight of which the English were grown so fond, that it was considered as vulgar then not to have attended Britton's Concert as it would be now not to have heard Banti." These concerts were "got up" by certain lovers of music, who, desirous to encourage merit in one of humble station, and struck, probably, with the whimsicality of the circumstance, formed themselves into a musical club, whose meetings were held in Britton's house, he himself playing the viol-di-gamba. The celebrated Dubourg, the violinist, made his first appearance before the public as a child, standing upon a stool in this room. Britton was not only a lover of music; he was also a collector of drawings, prints, books, manuscripts, and musical instruments of rare or obsolete forms. Some of these he collected for distinguished noblemen, who made him their agent; and he is said to have frequently met his employers in a bookseller's shop at the corner of Ave Maria Lane, on which occasions he would "pitch his coal-sack on a bulk at the door" (for he was an itinerant vendor), "and, dressed in his blue frock, which was necessarily somewhat discoloured by his occupation, step in and spend an im-



proving hour with the company." This singular character died in the year 1714; and the site of his "musical small-coal warehouse" is now occupied by a public-house.

We have spoken of a Nunnery which once bounded Clerkenwell Green on the north. This occupied the site of what are now the parish church and the Close; indeed, the latter was the Nunnery Close, and the former, before it was rebuilt about ninety years ago, was part of the ancient conventual church. The Nunnery was built nearly at the same period as the adjacent Priory of St. John, and continued in existence till the dissolution by Henry VIII. Scarcely anything is known of its history, its architectural features, or its historical associations; differing very widely, in this respect, from the Priory. After the Reformation, when that great event, as well as the dissolution of the monastic establishments, had rendered necessary a remodelling of the parochial affairs of so many parts of England, the church of St. Mary's Nunnery was made a parochial church, and dedicated to St. James, the other portions of the Nunnery enclosure passing into the hands of the Duke of Newcastle; while the choir of the church of the Priory became known as St. John's Church.



[St. James's Church.]

The Duke (then Earl) of Newcastle built a family mansion on the site, and partly out of the ruins, of the Nunnery, a little northward of the old church. Whoever would now look for this, one among many large mansions once to be found in Clerkenwell, or rather for the site which it once occupied, must pass from the Close through Newcastle Street in the direction of the church, leaving the entrance to the House of Detention on his left. He will then be standing where Newcastle House stood until about ninety years back. The Earl of Newcastle, on whose estates the enormous sum of three-quarters of a million sterling was levied by Cromwell's Parliament, and who returned to England from exile at the

Restoration, "spent nearly the whole remainder of his life in the retirement afforded by his seat at Clerkenwell, where he took much pleasure in literary pursuits, and paid some necessary attention to repairing the injuries sustained by his fortune." On the opposite side of the Close once stood a large house called Cromwell House, said traditionally to have been inhabited by Oliver Cromwell. In the last century, according to Storer, it was "in the occupation of William Blackborow, Esq., many years in the commission of the peace for the County of Middlesex, who died here, at an advanced age, September 16, 1794. It was destroyed by fire some years since, and the spot on which it stood is occupied by the modern buildings of Cromwell Place." All the antiquities of what was once the Nunnery Close are gone,—the Nunnery itself, the old church, Newcastle House, Cromwell House, all have given way to the present narrow streets, filled with the private houses of working tradesmen. The Nunnery Close and Clerkenwell Close are the same; yet how different! The modern St. James's Church and the Clerkenwell Bridewell are the only two erections in or around it worth a glance in respect to aught save manufacturing industry.

There is a narrow belt of the parish of Clerkenwell, which, as we stated in a former page, lies westward of, and runs parallel with, Farringdon Road. This part of the parish differs greatly from most of the districts which we have passed through. There are few "watchmakers," few "jewellers," few respectable streets, few associations by which we may look back upon the past through the present. The streets, the houses, and the inhabitants are generally of a humble class; and a large portion of this area is covered by the Middlesex House of Correction. There is, however, a little northward of the Sessions House on Clerkenwell Green, a spot which has given no less than a name to the whole parish. It must be remembered that the district or belt now under consideration slopes down very rapidly from the Green to what was once the Fleet ditch, but which is now occupied by the Metropolitan or "Underground" Railway; and along this slope the water was wont, in ancient times, to flow from certain springs to the "River of Wells." One of these springs, called "Fay's Well," is believed to have been situated near the Junction of Turnmill Street and Cow Cross Street, and was closed over about the middle of the last century. North-west of this, at a little distance from Clerkenwell Green, in Ray Street, was the "Clerks' Well," from which the parish is named. Of the early history of this well, and of the dramatic performances which are said to have been held around its brink, we have before spoken.\* We need, therefore, here merely state that it was situated just without the western wall of the Nunnery; and was in after-years presented to the parish by the then owner of the ground. A memorial of this ancient well was to be seen at the corner of Ray Street, down to within the last few years, in the form of a misshapen and rudely-constructed pump, with an inscription denoting that the water which flowed from that pump was derived from the "Clerks' Well."

Of those who have witnessed and admired (or perhaps censured) the 'Beggar's Opera,' few would now know the locality there mentioned by the name of "Hockley-in-the-Hole." It was a *Bear Garden* situated near the northern end

\* Vol. i. p. 226.



of what now constitutes Ray Street ; and as Mrs. Peachum says to Filch, " You must go to Hockley-in-the-Hole, and to Marybone, child, to learn valour," we may draw a probable inference of the degree of respectability attached to its name.



Bear-baiting in the Seventeenth Century.

Northward of this spot, and extending in the direction of Bagnigge Wells, is a district once known as the Jervoise Estate. On the site of the row of houses now called Cobham Row, at the eastern end of Mount Pleasant, formerly resided Sir John Oldcastle, afterwards Lord Cobham, a distinguished nobleman in the reign of Edward III. He it was who promulgated Wickliffe's writings among the people, an act for which he was burnt in the year 1417. His memory was held in great respect by the public at large, and for a long period afterwards the plot of ground on which his house stood was named after him. At a subsequent period a house of entertainment, called the "Sir John Oldcastle," was opened on this spot. In the last century a portion of the Cobham Estate was presented by the then proprietor to the trustees of a Small-pox Hospital, the first of its kind in Europe. The institution, at its first establishment, consisted of three buildings : one in Old Street, one at Islington, and the one here alluded to ; but afterwards the arrangements were confined to two Hospitals—that at Battle Bridge, St. Pancras, for preparing and inoculating patients ; and that on the Cobham Estate, for receiving the patients as soon as the disease appeared, and also those who caught the disease naturally. The Hospital at Coldbath Fields was held in the house formerly known as the "Sir John Oldcastle," which was itself supposed to comprise a part of the ancient mansion of that nobleman ; but a new building was subsequently constructed, and used as a Small-pox Hospital till the year 1795, when the operations of the charity were removed to St. Pancras. The estate, at

a later period, passed into the hands of "Lady Huntingdon's Connexion," who occupy the neighbouring chapel in Exmouth Street. By degrees, streets were built around the spot once occupied as the Hospital, and the whole neighbourhood became known by the general name of Coldbath Fields.

The name just given, as well as those of Bagnigge Wells, Sadler's Wells, the London Spa, and the "Wells" alluded to by the earlier topographers, point to one of the distinguishing characteristics of this locality. The tract of ground immediately eastward of the Fleet River appears to have been singularly rich in springs, many of which were medicinal. A "cold spring" was discovered near the top of Mount Pleasant, at the beginning of the last century, and was, by the proprietor of the estate on which it was found, converted into a bath, which, under the name of the "Cold Bath," was said to be "the most noted and first about London." The entrance to the bath may still be seen in a short street branching out of Mount Pleasant, but its appearance is very different from that represented in a picturesque view of the spot in 1811. Another of these spots, so well known as "Sadler's Wells," derives its name from a spring which was discovered in the garden of one Sadler, who was the proprietor of a "music-room," the forerunner of the present theatre. The water was said to be ferruginous, and so valuable for certain complaints, that the well was visited by "five or six hundred persons every morning." A third instance is the once famous "Islington Spa," situated a little southward of the theatre, in a street leading into St. John Street Road. This spa was opened so long as two centuries ago, and was visited by persons of distinction from the west end of the town. Two of the daughters of King George II. were accustomed to drink the waters there daily. All that now remains to point out the site of this spa is a house inscribed as the "Islington Spa, the New Tunbridge Wells;" the waters have long since dried up. A fourth instance is, or was, afforded by the "London Spa," a medicinal spring of much repute on the spot now occupied by a public-house of the same name, at the eastern end of Exmouth Street. With this may be associated the "New Wells," situated a little southward of it, where now is Rosoman Street; but both have long ceased to show any evidence of existence. Lastly, we may mention the "Bagnigge Wells," reputed to have been once the country residence of Nell Gwynne, and afterwards celebrated for a medicinal spring discovered there.

Our purpose, in this topographical sketch, being only to notice such matters as illustrate the changes which Clerkenwell has undergone from age to age, and not to offer particular descriptions of churches, prisons, theatres, and private buildings, we shall say but little of the remaining parts of the parish. Nearly all the portion northward of Exmouth Street and Rosoman Street was open fields until comparatively modern times, the New River Head,\* and the buildings connected with it, being the only occupied spot of any importance from thence to the New Road; but now there are streets and squares in great number, either built or building; and "Spa Fields," whose name is unfavourably associated with certain riotous proceedings in bygone days, are no longer to be met with. Valleys and depressions have been filled up; eminences have been lowered; water-pipes, and gas-pipes, and pavements, have been laid down; brick and tile fields have been

\* See vol. i. n. 238.



levelled; churches have been opened; wells and springs, spas and baths, are becoming less and less frequented; and the whole district is losing, by the natural operation of commercial speculation, what little of romance once pertained to it. Of that portion of the parish which is situated northward of Euston Road, and which is more generally known by the name of "Pentonville," the same remark may be made: it is entirely occupied by streets of modern houses.

It is scarcely possible to pass through the streets of Clerkenwell without entertaining a wish to know somewhat of the arrangements by which the peculiar manufactures of the district are carried on. If we cannot obtain an answer to the question, "Why are so many manufacturers of one kind assembled in this spot?" we may at least gain a little insight into the commercial economy by which the trade is regulated; and to this we now draw the reader's attention.

Very little is known respecting the early history of the watch and clock manufacture in London, or even in England. It appears to have made a noiseless progress, and to have left but few records of its advancement. A pamphlet, published in 1704, purports to convey the 'Reasons of the English Clock and Watch Makers against the Bill to confirm the pretended new Invention of using precious and common Stones about Watches, Clocks, and other Engines;' and another contains 'Reasons humbly offered by the Jewellers, Diamond-cutters, Lapidaries, Engravers in Stone, &c., against the Bill for Jewel-Watches.' These documents seem to point to the period when the jewelling of watches was first introduced—a term which relates, not to the outward adornment by means of jewels, but to the use of hard stones as a material in which to make pivot-holes for a watch movement. It is plain that the manufacture of a watch must have attained a considerable stage of advancement before such a refined improvement as this would be thought of; and we may reasonably conclude that the trade of watchmaking was an important one in England nearly a century and a half ago.

From time to time parliamentary inquiries have been made into matters affecting in a greater or less degree this branch of manufacture; and from these sources we gain a little information concerning the internal arrangements of the fraternity. The peculiar construction of a pocket-watch, whereby its qualities cannot be estimated by the purchaser except by experience, led to the custom of engraving the name of the maker on some part of the watch as a guarantee of its excellence; and there were enactments making a neglect of this precaution a punishable offence. The trade was also placed under the control of a company, which was thus described by a witness examined before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1817:—"All the clockmakers and other persons using that trade within London and ten miles compass therefrom, are incorporated into one body politic, with powers to make bye-laws for the government of all those persons who should use the trade throughout England, and to control the importation of foreign clocks and watches into this country, and mark such as were imported." By the custom of thus marking foreign watches with the stamp of the Clockmakers' Company—by the custom of marking the works of each English watch with the name of the maker, and by the custom of stamping the gold or silver cases at Goldsmiths' Hall, the number of watches produced in England became tolerably well ascertained, although the number of men employed therein appears never to have been determined. Mr. Jacob ("On the

Precious Metals") estimates the average annual number of watches which pass through Goldsmiths' Hall at fourteen thousand gold and eighty-five thousand silver. This estimate is a good deal under that which is given in a Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, made in 1818. It is there stated that in the year 1796 there were 191,678 watches marked at Goldsmiths' Hall; but that in consequence of the imposition of a duty on clocks and watches, and also of a licence-duty for the sale of watches, the number marked was reduced, by the year 1798, to 128,798; from which it was estimated that sixty thousand watches less were made in London in 1798 than in 1796. These enactments were afterwards repealed, but the number never again reached the standard of 1796.

An ordinary gold or silver watch passes through considerably more than one hundred hands, each workman performing a part of the operation to which his whole attention is directed, and differing from that of every other. It is perhaps still more surprising that this minute subdivision relates, after all, only to what may be termed the finishing of a watch; for the watch "movements" are made almost wholly in Lancashire. On opening a pocket-watch, we see that there are two parallel brass-plates, having between them the greater portion of the wheels belonging to the watch: this portion is known by the manufacturers under the general name of the "movement," and is that to which we here refer. Whether it is that the Lancashire watch-movements excel those which could be made in Clerkenwell in excellence or in price, we shall not attempt to decide; but certain it is that almost every English watch, of whatever quality, has its "movement" made in Lancashire.

Let us follow the "movement" in its progress towards completion. On its arrival in London it is purchased by the "watch-manufacturer," a tradesman who hires the services of the numerous sub-branches alluded to above. It is to be supplied with the "motion-work" or mechanism in connection with the hands; with a "spring" and connecting mechanism; with an "escapement," or apparatus for insuring the uniform "going" of the watch; with a "case," generally of silver or gold; with a "dial," generally enamelled, but sometimes of chased metal; with a "glass," and with other appendages. The manufacturer gives these various parts to be made by certain persons who undertake definite portions; and these parties further subdivide to a degree of minuteness scarcely credible. The "escapement-maker," for instance, so far from being one workman who manufactures everything relating to an escapement, may be a "duplex-escapement maker," or a "lever-escapement maker," or a "horizontal-escapement maker;" he may also have under him many workmen, each of whom is employed in, and is competent only to the manufacture of, some one particular part of some one kind of escapement. The enamelled dial of the watch, too, instead of being perfected by one man, passes through the hands of several: one man forms the dial out of sheet copper; another coats it with the beautiful enamel; a third paints the letters and figures in enamel colours; and a fourth adjusts the dial to the other parts of the watch. The case, in like manner, passes through many hands; for besides the workmen employed in actually making it, there is the "secret-springer," who forms the mechanism by which the two halves of the case close together; the "engine-turner," who engraves those curious devices which ornament the cases of some watches; the "pendant-



maker," who constructs the loop and apparatus by which the watch is suspended from the chain, guard, or watch-ribbon. The "hands" of the watch form a branch of the manufacture totally distinct from the others; so does that of the "watch-key;" and even that of the little "index," by which we regulate the "going" of the watch when too fast or too slow. Some of the wheels of the watch are considered so far distinct as to have their teeth formed by workmen who do not cut the teeth of other wheels. The "fusee" likewise, a conical piece of brass on which the chain is wound by the watch-key from the barrel, is made by one who is wholly employed as a "fusee-cutter." In the "jewelling" of a watch, some men are employed in preparing the stones, and others in making the pivot-holes. Thus we might go on dissecting a watch to its minutest parts, and showing that the more we do so, the more numerous shall we find the subdivision of workmen who made the watch.

The "watch-maker," or "watch-manufacturer," is a tradesman who understands the relative positions and the combined action of all the parts of a watch, and is therefore competent to bring into one whole all the various parts which have been thus made. They are generally persons possessing some considerable capital, as occupying the channel through which the purchaser deals with the actual makers. The watch-manufacturers of Clerkenwell are the class to which we here more particularly allude; for many of the retail dealers in watches in other parts of London merely purchase the articles in a finished state, to sell again at a profit.

We are now enabled to form an idea of the manner in which this system of manufacture gives rise to the present condition of Clerkenwell, as the centre of the watch-trade. There are not two or three hundred men employed in a large factory, to make a watch throughout; but there are thirty or forty distinct classes of tradesmen, comprising, perhaps, three times that number of minor subdivisions, all living and working at their own homes, and contributing the various parts to a watch, which is finally completed by the "watch-manufacturer." Some of these thirty or forty are men possessing sufficient capital to employ in their workshops a considerable number of workmen, among whom they can carry out the principle of the division of labour to a still greater extent; while others are humble artisans who work at their own homes, taking no more work than they can execute with their own hands, or perhaps with an apprentice. A writer on the clock-manufacture, some years ago,\* makes the following observations on one of the results to which this system of minute subdivision is likely to lead:—"The custom of working by piecemeal from established models, which, it must be allowed, contributes greatly to expedition and cheapness, has no doubt conduced to exclude calculation and geometrical principles from the workshops of the present day. Whence it arises that, if we wish to be introduced to the workman who has had the greatest share in the construction of our best clocks, we must often submit to be conducted up some narrow passage of our metropolis, and to mount into some dirty attic, where we find illiterate ingenuity closely employed in earning a mere pittance, compared with the price which is put on the finished machine by the vendor."

\* Rees's Cyclopædia, 'Clock.'

It is curious to compare the condition and habits of life of the Clerkenwell watch-makers with those of the Swiss artisans. There are some districts in Switzerland, the inhabitants of which are almost wholly occupied in the watch manufacture. Dr. Bowring, in his Report on Swiss Manufactures (1836), states : “ The Jura mountains have been the cradle of much celebrity in the mechanical arts, particularly in those more exquisite productions of which a minute complication is a peculiar character. During the winter, which lasts from six to seven months, the inhabitants are, as it were, imprisoned in their dwellings, and occupied in those works which require the utmost developement of skilful ingenuity. Nearly a hundred and twenty thousand watches are produced annually in the elevated regions of Neufchatel. In Switzerland, the most remarkable of the French watchmakers, and among them one who has lately obtained the gold medal at Paris for his beautiful watch-movements, had their birth and education ; and a sort of honourable distinction attaches to the watch-making trade.” Without entering far into the question of the alleged injury which the English manufacturer has been said to suffer from the importation of foreign watches, there is a remark which was made to Dr. Bowring by one of the principal watch-manufacturers of Geneva, which seems to us too important to be omitted :—“ The watches of English manufacture do not come into competition with those of Swiss production, which are used for different purposes, and by a different class of persons. Notwithstanding all the risks and charges, the sale of Swiss watches is large, and it has not really injured the English watch-making trade. The English watches are far more solid in construction, fitter for service, and especially in countries where no good watchmakers are to be found, as the Swiss watches require delicate treatment. English watches, therefore, are sold to the purchaser who can pay a high price : the Swiss watches supply the classes to whom a costly watch is inaccessible.”\*

It may perhaps be right to state that the making of a clock is not subjected to so many minute divisions as that of a watch ; but be they few or many, the part of the metropolis to which we must look for most of the makers of both these specimens of human ingenuity is CLERKENWELL.

\* Report, p. 98





{The Library, Strawberry Hill.}

## LX.—STRAWBERRY HILL.—WALPOLE'S LONDON.

[Concluded from No. LVII.]

LET us seat ourselves with Horace Walpole in his library at Strawberry Hill, and see the relation which the clever man of fashion bears to literature, and to the men of letters his contemporaries. There he sits, as he was painted by the poor artist Muntz, whom he patronised and despised, lounging in a luxurious arm-chair, soft and bright in its silk and embroidery, the window open, through which he occasionally looks on the green meadows and the shining river, in which he feels a half-poetical delight.\* He turns to his elegant room, where "the books are ranged within Gothic arches of pierced work, taken from a side door-case to the choir in Dugdale's St. Paul's." The books themselves are a valuable collection, some for use, and some for show; and it is easy to perceive that for the most part they have not been brought together as the mere furniture of the bookcases, but have been selected pretty much with reference to their possessor's tastes and acquirements. Here is a man, then, of fortune, chiefly derived from sinecures bestowed upon him by his father; of literary acquirements far beyond the fashionable people of his day; with abundance of wit and shrewd observation; early in his career heartily tired of political intrigue, and giving up himself to a quiet life of learned leisure mixed with a little dissipation; and yet that man, pursuing this life for half a century, appears to have come less in contact with the greatest minds of his day than hundreds of his contemporaries of far inferior genius and reputation. With the exception perhaps of General Conway, Walpole has no correspondence with any of the really eminent public men of his time; and the most illustrious of his literary friends, after Gray is gone, are Cole, the dullest of antiquaries, and Hannah More.

\* See page 156.

Warburton, in a letter to Hurd, terms Walpole "an insufferable coxcomb;" and we have no doubt the bold churchman was right. Walpole was utterly destitute of sympathy, perhaps for the higher things of literature, certainly for the higher class of literary men. He had too much talent to be satisfied with the dullness and the vices of the people of fashion with whom he necessarily herded; but he had not courage enough to meet the more intellectual class upon a footing of equality. For the immediate purpose of this paper, it is of very little consequence what Walpole himself individually thinks of literature and men of letters; but it is of importance to show the relation in which the men of letters stood to the higher classes, and the lofty tone in which one whose passion was evidently the love of literary fame spoke of those to whom literature was a profession, and not an affair of smirking amateurship.

Pope had been dead two or three years when Horace Walpole bought Strawberry Hill: they were not therefore neighbours. In 1773, Walpole, speaking depreciatingly of his contemporaries, says, "Recollect that I have seen Pope, and lived with Gray;" but he writes not a word to any one of what he had seen of Pope, and the only notice we have (except a party account of the quarrel between Pope and Bolingbroke) is, in 1742, of Cibber's famous pamphlet against Pope, which subsequently raised its author to be the hero of the 'Dunciad.' Walpole is evidently rubbing his hands with exultation when he says, "It will notably vex him." Pope died in 1744. Of the small captains who scrambled for the crowns of the realms of poetry, after the death of *this* Alexander, there was one who founded a real empire—James Thomson. Walpole says, "I had rather have written the most absurd lines in Lee, than Leonidas or *The Seasons*; as I had rather be put into the round-house for a wrong-headed quarrel, than sup quietly at eight o'clock with my grandmother. There is another of these tame geniuses, a Mr. Akenside, who writes Odes: in one he has lately published he says, 'Light the tapers, urge the fire.' Had not you rather make gods jostle in the dark, than light the candles for fear they should break their heads?"\* Gray, as every one knows, was Walpole's friend from boyhood. The young men quarrelled upon their travels, and after three years were reconciled. Walpole, no doubt, felt a sort of self-important gratification in the fame of Gray as a poet; yet, while Gray was alive, Walpole thus described his conversation: "I agree with you most absolutely in your opinion about Gray; he is the worst company in the world. From a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily; all his words are measured and chosen, and formed into sentences: his writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable."† Yet Walpole was furious when Boswell's book came out, and Johnson is made to say of Gray, "Sir, he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere: he was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him great: he was a mechanical poet." In 1791 Walpole writes, "After the Doctor's death, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Boswell sent an ambling circular letter to me, begging subscriptions for a monument for him—the two last, I think, impertinently, as they could not but know my opinion, and could not suppose I would contribute to a monument for one who had endeavoured, poor soul! to degrade my friend's superlative poetry. I would not deign to write an answer, but sent

\* Horace Walpole to Maun, March 29, 1745.

† Horace Walpole to Montagu, Sept. 3, 1748



down word by my footman, as I would have done to parish officers with a brief, that I would not subscribe.”\* Walpole, we have little doubt, considered himself as the patron of Gray, and Johnson’s opinion was an attack upon his *amour-propre*. His evident hatred of Johnson probably belonged as much to the order as to the individual. The poor man of genius and learning, who, by his stern resolves and dogged industry, had made himself independent of patronage, was a dangerous example. His immortal letter to Chesterfield on the dedication of the Dictionary was an offence against a very numerous tribe.

It is easy to understand, from Walpole’s letters, how an author, however eminent, was looked upon in society, except he had some adventitious quality of wealth or birth to recommend him. In 1766 Walpole thus writes to Hume: “You know, in England, we read their works, but seldom or never take any notice of authors. We think them sufficiently paid if their books sell, and, of course, leave them to their colleges and obscurity, by which means we are not troubled with their vanity and impertinence. In France they spoil us, but that was no business of mine. I, who am an author, must own this conduct very sensible; for, in truth, we are a most useless tribe.” It is difficult to understand whether this passage is meant for insolence to the person to whom it is addressed: for what was Hume but an author? “*We* read their works”—*we*, the aristocratic and the fashionable—to which class Hume might fancy he belonged, after he had proceeded from his tutorship to a mad lord into the rank of a *chargé d’affaires*. But then “in France they spoil *us*,” here the aristocrat is coquetting with the honours of authorship in the face of his brother author. Perhaps the whole was meant for skilful flattery. Walpole’s real estimate of the literary class is found in a letter to Cole, who was too obtuse to take any portion of the affront to himself:—“Mr. Gough wants to be introduced to me! He is so dull, that he would only be troublesome; and besides, you know I shun authors, and would never have been one myself, if it obliged me to keep such bad company. They are always in earnest, and think their profession serious, and dwell upon trifles, and reverence learning. I laugh at all those things, and write only to laugh at them and divert myself. . . . Mr. Gough is very welcome to see Strawberry Hill, or I would help him to any scraps in my possession that would assist his publication; though he is one of those industrious who are only re-burying the dead: but I cannot be acquainted with him. It is contrary to my system and my humour. . . . I have no thirst to know the rest of my contemporaries, from the absurd bombast of Dr. Johnson, down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith; though the latter changeling has had bright gleams of parts, and the former had sense till he changed it for words, and sold it for a pension. Don’t think me scornful. Recollect that I have seen Pope, and lived with Gray.”†

Walpole was too acute not to admire Fielding; yet he evidently delights to lower the man, in the gusto with which he tells the following anecdote:—“Rigby and Peter Bathurst t’other night carried a servant of the latter’s, who had attempted to shoot him, before Fielding; who, to all his other vocations, has, by the grace of Mr. Lyttelton, added that of Middlesex justice. He sent them word he was at supper—that they must come next morning. They did not understand that

\* Horace Walpole to Miss Berry, May 26, 1791.

† Horace Walpole to Cole, April 27, 1773.

freedom, and ran up, where they found him banqueting, with a blind man, a ———, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had seen him so often come to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams, and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs, on which he civilized."\* Scott, in his life of Fielding, suggests that something of this anecdote may belong to the "aristocratic exaggeration" of Walpole; and that the blind man might have been Fielding's brother, who was blind; in the same way the three Irishmen might not necessarily have been denizens of St. Giles's; and the female, whom Walpole designates by the most opprobrious of names, might have been somewhat more respectable than his own Lady Caroline. We are not sure that, under the worst aspect, the supper at Fielding's was more discreditable than the banquet of minced chickens at Vauxhall. (See No. LVII., page 104.) Fielding at this period, when his crime was a dirty table-cloth, thus writes of himself:—"By composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars, and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about five hundred a-year, of the dirtiest money upon earth, to little more than three hundred; a considerable portion of which remained with my clerk."

Walpole himself, in the outset of his literary career, appears, as was to be expected from his temperament and education, miserable under what was then, and is now, called criticism. After the publication of the 'Royal and Noble Authors,' he writes, "I am sick of the character of author; I am sick of the consequences of it; I am weary of seeing my name in the newspapers; I am tired with reading foolish criticisms on me, and as foolish defences of me; and I trust my friends will be so good as to let the last abuse of me pass unanswered."† If he had lived in these times, he might have been less thin-skinned. Those were not the days of reviews and magazines, and newspapers. The 'Monthly Review' was set up in 1749, and the 'Critical Review' in 1756. There was only an 'Evening Post,' and one or two other starveling journals. Those were the days when the old Duchess of Rutland, being told of some strange casualty, says, "Lucy, child, step into the next room and set that down." "Lord, Madam," says Lady Lucy, "it can't be true." "Oh, no matter, child, it will do for news into the country, next post."‡ Horace Walpole might well have compounded for a little of the pert criticism of the reviews of his day, to be exempt from the flood of opinion which now floats the straws and rushes over the things which are stable. Fortunate was it for him and for us that he lived before the days of newspapers, or half he has told us would have been told in a perishable form. A Strawberry Hill man could not have existed in the glare of journalising. He would have been a slave in the Republic of Letters, although he affected to despise court slavery. He must, in the very nature of things, have been president and member of council of some half-dozen of the thousand and one societies with which London now abounds; and he would have had the satisfaction of walking in the *conversazione* horse-mill of hot rooms and cold coffee three times a week

\* Horace Walpole to Montagu, May 18, 1749. † Horace Walpole to the Rev. Henry Zouch, May 14, 1759.

‡ Horace Walpole to Mann, Dec. 23, 1742.



during the season, amidst the same round of masks, all smiling, envious, jobbing, puffing, and beuffed. He was only familiar with one Society, the Antiquarian; and he thus speaks of it:—"I dropped my attendance there four or five years ago, from being sick of their ignorance and stupidity, and have not been three times amongst them since." The Antiquarian Society then consisted of a few harmless and crotchety people, who wrote dull books which nobody read but themselves. But the dull men in time came to understand the full value of gregariousness; the name of Society at length became Legion; and literary and scientific London resolved itself into one mighty coterieship, in which the ninety-nine dwarfs are put upon stilts, and the one of reasonable stature consents to move amongst them, and sometimes to prescribe laws, in the belief that he himself looms larger in the provincial distance. This clever organization came after Walpole's time. Possibly he might have liked the individual men of letters better, if the pretenders to literature, appending all sorts of cabalistic characters to their names, had set him up as their idol. As it was, there was a frank genial intercourse between the best men of his time, which was equally independent of puffing and patronage. The club life of the Burkes and Johnsons was precisely the opposite of the society life of our own days. We of course see nothing of the club life in Walpole's writings; but it is a thing which has left enduring traces. Walpole was not robust enough to live in such an element.

In the days when periodical criticism was in its nonage, men of letters naturally wrote to each other about the merits of new works. There is probably less of this in Walpole than in any other letter-writer equally voluminous; yet he sometimes gives us an opinion of a book, which is worth comparing with that more impartial estimate which is formed by an after-generation, when novelty and fashion have lost their influence, and prejudice, whether kind or hostile, ceases to operate. We may learn from the mistakes of clever men as to the merits of their contemporaries, to be a little humble in forming our own opinions. Let us hear what Walpole has to say of Sterne:—"At present, nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance: it is a kind of novel, called 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy;' the great humour of which consists in the whole narration always going backwards. I can conceive a man saying that it would be droll to write a book in that manner, but have no notion in his persevering in executing it. It makes one smile two or three times at the beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours. The characters are tolerably kept up, but the humour is for ever attempted and missed."\* Gray, who by nature had a keen relish for humour, formed a juster opinion of Sterne, though he scarcely did him justice:—"There is much good fun in 'Tristram,' and humour sometimes hit, and sometimes missed." Goldsmith, who was probably jealous of the Yorkshire wit's sudden reputation, called him "a very dull fellow," which Johnson denied; but Johnson himself disparaged Sterne almost as much as Walpole. Were any of these eminent men quite right in the matter? There were many reasons why Sterne should offend Johnson—reasons which have condemned him in our own day to neglect. But for real creative comic power he was never exceeded, save

\* Horace Walpole to Sir David Dalrymple, April 4, 1760.

by *one* Englishman: his humour, as well as his pathos, has its roots in a rich poetical soil. Walpole, however, did not always set up *nil admirari* as his motto. Thirty years after, Darwin arose; and he at once mounted like a balloon into the empyrean of popularity, and there collapsed. Walpole thus raves about the 'Botanic Garden':—"I send you the most delicious poem upon earth. If you don't know what it is all about, or why, at least you will find glorious similes about everything in the world, and I defy you to discover three bad verses in the whole stack. Dryden was but the prototype of the 'Botanic Garden' in his charming 'Flower and Leaf;' and if he had less meaning, it is true he had more plan; and I must own, that his white velvets and green velvets, and rubies and emeralds, were much more virtuous gentlefolks than most of the flowers of the creation, who seem to have no fear of Doctors' Commons before their eyes. This is only the Second Part; for, like my king's eldest daughter in the 'Hieroglyphic Tales,' the First Part is not born yet:—no matter. I can read this over and over again for ever; for, though it is so excellent, it is impossible to remember anything so disjointed, except you consider it as a collection of short enchanting poems—as the Circe at her tremendous devilries in a church; the intrigue of the dear nightingale and rose; and the description of Medea; the episode of Mr. Howard, which ends with the most sublime of lines—in short, all, all, all is the most lovely poetry."\* Darwin has utterly perished, and can never be resuscitated: his whole system of art was false. Walpole admired him because he was bred up in a school of criticism which regarded *style* as the one thing needful, and considered that the most poetical language which was the farthest removed from the language of common life: hence in some respects his idolatry of Gray, and his contempt of Thomson. Cowper, the only one poet of his later years who will live, is never once mentioned by him. The mode in which he addresses himself to Jephson, the author of 'Braganza' and several other mouthing tragedies, appears to us now inexpressibly ridiculous: "You seem to me to have imitated Beaumont and Fletcher, *though your play is superior to all theirs*. . . . You are so great a poet, Sir, that you have no occasion to labour anything but your plots."† This is the natural result of Walpole being brought up in the French school of criticism. His correspondence with Voltaire shows the process by which he was led to think that such a word-spinner as Robert Jephson, captain of foot, and a nominee of Lord Townshend in the Irish Parliament, imitated Beaumont and Fletcher; and produced a play superior to all theirs. In the preface to the second edition of 'The Castle of Otranto,' Walpole thus expressed himself in defence of his introduction into a serious romance of domestics speaking in common language: "That great master of nature, Shakspeare, was the model I copied. Let me ask if his tragedies of 'Hamlet' and 'Julius Cæsar' would not lose a considerable share of their spirit and wonderful beauties if the humour of the grave-diggers, the fooleries of Polonius, and the clumsy jests of the Roman citizens were omitted, or vested in heroics? Is not the eloquence of Antony, the nobler and affectedly-unaffected oration of Brutus, artificially exalted by the rude bursts of nature from the mouths of their auditors?

\* Horace Walpole to the Miss Berrys, April 28, 1758.

† Horace Walpole to Robert Jephson, Esq., October 17, 1777.



These touches remind one of the Grecian sculptor, who, to convey the idea of a Colossus within the dimensions of a seal, inserted a little boy measuring his thumb. No, says Voltaire, in his edition of Corneille, this mixture of buffoonery and solemnity is intolerable. Voltaire is a genius—but not of Shakspeare's magnitude." Three or four years after this Voltaire wrote a civil letter to Walpole on the subject of his 'Historic Doubts,' and Walpole, in reply, took occasion to apologise for the remarks he had made on Voltaire in the 'preface to a trifling romance.' Voltaire replied, defending his criticism; and the vindicator of Shakspeare is then prostrate at the feet of the Frenchman: "One can never, Sir, be sorry to have been in the wrong, when one's errors are pointed out to one in so obliging and masterly a manner. Whatever opinion I may have of Shakspeare, I should think him to blame if he could have seen the letter you have done me the honour to write to me, and yet not conform to the rules you have there laid down. When he lived, there had not been a Voltaire both to give laws to the stage and to show on what good sense those laws were founded. Your art, Sir, goes still further; for you have supported your arguments without having recourse to the best authority, your own works. It was my interest, perhaps, to defend barbarism and irregularity. A great genius is in the right, on the contrary, to show that when correctness, nay, when perfection is demanded, he can still shine, and be himself, whatever fetters are imposed on him. But I will say no more on this head: for I am neither so unpolished as to tell you to your face how much I admire you; nor, though I have taken the liberty to vindicate Shakspeare against your criticism, am I vain enough to think myself an adversary worthy of you. I am much more proud of receiving laws from you, than of contesting them. It was bold in me to dispute with you, even before I had the honour of your acquaintance: it would be ungrateful now, when you have not only taken notice of me, but forgiven me. The admirable letter you have been so good as to send me is a proof that you are one of those truly great and rare men who know at once how to conquer and to pardon."\* It is evident from this letter that it was the merest egotism which originally led Walpole to set up for the defender of Shakspeare. Voltaire, in common with all of the then French school, held that the language of princes and heroes must be sublime and dignified; or, in other words, they must utter a language not formed naturally and fitly either for the development of exalted passions or ordinary sentiments. Introduce the simple language of common life amongst this conventional dialogue, and an essential discord is necessarily produced. Voltaire, as all the other French dramatists have done, entirely banished the natural language, and fitted the waiting-maid with the same form of raving for the white handkerchief as they bestowed upon the princess. This was consistent. They fancied Shakspeare was inconsistent and barbarous when the comic came in contact with the serious, and the elevated was blended with the familiar. They did not see the essential difference between *their* heroic and *his* heroic. He never takes the sublime and the terrible out of the natural; and in the most agonizing situation we encounter the most common images. Neither did Walpole see this essential distinction; and thus he has his ready echo of "barbarism and

\* Horace Walpole to Voltaire, July 27, 1756.

irregularity." Had he understood Shakspeare, he would not have yielded his position.

In his first letter to Voltaire, Walpole says, "Without knowing it, you have been my master; and perhaps the sole merit that may be found in my writings is owing to my having studied yours." The adroit Frenchman must have laughed a little at this compliment. Walpole was thinking of his Letters, of which the world had then no knowledge. If Voltaire had turned to the works of the Strawberry Hill press, he would have seen little imitation either of his philosophy or of his style. Voltaire, the most subtle of scoffers, was upon occasions an enthusiast. He had a heart. Walpole, even to his most intimate friends, was a scoffer and a scandal-monger; never moved to any thing like warmth, except when talking about the constitution (by which he meant the protection of certain privileged persons in the exclusive enjoyment of public wealth and honour); and only growing earnest in his old age when he was frightened into hysterics about the French Revolution, having in his greener years called the death-warrant of Charles I. 'Charta Major.' He hates authors, as we have seen, because "they are always in earnest, and think their profession serious." If this be a true description of the authors of Walpole's time, the world has lost something by a change; for in our own day a writer who is in earnest is apt to be laughed at by those who conceive that the end of all literature is to amuse, and that its highest reward is to have, as Sterne had, "engagements for three months" to dine somewhere, always provided that there is a lord's card to glitter in the exact spot of the library or drawing-room where the stranger eye can best read and admire. This is fame, and this is happiness. But the silent consolation of high and cheerful thoughts,—the right of entering at pleasure into a world filled with beauty and variety,—the ability to converse with the loftiest and purest spirits, who will neither ridicule, nor envy, nor betray their humble disciple,—the power of going out of the circle of distracting cares into a region where there is always calm and content,—these great blessings of the student's life, whether they end or not in adding to the stock of the world's knowledge, are not the ends which are most proposed according to the fashion of our day to a writer's ambition. The "earnest author" is too often set down for a fool—not seldom for a madman.

To the class of writers that Walpole shunned Rousseau belonged, with all his faults. Walpole's adventures with this remarkable man are characteristic enough of the individual and of the times. His first notice of Rousseau is in a letter from Paris to Lady Harvey, in 1766:—"Mr. Hume carries this letter and Rousseau to England. I wish the former may not repent having engaged with the latter, who contradicts and quarrels with all mankind in order to obtain their admiration. I think both his means and his end below such a genius. If I had talents like his, I should despise any suffrage below my own standard, and should blush to owe any part of my fame to singularities and affectations." Walpole committed a mistake in not seeing that the singularities and affectations were an essential part of the man, and in not treating them therefore with charity and forbearance. After Rousseau had left Paris, Walpole, the hater of impostures, the denouncer of Chatterton as a forger and liar, wrote a letter, purporting to be



from the King of Prussia to Rousseau, which had prodigious success in the French circles, and of course got into all the journals of Europe. This was at a time when the "genius" was proscribed and distressed. Walpole was very proud to his confidential friends of the success of this hoax:—"I enclose a trifle that I wrote lately, which got about and has made enormous noise in a city where they run and cackle after an event, like a parcel of hens after an accidental husk of a grape."\* Walpole had no objection to Rousseau's principles; he insulted him because he was a vain man who affected singularity, or, what was more probable, could not avoid being singular. There was honesty at least in Johnson's denunciation of him:—"I think him one of the worst of men; a rascal, who ought to be hunted out of society, as he has been. Three or four nations have expelled him, and it is a shame that he is protected in this country. Rousseau, Sir, is a very bad man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I should like to have him work in the plantations." Johnson would have banished Rousseau to the plantations in talk, but assuredly would have given him a dinner in Bolt Court, and, if his poverty had become extreme, would have admitted him amongst his odd pensioners. Walpole's success in the pretended letter was complete. He writes to Conway: "As you know, I willingly laugh at mountebanks, political or literary, let their talents be ever so great. . . . The copies have spread like wildfire; *et me voici à la mode!*" Rousseau, in deep affliction, wrote a letter to the editor of the 'London Chronicle,' in which the fabrication had been printed, denouncing it as "a dark transaction." The vanity of Walpole, in regard to this letter, which consists of twenty lines in decent French, in which there is very little humour and no wit, is almost as insane as the vanity of Rousseau. He writes to Chute, to Conway, to Cole, to Gray, to all mankind, to tell of his wonderful performance. To Cole he says, "You will very probably see a letter to Rousseau, in the name of the King of Prussia, writ to laugh at his affectations. It has made excessive noise here, and I believe *quite ruined the author* with many philosophers. When I tell you I was the author, it is telling you how cheap I hold their anger."† When Rousseau had quarrelled with Hume, six months after, it was one of the unhappy man's suspicions that Hume was concerned in the letter from the King of Prussia; and then Walpole thus writes to Hume: "I cannot be precise as to the time of my writing the King of Prussia's letter; but I do assure you with the utmost truth that it was several days before you left Paris, and before Rousseau's arrival there, of which I can give you a strong proof; for I not only suppressed the letter while you stayed there, out of delicacy to you, but it was the reason why, out of delicacy to myself, I did not go to see him, as you often proposed to me, thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial visit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him."‡ We have a suspicion that Walpole's delicacy was sometimes measured by his cowardice. Warburton, writing to Hurd, took a just view of the whole transaction: "As to Rousseau, I entirely agree with you that his long letter to his brother philosopher, Hume, shows him to be a frank lunatic. His passion of tears, his suspicion of his friends in the

\* Horace Walpole to Chute, January, 1766.

† Horace Walpole to Cole, January 18, 1766.

‡ Horace Walpole to Hume, July 26, 1766.

midst of their services, and his incapacity of being set right, all consign him to Monro. Walpole's pleasantry upon him had baseness in its very conception. It was written when the poor man had determined to seek an asylum in England, and is, therefore, justly and generously condemned by D'Alembert. This considered, Hume failed both in honour and friendship not to show his dislike; which neglect seems to have kindled the first spark of combustion in this madman's brain. However, the contestation is very amusing, and I shall be sorry if it stops, now it is in so good a train. I should be well pleased, particularly, to see so seraphic a madman attack so insufferable a coxcomb as Walpole; and I think they are only fit for one another."

There can be no doubt that Walpole's coxcombity must have been "insufferable" in his own day, except amongst a favoured few. It is perfectly clear, from his letters, that he had no reverence for anything—but himself. His affectation was as excessive as that of Rousseau; but it went in another direction. He fancied that he could afford to speak contemptuously of all political men; although, whilst himself a politician, he was the merest tool of party, and never made a single honest attempt to earn one penny of the thousands which the nation bestowed upon him. As a man of fashion, he was eternally holding up his friends to ridicule; though he went quite as far in their follies as a feeble frame would carry him. As a man of letters, he affected to despise nearly all other men of letters: what is there but affectation in thus writing to Hume—"My letter hinted, too, my contempt of learned men and their miserable conduct. Since I was to appear in print, I should not have been sorry that that opinion should have appeared at the same time. In truth, there is nothing I hold so cheap as the generality of learned men."\* What is the secret of all this affectation? He wanted a heart, and he thought it very clever to let the world know it; for he was deeply imbued with the low philosophy of his age, which thought it wisdom to appear to love nothing, to fear nothing, to reverence nothing.

The world in Walpole's own day took up an opinion which it will not easily part with—that he behaved heartlessly to the unfortunate Chatterton. In March, 1769, when Chatterton was little more than sixteen years old, he addressed a letter from Bristol to Horace Walpole, offering to supply him with accounts of a succession of painters who had flourished at Bristol, which accounts, he said, had been discovered with some ancient poems in that city, specimens of which he enclosed. It was about six months before this that Chatterton had communicated to Felix Farley's 'Bristol Journal' his celebrated 'Description of the Friars first passing over the old bridge, taken from an ancient manuscript;' and very soon after the publication of that remarkable imitation of an ancient document, he produced, from time to time, various poems, which he attributed to Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century, and which became the subject of the most remarkable literary controversy of modern times. Walpole replied to Chatterton's first communication with ready politeness; but when Chatterton solicited his assistance in quitting a profession which he disliked, his application was neglected, and the poor boy threw himself upon the world of London without a friend. He then demanded his manuscripts, in a letter which was too

\* Horace Walpole to Hume, November 6, 1766.



manly and independent to receive from Walpole any other name than "impertinent." The manuscripts were returned in a blank cover. This was the extent of Walpole's offence; and, looking at the man's character, it is impossible to think he could have acted otherwise. He probably doubted the ability of the friendless boy to furnish the information he required; he suspected that the papers sent to him were fabricated. When Chatterton wrote to him as one man of letters has a right to address another, he could not brook the assumed equality; and he revenged himself by the pettiness of aristocratic insolence. Had he sought out the boy who had given this evidence of his spirit as well as of his talent, he would not have been Horace Walpole. The unhappy boy "perished in his pride" in August, 1770. Walpole was assailed for many years for his conduct towards Chatterton, and he seems at times to have felt the charge very keenly. He thus addresses himself to the editor of Chatterton's *Miscellanies*: "Chatterton was neither indigent nor distressed at the time of his correspondence with me; he was maintained by his mother, and lived with a lawyer. His only pleas to my assistance were, disgust to his profession, inclination to poetry, and communication of some suspicious MSS. His distress was the consequence of quitting his master, and coming to London, and of his other extravagances. He had depended on the impulse of the talents he felt for making impression, and lifting him to wealth, honours, and fame. I have already said that I should have been blameable to his mother and society if I had seduced an apprentice from his master to marry him to the nine Muses; and I should have encouraged a propensity to forgery, which is not the talent most wanting culture in the present age." In 1777, when the 'Monthly Review' had been attacking him on the subject of Chatterton, he thus wrote to Cole: "I believe M<sup>r</sup>Pherson's success with 'Ossian' was more the ruin of Chatterton than I. Two years passed between my doubting the authenticity of Rowley's poems and his death. I never knew he had been in London till some time after he had undone and poisoned himself there. The poems he sent me were transcripts in his own hand, and even in that circumstance he told a lie: he said he had them from the very person at Bristol to whom he had given them." In this letter he adds, "I think poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius." Walpole does not appear to have seen that he was in this dilemma; either the poems which he had received from Chatterton were authentic, and, if so, the greatest curiosities in our language; or they were fabricated by an "astonishing genius." Walpole, we believe, did not see the extraordinary merit of the poems. His taste was not of the highest quality. When the world agreed that a great spirit had been amongst them, and had perished untimely, Walpole, in self-defence, dwelt upon his "forgery" and his "impositions." He probably forgot that a work had been published in 1765, under the following title, "The Castle of Otranto, a Story translated by William Marshal, Gent., from the original Italian of Ouphrio Muralto, Canon of the Church of St. Nicholas at Otranto:" and that the preface to this translation from the Italian thus commences—"The following work was found in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England. It was printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529." Who can say that, if Chatterton had lived, he would not have avowed the Rowley poems to be his own, as Walpole afterwards

acknowledged the ‘Castle of Otranto?’ And where, then, would have been the forgery any more than in the fabrication of the “Canon of the Church of St. Nicholas?”

Ten years after Chatterton’s death Walpole quieted his conscience by continuing to call the marvellous charity-boy “young villain” and “young rascal;” but an occasion rose in which genius might be patronised without incurring the risk of an impertinent letter. Miss Hannah More had found a milk-woman at Bristol who wrote verses; and they were just such verses as Hannah More and Horace Walpole would think very wonderful; so a subscription is to be raised for the milk-woman, Mistress Ann Yearsley. “Her éar,” according to a letter of Walpole to Miss More in 1784, “is perfect,” her “taste” is unexceptionable. Walpole prescribes her studies: “Give her Dryden’s ‘Cock and Fox,’ the standard of good sense, poetry, nature, and ease. . . . Prior’s ‘Solomon,’ (for I doubt his ‘Alma,’ though far superior, is too learned for her limited reading,) would be very proper. . . . Read and explain to her a charming poetic familiarity called the ‘Blue-stocking Club.’ ” Imagine that poor Chatterton had been more unfortunate than he really was—*had* been patronised by Horace Walpole, permitted a garret to sleep in, advanced to the honours of the butler’s table, and taught by the profound critic that Spenser was wretched stuff, and Shakspeare’s



[Horace Walpole.]

‘Midsummer Night’s Dream’ “forty times more nonsensical than the worst translation of any Italian opera-books.”\* The milk-woman became restive

\* Horace Walpole to Bentley, February 23, 1755.



under the control of Hannah More, and she quarrelled with her patroness, upon which afflicting occurrence Walpole thus condole with his friend: "You are not only benevolence itself, but, with fifty times the genius of a Yearsley, you are void of vanity. How strange that vanity should expel gratitude! Does not the wretched woman owe her fame to you, as well as her affluence? I can testify your labours for both. Dame Yearsley reminds me of the Troubadours, those vagrants whom I used to admire till I knew their history; and who used to pour out trumpery verses, and flatter or abuse accordingly as they were housed and clothed, or dismissed to the next parish. Yet you did not set this person in the stocks, after procuring an annuity for her!" \* It is impossible to have a clearer notion of what Walpole and such as Walpole meant by patronage. The Baron of Otranto would have thought it the perfection of benevolence to have housed and clothed a troubadour; but the stocks and the whipping-post would have been ready for any treasonable assertion of independence. The days of chivalry are gone, and, heaven be praised, those of patronage are gone after them!

Walpole, like many other very clever men, could not perfectly appreciate the highest excellence, and yet could see the ridiculous side of the pretenders to wit and poetry. He laughs, as Gifford laughed, at 'Della Crusea;' and he has told the follies of Batheaston with his characteristic liveliness:—

"You must know that near Bath is erected a new Parnassus, composed of three laurels, a myrtle-tree, a weeping-willow, and a view of the Avon, which has been new-christened Helicon. Ten years ago there lived a Madam Riggs, an old rough humorist who passed for a wit; her daughter, who passed for nothing, married to a Captain Miller, full of good-natured officiousness. These good folks were friends of Miss Rich, who carried me to dine with them at Batheaston, now Pindus. They caught a little of what was then called taste, built and planted, and begot children, till the whole caravan were forced to go abroad to retrieve. Alas! Mrs. Miller is returned a beauty, a genius, a Sappho, a tenth Muse, as romantic as Mademoiselle Scuderi, and as sophisticated as Mrs. Vesey. The Captain's fingers are loaded with cameos, his tongue runs over with *virtù*, and, that both may contribute to the improvement of their own country, they have introduced *bouts-rimés* as a new discovery. They hold a Parnassus fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux of quality at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles, receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival; six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest compositions, which the respective successful acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope Miller, kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle—with—I don't know what. You may think this is fiction or exaggeration. Be dumb, unbelievers! The collection is printed, published. Yes, on my faith, there are *bouts-rimés* on a buttered muffin, made by her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland; receipts to make them, by Corydon the venerable, alias George Pitt; others, very pretty, by Lord Palmerston; some by Lord Carlisle; many by Mrs. Miller herself, that have no fault but wanting metre; and immortality promised to her without end or measure. In short

\* Horace Walpole to Hannah More, October 14, 1787.

since folly, which never ripens to madness but in this hot climate, ran distracted, there never was anything so entertaining or so dull—for you cannot read so long as I have been telling.”\*

When poetry was essentially an affair of “hearts” and “darts,” it was no wonder that a mob of silly fashionable people set up for poets. The whole age was wanting in taste: it was not poetical because it was superficial. But it was a very different age from our own, when the national intellect is divided between utilitarians and those called by utilitarians non-utilitarians. May it long be so divided! May those who believe only in what is gross and palpable to sense go apart from those who cherish what belongs to the spiritual. Ask them not to believe. Let them make the most of their microscopes, their telescopes, their chemical affinities, their scalpels. Yet, a new generation will be fed and grow upon what they despise. It is feeding, and it is growing. Its aliment is as abundant as the rain, the dew, and the sunshine. It has nothing exclusive, to gratify a small distinction; and it will not feed upon husks. The Walpoles belong to neither class of this day.

The intercourse between Hannah More and Horace Walpole began in 1781. It was an odd intimacy; but compliments freely received and bestowed made it agreeable, no doubt, to both parties. Here is a pretty note from Horace Walpole, written with a crowquill pen upon the sweetest-scented paper: “Mr. Walpole thanks Miss More a thousand times, not only for so obligingly complying with his request, but for letting him have the satisfaction of possessing and reading again and again her charming and very genteel poem, the ‘Bas Bleu.’ He ought not, in modesty, to commend so much a piece in which he himself is flattered; but truth is more durable than blushing, and he must be just, though he may be vain.”† Walpole could bear flattery better than Dr. Johnson: “Mrs. Thrale then told a story of Hannah More, which, I think, exceeds in its severity all the severe things I have yet heard of Dr. Johnson’s saying. When she was introduced to him, not long ago, she began singing his praise in the warmest manner, and talking of the pleasure and the instruction she had received from his writings, with the highest encomiums. For some time he heard her with that quietness which a long use of praise has given him: she then redoubled her strokes, and, as Mr. Seward calls it, peppered still more highly, till at length he turned suddenly to her, with a stern and angry countenance, and said, ‘Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth his having.’”‡ As Miss More grew older, she, no doubt, grew wiser; and Walpole himself, with a very prevailing inclination to ridicule what he called her saintliness, came to respect her for her virtues, instead of continuing to burn incense to her genius. The last indication of their friendship appears in his giving her a Bible, which she wished he would read himself.

We have now run through the London of Horace Walpole, with reference only to his connection with the fashion and the literature of his times. His cor-

\* Horace Walpole to Conway, Jan. 15, 1775.

† Horace Walpole to Hannah More, May 6, 1781.

‡ Madame d’Arblay’s Diary, vol. i. p. 103.



respondence, as we have before observed, indicates little association with the more eminent literary men of his long day, and no very great sympathy for the best things which they produced. There is scarcely any other general aspect of London of which his works hold up a mirror. The chief value of his letters consists in his lively descriptions of those public events whose nicer details would, without such a chronicler, be altogether hid under the varnish of what we call history. It is evident that with such details our work has no concern. We shall conclude, therefore, with a brief notice or two, by Walpole, of the physical increase of London. In 1791 he thus writes to the Miss Berrys:—"Though London increases every day, and Mr. Herschel has just discovered a new square or circus somewhere by the New Road, in the Via Lactea, where the cows used to be fed, I believe you will think the town cannot hold all its inhabitants, so prodigiously the population is augmented. I have twice been going to stop my coach in Piccadilly (and the same has happened to Lady Ailesbury), thinking there was a mob, and it was only nymphs and swains sauntering or trudging. T'other morning, *i.e.* at two o'clock, I went to see Mrs. Garrick and Miss Hannah More at the Adelphi, and was stopped five times before I reached Northumberland House; for the tides of coaches, chariots, curricles, phaëtons, &c., are endless. Indeed the town is so extended, that the breed of chairs is almost lost; for Hercules and Atlas could not carry anybody from one end of the enormous capital to the other. How magnified would be the error of the young woman at St. Helena, who, some years ago, said to a captain of an Indiaman, 'I suppose London is very empty when the India ships come out.'" And again, in the same year, "The Duke of St. Albans has cut down all the brave old trees at Hanworth, and consequently reduced his park to what it issued from—Hounslow Heath; nay, he has hired a meadow next to mine, for the benefit of embarkation; and there lie all the good old corpses of oaks, ashes, and chestnuts, directly before *your* windows, and blocking up one of my views of the river! But, so impetuous is the rage for building, that his Grace's timber will, I trust, not annoy us long. There will soon be one street from London to Brentford—aye, and from London to every village ten miles round! Lord Camden has just let ground at Kentish Town for building fourteen hundred houses—nor do I wonder; London is, I am certain, much fuller than ever I saw it. I have twice this spring been going to stop my coach in Piccadilly, to inquire what was the matter, thinking there was a mob:—not at all; it was only passengers. Nor is there any complaint of depopulation from the country: Bath shoots out into new crescents, circuses, and squares every year; Birmingham, Manchester, Hull, and Liverpool would serve any king in Europe for a capital, and would make the Empress of Russia's mouth water."

The last letter of Horace Walpole is a striking contrast to the vivacity, the curiosity, the acute observation, which made him for sixty years the most lively of correspondents:—"I scarce go out of my own house, and then only to two or three very private places, where I see nobody that really knows anything; and what I learn comes from newspapers, that collect intelligence from coffee-houses, consequently what I neither believe nor report. At home I see only a few charitable elders, except about fourscore nephews and nieces of various ages, who

are each brought to me once a year to stare at me as the Methuselah of the family; and they can only speak of their own contemporaries, which interest no more than if they talked of their dolls, or bats or balls."\* Like the clock at Strawberry Hill, which Henry VIII. gave to Anne Boleyn, Walpole was fast ceasing to be a timekeeper: he was a worn-out relic of the past.

It may interest our readers to learn that after Horace Walpole's death, Strawberry Hill became the property of his niece, the eminent sculptress the Hon. Mrs. Damer: she, however, did not like the expense and trouble of keeping up the place, and so allowed it to pass into the hands of the Waldegraves. The widow of the seventh Earl inherited it by her husband's will, and she is now the wife of Lord Carlingford. Many of the art treasures of the house were sold by auction in 1842, but most of the portraits and articles of virtù have been since recovered. The house, too, has been enlarged and beautified, and it has formed one of the most attractive centres of fashionable and political reunions since the closing of Holland House.

\* Horace Walpole to the Countess of Ossory, January 13, 1797.





[Vauxhall Bridge.]

## LXI.—CHELSEA, WATERLOO, AND THE OTHER BRIDGES.

THE "Silent Highway," the "Tunnel," and the bridges of London, Westminster, and Blackfriars, having been already treated of, there remain only the more recent structures to be treated in the present paper. In thus concluding the entire subject of the Thames and the modes of communication between its opposite banks, we shall adopt a method that will enable us, whilst noticing in detail the particular bridges in question, to look at the whole of these great works in a more connected manner than we have hitherto had a favourable opportunity of doing. At the same time we may notice some of those interesting buildings or memorials that enrich the intervening parts of the river. A stranger, visiting for the first time these edifices of which he had heard so much, should pass directly from one to another, whilst the impressions made on his mind are yet fresh, each illustrating each, and thus survey the whole. The exceeding lightness of the suspension-bridge at Chelsea, for instance, will thus impress more strongly on his mind the shapely, almost castle-looking solidity of Waterloo, and speak as plainly of the different dates of their erection as if he beheld the figures written up on their fronts. Thus, also, he will see with what happy propriety the bridges, and their positions in the metropolis, are united: Chelsea at one extremity, will remind him that he is approaching the termination of this vast aggregate of peopled

habitations, where, if "trade" still "stirs and hurries," it is with greatly decreased velocity and amount, whilst London, at the other, is equally characteristic of the wonderful traffic it was built to accommodate; and Waterloo, almost midway between the two cities, and in the heart of the metropolis, is, in its graceful beauty and its perfect strength, the building above all others best fitted to be the central object, towards which the other bridges on both sides seem, as it were, to lead. The best mode of viewing the bridges when, as is most commonly the case, time is of consequence, and a rapid survey alone desired, is to take the steam-boat from Chelsea to London Bridge. As we stand upon the pier, waiting the departure of the boat, we may include in our survey old Battersea Bridge, with its rude timber superstructure, and its eighteen or twenty piers. This was built in 1771 by a company of proprietors, fifteen in number, who advanced each 1500*l*. We cannot see Putney Bridge—that is too far up the river, but it is of little consequence; for in style, we may say with an alteration of the well-known phrase, it out-Batterseas Battersea.

The steam-boat now receives us, and we are soon gliding rapidly on down the river, passing in our way many a place or building of literary or historical interest. There on our left, just beyond the pier, separated from the waterside only by the broad road of the new embankment, you see, in that handsome row of lofty aristocratical-looking houses facing the river, the building once occupied by the famous Don Saltero, and his equally famous Museum of Curiosities. On the same side, within the walls of that ancient church with its brick tower, lie buried the mutilated remains of the great Chancellor More (a fine monument marks the spot); and it was there that, whilst Lord Chancellor, he was accustomed to put on a surplice and sing in the choir with the other choristers. We look in vain for any traces of More's house; that house which Henry at one time so loved to visit, and where More introduced Holbein to his notice; that house at which Erasmus too was a frequent visitor whilst in England, and of which he speaks in such delightful terms. "With him" (More), he says, "you might imagine yourself in the academy of Plato. But I should do injustice to his house by comparing it to the academy of Plato, where numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes moral virtues, were the subjects of discussion: it would be more just to call it a school and an exercise of the Christian religion. All its inhabitants, male and female, applied their leisure to liberal studies and profitable reading, although piety was their first care. No wrangling, no angry word, was heard in it; no one was idle; every one did his duty with alacrity, and not without a temperate cheerfulness." We now pass under the Albert Suspension Bridge, and then, after stopping for a moment at Cadogan Pier, hurry on by the great court of Chelsea Hospital, which here too extends its front almost to the water, with its porticoes and piazzas, reminding us of the poor orange girl, Nell Gwynn, who, according to the tradition, lived to influence a king's mind to the accomplishment of such a work. Where those trees, with their intensely black foliage expanded horizontally on the air, attract the eye, is the botanical garden of the Apothecaries' Company; and the trees are cedars of Lebanon, grown, we believe, from slips of the original Syrian trees of Scripture, presented to Sir Hans Sloane, the founder of the garden. On the other side of the river, covering upwards of 170 acres of ground, is Battersea Park, beautifully laid out in landscape and sub-tropical gardens, with



ornamental water, lawn, plantation, cricket and croquet grounds. This park was formed by Government, in 1860, as a place of recreation for the industrial classes, at a cost of 280,000*l*. The most interesting part of this park, perhaps, is the terrace along the river's bank. The steam-boat here stops for an instant to land visitors at Battersea Pier, and then passes by a spot once famous in the annals of Cockney diversions—for close by stood the well-known Red House. We have now reached Chelsea Bridge. Looked at from the gardens of Chelsea Hospital, from the terrace of Battersea Park, or, better still, from a boat in the middle of the river, the bridge appears like a fairy structure, with its beautiful towers, gilded and painted to resemble light-coloured bronze, and crowned with large globular lamps, diffusing a brilliant light all around at night. This bridge, which is constructed on the suspension principle, is built of iron, and rests upon piers of English elm and concrete enclosed within iron casings. The two piers are each 88 feet in length by 19 in width, with curved cutwaters. The roadway of the bridge is formed by two wrought-iron longitudinal girders, 6 feet in depth, which extend the whole length of the bridge, and are suspended by rods from the chains. Between these girders, whose aggregate length is 1,412 feet, are fixed the transverse girders, also of wrought iron, eighty-seven in number, and between these transverse girders are secured the wrought-iron bearers for the roadway plates, 810 in number. Upon the plates themselves, also of wrought iron, is laid asphalted concrete for the pavement. The total length of the bridge is 915 feet, and at either end are highly picturesque lodges, for the use of the toll collectors. These lodges have basements 16 feet square, upon which rise superstructures octangular in plan, the roofs of which are covered with Portland cement, and their angles and summits adorned with graceful terminations in terra-cotta. This bridge was built from the designs of Mr. Page, and finished in 1857, at a cost of 88,000*l*. Foot-passengers pass over for a toll of one halfpenny, and on Sundays, Christmas-days, &c., it is free.

A few yards farther, and our steam-boat glides under the noble iron railway-bridge belonging to the West-end and Crystal Palace Railway, and also the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Companies. This is called the Victoria Bridge; and the Victoria or Pimlico Station, which is the terminus of the above lines, occupies the site of the old Grosvenor Canal. After passing the Grosvenor Road, which forms the embankment on the Middlesex side, we make a call at Pimlico Pier, whence there is little to attract attention till we reach Vauxhall Bridge.

This structure was at first called Regent Bridge, we presume from the circumstance that the first stone was laid by Lord Dundas, as proxy for the Prince Regent (George IV.); but one chief advantage of the proposed structure having in all probability been the facility it would afford to the visitors of the famous gardens, the name of Vauxhall was eventually given to it. We have now, however, lost the gardens for ever; it is pleasant therefore to have some memorial of the spot made so familiar to us by the writings of our great men. Vauxhall Bridge is of iron, and has a very light and graceful appearance. It has been supposed that we are the inventors of iron bridges, but the nation that lays claim to so many other wonders undoubtedly has the best right to this, as may be seen from a reference to Du Halde's work on *China*. Vauxhall, like Putney and Westminster, was opposed by the City—the event shows with what success. The work

was carried on by a body of shareholders, who were to be repaid by tolls. The original proposer was a gentleman we have before had occasion to mention as the projector of tunnels, Mr. Ralph Dodd, who certainly does seem to have had the misfortune of constantly witnessing other men reaping the honours he had sown. The managers of Vauxhall Bridge seem to have been very difficult to please. Not only Mr. Dodd, but Sir J. Bentham and Mr. Rennie were for a short time employed by them, whilst, after all, the design of the existing bridge belongs to Mr. James Walker. The work was commenced on the 9th of May, 1811, the weather that day being so bad that, although the coins, &c., were deposited by the Regent's proxy, the stone was left for the time uncovered. In September, 1813, Prince Charles, eldest son of the Duke of Brunswick (so soon after killed at Waterloo), laid the first stone of the abutments on the Surrey side. The entire work was finished in 1816 at an expense of about 300,000*l.*, and opened in the month of July. The iron superstructure with its nine arches is supported on rusticated stone piers. The arches are equal; each 78 feet in span; the roadway measures 36 feet across; and the entire length of the bridge is 809 feet.

We are again on our way, and some of the passengers are wondering what that strange-looking building can be, with so many wings and small extinguisher-capped towers or buttresses on the left: that is Millbank Penitentiary, where Bentham had hoped to have seen his views on prison discipline carried out, but was thwarted by the personal influence of King George III., in opposition to his own ministry; and although the building was erected according to his designs, the plan pursued with regard to discipline was not Bentham's. Arrived midway between Vauxhall and Westminster Bridges, we reach Lambeth Bridge. This bridge is constructed on the suspension principle. It has three spans of 280 feet; the width of the bridge is 32 feet, comprising a roadway of 20 feet and two foot-paths of 6 feet each. At this point, namely, between Lambeth Pier and Horse-ferry Road, the ferry-boat was once the only means of communication for passengers between Lambeth and Pimlico; and this mode of conveyance seems to have prevailed so far back as the seventh century, when, according to the old legend, St. Peter descended to perform himself the act of dedication to himself of the new church which Sabert, King of the East Saxons, had just built on the site of the ruins of a temple of Apollo, flung down by an earthquake. St. Peter, it appears, descended on the Surrey side, with a host of heavenly choristers, but the night being stormy had great difficulty in finding any one to carry him over. Edric, a fisherman, at length crossed with him in his wherry, beheld the illumination which streamed forth from the church-windows, and then took the saint back to the Surrey shore; being rewarded on his way by a miraculous draught of salmon, and the promise that if he gave a tenth to the church, he should never want plenty of that fish. Such is the relation of the circumstances attending the earliest erection of a church on the site of the abbey, whose beautiful towers are seen to the left of the houses of Parliament, and indeed are partially eclipsed by them.

Of the southern portion of the Thames Embankment, which extends from Vauxhall to Westminster Bridges, we have already spoken in a previous chapter. We have now only to notice the grey-worn walls of Lambeth Church at the foot of



Lambeth Bridge, together with the towers and other buildings appertaining to the Archbishop's Palace. St. Thomas's Hospital, which we now leave on our right, covers a space of about eight and a half acres, between the palace and Westminster Bridge Road, and was built in 1871. We now pass through Westminster Bridge, and are soon again on our way towards Waterloo. On the Surrey side there is little of individual interest to attract attention, unless the scientific mysteries of the shot-towers be considered an exception. On the Middlesex side, however, we have the noble Victoria Embankment, the solid stonework of which is a pleasing relief to the foliage of the trees that adorn the grounds of Richmond Terrace, or Montagu House, the mansion of the Duke of Buccleuch, or of even the embankment itself; then we have Whitehall Gardens, with an occasional glimpse of the stately Government offices that have lately sprung up in that locality. Next in order comes the Charing Cross Railway Bridge. This consists of nine spans, six of 154 feet and three of 100 feet, and is supported by cylinders sunk into the bed of the river, and by the piers and abutments of Hungerford Suspension Bridge, the site of which it occupies. Besides carrying the railway, this bridge has footpaths for pedestrians, who pay a toll of one halfpenny. At the Middlesex end, the superstructure of the three 100-foot openings is fanshaped, and forms the connection with the railway station and hotel, which stand on the site of Hungerford Market, and opens into the Strand at Charing Cross. The bronze statue which we see on our left, almost under the shadow of the vast railway station, is that of General Outram, whose "eminent services" in India will long be remem-



[Waterloo Bridge, 1841.]

bered by his countrymen. Directly after "shooting" Charing Cross Bridge, a faint glimpse is obtained of the fine water-gate built by Inigo Jones, and the last remnant of the mansion of the haughty Duke of Buckingham; this little relic, however, is almost shut out of sight by the beautiful gardens of the Embankment, which are here of considerable width. We now pass on by Adelphi Terrace, built by the Brothers Adams. In the centre house of this terrace Garrick died. Waterloo Bridge is now immediately before us; and, as we gaze long and earnestly on that

exquisite combination of all that is most valuable in bridge architecture with all that is most beautiful,—the broad and level roadway, and the light and elegant balustrade, the almost indestructible foundations, and the airy sweep of the arches they support,—we feel the justice of Canova's opinion, that this is the finest bridge in Europe; and can appreciate the great artist's enthusiasm when he added that it was alone worth coming from Rome to London to see. And in Canova's words the opinion of professional men, English and foreign, as well as the most enlightened connoisseurs, has found voice. Can our readers imagine a paltry wooden bridge standing in its room? We had a narrow escape of such an anti-climax between the bridge and its central position. The first movers in the affair had determined on the erection of a timber structure, with the idea of raising tolls sufficient in time to have built one of stone: we fear it would have been a very long time. The opposition of the City in this case had a salutary effect. For three successive sessions the matter was hotly contested, and the company put to enormous expense; but at last they manfully resolved to have a structure worthy of the spot, and an Act for a stone bridge was obtained in 1809. The proprietors were incorporated under the title of the "Strand Bridge Company," with power to raise 500,000*l.*, but which was subsequently increased from time to time, and ultimately above a million was expended on the work. The man whose name is so indissolubly connected with some of the mightiest outward manifestations of the greatness of London, her bridges and docks (we refer to the late Mr. John Rennie), was applied to for designs. This gentleman was the son of a farmer of Phantassie, in Haddingtonshire (Scotland), and had risen to the eminence he enjoyed through the successive stages of a country schoolmaster, who, whilst teaching what he himself knew, was a most assiduous attendant upon the lectures of others, and thus stored up that deep and extensive acquaintance with mechanical philosophy which was afterwards to be so valuable;—a working mechanist, earning his livelihood with his own hands and by the sweat of his own brow; and lastly, a confidential assistant of Messrs. Watt and Boulton, who employed him in the construction of the immense flour-works which stood for a short time near Blackfriars Bridge, but which were burnt down in 1791, only two years after their erection. From this period his talents became widely known and were in continual requisition. The stone bridges of Kelso, Musselburgh, &c., the Grand Western, the Aberdeen, and the Kennet and Avon Canals, the drainage of the fens at Witham in Lincolnshire, the London Docks, the East and the West India Docks at Blackwall, the new docks at Hull, the Prince's at Liverpool, those of Dublin, Greenock, and Leith, and lastly, the famous Breakwater of Plymouth, are but a portion of the works which he has been the chief means of giving to our country. In London a considerable share of the existing bridges may be said to belong to him; for whilst Waterloo and Southwark were built under his direct superintendence, he also furnished the designs for London, which, after his death in 1821, were acted upon by his son, the present Sir John Rennie. Two designs were furnished for the proposed Strand Bridge, one with seven, the other with nine arches: the last was adopted. The site chosen was the space extending from a little to the west of Somerset Place, on the Middlesex shore, to a part close by Cuper's Bridge on that of Surrey. The name of Cuper is connected with a once famous garden, a sort of



small and low Cremorne, which Pennant remembered as the resort of the profligate of both sexes. Cuper, it appears, had been gardener to the collector of the well-known statues, the Earl of Arundel, and begged from his noble master several of his mutilated statues to ornament his "Garden." The place was also noted for its fireworks. Of the alterations in the respective neighbourhoods on both sides the river since the erection of the bridge, the traces are too legible, on the most cursory inspection, to need much explanation. The great street or road from the bridge to the Obelisk in St. George's Fields is entirely new, as is also the continuation of Stamford Street into the Westminster Road. The splendid approaches on the other side also date from the erection of the bridge. During the progress of the latter, the site of Lancaster Place was partly occupied by remains of the Savoy Palace, its fine Gothic windows and buttressed walls exciting the grief of many an antiquary who came to look on them for the last time. With these was also swept away the chapel of the German Reformed Protestants.

The first stone of the bridge was laid on the 11th of October, 1811, when a block of Cornish granite was lowered over an excavation containing gold and silver coins of the reign, and a plate with a suitable inscription. The foundations, unlike those of old Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges, were laid in coffer-dams. This was the most expensive, but the most certain and durable mode. The ground was found to consist mainly of a stratum of gravel over a stratum of clay, into which piles of beech and elm, twenty feet long and twelve thick, were driven in three concentric rows. The whole was then strengthened by masonry. The surface of the piers, as well as of the abutments and entire superstructure, were built of blocks of Craigleith and Derbyshire granite. In building the arches, the stones were rammed together with great force, so that when the centres were removed not one of them sunk more than an inch and a half. It has been well said that the accuracy of the work is as extraordinary as its beauty. Not the least noticeable part of the bridge are the series of arches on each side, which raise the road to the level of the bridge. There are no less than thirty-nine of these semicircular brick arches on the Surrey side, each of sixteen feet span, in addition to one of larger dimensions, that crosses the road now lying buried, as it were, in the hollow beneath; and sixteen on the Strand side. Over these arches is carried a magnificent roadway of 70 feet in width. If to the length of the bridge, 1326 feet, we add the abutments, 54, and the range of brick arches, 1076, we have a total length of 2456 feet! A writer in the 'Edinburgh Review' some years ago, speaking of the pride of the Parisians in their three new bridges (for they, like us, added that number to their capital in the early part of the present century), says that even in surface and mass alone Waterloo would surpass the three bridges united. Certainly the dimensions we have given divest the remark of any appearance of exaggeration.

As the work advanced towards completion, the name (Strand Bridge) was altered, for reasons thus expressed in the Act of Parliament of 1816, relating to the structure:—"Whereas the said bridge, when completed, will be a work of great stability and magnificence, and such works are adapted to transmit to posterity the remembrance of great and glorious achievements, and whereas the company of proprietors are desirous that a designation shall be given to the said

bridge which shall be a lasting record of the brilliant and decisive victory [Waterloo], achieved by his Majesty's forces, in conjunction with those of his allies, on the 18th day of June, 1815." The bridge thus received the appellation it now bears. Similar considerations fixed the date of the public opening. "June 18 (1817).—This day, the anniversary of the glorious victory of Waterloo, the magnificent new bridge which crosses the Thames from the Strand was opened with appropriate ceremonies. In the forenoon a detachment of the Horse Guards posted themselves on the bridge, and about three o'clock a discharge of two hundred and two guns, in commemoration of the number of cannon taken from the enemy, announced the arrival of the Prince Regent, and other illustrious personages, who came in barges from the Earl of Liverpool's at Whitehall. The royal party passed through the centre arch, and landed on the Surrey side, where the procession formed. It was headed by the Prince Regent; with the Duke of York on his right, and the Duke of Wellington on his left, in the uniform of field-marshal; followed by a train of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and members of both Houses of Parliament. On reaching the Middlesex side of the bridge, the company re-embarked, and returned to Whitehall. Every spot commanding a view of the bridge was crowded with spectators."\*

About this very time, whilst the public admiration was universally lavished upon the work, a curious claim appeared in the publication from which we transcribe the foregoing account of the opening of the structure. It was known that Mr. Ralph Dodd had been the original projector of a bridge at this part of the Thames, as well as at Vauxhall; but it appears he was by no means satisfied with that amount of acknowledgment, but expressly claimed the design of the existing edifice; and, by way of proof, offered to exhibit his original plans to whoever thought proper to see them.† This is curious, but still more so is the fact that we do not find any immediate answer given to the statement in the publication where it appeared—if indeed, which seems doubtful, one was given to it at all.

Another claim to some of the chief features of Waterloo Bridge has been put forward by the French for their bridge at Neuilly; and certainly the architect of that bridge set the example of the equal arches and level roadway, which were adopted in the bridges of Vauxhall and Waterloo. The arches of the latter are of a semi-elliptical form, having a span of one hundred and twenty feet, and a height of thirty above the high water even of spring-tides. The piers, thirty feet wide, are decorated by double (three-quarter) columns of the Grecian Doric style, supporting an entablature, which forms within a square raised recess. Standing on the seat of this recess, one has perhaps the finest view of London that can be obtained, and which is enhanced by the quiet and comparative solitude of the place—a strange advantage, by the way, for such a bridge, and one that, however much we may individually appreciate, we should be glad to see lost by the removal of its cause—the toll. The great increase of passengers over Waterloo since the reduction of the toll from a penny to a halfpenny, shows how many must have previously submitted to inconvenience for the sake of the veriest trifle apparently, but which perhaps was felt not to be a trifle, and may serve as a still more valuable

\* Gent.'s Mag., 1817.

† Ibid., May, 1817.



illustration of the multitudes who would avail themselves of this bridge if there was no toll whatever imposed. One of the principal sources of traffic over Waterloo Bridge, however, we may safely say, is its proximity to, and its direct communication with, the London and South-Western Railway Station in the Waterloo Road.

The expense of Waterloo Bridge has excited much comment, and it was, as we have stated, above a million—a most enormous sum to be expended in a single work; but the homely principle, that it is better to do a thing well at first, than trust to after-patchings and improvements, was never more strikingly illustrated than in the bridges of London. Waterloo is built of granite, in the most perfect manner, and the foundations and piers have been laid so as to last for ages uninjured; but certainly it was dear, or at least expensive. On the other hand, the old bridges of Blackfriars and Westminster were—partly from the soft nature of the stone, and partly from the inadequacy of the foundations—constantly under repair, and had in the end to be rebuilt; but they were cheap! The beauty of Waterloo Bridge can be seen by every one; its strength must be tested by time: but it seems certain, that if ever a work was built with promise of permanence it is this. How much intelligent foreigners have been impressed with its solid grandeur, we may see in the enthusiasm of M. Dupin, the author of the well-known work on the ‘Commercial Power of England,’ who says, “If, from the incalculable effect of the revolutions which empires undergo, the nations of a future age should demand one day what was formerly the new Sidon, and what has become of the Tyre of the West, which covered with her vessels every sea,—the most of the edifices, devoured by a destructive climate, will no longer exist to answer the curiosity of man by the voice of monuments; but the Waterloo Bridge, built in the centre of the commercial world, will exist to tell the most remote generations, ‘This was a rich, industrious, and powerful city.’ The traveller, on beholding this superb monument, will suppose that some great prince wished, by many years of labour, to consecrate for ever the glory of his life by this imposing structure; but if tradition instruct the traveller that six years sufficed for the undertaking and finishing this work—if he learns that an association of a number of private individuals was rich enough to defray the expense of this colossal monument, worthy of Sesostriis and the Cæsars—he will admire still more the nation in which similar undertakings could be the fruit of the efforts of a few obscure individuals, lost in the crowd of industrious citizens.”

In taking a farewell glance at this bridge, we remember with pain how many unfortunates have stood shivering in those very recesses, taking *their* last farewell of the world in which they had experienced so much misery. We have no idea, nor do we wish to have, of the entire extent of this dreadful evil, which has of late years given a new and most unhappy kind of celebrity to Waterloo Bridge, but the cases of accomplished and attempted suicide here must have been fearfully numerous. A suicide, as it almost deserves to be called, of another but scarcely less harrowing kind, will be in every one’s memory, and of which we have already spoken, that of the American diver, Scott.\*

Between Waterloo and Blackfriars Bridges, the magnificent façade of Somerset House, and the fresh-looking gardens of the Temple, are the chief objects of

\* Vol. i. p. 418.

attraction—each calling up a long train of historical memories. The name of the first recalls the memory of the reckless statesman who built the earlier mansion here with the materials derived from the old Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, the cloisters of old St. Paul's, the tower and part of the body of the Church of St. John of Jerusalem, and the inns of the Bishops of Worcester, Lichfield and Coventry, Llandaff, and an inn of Chancery called the Strand Inn, in which Occleve, a poet of the reign of Henry V., is supposed to have studied. As to the Temple Gardens, who does not remember the famous scene of the Roses in Shakspeare's 'Henry VI.'? It was into these very gardens, as being "more convenient," that the contentious lords, Plantagenet and Somerset, adjourned from the hall, where they were "too loud," and Plantagenet, impatient at finding the other nobles unwilling to give an opinion as to who is right in the quarrel, exclaimed—

"Since you are tongue-tied, and so loth to speak,  
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:  
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,  
And stands upon the honour of his birth,  
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me."

On which Somerset adds,

"Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,  
But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

And thus began the "quarrel" which did indeed, in the words of Plantagenet, "drink blood another day;" and in which, with just retribution, the nobles whose ambition, or pride, or jealousy, brought on their country so dire a calamity, brought at the same time on their own kindred, and their own order generally, a most sweeping destruction. A picturesque scene of a still earlier time is also connected with the Temple Gardens. Immediately after the news reached Edward I. that Bruce had been crowned at Scone as monarch of Scotland, great preparations were set on foot for a fresh expedition into that country, and among the rest, solemn proclamation was made that the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward II.) would be knighted on the feast of Pentecost, and all the young nobility of England were summoned to receive a similar honour at the same time. On the eve of the day appointed, May 22, two hundred and seventy noble youths, with their pages and retainers, assembled in these gardens, where purple robes, fine linen garments, and mantles woven with gold, were distributed to them. We may imagine the splendour and bustle of the scene. The trees were cut down to enable them to pitch their tents. The greater part of the immense assemblage watched their arms in the Temple Church, the others in the Abbey of Westminster.

The beauty of Blackfriars Bridge, which we now pass, as seen from the east side, is somewhat marred by another bridge which spans the river close to it, namely, the Alexandra railway bridge, forming part of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway line; but having cleared this bridge, the crowded city, with its numerous church spires, pointing to the sky, bursts upon the view.



As one change suggests another, we cannot but remark, as we look around us here, what great alterations this part of London in particular has known. Bride-well, a prison, a house of industry, a regal palace, a Saxon stronghold; the White and Black Friars, homes for holy and peaceful men—then the one a den of thieves (Alsatia) into which Justice dared not enter, the other a fashionable May Fair, and now both lost in the undistinguishable mass of London; Baynard's Castle also utterly swept away; the Fleet, again, a concealed sewer, an open ditch, a navigable canal spanned by bridge after bridge, a wide and possibly rapid river; for such it must have been if the records speak truly that make Sweyn, in his invasion in 1012, pass up the Fleet with all his vessels as far as King's Cross, and there anchor; and there is one noticeable corroborating fact—an anchor has been found at that very part. These are but individual illustrations of the extensive changes wrought in the lapse of time in the neighbourhood before us. We have referred to Baynard's Castle. It stood here on the left just beyond Blackfriars Bridge, at the end of the City Wall, which, after passing along the side of the Fleet so as to shelter the Blackfriars, turned round and extended for a short distance on the bank of the river. As to its antiquity, it may be sufficient to say that it was founded by one of the Conqueror's followers, Baynard, who died in the reign of Rufus, and that it was one of the two castles described by Beckett's secretary, Fitzstephen, in the reign of Henry II.; and as to its size, that at a meeting of the great estates of the kingdom in 1547, Richard, Duke of York, lodged in it with his four hundred retainers. In 1303 it belonged to Robert Fitzwalter, as we learn from a very curious document, consisting of a declaration of his rights as castellain and banner-bearer of the City, formally made, and at great length, to John



[Castle Baynard, as it appeared in the Seventeenth Century.]

Blondon, mayor. In this he recites in what manner he ought to come to St. Paul's in time of war to declare himself ready to do his service, and in what manner he ought to be met, how they are then to ride forth in company, the sort of horse and amount of money they are to give him, the mode of summoning the commoners to join them under the "banner of St. Paul's," and the march to Aldgate, and if need be the there issuing forth to do battle, with the amount he is to receive for every siege he undertakes (100 shillings), &c. "These be the rights that the said Robert hath in time of war." As to his rights in time of peace, they consist of his soke or ward, in which he enjoys particular privileges (locally, we presume, the Castle Baynard Ward of the present day); such as a certain degree of control over the punishment of criminals: traitors, it appears, were to be "tied to a post in the Thames at a good wharf, where boats are fastened, two ebbings and flowings of the water." The said Robert, also, was to be called to every great council of the City, and when he came to the hustings at Guildhall "the mayor or his lieutenant ought to rise against him and set him down near unto him; and so long as he is in the Guildhall, all the judgments ought to be given by his mouth," &c. &c. The castle was burnt down in 1428, and rebuilt by Duke Humphrey. Among the historical events which signalise the history of Castle Baynard is the assumption of the crown here by Edward IV. in 1460, in opposition to the reigning monarch, Henry VI.; and the commencement of a new and more eventful phase of the "brawl" begun in the Temple Gardens. But the most interesting of these events is the performance of a similar act by Richard III. here—a scene which Shakspeare has also made familiar to every one—the scene where Gloster appears in the gallery between two bishops, and accepts, with such an exquisite show of reluctance, the crown offered by the poor mystified Lord Mayor. Here, too, Lady Jane Grey's *faithful* council, which had removed from her side at the Tower in order to do her better service, the moment they arrived declared for Queen Mary, and set the seal to the illustrious victim's fate. Castle Baynard was destroyed in the Great Fire.

Not the least interesting part of the river is that now lying on our right between the bridges of Blackfriars and Southwark, and known generally from a very remote period as the Bankside. The stairs towards which yonder wherry with its somewhat heavy load is gliding are called Paris Garden Stairs, the last relic of the once popular place of amusement when bear-baiting was not only a fashionable but a queenly sport. Paris Garden was also a regular playhouse at one period, for one of Ben Jonson's critics, Dekker, reproaches him with his ill success on the stage generally, and in particular with his performance of 'Zuliman' at the Paris Garden. In 1582 the scaffolding supporting the spectators fell during a performance, and great numbers were killed or severely injured. This was looked on as a judgment by many. Beyond Paris Garden were the two chief Bear Gardens, properly so called, as they seem to have been used for such purposes only, and not for dramatic entertainments: the name is yet preserved in that of a street opening from Bankside. Stow describes them as places wherein were kept "bears, bulls, and other beasts to be bayed; as also mastiffs in several kennels nourished to bait them. These bears and other beasts are there baited in plots of ground, scaffolded about,



for the beholders to stand safe." Farther on still were the stews or brothels, licensed as they are to this day in Paris. Their very antiquity imparts a certain degree of interest and respectability to a revolting subject. It appears that "In a Parliament holden at Westminster, the eighth of Henry II., it was ordained by the Commons, and confirmed by the King and Lords, that divers constitutions (or rules) for ever should be kept within that lordship or franchise according to the old customs that had been there used time out of mind." "Old customs" in force "time out of mind" before the reign of Henry II., must be indeed old. There is a curious historical passage connected with these houses. Till the time of Wat Tyler's insurrection they belonged to no less a person than William Walworth, mayor of London; and although we do not exactly wish to insinuate that the worthy mayor was roused by the spoil of this part of his property which ensued at the instance of the rebels, yet it may have done something towards sharpening his zeal, and made him bestir himself so effectually as he did at the critical moment. The original number of houses was eighteen, which were reduced to twelve in the reign of Henry VII. They must have presented a strange-looking aspect from the river, with their signs "not hanged out, but painted on the walls, as a Boar's Head, the Cross Keys, the Gun, the Castle, the Crane, the Cardinal's Hat, the Bell, the Swan, &c." Stow, the writer of the foregoing quotation, goes on to say, "I have heard ancient men of good credit report that these single women were forbidden the rites of the church so long as they continued that sinful life, and were excluded from Christian burial if they were not reconciled before their death. And therefore there was a plot of ground, called 'Single Women's Churchyard,' appointed for them, not far from the parish church."\* The nuisance was at last abolished by "sound of trumpet" towards the close of the reign of Henry VIII. And here, too, on the Bankside, was the Globe Theatre, Shakspeare's theatre, situated very nearly in a line with the approach to the present Southwark Bridge, which now bestrides with its colossal arches about the same part of the river as that through which the courtiers of Elizabeth and James's reigns, in all their bravery of costume, were wont to pass to and fro, to welcome some fresh novelty from the world's master mind, and learn, if they were capable of it, some new lessons in that wondrous school of humanity.

Southwark Bridge was erected at an expense of about 800,000*l.*, by a company of proprietors, who obtained the necessary Act of Parliament in 1811. On the third reading of the Bill in the House of Commons, Sir T. Turton, in answer to the opposition offered by Sirs W. Curtis and C. Price, of civic fame, remarked that Mr. Rennie had given it as his opinion that London Bridge after one hard frost might not last one year: an excellent reason certainly for expediting the erection of a new bridge in the vicinity. The spot selected was from Bankside on the Surrey shore to a place close by the Three Cranes Wharf, and between that and Queenhithe, on the opposite or Middlesex bank; a part of some note even from the very remotest periods of metropolitan history. It forms a portion of the Vintry Ward, so called from the vintners or wine merchants of Bordeaux,

\* Survey, p. 449.

who from a very early period were accustomed to bring their lighters and other vessels laden with wine to this part, and there land it by means of cranes (whence the name of Three Cranes Wharf), for sale during the next forty days. But in the reign of Edward I. the vintners complained that they could neither "sell their wines, although paying poundage, neither hire houses nor cellars to lay them in." In consequence, that monarch ordered redress to be given, and houses were built for the merchants' accommodation, with vaults, &c., for the stowage of their wines. To make room for them a characteristic feature of very old London was swept away. "There is in London," says Fitzstephen, "upon the river's bank, a public place of cookery, between the ships laden with wine, and the wines laid up in cellars to be sold. There ye may call for any dish of meat, roast, fried, or sodden, fish both small and great, ordinary flesh for the poorer sort, and more dainty for the rich, as venison and fowl. If friends come on a sudden, wearied with travel, to a citizen's house, and they be loth to wait for curious preparations and dressings of fresh meat, the servants give them water to wash, and bread to stay their stomach, and in the mean time go to the water-side, where all things are at hand answerable for their desire. Whatsoever multitude, either of soldiers or other strangers, enter into the city at any hour, day or night, or else are about to depart, they may turn in, bait there, and refresh themselves to their content, and so avoid long fasting, and not go away without their dinner. If any desire to fit their dainty tooth, they need not to long for the *accipenser*, or any other bird; no, not the rare *Godwit* of Ionia. This public victualling place is very convenient, and belongs to the city."\* The vintners, however, proved too powerful for the cooks, and so the latter had to leave the field to their antagonists. The original name of Queenhithe was Edred's hithe (*i.e.* Edred's harbour). Formerly ships were brought up thus far to discharge their cargoes, London Bridge having a drawbridge which opened to allow them to pass. The name *Queen's hithe* is supposed to be derived from Henry III. having given its profits to his spouse, and at the same time the ships of the cinque ports were compelled to bring their corn thenceforward only to this place.

The bridge was begun on the 23rd of September, 1814, and the first stone of the south pier laid by Lord Keith on the 23rd of May, 1815, who, with the other gentlemen of the committee of management, partook of a cold collation on a temporary bridge erected on the works. The whole was finished in less than five years, and was opened, without any particular ceremony, at midnight (the bridge being brilliantly lighted with gas), in April, 1819. As an iron bridge this was long without a rival. The arches, when built, were the largest in existence, the centre one having a span of 240 feet, and each of the two side ones measuring 210 feet. With the exception of the piers and the abutments, the whole of Southwark Bridge is of cast iron. The preparing the foundations was a work of unusual magnitude and expense, on account of the extraordinary dimensions of the arches; of still greater difficulty and importance was the business of casting the superstructure, which took place at the iron-works of Messrs. Walker and Co., Rotherham,

\* Translation—Stow's Survey, p. 711.



Yorkshire. Many of the solid pieces of casting weighed ten tons. There are eight great ribs, from six to eight feet deep, riveted to diagonal braces, in each arch; and the height of the centre arch above low water is 55 feet. The entire weight of iron is about 5,780 tons. In building the bridge a mistake was committed that might have been attended with serious consequences, if timely discovery had not been made. To prevent the natural expansion of the metal with heat, some of the most important joinings of different parts of the work were tightly wedged with iron wedges. But as, in fact, nothing could prevent expansion under the operation of heat, it was found that a very unequal strain was produced, tending to the fracture of the entire bridge. The masons were accordingly employed night and day till the wedges were removed. Having mentioned this oversight, it is but proper to state that the accuracy of the work generally was most surprising. The centre arch sunk at the vertex, on removing the timber framework, just one inch seven-eighths, and that was all. A toll was levied on all passengers over this bridge; which has been discontinued since the purchase of the bridge by the Corporation of London, in 1865. The sum of 200,000*l.* was paid by the Corporation to render this bridge toll free.

The erection of the bridge was followed, as in all the previous instances, by rapid and extensive changes in the neighbourhood, though, as was most natural, these were confined chiefly to the Surrey side. The character of this part may be gathered, in some degree, from the notices we have given of the chief features of the place, the bear-gardens, &c.; and it need not, therefore, excite any surprise to find the district from Bankside to the King's Bench, described, before the bridge was built, as covered with "miserable streets and alleys." Many of these, indeed, yet remain. The last of the bridges to which we shall refer is that belonging to the South-Eastern City Extension Railway Company. It is constructed of iron, and rests upon massive cylindrical pillars, and has footpaths on each side.

In reviewing generally the collateral effects of the erection of the bridges of London, we are more particularly struck with what they have done for that part of the metropolis which lies on the opposite shore. If we remember the great branches they have sent out, Westminster Bridge Road, Waterloo Road, Great Surrey Street, and Southwark Bridge Road, and each again putting forth a new system of offshoots; if we remember that St. George's Fields *were fields* in the middle of the last century, and Lambeth Marsh *a marsh* even at the commencement of the present; or, in a word, if we remember that the extensive districts comprised within the boundaries of Southwark and Lambeth were, before the erection of these edifices, little better than a scattered assemblage of lanes and isolated houses and gardens, whilst now they form, with the parts adjacent, one dense, continuous, and prosperous town, which may be said to have Battersea on one side, and Greenwich for the other, for its proper limits, we shall have then some idea of the greatness of the metropolitan bridges.

We conclude with the following document, for which we are mainly indebted to Messrs. Britton and Pugin's work on the Public Buildings of London:—

TABULAR VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL BRIDGES OF LONDON,

Showing their extreme Length from bank to bank, their extreme Width, their Height from low water to the top of the parapet, their number of Arches and Span of Central Arch, their Materials, times of Commencement and Completion, the Names of their Architects, the surface of Waterway between the piers, and the extent of Space occupied by the piers in the width of the river.

	Length.	Width.	Height.	Arches.	Span of Centre.	Materials.	Commenced.	Finished.	Architects.	Waterway.	Solids.
	Ft.	Ft.	Ft.		Ft.					Ft.	Ft.
1. London, Old . .	930	20	40	19	70	Stone and rubble	1176	1209	{ Peter of Colechurch }	{ Above starlings 540 } { Below 273 }	657
"    "    altered by Mr. Dance and Sir R. Taylor . .	—	48	—	20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2. London, New . .	920	56	55	5	150	Granite, &c. .	Mar. 15, 1824	1831	J. Rennie	690	92
3. Southwark . . .	700	42	55	3	240	Iron . . . . .	Sept. 23, 1814	1819	"    "	600	48
4. Blackfriars, Old .	995	42	62	9	100	Portland stone	June, 1760 .	1769	R. "Milne"	793	207
5. "    "    New .	995	75	62	5	185	Iron . . . . .	1862	1869	{ J. Cubitt, } { engineer }	845	79
6. Waterloo . . .	1326	42	54	9	120	Cornish granite	October, 1811	{ Opened } { June 18, 1817 }	J. Rennie	1080	160
7. Westminster, Old	1220	40	58	15	76	Portland stone	January, 1739	1750	Labelye	820	246
8. "    "    New	1220	83	—	7	120	Iron . . . . .	1854	1862	Mr. Page	748	42
9. Vauxhall . . .	809	36	—	9	78	Iron . . . . .	May, 1811 .	July, 1816	James Walker	—	—



[Southwark Bridge.]





[Court-Room, Barbers' Hall.]

## LXII.—BARBERS' HALL.

AMONG the types of an earlier time, now daily disappearing from our gaze, there is one feature of our old English streets which deserves at least a word of respectful recollection at parting. Who has not in childhood gazed on that long, gaily-striped, mystic-looking wand—let us not here debase it by associations that have so often injured its dignity, let us not call it pole—fixed over certain well-known places in his neighbourhood, and wondered what could be its use or meaning? We have yet visions before us of an old Elizabethan mansion in an antique corner of one of the most antique-looking towns in England, with projecting stories supported by strange monsters in fine old black carving, one of which—a huge piece of workmanship—seemed ever to brandish one of these awful instruments over the heads of all who approached the mysterious-looking precincts. We cannot to this day dispel the fancy that in that uncouth, grinning shape we beheld a kind of deposed household divinity of the once-flourishing Company of Barber-Surgeons—a *Lar* fallen from its high estate, and driven into that remote solitude. Yes, these characteristic features of our old streets are

passing away, and in one sense the circumstance is to be regretted. They are the last popular symbols of the low state, even in very recent times, of a science which peculiarly affects the people's welfare; and might yet be a warning against a belief, by no means extinct, that surgery and physie, like reading and writing, "come by nature." Few readers but will remember that the existing pole is an imitation of the one formerly held in the hands of patients during bleeding, and the stripes represent the tape or bandages used for fastening the arm, whilst both pole and tape, as soon as done with, were again hung up outside the shop, to tempt passers-by to an operation they were by no means reluctant to, as being a generally favourite specific for all disorders. We hope the ghosts of those days were not of a revengeful nature, or the ancient Barber-Surgeons of this class must have had a weary time of it, considering the number of persons they must have prematurely dismissed with their terrible poles, and tapes, and basins.

With the poles, too, the "name" of the Barber-Surgeons is in process of extinction, but not so their "local habitation:" that yet remains, and a curious and interesting place it is. Among those narrow streets and alleys which surround the Post-Office, to the north and the east, is one, in the former direction, called Monkwell Street. Remembering to have met with the same street under the less euphonious appellation of Mugwell Street, in the books of the Company, under the date of sixteen hundred odd, we had suspicions that the alteration, suggestive of monasteries, and shaved heads, and cool and quiet cloisters, was not altogether a fair one; but it appears from Stow that the present is but a restoration of the original appellation, which was derived from a hermitage or chapel of "St. James in the Wall," inhabited by a hermit and two chaplains belonging to the Cistercian Abbey of Garendon. "Of these monks, and a well pertaining to them, the street took that name." And in Monkwell Street is the Hall of the Barbers' (formerly the Barber-Surgeons') Company. The conjunction which now seems so strange to us, may be dated, it appears, from the custom which prevailed among the monks and Jews—almost the only practitioners of the healing art during the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries—of employing barbers to assist in the baths, in applying ointments, and in various other surgical operations; and, as to surgery in particular, after the prohibition of the clergy, in 1163, from undertaking any operation involving bloodshed, the art fell into the hands of the barbers and smiths, but chiefly into those of the former. The first step towards combining this now important body into a united and chartered Company was taken by Thomas Morestede, surgeon to the three Henries, the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth. A record in the 'Fœdera' gives us an interesting glimpse into the state of surgery during Morestede's time. It appears that in Henry V.'s army (the army of Agincourt) there was but one surgeon present at a certain period—Morestede himself:—his fifteen assistants, whom he had pressed under a royal warrant, not having yet landed. The scientific attainments of these assistants were not, we may be sure, very extraordinary, when we find that three of them were to act as archers as well as surgeons, that the whole fifteen received only archers' pay, and Morestede only the pay of an ordinary man-of-arms. But in surgery, as in physie, alchemy was the grand storehouse of all the secrets men



could desire to know; and whilst learned men were busy devising how we were to live for ever, who could expect they should care for the *manner* in which we lived during such a petty amount of time as the ordinary period of life? or inquire into the best mode of curing a wound, or safely taking off a limb, whilst unfailing youth, and strength, and beauty, for the whole human race, might be lying hidden in every crucible.

The promises of the alchemists were, indeed, so great in the noontide of their glory, that one is half ashamed to transcribe one of their latest, made in the days of their comparative decline, to Henry VI. In the protections granted to three "famous men" by Henry VI., whilst prosecuting their studies, the object of the former is said to be the discovery of "a certain most precious medicine, called by some the mother and queen of medicine; by some the inestimable glory; by others the quintessence; by others the philosopher's stone; by others the elixir of life; which cures all curable diseases with ease, prolongs human life in perfect health and vigour of faculty to its utmost term, heals all healable wounds, is a most sovereign antidote against all poisons, and is capable of preserving to us and our kingdom other great advantages, such as the transmutation of other metals into real and fine gold and silver." "Cures all curable diseases," indeed, "heals all healable wounds!" We wonder the monarch, with the faith that he possessed, which, however often "tried in the fire," was never found wanting, who, we verily believe, must have anticipated that the time would come when the Eastern salutation would cease to be a compliment, and that the King (oh! glorious days for monarchs!) would "live for ever"—we wonder, we repeat, Henry condescended to accept such an anti-climax to all his visions of wealth and immortality. But we would not have our readers suppose that he got what was promised. Neither would we be understood as absolutely condemning the medicine itself. For that matter, we should have been glad if the "famous men" had left us the recipe. To return, Morestede, with Jacques Fries, physician—and John Hobbes, physician and surgeon—to Edward IV., petitioned for a grant of charter, which was given by Edward and his brother Gloucester, in the first year of the reign; and the Company of Barbers practising Surgery were incorporated in the name of St. Cosmo and Damianus, brethren, physicians, and martyrs. Then, probably, it was that the first building in Monkwell Street was erected. The authority of the Company extended over all persons practising their arts in and about London; they were empowered to examine all instruments and remedies; to bring actions against ignorant persons, and against those who practised without having been admitted into their body. This association was clearly a practical evidence of the progress of rational principles in the art, and in itself a new advance. In lapse of time the surgical portion of what we may call the Company's constituents appear to have grown dissatisfied with the connection with the remainder; or it may be that the Company had grown exclusive or arbitrary; so they formed a separate and unmingled body, calling themselves The Surgeons of London. To meet this new state of affairs, physicians and surgeons, by the Act of the third of Henry VIII. were alike obliged to obtain a licence to practise from the Bishop of London, or the Dean of St. Paul's. The favours shown by Henry VIII. to the curative professions would seem to imply that he had some glimmering of an idea

that knowledge was better than ignorance, the regularly educated surgeon a more trustworthy guide than the illiterate quack; but his sympathies seem to have been decidedly with the weaker vessels, the old women, &c. See how, in a few years, he repents of his attack upon them in the Act just referred to: "Whereas, in the parliament holden at Westminster, in the third year of the King's most gracious reign, amongst other things for the avoiding of sorceries, witchcraft, and other inconveniences, it was enacted that no person within the City of London, nor within seven miles of the same, should take upon him to exercise and occupy as a physician or surgeon, except he be first examined, approved, and admitted by the Bishop of London and other, under and upon certain pains and penalties in the same Act mentioned; sithence the making of which said Act, the Company and Fellowship of Surgeons of London, minding only their own lucres, and nothing the profit or ease of the diseased or patient, have sued, troubled, and vexed divers honest persons, as well men as women, whom God hath endued with the knowledge of the nature, kind, and operation of certain herbs, roots, and waters, and the using and ministering of them, to such as be pained with customeable diseases, as women's breasts being sore, a pin and the web in the eye, uncomes of hands, scaldings, burnings, sore mouths, the stone, stranguary, saucellim, and morfew; and such other like disease; and yet the said persons have not taken anything for their pains or cunning, but have ministered the same to the poor people only for neighbourhood, and God's sake, and charity. And it is now well known that the surgeons admitted will do no cure to any person but where they shall know to be rewarded with a greater sum or reward than the cure extendeth unto: for in case they would minister their cunning to sore people unrewarded, there should not so many rot and perish to death for lack of surgery as daily do; but the greater part of surgeons admitted be much more to be blamed than these persons they trouble. . . . In consideration whereof, and for the ease, comfort, succour, help, relief, and health of the king's poor subjects, inhabitants of this his realm, now pained, or that hereafter shall be pained or diseased, be it ordained, established, and enacted of this present Parliament, that at all time from henceforth it shall be lawful to every person being the King's subject, having knowledge or experience of the nature of herbs, roots, and waters . . . to minister in and to any outward sore, uncome, wound, imposthumations, outward swellings, or disease, any herb or herbs, ointments, baths, poultices, and plasters, according to their cunning, experience, and knowledge," &c., &c.\* Gale, an eminent surgeon of the same reign, speaks in somewhat different language of these people, though at the same time showing that the King was by no means alone in his opinions of the unprofessional practitioners. He says, "If I should tell you of the ungracious witchcrafts, and of the foolish and mischievous abuses and misuses that have been in times past, and yet in our days continually used, ye would not a little marvel thereat. But forasmuch as it hath not only turned to the dishonour of God, but also the state of the Commonwealth, I have thought it good to declare unto you part of their wicked doings, that it may be unto you, which professeth this art, an example to avoid the like most wretched deeds. These

\* 14th and 15th Henrici VIII., cap. viii.







P. MACDONALD: F.R.S. SCULPT.

W. H. MOSE: ENGR.



things I do not speak to you of hearsay, but of mine own knowledge. In the year 1562 I did see in the two hospitals of London, called St. Thomas's Hospital and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to the number of CCC and odd poor people that were diseased of sore legs, sore arms, feet, and hands, with other parts of the body so sore infected, that a hundred and twenty of them could never be recovered without loss of a leg or an arm, a foot or a hand, fingers or toes, or else their limbs crooked, so that they were either maimed or else undone for ever. All these were brought to this mischief by witches, by women, by counterfeit javills,\* that take upon them to use the art, not only robbing them of their money, but of their limbs and perpetual health. This fault and crime of the undoing of these people were laid unto the chirurgeons—I will not say by part of those that were at that time masters of the same hospitals—but it was said that carpenters, women, weavers, cutlers, and tinkers did cure more people than the chirurgeons. But what manner of cures they did I have told you before; such cures as all the world may wonder at—yea, I say such cures as maketh the devil in hell to dance for joy to see the poor members of Jesus Christ so miserably tormented. . . . Of this sort (of pretenders) I think London to be as well stored as the country; I think there be not as few in London as three score women that occupieth the arts of physicks and chirurgery. These women, some of them, be called wise women, or holy and good women; some of them be called witches, and useth (are accustomed) to call upon certain spirits. . . .” And in another part he says, “I will not speak of a multitude of strangers, as pouch makers and pedlars, with glass makers and cobblers, which run out of their own countries, and here become noble physicians and chirurgeons, such as now is most in estimation, and ruleth all the roast in our country.” Such, practically, was surgery in the sixteenth century.

The disunion of the barber-surgeons' and the surgeons' companies appears to have been found inconvenient or mischievous after all; so during the same reign they were re-united by the Act 32 Henry VIII., under the name of masters or governors of the mystery and commonalty of barbers and surgeons of London, and were to enjoy all the privileges previously belonging to the single company. This was in 1541; then commenced the culminating period of the prosperity of the Barber-Surgeons' Hall.

In passing along Monkwell Street, we are at once directed to the place by a semi-circular projection over the pavement and the iron gates which form the entrance to an arched passage. Passing through this passage we enter a small paved court, on the right side of which is the doorway by which we gain admittance to the building. Over the doorway is an elaborate piece of carved work projecting boldly out like a porch-head from the wall, with the very large and finely cut arms of the Company in the centre. The three razors form a conspicuous object on the shield. Beneath the arms is a great head, with coarse features and open mouth, and looking very much as we should fancy a gentleman of his aspect would under the hands of the ancient barber-surgeons during some of their operations. Animals, fruit, and a variety of other ornaments, help to fill up the details of this

somewhat interesting piece of workmanship. The doorway opens into a small lobby decorated with armorial bearings, &c. ; over the fire-place is a tablet setting forth that the building was restored and re-decorated in 1865. On the opposite side of the courtyard formerly stood a large apartment, called the Hall, which, however, has been pulled down, and the space covered with warehouses. The upper portion of this hall formed a raised dais, and was paved with marble in checker-work, the gift (in 1646) of Mr. Lawrence Loe, surgeon, a member of the Company, who, "through his good affection thereunto, did for the worship thereof freely offer to give for the beautifying of the hall so many stones of black and white marble." The portion thus paved was of a curious semicircular shape, and occupied one of the very bastions, or bulwarks as they are called in the old writings of the Company, of the genuine Roman wall, here entirely perfect. The old building, erected by subscription some years after the great fire of London, and of which there are still considerable remains, was an edifice in no respect remarkable: it was of brick, with large round-headed and square windows intermingled. From the lobby, we now pass by a lofty passage to the Court-room, one of the choicest little rooms of the kind perhaps in London, for comfort, for elegance, and for just so much of antiquity as to harmonise with the associations of the place. And no wonder that it is so, when we consider who has here been at work. Its agreeable proportions, and its exquisitely decorated ceiling, are from no less a hand than Inigo Jones (the lofty elegant octagonal lantern is of later date) ; and kindred spirits have enriched its walls. Over the screen which conceals the door of entrance is a portrait of Inigo Jones : that is by Vandyke. The rich full-length of the well-known Countess of Richmond over the fire-place can only be by Sir Peter Lely. But what glorious picture is that facing the fire-place, with its numerous figures, each so individually characteristic, yet the whole so homogeneously expressive—a picture glowing as a Titian, and minutely faithful as a Gerard Douw? That is the great treasure of the Company, *the Holbein*, the greatest of the great painter's undoubted English works, and we should say the least known, except to the possessors of the fine print by Baron. It was painted to commemorate the re-union of the companies in 1541. In the centre is Harry himself, a magnificent full-length portrait, in which you might almost read every thing but the dates of the monarch's career. He is in gorgeous apparel, still more gorgeously painted. Gold brocade and ermine, ruffles and rings, will all bear the closest examination: so also the Turkey carpet beneath his feet. All the other figures, seventeen in number, are portraits (of members of the Company) ; a curious proof of which is to be found in the interesting cartoon or study for this picture in the College of Surgeons. The portraits are there separate pieces of paper pasted on in their proper places, and are evidently the original studies made by Holbein from the life. We are not aware that the existence of this cartoon is generally known. It is not mentioned by Walpole, though it seems to us scarcely less interesting than the picture painted from it. It has another interesting feature. In the painting there is a long inscription occupying a certain space of the upper part; in the cartoon, Mr. Clift, the curator of the museum





[Henry VIII. granting the Charter to the Barber-Surgeons.]

of the College, found, on cleaning a portion of it, some years ago, in the corresponding space, a window, through which was seen the old church of St. Bride; showing that the event recorded took place in the palace of Bridewell. May we offer a suggestion as to the cause of the discrepancy? The painting was at one period "touched," as the phrase is; probably the window there, as in the cartoon, had become through time or neglect almost illegible, and so, in despair of recovering the original, this inscription was made to cover the place?

Among these gentlemen, kneeling before the monarch in their gowns, fur-trimmed, we have, first, three on the left (or Henry's right), who represent Alsop, Butts, and I. Chambre, all past masters of the Company. Chambre was Henry's own physician, and, according to a custom happily obsolete now, held ecclesiastical preferments. He was dean of the royal chapel and college adjoining Westminster Hall, to which he built "a very curious cloister at a large expense." Butts has obtained a wider celebrity, through the means of him who immortalizes by a word: he is the Dr. Butts of Shakspeare's 'Henry VIII.,' and is there introduced in an incident strictly true to history, and which Strype relates. In 1544 the Duke of Norfolk and other members of the privy council who belonged to the Catholic party made a strong endeavour to overthrow Cranmer, by formally accusing him of spreading heresies through the land. The King, the same night, sent Sir Anthony Denny to inform the archbishop of the circumstance. "The next morning," says Strype, in his Life of the prelate, "according to the king's monition and his own experience, the council sent for him by eight o'clock in the morning. And when he came to the council-chamber door he was not permitted

to enter, but stood without among serving-men and lacqueys above three-quarters of an hour; many councillors and others going in and out. The matter seemed strange unto his secretary, who then attended upon him, which made him slip away to Dr. Butts, to whom he related the manner of the thing; who by and by came and kept my lord company. And yet ere he was called into the council Dr. Butts went to the King, and told him he had seen a strange sight. ‘What is that?’ said the King. ‘Marry,’ said he, ‘my Lord of Canterbury is become a lacquey or a serving-man; for to my knowledge he hath stood among them this hour almost at the council-chamber door.’ ‘Have they served my lord so? It is well enough,’ said the King; ‘I shall talk with them by and bye.’” When the council did condescend to admit the prelate, it was to inform him that sentence of imprisonment was passed upon him. Cranmer’s answer was the production of a ring which the King had sent him the night before, an original gift of the archbishop’s to Henry: we may conceive the looks of blank dismay all around; their proceedings stopped at once. This incident is highly honourable to Dr. Butts, but is only in accordance with other records of his character. He was the patron of the learned and accomplished Sir John Cheke, whom he first assisted to educate, and then to introduce into the world: it was he who invited Latimer to court, and it appears he was a warm friend of the Reformation. On the other side of the King, the first figure is that of T. Vycary, the then master, who is receiving the charter from the royal hands. Vycary was serjeant-surgeon to the courts of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and the author of the first anatomical work in the language—‘A Treasure for Englishmen, containing the Anatomy of Man’s Body,’ which was published in 1548. Its materials are almost entirely derived from Galen and the Arabian writers, so little advance had yet been made in that very important part of the healing arts, the foundation, indeed, on which they are built. The other members whose names are known are, I. Aylef, N. Sympson, E. Harman, J. Montfort, J. Pen, M. Alcoke, R. Fereis, X. Samon, and W. Tylly, of whom we need only mention the first, Aylef, a sheriff of London, and a merchant of Blackwell Hall, as well as a surgeon. His story was thus told on his tomb in the chancel of St. Michael’s, in Basinghall Street:—

“ In surgery brought up in youth,  
 A knight here lieth dead;  
 A knight, and eke a surgeon, such  
 As England seld hath bred.  
 For which so sovereign gift of God,  
 Wherein he did excel,  
 King Henry VIII. called him to court,  
 Who loved him dearly well.  
 King Edward, for his service sake,  
 Bade him rise up a knight;  
 A name of praise, and ever since  
 He Sir John Ailife hight,” &c.

The picture is painted on oak, and is therefore likely to last for centuries. We conclude our notice of it with an interesting proof of the estimation in which it was held by James I., whose own autograph letter is in possession of the Company, and from which we now transcribe to the following effect:—“James R



Trusty and well beloved, we greet you well. Whereas we are informed of a table of painting in your hall, whereon is the picture of our predecessor of famous memory, King Henry VIII., together with divers of your Company, *which being very like him, and well done*, we are desirous to have copied: wherefore our pleasure is that you presently deliver it unto this bearer, our well-beloved servant Sir Lionel Cranfield, knight, one of our masters of requests, whom we have commanded to receive it of you, and to see it with all expedition copied, and re-delivered safely; and so we bid you farewell. Given at our court at Newmarket, the 13th day of January, 1617."

Among the other pictures of the Court-room are a portrait of Charles II., purchased by the Company in 1720, for 7l. 5s.; two full-length Spanish figures, a lady and a gentleman; a portrait of C. Barnard, serjeant-surgeon to Queen Anne; and a picture containing portraits of Sir C. Scarborough, physician to Charles II. and the two succeeding kings, and E. Arris, alderman, and master of the Company. Scarborough is habited in a red gown, hood, and cap, and is reading one of the anatomical lectures appointed by the College of Physicians. Arris, as the demonstrating surgeon, wearing the livery gown of the city, is holding up the arm of a dead body placed on a table. These lectures were received with great approbation. Scarborough, indeed, bears the character of the ablest physician of his time: it is he to whom the poet Cowley writes certain verses concluding with the lines which appear to refer to a too close application to study:

"Some hours, at least, for thy own pleasures spare;  
 Since the whole stock may soon exhausted be,  
 Bestow 't not all in charity.  
 Let Nature and let Art do what they please,  
 When all is done, Life's an incurable disease."

Some interesting articles of plate grace the sideboard of the court on all important occasions, the gifts of different members: as, a silver-gilt cup with little bells, presented by Henry VIII.; another with pendant *acorns*, presented by Charles II.; a large bowl given by Queen Anne; four crowns or "garlands of silver, enamelled, garnished, and set forth after the neatest manner;" and various "beakers," goblets, flaggons, dishes, &c. Some of these relics of the old splendour of the Company have more than once appeared to be lost. In the seventeenth century the plate was occasionally pledged, and finally sold; when that "loving brother," Arris, bought the cup of Henry VIII., and returned it to the Company. On another occasion, earlier in the same century, the Hall was broken open, and the plate with some money carried off; but one of the thieves, T. Lyne, confessing immediately after, a clue was obtained to the deposit of the treasure, which was all or nearly all recovered. The incident is chiefly noticeable for the matter-of-course inhumanity of the period, as illustrated in the fate of all the thieves, which is thus recorded in the books:—"About the 16th of November then following, Thomas Jones was taken, who being brought to Newgate in December following, Jones and Lyne were both executed for this fact. In January following Sames was taken and executed. In April, 1616, Foster was taken and executed. Now let's pray God to bless this house from any more of these damages. Amen."

In the records just referred to, under the date of 27th September, 1626, we read, "It is ordered by this Court, with a general consent, that the present master or governors shall take advice of workmen concerning the new building of their parlour and Lecture House, and to proceed as in their discretion shall seem meet." The parlour (or court-room) only appears to have been erected in pursuance of this mandate; for in 1635 it is stated that, in consequence of the want of a public theatre for anatomy and skeletons, and a lesser room for private dissections, a theatre is to be ovally built; and in the succeeding year the order is repeated, with the addition, "according to the plotts drawn by his majesty's surveyor," Inigo Jones. This building, which Walpole calls "one of his (the architect's) best works," is now lost, having been pulled down in the latter part of the last century, and sold for the value of the materials. It contained four elliptical rows of seats of cedar-wood, rising regularly upwards, was lighted by a cupola, and amongst a variety of decorations were figures representative of the liberal sciences and the signs of the Zodiac. Some curious skeletons were distributed about. We are here reminded of another curious passage in the Company's papers, referring to a strange perplexity in which the worshipful Barber-Surgeons once found themselves. In the minute-book of the Court of Assistants, under the date of July 13, 1587, we read, "It is agreed that if anybody which shall at any time hereafter happen to be brought to our hall for the intent to be wrought upon by the anatomists of the Company, shall revive or come to life again, *as of late hath been seen*, the charges about the same body so reviving shall be borne, levied, and sustained by such person or persons who shall so happen to bring home the body, and who further shall abide such order or fine as this house shall award."

There are two eminent surgeons we have not before mentioned among the Masters or Wardens of the Company; Clowes, in 1638, and Cheselden, in 1744, of whom Pope, in a letter to a friend, in which he refers to his "late illness at Mr. Cheselden's house," says, "I wondered a little at your question who Cheselden was. . . . He is the most noted, and most deserving man in the whole profession of chirurgery."

As to Clowes, we remember an amusing anecdote related by him in one of his prefaces, wherein he is complaining of the number of pretenders almost as bitterly as Gale a century before. His story is to the effect that a woman, who was accustomed to undertake the cure of all ills by a charm, for the reward of a penny and a loaf of bread, was committed, not for this fraudulent pretence, but for sorcery and witchcraft, by some of the shrewd justices of the peace for the county. At the assizes, the judges, smiling at the absurdity of the charge, told her she should be discharged if she would faithfully reveal at once in public what her charm was. She immediately confessed that all she did was to repeat to herself the following verses, after receiving her bread and her piece of coin:—

" My loaf in my lap,  
My penny in my purse;  
Thou art never the better,  
Nor I never the worse."

In the preface just referred to, Clowes particularly complains of the empirics



who were allowed to practise in the navy; and in that circumstance again reminds us of Gale, who, when he was with Henry VIII. at Montreuil, found himself among a pretty "rabbblement" of tinkers, cobblers, &c., who, with their ointment composed of rust of old pans and shoemakers' wax, seem to have killed more than the enemy. The mode of supplying the services had no doubt a great deal to answer for in this matter. We have seen that Morestede's assistants, in Henry V.'s army, were "pressed under a royal warrant;" but our professional readers will perhaps hardly expect to find how late this custom continued, still less in what a complimentary manner it was done. Here is one of Charles I.'s right royal mandates to the Masters and Governors of the Company:—"After our very hearty commendations: Whereas there is present use for a convenient number of chirurgeons for the 4000 land soldiers that are to be sent with his Majesty's fleet now preparing for the relief of Rochelle, these shall be to will and require you, the Master and Wardens of the Company of Barber-Chirurgeons, forthwith to impress and take up for the service aforesaid sixteen able and sufficient chirurgeons, and that you take special care that they be such in particular as are best experienced in the cure of the wounds made by gun-shot; as likewise that their chests be sufficiently furnished with all necessary provisions requisite for the said employment. And that you charge them upon their allegiance, as they will answer the contrary at their perils, to repair to Portsmouth by the 10th of July next, to go along with such commanders in whose company they shall be appointed to serve. And you are further, by virtue hereof, to require and charge all mayors, sheriffs, justices of the peace, bailiffs, constables, headboroughs, and all other his Majesty's officers and loving subjects, to be aiding and assisting with you in the full and due execution of this our letter. Whereof neither you nor they may fail of your perils. And this shall be your warrant. Dated at Whitehall, the last day of June, 1628. Your loving friend." The letter is signed by several of the Lords of the Council.\* In another order, of the date of 1672, twenty chirurgeons, thirty chirurgeons' mates, and twenty barbers, are all grouped together; whilst in a third, referring to the reign of William and Mary, Peter Smith and Josias Wills, the Company's officers, are ordered to deliver to "*every person by them impressed one shilling impress money.*" If these duties were of an unpleasant nature, what must have been that of turning constable, and running about to seek surgeons, who, not liking their mode of introduction into the navy, or the navy itself when they got there, took the liberty of otherwise disposing of themselves. Yet this, too, was imposed upon them, as we find from a mandate under the hand of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, in 1665, directing the apprehension and safe custody of "John Shoaler, chirurgeon to His Majesty's ship the *Return*," for neglecting his duty. These extracts are all transcribed by us from the original documents at the Hall, and afford, we think, some interesting glimpses of the powers and occupations of the distinguished surgeons of a century or two ago.

As we prepare to depart from this interesting building, we are reminded of a more

\* A memorandum has been added to the bottom of the warrant, that—"The master and wardens' power and authority to impress surgeons is by their charter and ordinances confirmed by the Judges, but have not usually exercised lawful authority, but upon such like order as above written, either from the lords of the council or principal officer of the navy."

vivid and life-like view of the doings here, when a distinguished novelist was the chief actor as well as subsequent narrator. Smollett, it is well known, has described the principal adventures of his own early career in his ‘*Roderick Random*,’ and, among the rest, his appearance here to pass his examination prior to his obtaining an appointment as surgeon’s mate, which he did in 1741. As he waited in the outward hall (the vestibule probably) among a crowd of young fellows, one “came out from the place of examination with a pale countenance, his lip quivering, and his looks as wild as if he had seen a ghost. He no sooner appeared than we all flocked about him with the utmost eagerness to know what reception he had met with, which (after some pains) he described, recounting all the questions they had asked, with the answers he made. In this manner we obliged no less than twelve to recapitulate, which, now the danger was past, they did with pleasure, before it fell to my lot. At length the beadle called my name with a voice that made me tremble as much as if it had been the last trumpet: however, there was no remedy. I was conducted into a large hall, where I saw about a dozen of grim faces sitting at a long table; one of whom bid me come forward in such an imperious tone, that I was actually for a minute or two bereft of my senses. The first question he put to me was, ‘Where was you born?’ To which I answered, ‘In Scotland.’ ‘In Scotland,’ said he, ‘I know that very well; we have scarce any other countrymen to examine here; you Scotchmen have overspread us of late as the locusts did Egypt. I ask you in what part of Scotland was you born?’ I named the place of my nativity, which he had never before heard of. He then proceeded to interrogate me about my age, the town where I served my time, with the terms of my apprenticeship; and when I had informed him that I served three years only, he fell into a violent passion, swore it was a shame and a scandal to send such raw boys into the world as surgeons; that it was a great presumption in me, and an affront upon the English, to pretend to sufficient skill in my business, having served so short a time, when every apprentice in England was bound seven years at least,” &c. One of the more considerate of the examiners now interferences, who puts a few questions, which are well answered. Another, “a wag,” now tries his hand, but his jokes fail to go off, and Smollett is turned over to a fourth party, who, in the examination, expresses opinions which appear somewhat heterodox to other members, and a general hubbub commences, which obliges the chairman to command silence, and to order the examinant to withdraw. Soon after he gets his qualification, for which he tenders half a guinea, and receives (on asking for it) five shillings and sixpence change, with a sneer at the correctness of his Scotch reckonings. The cost of admission, we may add, is now twenty guineas, exclusive of the stamps.

Very few years after this the barbers and surgeons were again and permanently disunited, the brilliant discovery having at last been formally recognised, in 1745, that there was no real connexion between shaving a beard and amputating a limb. In that year, the eighteenth of George II., the union was dissolved; and the surgeons became, for the first time, a regularly incorporated body, enjoying separately all the privileges of their former collective state; and in the following reign, by the Act 40 George III., the surgeons were still further



advanced by being incorporated into a Royal College, as they remain to this day. On leaving Monkwell Street they built, by subscription, the building here shown, which stood partly on the site of the most southern of the buildings now constituting



[Surgeons' Theatre, &c., Old Bailey, 1800.]

the Central Criminal Court, and partly on the site of the adjoining dwelling-houses. Some noticeable recollections attach to this place. Through that door in the basement, in the centre of the building, the bodies of murderers, executed at Newgate adjoining, were carried for dissection, according to the Act of 1752, and which was only repealed in the late reign. It was here, we believe, that the extraordinary incident occurred which John Hunter is said to have related in his lectures, of the revival of a criminal just as they were about to dissect him. We have looked in vain for some authentic statement of the circumstances; but if we remember rightly, the operators sent immediately to the sheriffs, who caused the man to be brought back to Newgate, from whence he was, by permission of the King, allowed to depart for a foreign country. It was here that a still more awful exhibition took place, in the beginning of the present century, in connexion with the same subject. In the 'Annual Register' for 1803, it is stated that "the body of Foster, who was executed for the murder of his wife, was lately subjected to the Galvanic process by Mr. Aldini (a nephew of Galvani), in the presence of Mr. Keate, Mr. Carpue, and several other professional gentlemen. On the first application of the process to the face, the jaw of the deceased began to quiver, and the adjoining muscles were horribly contorted, and one eye actually opened. In the subsequent course of the experiment, the right hand was raised and clenched, and the legs and thighs were set in motion; and it appeared to all the bystanders that the wretched man was on the point of being restored to life. The

object of these experiments was to show the excitability of the human frame, when animal electricity is duly applied; and the possibility of its being efficaciously applied in cases of drowning, suffocation, or apoplexy, by reviving the action of the lungs, and thereby rekindling the expiring spark of vitality.\* Such is the notice in the contemporary publication of the day; but the most important part of the proceedings is not here told. We have been informed by those who were present on the occasion, that when the "right hand was raised," as mentioned above, it struck one of the officers of the institution, who died that very afternoon of the shock. In the early part of the present century the College removed to its present site, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

To trace the progress of surgery, step by step, from the state of things illustrated in the foregoing pages, down to its present comparative phase of excellence, or to do fitting honour to the individuals who have been the chief agents of such progress, are matters alike beyond our limits and object; but we may remark, that to two men in particular must we ascribe the high position of surgery and surgeons at the present day—John Hunter and John Abernethy. Each has introduced to the world principles of the deepest import to the welfare of the physical man—each has been a consummate master in reducing these high principles to practice. What John Hunter was we may partly judge from the simple circumstance that he, a surgeon, held, with regard to operation, that the operator "should never approach his victim but with humiliation" that his science was not able to cure but by the barbarous process of extirpation. And Abernethy not only participated in his sentiments, but took every opportunity of enforcing them. It is owing to the exertions of such men that we find one operation only take place now, where twenty would, a century ago, have been inflicted. Of Hunter we shall have to speak further in what we may call the local home of his fame—his Museum at the College of Surgeons. Abernethy, as the latest of our very great surgeons, demands a few words more in connexion with our present subject.

Little is known of Abernethy's early life; even the place of his birth is disputed, the town of Abernethy in Scotland, and that of Derry in Ireland, each claiming the honour. The date was 1763. He received his education at a school in Lothbury, having removed to London with his parents whilst very young. At the proper age he was apprenticed to Sir Charles Black, surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and there commenced a career equally extraordinary for its rapidity and the height to which it conducted him. Abernethy owed much to Hunter, whose pupil he was; his ardent love of physiology, for instance, the basis of his own greatness. It was through his deep insight into this science, and into that of anatomy, which he studied also intensely, that he was enabled to perceive how much empiricism existed in the profession, and his contempt accordingly was lavished with a free tongue. But he pulled down in order to build up, and, with characteristic energy, accomplished both parts of his task. Before Abernethy's time the surgeon treated the locally apparent diseases, which it was his business to cure, as having also a local origin; it was Abernethy who first exposed the

\* 'Annual Register,' 1803, p. 368.



absurdity of this most dangerous, because most untrue, notion, and showed that it was the constitution itself which was disordered, and that *there* must commence the healing process. He first suggested and proved the practicability of performing two operations of a bolder character than any ever before attempted, the tying the carotid and the external iliac arteries: operations that have since his time been performed with the most brilliant success, and which have in themselves done much to extend the reputation of the English school through Europe. We are not about to retail the numerous, and, in many instances, absurd stories told of this distinguished man, and which have had too frequently the effect of lowering him in public estimation; but one feature of his character belongs to our subject. He was fond of lecturing, and the students were equally pleased to attend his lectures, or his "Abernethy at Home," as they called them, in reference to the wit and humour he was accustomed to regale them with whilst instilling the dry, abstract truths of the study. An eye-witness describes his very mode of entering the lecture-room as "irresistibly droll; his hands buried deep in his breeches pocket, his body bent slouchingly forward, blowing or whistling, his eyes twinkling beneath their arches, and his lower jaw thrown considerably beneath the upper."\* Striking off instantly into his subject—gun-shot wounds for instance—he would relate a case which at once riveted the attention, and from which he would proceed to extract the "heart of its mystery," and show wherein failure or success had taken place. He would, then, perhaps, revert to surgery—as it was in the good old days of the barber-surgeons, and contrast it with its present state, enriching every step of his way by the raciest anecdotes—by an endless variety of the most amusing episodal matter. One of the richest scenes of the kind must have been his first lecture after his appointment as professor of anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons: a "professional friend," states the author of 'Physic and Physicians,'† "observed to him that they should now have something new. 'What do you mean?' asked Abernethy. 'Why,' said the other, 'of course you will brush up the lectures which you have been so long delivering at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and let us have them in an improved form?' 'Do you take me for a fool, or a knave?' rejoined Abernethy. 'I have always given the students at the hospital that to which they were entitled—the best produce of my mind. If I could have made my lectures to them better, I would certainly have made them so. I will give the College of Surgeons precisely the same lectures down to the smallest details: nay, I will tell the old fellows how to make a poultice.' Soon after, when he was lecturing to the students at St. Bartholomew's, and adverting to the College of Surgeons, he chucklingly exclaimed, 'I told the bigwigs how to make a poultice!' It is said by those who have witnessed it, that Mr. Abernethy's explanation of the art of making a poultice was irresistibly entertaining." And no doubt if he had lived but a couple of centuries before, and had had to lecture on the barber-surgery of that day, he would have introduced, with equal glee, an explanation of the process which it appears then belonged to some of the most respectable practitioners. The following extract from the list of officers to Heriot's Hospital in the statutes

\* Mr. Pettigrew's account of Abernethy, in the 'Medical Portrait Gallery.'

† Vol. i., p. 109.

compiled in 1627, will explain our meaning:—"One chirurgion barber, *who shall cut and poll the hair of all the scholars of the hospital*; as also look to the cure of all those within the hospital, who any way shall stand in need of his art."



[Portrait of Abernethy.]





[Exterior View of the College of Surgeons.]

### LXIII.—THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

THE Square of Lincoln's Inn Fields, with its garden of pleasant shady trees, its fine old mansions, its exhibitions, and its historical recollections, is a place pleasant to walk through, and suggestive of interesting and elevated thoughts. Here, for instance, perished Babington, and his youthful and accomplished companions, who, in their sympathy for the captive Queen of Scotland, put aside their own allegiance to Elizabeth, and endeavoured to dethrone, if not slay, her, in favour of Mary : whose own fate they thus precipitated. Here too was Lord William Russell led to the scaffold ; the last of those distinguished men, who, during the eventful period comprised between the commencements of the reigns of Charles I. and William III., sealed their political faith in the need and possibility of good government with their blood ; and whose trial was one of those cases, which, occurring in a particular country, yet has stirred the heart of universal man, and given poet and painter a theme they delight to dwell on. It was on this trial that, when the Chief Justice told the prisoner any of his servants might assist him in writing anything for him, the memorable answer was returned,—“ My Lord, my wife is here to do it.” And here, to refer to memories of another kind, was D'Avenant's theatre, on the stage of which Betterton performed ; a man whose portrait Pope painted (the poet, it will be remembered, occasionally dabbled with the palette and brush) ; whom Addison and Steele rivalled each other

in praising; and of whom Cibber says, "He was an actor, as Shakspeare was an author, both without competitors," &c. These are interesting recollections, and no doubt often turn the eyes of the student in history or dramatic literature towards Lincoln's Inn Fields. But a much more widely spread as well as deeper interest centres there. Scarcely a town or large village in the remotest parts of England but has its young aspirants for the honours and emoluments of a profession, the entrance to which lies through Lincoln's Inn Fields. And only those who have passed, or endeavoured to pass through it, can fully appreciate the anxieties and difficulties of the undertaking, or understand the peculiar interest with which the minds of a very large class of persons throughout England view the Royal College of Surgeons.

We are now standing before the building, admiring Sir Charles Barry's chaste and impressive design. Till the almost entire rebuilding of the structure under this gentleman's superintendence in 1835-6, the aspect of the College was, with the exception of the portico, as mean as it is now dignified, as discordant as it is now harmonious. And that portico owes much of its present noble proportions and graceful beauty to the gentleman we have named: a new column, for instance, was added, and the whole fluted; whilst the bold entablature along the entire top of the edifice, with its enriched cornice, and the sunken letters of the inscription in the frieze, the elegant appearance of the stacks of chimneys at each end, and the general lightness of the structure from the great number of windows, are all new, and betoken the masterly hand that has here been at work, and which has given to London not one of the least considerable of recent architectural productions. It is afternoon, and many persons are passing beneath the portico into the Hall. Let us follow them.

Some are passing into the inner vestibule, with its low roof and open pillars towards the Theatre; others into the Secretary's room on the left: these last are, almost without exception, young, and generally gentlemanly-looking men; and their business is to take the first step in a much-dreaded business, the registering their names for examination. It is astonishing how hard the most indolent or lazy student can work now—that is, a week or two before his examination;—and, tired as he has been of the eternal lectures, he is even chivalrous enough to hear one more, the one just about to be given in the Theatre—to the Students' gallery of which accordingly he ascends. Leaving the Secretary's room, we enter the inner hall or vestibule before mentioned, which is ornamented, and its roof supported by rows or screens of Doric columns; and in the far corner, on the left, we find the staircase ascending to the Council Room and Library, and the doorway to the Theatre. Entering the latter, we find ourselves in the Members' gallery, which runs round three sides of the lofty but somewhat contracted-looking place, with crimson seats, wainscoted walls, and a square-panelled roof, in the centre of which is a lantern or skylight. Above us is the Students' gallery, in front the wall of one entire side of the Theatre, and below a sunken floor, with a table for the lecturer, and seats rising upward from it towards us and on each side. The table is covered with preparations, some in glass vessels, intended no doubt to be used for the illustration of the subject of the lecture; and across the wall above, on a level with our own eyes, that long board has been evidently raised for a similar purpose, for it is almost hidden with



drawings, chiefly coloured. One single bust ornaments the place, the bust of John Hunter, placed on a pediment over the board. The seats immediately in front and by the sides of the lecture-table below us are, we are told, for the Council of the College.

In looking round, two or three circumstances arrest our attention. The Students' gallery is almost empty, while the members' gallery and the body of the Theatre, on the contrary, are almost full: another illustration of the truth that meets us in a thousand shapes—those only who know the most have the truest idea how much there is to learn. Again, among the faces present we can detect more than one man whom the world looks on, and justly, as among the foremost in their profession: yet these, with their time worth we know not how many guineas an hour, come to hear a lecture which has no adventitious interest whatever attached to it: it is but one of thirty-three given annually: there are no lords, dukes, nor princes present, nor is there any sumptuous dinner about to follow, as in the case of the annual oration delivered in the Theatre. The character of the faces around must be noticed by the most ordinary observer. Lavater and Spurzheim might each have written a separate chapter in their great works on the exhibition afforded by such an assemblage. The expression of thought and intellect—always acute, sometimes high—is written upon every face and stamped on every brow. But our reflections are interrupted: through a little door in the wall beside the table enters the beadle of the College with the gilt mace, which he lays on the table, members of the Council follow, and lastly enters the lecturer, in a black silk robe with crimson edging; and, as if impatient of the parade, however necessary, at once commences his lecture. The subject is one of greater interest than a stranger and an unscientific man might have anticipated, and of almost (to such an one) startling novelty: *the brain of fishes*. In a rapid survey, the lecturer describes in brief but expressive language the process of declension of the brain from man through the inferior animals, and the birds, down to the fishes; showing how closely each individual and species is linked with that above and below it in the great scale of creation, and how, above all, this variety of structure tends to explain the being of man himself. Thus, it has been maintained by distinguished physiologists, that the cerebellum in the human brain has organic functions connected with the locomotive power. If this be true, should we not find the cerebellum in the lower animals greatly developed, or almost entirely lost, precisely as we find the individuals endowed with extraordinary locomotive powers, or very deficient of them? The lecturer answers by pointing to the amazing development of the cerebellum of the shark, the most vigorous perhaps of fishes, and to that of another, which is scarcely visible, and the owner of which lies all but torpid for half the year.

From this glimpse of the Theatre during one of the lectures of the Professor of Comparative Anatomy, let us pass to an occasion of more general interest—the Hunterian oration, which takes place biennially. The Theatre is now brilliantly lighted with chandeliers; for it is late in the day, and the occupants are of a more diversified character. The board is gone, and everything speaks that it is a show rather than a work day of the College. Warriors and statesmen, poets and artists, may now be found among the audience. The President is the orator. Referring to the fitness of the day for the subject—the 14th of February, and

the birth-day of John Hunter—he proceeds, in a notice of the life of that remarkable man, to show what the College, and, through it, the profession, and the world generally, owe to him.

John Hunter was born in 1728, at Long Calderwood, near Glasgow. His father was a small farmer, and having nine other children, but little attention was paid to the child's education. His father's early death made matters still worse, and up to the age of seventeen John Hunter was distinguished for nothing more important than his enjoyment of country sports. Finding this mode of life attended by pecuniary as well as other inconveniences, he addressed himself to a better, and went and laboured zealously in the workshop of his brother-in-law at Glasgow, a cabinet-maker. The manual dexterity which subsequently formed a noticeable feature of Hunter's personal character, and which he found so valuable in his scientific studies, is ascribed to the three years thus spent. The fame of William Hunter, the brother of John, as an anatomical and scientific lecturer, now roused more ambitious thoughts, or at least prepared the way for their accomplishment. He wrote to offer his services; they were accepted; and behold John Hunter at London. His first essays gave so much satisfaction that his brother at once prophesied he would become a good anatomist. This was in 1748. The year following he became the pupil of the celebrated surgeon Cheselden, and attended with him the Hospital of Chelsea for two years, and at the expiration of that time engaged himself to Pott in connexion with the practice of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Passing over various other stages of his career, we find him in 1754 a partner with William in the school, and sharing in the delivery of the annual course of lectures. The severity of his studies now became too great for him, serious illness ensued, and, but for the judicious course he adopted, the world might have now known nothing of John Hunter. He sought and obtained the appointment of staff-surgeon to a regiment ordered to a milder climate, and for two years followed its migrations, when he returned to England completely restored. Hunter would now have risen rapidly in his profession but for two deficiencies, amenity of manner, so valuable, we might say indispensable, to a medical man, and education; as it was, he suffered much inconvenience and anxiety, not on account of his own personal wants, but for his beloved museum, the foundation of which he began to lay from an early period. He lectured, but could get only ~~few~~ pupils, and was frequently obliged to borrow the money for some new purchase that had tempted him, and which he could not resist. A pleasant anecdote of one of these occasions is told. "Pray, George," said he one day to Mr. G. Nicol, the king's bookseller, an intimate acquaintance, "have you got any money in your pocket?" The answer was in the affirmative. "Have you got five guineas? because if you have, and will lend it to me, you shall go halves." "Halves in what?" said Mr. Nicol. "Why, halves in a magnificent tiger, which is now dying in Castle Street." The money was lent, and the great anatomist made happy. All this while his reputation was steadily on the advance, and the fact came home to him in two very satisfactory incidents in the years 1767-8: in the first of which he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society; and in the second, surgeon to St. George's Hospital. This was everything to John Hunter: patients and pupils alike flowed in, and the Museum went on at a glorious rate. More laboriously now than



ever did he devote himself to the investigation of the great subjects that Museum was formed to illustrate : it was no hobby nor plaything, but the grand storehouse of facts in which he proposed to study, more deeply than perhaps man had ever studied before him, the great branches of knowledge into which the general subject of man—"the ills that flesh is heir to" and their cure—divides itself, as natural history, comparative anatomy, physiology, and pathology. Mr. Thomas, who was some time his dresser at the hospital, and subsequently, through Mr. Hunter's influence, surgeon to Lord Macartney's Chinese embassy, gives us the following account of his introduction to him ; and the anecdote forms a valuable illustration of the mode in which so much was accomplished in a single lifetime. He says, "Upon my first arrival in London, on presenting a letter of introduction from a mutual friend, he desired to see me at five the next morning. Having already the highest respect for his great professional talents, it may be easily imagined to what a height my curiosity was raised by so extraordinary an appointment: no one will doubt my punctuality of attendance. I found him in his Museum, busily engaged in the dissection of insects. The interest which he seemed to take in his employment—the sagacity of his observations on it—the acuteness of his general remarks upon whatever subject was started—the almost blunt manner in which he questioned me respecting my medical education, united to the kindness of his admonitions relative to my future plans, made a very forcible impression on my mind: it was a mingled feeling of profound respect, surprise, and admiration."\*

Hunter had a great love for animals, and not merely, as the satirist might say or think, for their use for dissection, but whilst alive; and he ran some strange risks in consequence. At his house at Brompton he had a numerous collection, among which were two leopards, of which Sir E. Home relates the following anecdote:—"They were kept chained in an outhouse, but one day broke from their confinement and got into the yard among some dogs, which they immediately attacked. The howling thus produced alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Mr. Hunter ran into the yard to see what was the matter, and found one of them getting up the wall to make his escape, the other surrounded by the dogs. He immediately laid hold of them both, and carried them back to their den; but as soon as they were secured, and he had time to reflect upon the risk of his own situation, he was so much agitated that he was in danger of fainting." Again: "The fiercer animals were those to which he was most partial, and he had several of the bull kind from different parts of the world. Among these was a beautiful small bull he had received from the Queen, with which he used to wrestle in play, and entertain himself with its exertions in its own defence. In one of these contests the bull overpowered him, and got him down; and had not one of the servants accidentally come by and frightened the animal away, this frolic would probably have cost him his life."

In 1773 he was affected by a disease of the heart, which subsequently carried him off. The immediate cause of his death involves painful remembrances. In 1792 a dispute occurred between him and his colleagues at St. George's Hospital, in consequence of the election of Mr. Keate to a vacancy which then happened, in

opposition to the man of Mr. Hunter's choice, Sir Everard Home, his brother-in-law. This led to recriminatory acts (or what were looked on in that light) on both sides, among which was an order on the part of the hospital governors that no person should be admitted as a student without bringing certificates that he had been educated for the profession. Hunter, who was in the habit of receiving pupils from Scotland of the class prohibited, took this as aimed against himself; but two young men having come up who were prohibited by the rule from entering the hospital, Hunter undertook to press for their admission before the Board. On the proper day, the 16th of October, Hunter went to fulfil his promise, having previously remarked to a friend that if any unpleasant disputes occurred it would prove fatal. It is melancholy to have to relate how true were his forebodings. In making his statement, one of his colleagues gave a flat denial to some observation, and the irrevocable blow was struck. Hunter stopped, retired to an adjoining room to conceal or repress his emotions, and there fell lifeless into the arms of Dr. Robertson. Every attempt was made to recover him, but in vain. We may imagine the feelings of all parties as they gazed upon each other and acknowledged that John Hunter was dead, and that such had been the occasion.

Leaving the Theatre, we ascend the handsome staircase with its roof of delicately-tinged green hue, and its entablature, having a richly sculptured frieze, to the Library and Council-Room. Ranged round the wall of the staircase, resting upon brackets, and also upon pedestals on the landing at the top, are about twenty marble busts of some of the most eminent surgeons of the age, including Guthrie, Hunter, Lawrence, Brodie, Abernethy, Bell, Sir Joseph Banks, Cheselden, &c. On the right a door opens into the Library, on the left to the Council-Room. The Library fills one with surprise from its great height and dimensions. It has two ranges of windows, one above the other, some of the lower opening into the upper part of the portico, between the capitals of which the waving and gleaming foliage of the gardens beyond appear with a charming effect. The collection of books is worthy of the place, although, of course, they consist chiefly of works useful to the medical student. At a considerable elevation along the walls pictures meet the eye—portraits of Sir Cæsar Hawkins, by Hogarth, Serjeant-Surgeon Wiseman, an eminent surgeon of Charles II.'s time, &c. At the west end of the Library is a smaller room, called the Museum Library, the two rooms occupying the entire front of the College.

The Council-Room, where sits the awful conclave of Examiners, is a rich-looking and comfortable apartment. Among the more noticeable ornaments of the room are the pictures and busts; the former comprising Reynolds's admirable and well-known portrait of John Hunter; Sir W. Blizard, by Opie; and Sir Astley Cooper, by Lawrence. The great treasure of the College, however, which hangs in the Council Room, is the cartoon of Holbein's picture of the grant of the charter to the Barber-Surgeons, of which we have already spoken in connection with the original in the hall of the Barbers' Company. The busts in this room are those of George III. and George IV., by Chantrey. There is one feature of the room which at a glance reveals its uses—a chair surrounded on three sides; and although, very properly, no persons are admitted during examination but the parties concerned, it needs no great exertion of the fancy to see the nervous,



excited, quivering, and shivering young *examinee*, sitting in his solitary but most undesired stall, and the line of grave faces extending along his front and on each side of him, so that he sees nothing, hears nothing, but

“Censors, censors, everywhere.”

There is an ante-chamber attached to the Council-Room, whither candidates pass after examination, and receive refreshment, which in their exhaustion is generally most grateful. And a curious scene in connection with this room may be occasionally witnessed. Whilst the young man is being examined in the Council-Room, a crowd of friends are walking to and fro on the pavement in front of the College, and looking from time to time upon the windows of that ante-chamber; some of them, perhaps, relatives or friends, no less anxious than the principal himself, knowing what sacrifices have been made to bear up against pecuniary difficulties till the Examination-day; and, to make the trial still more momentous, an appointment perhaps is waiting to be taken at once or be lost for ever. But there he is—the pale countenance flushed up with success. In homely but succinct and expressive words ascends the low-toned query, “All right?” “All right” is the joyous answer,—and the load haply is taken off some poor widow’s heart.

Descending to the entrance-hall, we now turn in an opposite direction (or to the right as we enter the College) in order to reach the Museum. This comprises three large rooms; two about 90 feet in length, 39 in breadth, and 35 in height; the middle room is about 20 feet square, and 35 in height. The rooms are lighted, not by windows in the side walls, but by a series of windows set in a deep cove extending round each of the four sides, between the top of the wall and the ceiling, and the effect is as delightful to the eye as it is useful for the exhibition of the contents of the Museum. Each room is similar in its general-plan of arrangement, and comprises three stories: the first consisting of glass cases, each set between half pillars of the Doric style; the second, of a gallery above, with a balcony before it, and occupied by ranges of shelves with preparations in glass vessels; the third is formed by another gallery, which does not project so far forward as the second, and which is used for similar purposes. The central space of the ground floor of each room is occupied by ranges of broad, solid, glazed cases, breast high, or by stands for the exhibition of the skeleton of some gigantic animal or monster of the deep.

Such, in brief, is the shell of the Museum; but how shall we describe its multifarious and almost invaluable contents? The shortest way were, perhaps, to remark, and we should be scarcely guilty of exaggeration in so doing, that it possesses almost everything the imagination of man can conceive of that can be useful or necessary for the study of physical life—that the whole world has been ransacked to enrich its stores. But however comprehensive the idea thus given, we fear it would not be very clear or suggestive; so we must describe it somewhat more in detail. First, then, to look at the Museum as a whole, and as John Hunter left it at his death, when his Museum consisted of above 10,000 preparations, obtained, it is said, at a cost of about 70,000*l.*, and which was purchased from his widow by the government for 15,000*l.*, who presented it to the College. “The main object which he had in view in forming it,” says the author of an

admirable account of Hunter and his Museum,\* and whose assistance we are glad to avail ourselves of in this somewhat technically scientific department of our subject, "was to illustrate, as far as possible, the whole subject of life by preparations of the bodies in which its phenomena are presented. The principal and most valuable part of the collection, forming the physiological series, consisted of dissections of the organs of plants and animals, classed according to their different vital functions, and in each class arranged so as to present every variety of form, beginning from the most simple, and passing upwards to the most complex. They were disposed in two main divisions: the first, illustrative of the functions which minister to the necessities of the individual; the second, of those which provide for the continuance of the species. The first division commenced with a few examples of the component parts of organic bodies, as sap, blood, &c.; and then exhibited the organs of support and motion, presenting a most interesting view of the various materials and apparatus for affording the locomotive power necessary to the various classes of beings. It was succeeded by a series illustrating the functions of digestion (which Hunter placed first, because he regarded the stomach as the organ most peculiarly characteristic of animals), and those of nutrition, circulation, respiration, &c. These were followed by the organs which place each being in relation with the surrounding world, as the nervous system, the organs of sense, the external coverings, &c. The other chief division of the physiological part of the collection contained the sexual organs of plants and animals in their barren and impregnated states, the preparations illustrative of the gradual development of the young, and of the organs temporarily subservient to their existence before and after birth. Parts of the same general collection, though arranged separately for the sake of convenience, were the very beautiful collections of nearly 1000 skeletons; of objects illustrative of natural history, consisting of animals and plants preserved in spirit or stuffed, of which he left nearly 3000; of upwards of 1200 fossils; and of monsters. The pathological part of the Museum contained about 2500 specimens, arranged in three principal departments: the first illustrating the processes of common diseases and the actions of restoration; the second, the effects of specific diseases; and the third, the effects of various diseases, arranged according to their locality in the body. Appended to these was a collection of about 700 calculi and other inorganic concretions. These few words may give some idea of Hunter's prodigious labours and industry as a collector: but his Museum contains sufficient proof that he was no mere collector: it was formed with a design the most admirable, and arranged in a manner the most philosophic; and when it is remembered that it was all the work of one man labouring under every disadvantage of deficient education, and of limited and often embarrassed pecuniary resources, it affords, perhaps, better evidence of the strength and originality of Hunter's mind than any of his written works, where he speaks of facts, that in his Museum are made to speak for themselves."

The Hunterian Collection, which forms the basis, and still a large proportion, of the contents of the present Museum, was originally arranged in a building which its founder, John Hunter, erected for it in 1785, behind his house in Leicester Square. In 1787 he had completed its arrangement, the principle of which is still

\* "Penny Cyclopædia," article HUNTER, vol. xii.





[Museum of College of Surgeons, 1841.]

adhered to; and the Museum was opened for inspection during the month of October to the medical profession, and in May to non-professional patrons, cultivators, or lovers of physiology and natural history. Hunter died in 1793, having by his will directed his Museum to be offered in the first instance to the British Government, on such terms as might be considered reasonable, and in case of refusal, to be sold in one lot, either to some foreign state, or as his executors might think proper.

In the year 1799 Parliament voted the sum of 15,000*l.* for the Museum, and an offer of it being made to the Corporation of Surgeons, it was accepted on the terms proposed by Government. In 1806 the sum of 15,000*l.* was voted by Parliament in aid of the erection of an edifice for the display and arrangement of the Hunterian Collection; a second grant of 12,500*l.* was subsequently voted, and upwards of 21,000*l.* having been supplied from the funds of the College, the building was completed in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, in which the Museum was opened for the inspection of visitors in 1813.

From the number of the additions, the Museum, completed in 1813, became too small for their adequate display and arrangement; and more space being at the same time required for the rapidly increasing Library, the greater portion of the present building was erected, wholly at the expense of the College, in 1835, at a cost of about 40,000*l.*, and the Hunterian and Collegiate Collections were re-arranged in what are now termed the Western and Middle Museums, which were opened for the inspection of visitors in 1836. Further enlargement of the build-

ing having become necessary by the continued increase of the Collection, the College, in 1847, purchased the premises of Mr. Alderman Copeland, in Portugal Street, for the sum of 16,000*l.*, and in 1852 proceeded to the erection of the Eastern Museum at the expense of 25,000*l.*, Parliament granting 15,000*l.* in aid thereof. The entire amount expended by the College in maintaining and increasing the Collection down to the year 1873 has exceeded 250,000*l.*

The superintendence of the Museum is confided by the Council of the College to a Committee of its Members, who, as opportunities offer, recommend the purchase of specimens desirable for the Collection. A valuable portion of the additions has been by liberal donations from various Fellows and Members of the College; and numerous specimens have been received from distinguished cultivators of Natural Science, not members of the medical profession.

A few words on the regulations for admission may be here usefully given. These are highly liberal, if we consider the Museum is not intended to form an exhibition but a place of study. Members of both houses of parliament, great officers of state, the dignitaries of the church and the law, general and flag officers of the navy, members of learned and scientific bodies, and of public boards, physicians, surgeons, &c., &c., have all not only the privilege of personally visiting the Museum, but of introducing visitors. Students of zoology who desire to compete for public appointments are allowed to study here.

A painful recollection is connected with the Museum, which we are reminded of by the volumes of the handsome and comprehensive Catalogue published by the College, which we see lying about in different parts of the place. That catalogue is very valuable, formed as it is with great care from the preparations themselves, and from the published works and a few scattered manuscripts of the founder—Hunter. But its present state is a slender compensation for what it ought to have been, had those who were bound by the nearest ties to look upon every memorial of Hunter as sacred, fulfilled the duty imposed on them. For several years before his death the great anatomist commenced the preparation of *his own catalogue*, which was to embody the entire results of all his professional and scientific experience; and although he died before positively completing more than a very small portion of his scheme, he did live to bequeath to the world nineteen folio volumes of MS. materials, written either by himself or at his dictation, and, there is little doubt, of a more valuable kind than the world had ever before possessed. These volumes have, it appears, been destroyed! "The formation of the catalogue," states the writer before quoted,\* "was intrusted to Sir Everard Home, the brother-in-law and only surviving executor of Hunter; but from year to year he deferred his task, and, after supplying only two small portions of his undertaking, he at length announced that, in accordance with a wish which he had heard Mr. Hunter express, he had burned the manuscripts, which he had taken without leave from the College of Surgeons, and among which were the ten volumes of dissections (forming a part of the nineteen) and numerous other original papers. Thus nearly the whole labour of Hunter's life seemed lost: a few only of the least important of his writings remained, unless, indeed, we reckon as his the numerous essays which Sir E. Home published as

\* "Penny Cyclopædia," article HUNTER.



his own in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' and subsequently collected in six volumes, 4to., of 'Lectures on Comparative Anatomy.' Many of these give strong evidence of his having used Hunter's writings in their composition; and the fear lest his plagiarism should be detected is the only probable reason that can be assigned for so disgraceful an act." The injury done to Hunter's fame by this mysterious proceeding is incalculable. "Every year, as his Museum is more closely studied, proves that Hunter had been well aware of facts for the *discovery* of which other observers have since his death received the honour;" and from this we may judge how great must be the loss the public have experienced in losing the fruits of so many years' labour of so valuable a life.

In walking through the Museum, we are apt to be bewildered by the multiplicity of the objects which present themselves to our attention. The apartment first entered is the Western Museum. The ground floor is assigned to the pathological preparations in a dried state, consisting chiefly of diseases and injuries of bone, as well as injected preparations, anatomical models in wax, mummies, and surgical instruments. It also contains a portion of the series of natural structures, viz. the zoological series of invertebrate animals, and the illustrations of normal human osteology. The two galleries are devoted exclusively to the pathological preparations in bottles. In the rail-case around the lower gallery are placed the collection of calculi and other concretions, and the Toynbee collection of diseases of the ear; in that around the upper gallery is a collection of models illustrating diseases of the skin. The Middle Museum contains on the ground floor the fossil remains of extinct vertebrate animals; in the lower gallery part of the physiological series; and in the upper gallery the collection of monsters and malformations (the teratological series), and a special collection of entozoa. The Eastern Museum is entirely appropriated to the physiological series. The ground floor is devoted to illustrations of the osteology of the vertebrate animals, and the galleries contain preparations in spirit exhibiting the most remarkable modifications of every other portion of the organization throughout the animal kingdom. In the rail-cases attached to the galleries, dried specimens belonging to the series are placed.

The first and principal object which rivets the attention of visitors on entering the Western Museum is the skeleton of an adult female Greenland right-whale; it is supported on columns, and occupies a considerable space in the middle of the room. The animal from which this specimen was prepared was taken at the Danish settlement of Holsteinsborg in South Greenland, in the winter of 1861-62. The bones were sent to Copenhagen, and having been purchased by the Council of the College, were transhipped thence to London in 1864. Although for a long period of years the Greenland whale has been pursued for the sake of the valuable oil and whalebone which it affords, until the species is threatened with speedy extermination, no complete skeleton had hitherto been brought to this country. The immense size of the head, compared with that of the body, and especially the great development of the upper and lower jaws, cannot fail to arrest the visitors' attention. These departures from the ordinary Mammalian form have special relation to the fact that this species of whale subsists entirely on very small mollusks and crustaceans, of which an enormous quantity, together with the water in which they float, are taken at once into the capacious mouth. The water is then strained off through the baleen or "whalebone" plates which hang down from

each side of the palate, and the small soft-bodied animals which remain on the tongue are swallowed through the narrow œsophagus. The "whalebone," which forms no part of the skeleton proper, is not present in this specimen; but its structure and position may be studied in the examples of the smaller species of whales in the Eastern Museum. The rudimentary pelvic bones, with the small accessory bones, the only vestiges of hinder limbs, are preserved in their natural position. By the side of this specimen are suspended three smaller skeletons of some whalebone whales. There is also the skeleton of an adult male of the small fin-whale, which was stranded near Cromer in 1860, and presented to the Museum by Mr. J. H. Gurney.

Several of the cases in the centre of the room contain a beautiful collection of calcareous shells of various species of foraminifera, protozoa, &c.; commencing with eoözoön from the Laurentian rocks of Canada, the earliest known evidence of organic life upon the globe. Then there are sponges, sea-anemones, sea-urchins, and the numerous allied creatures whose stony skeletons form the objects commonly known as "corals." The wall cases on the ground floor contain such portions of the Natural History specimens as from their size could not be arranged in the zoological series or in the drawers of the cabinets, and the fossil vegetable remains, nearly all of Hunterian origin. Then we come upon a vast collection of skeletons and crania of different varieties of mankind. Here are the skeletons of a male and female Tasmanian, a race now extinct, presented to the College in 1872 by Morton Allport, Esq. Passing by a few other "specimens," we note the skeleton of the notorious Jonathan Wild, which was presented by Frederick Fowler, Esq., in 1847. There is nothing about the present appearance of the great thief-catcher, who ended his days at Tyburn in 1725, which at all reminds one of his bad pre-eminence in life; and it is just possible that many of the skeletons about him were those of men worse than himself, namely, thieves and murderers; for of old the Conservator of the Museum was "dissector in ordinary" to all malefactors executed in London. The amazingly tall skeleton of a man which next comes under our notice, we can hardly persuade ourselves could have really belonged to a human being; but there is no room for doubt. It is the skeleton of Charles Byrne, better known, however, as O'Brien, the Irish giant; who, according to the 'Annual Register,' died in June, 1783, in Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, from excessive drinking, to which he was accustomed, and to which he had previously given himself up, with greater recklessness than ever, on account of a loss of 700*l.*, which he had by him in the shape of a single bank-note. It appears he measured eight feet four inches as he lay dead, being then only twenty-two years old; his skeleton is just seven feet seven inches in height. It is said that he wished his remains to be sunk out at sea. Was this from the mere horror of dissection, or that he looked upon himself as a kind of half-monster, and felt a sense of relief in the idea that when he was dead all traces of him should disappear? Whatever be the truth of the story, the body came into Mr. Hunter's possession before any attempt at interment was made. In strange contrast with this noble and graceful-looking edifice of man, for such it seems to us in a very eminent degree, stands the skeleton of Madlle. Crachami, a Sicilian girl of ten years of age. This is just twenty inches high, and would not reach, by an inch or two, the giant's knee. She was born in or near Palermo, in 1814, and was the daughter of an Italian



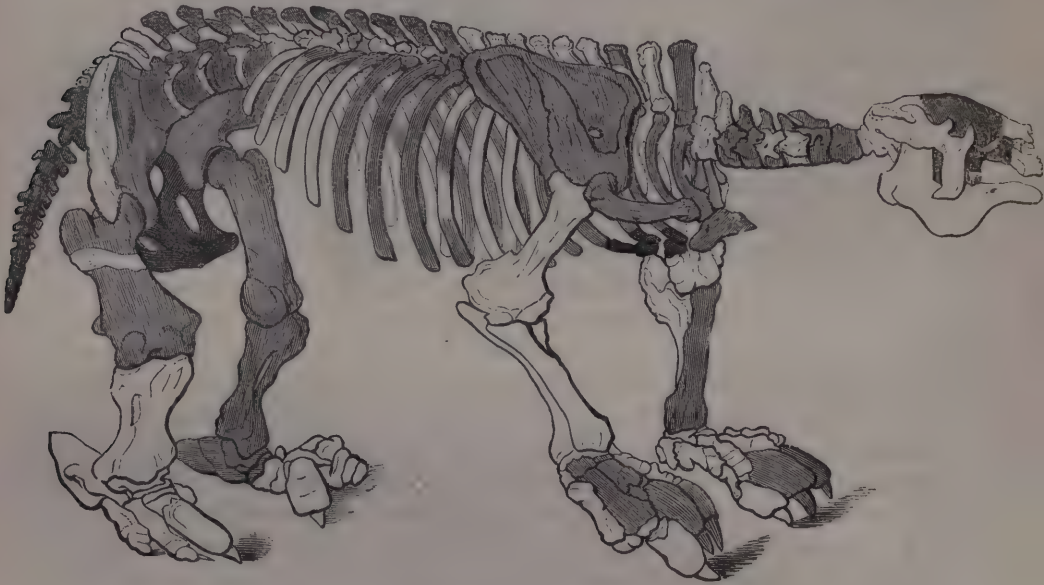
woman, who, whilst travelling some months before her confinement in the baggage-train of the Duke of Wellington's army on the Continent, was frightened into fits by an accident with a monkey. The child was reared with difficulty, and, being taken to Ireland, became there consumptive. It was then brought to London, and publicly exhibited in Bond Street in 1824. Sir Everard Home, among numerous other scientific men, visited her; and he says, "The child, when I saw it, could walk alone, but with no confidence. Its sight was very quick, much attracted by bright objects, delighted with everything that glittered, mightily pleased with fine clothes, had a shrill voice, and spoke in a low tone; had some taste for music, but could speak few words of English; was very sensible of kindness, and quickly recognised any person who had treated it kindly." She died in the same year. On the same pedestal is a very minute and beautifully-constructed ivory skeleton of the human form.

Passing by a large number of shelves containing the skulls of various races of mankind, and others with specimens of injuries and diseases of the bones, we arrive at an interesting collection of mummies. One of these is that of an Egyptian in its inner case, unopened, brought to England in 1820, and several thousand years old. It is in a perfect state of preservation, and affords an excellent example of the mode of embalming practised in ancient Egypt. The external case, generally of sycamore, has been removed: the internal case, which more immediately envelopes the body, and partakes of its form, is composed of many layers of cloth cemented together, and faced or externally covered with a white composition, affording a smooth and uniform surface, upon which an endless variety of hieroglyphical figures and devices are drawn in vivid, and, to this day, comparatively well-preserved colours. In strange contrast with this artificially preserved human being is that painful-looking figure raised upon a high pedestal, seated on its haunches, the knees against the chin, and the hands pressing against the sunken cheeks. There is every reason to consider the history of this figure as extraordinary as its appearance. The governor of the district of Caxamarca, in Peru, became much interested in a tradition preserved among the natives of the place, that a certain guaca, or sepulchre, was the site of the voluntary sacrifice of the life of a Curaca, one of the order of nobles next in rank to the members of the royal family. He determined accordingly to have it opened, which was done in 1821; and at the depth of about ten or twelve feet three bodies were found—a female, which crumbled to dust on exposure to the air; a child, which is now in the museum of Buenos Ayres; and a man, the figure we are now gazing on. In all probability the three stood in the relation of husband, wife, and child. This dreadful instance of the lengths to which man's wild imagination will carry him is supposed to have taken place some little time before the arrival of Pizarro, or between the years of 1530 and 1540. The preservation of the bodies is owing to the peculiar character of the soil. With them were found various articles of interest—an axe or bludgeon of green jade-stone, and a ball of very fine thread or worsted, two or three inches in diameter, which was placed under the arm of the child, a symbol, probably, in some way, of its own undeveloped career.

Beyond the floor cabinets, at the southern end of this room, is the seated statue, by H. Weekes, R.A., of John Hunter, the founder of the collection, erected by public subscription in 1864.

The ground-floor of the Middle Museum is entirely devoted to the fossil remains of extinct vertebrated animals. Standing near the doorway, just as we enter, on our right, is a cast of one of those stupendous remains of the extinct animals of an early world, the bones of the hinder portion of the skeleton of the megatherium, the originals of which are preserved in the College. Until the latter part of the last century this enormous quadruped was unknown in Europe. In 1789 the viceroy of Buenos Ayres sent the Museum of Madrid a considerable portion of a skeleton, and subsequently portions of two other skeletons reached the same country.

It was not, however, till the arrival of the remains collected by Sir Woodbine Parish, and presented to the College of Surgeons, that the general characteristics of the megatherium could be determined. These remains were found in the river Salado, which runs through the Pampas, or flat alluvial plains to the south of the city of Buenos Ayres. The immediate cause of this discovery was the



[Skeleton of the Megatherium.]

unusual succession of three dry seasons, which caused the water to sink very low, and exposed the bone of the pelvis to view as it stood upright in the river. The cast in the Museum here is, as we have before stated, only of the hinder parts of the animal, which, in their startling magnitude, provoke a very natural desire for a glimpse of the entire creature to which they belonged. Let the reader, then, look at the engraving (in which the simple outline shows the extent of the Madrid skeleton, the pale tint the corresponding parts in the College, and the dark tint the additional parts which are wanting in the skeleton at Madrid), and at the same time reflect that its general dimensions are about fourteen feet in length and about eight in height, that the upper part of its tail must have measured at least two feet across, that its thigh-bone is twice the size of that of the largest known elephant, that its heel-bone actually weighs more than



the entire foot of the great elephant whose skeleton is in the Museum (and which we shall presently have to mention), and that its fore-foot must have exceeded a yard in length. "Thus heavily constructed," says Dr. Buckland, in an eloquent passage in his 'Bridgewater Treatise,' "it could neither run, nor leap, nor climb, nor burrow under the ground, and in all its movements must have been necessarily slow; but what need of rapid locomotion to an animal whose occupation of digging roots for food was almost stationary? . . . His entire frame was an apparatus of colossal mechanism, adapted exactly to the work it had to do; strong and ponderous in proportion as the work was heavy, and calculated to be the vehicle of life and enjoyment to a gigantic race of quadrupeds, which, though they have ceased to be accounted among the living inhabitants of our planet, have in their fossil bones left behind them imperishable monuments of the consummate skill with which they were constructed." In cleaning the bones, on their arrival at the College, some small portions of adipocire (or animal matter, changed into the peculiar fatty and waxy substance first discovered during the last century) was found. Long exposure to water, in particular, appears to cause this extraordinary conversion; and the remains of the megatherium must have been so exposed for at least many centuries. At the same time the existence of the adipocire would seem to imply that we can scarcely venture to date the period of the megatherium's life beyond that of man's first appearance on the world, unless we are to suppose that soft substance as imperishable as the fossil bones themselves.

Suspended from the ceiling of the third room, or Eastern Museum, is the skeleton of a full-grown sperm whale. It is 50 feet long, and weighs nearly two and a half tons. The animal from which this magnificent specimen was obtained was taken off the Coast of Tasmania in 1864, and the bones presented to the museum by W. L. Crowther, Esq., of Hobart Town. Near the end of this room, the colossal structure of the largest living quadruped, the male Asiatic elephant, makes us gaze in astonishment at the wonders that still live and breathe among us. The skeleton measures from the pedestal to its highest part *twelve feet four inches*. This enormous creature was none other than Chuneé, whose destruction at Exeter Change excited so much sympathy. The animal from which this skeleton was obtained was brought to England in 1810, of the supposed age of twenty years; it was then so docile as to be exhibited on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre. In 1814 it was purchased by Mr. Cross, the proprietor of the menagerie at Exeter Change, and was there exhibited, under the name of *Chunee*, until the year 1826, when a return of an annual paroxysm, aggravated, as it subsequently appeared, by inflammation of the large pulp of one of the tusks, produced such ungovernable violence as to endanger the breaking down of the den, and to compel the keeper to put the enormous beast to death. It was first of all decided to poison him, and for this purpose a pound of arsenic was mixed in three mashes, but it produced no effect when administered. Then corrosive sublimate was put into three buns out of twelve. He ate nine of them, but refused to touch the three poisoned ones, although there was neither taste nor smell in them. His hay was then poisoned with a solution of arsenic, but he would not touch it; and although he began to be famished, still he persistently refused all food, as if he had a suspicion that it was intended to destroy him. His death, therefore, at last was effected by

shooting him, but not until the animal had received upwards of 100 musket and rifle bullets.

Space does not admit of our entering more fully into the contents of this Museum, and in conclusion we can only add that the collection, designed as it is to facilitate the study of the phenomena of Life, both in health and disease, as the true foundation upon which the rational practice of the healing art is based, is open to the public free of cost or charge.



[John Hunter.]





[Old Academy in St. Martin's-lane.]

#### LXIV.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY. No. I.

DURING the reign of the first George and part of that of the second, it seemed as though the nation at large was inclined to participate in the well-known contempt of one of those monarchs for "*Bainting*," whatever it might do as regards his similar opinion of "*Boetry*;" at all events, since anything deserving the name of art had existed in this country, never before had the prospect seemed so hopeless. The admirable works of Holbein and Vandyke, and, in a lesser degree, of Lely and Kneller (all foreigners), which had been scattered so profusely abroad through the palaces and mansions of England, appeared to have fallen on a soil barren, as far as they were concerned, but most prolific of the ranker and more gaudy kinds of vegetation. Whilst the national mind appeared to make no response to the exertions of the great painters we have mentioned, the sight of the acres of garish canvas—

‘ Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and La Guerre,’

set us all decorating our staircases and ceilings in a similar manner; mythology was made easy to the humblest capacities; Jupiters and Junos, Venuses and Mercuries, flocked about us in the most condescending fashion—*high* art was to be our own at once: there is no saying how soon the spirit as well as the forms of the art-religion of ancient Greece might not have been revived among us, but for the unlucky sarcasms of those wicked poets! At the period of the accession of George II., our most eminent native artists were Sir James Thornhill, the

painter of the dome of St. Paul's and the great hall of Greenwich Hospital, works which, whatever admiration they excited in his own day, when he successfully disputed the palm of reputation with La Guerre, are now at least as remarkable for the mode in which they were paid (forty shillings a square yard), as for their excellence; Hudson, the chief portrait-painter; and Hayman, the decorator of Vauxhall, and the author of many illustrative designs of 'Don Quixote' and other publications. When such were our great men, no wonder that French critics amused themselves with speculations on the cause of what they declared to be our evident unfitness ever to be distinguished in art, and kindly consoled with us on our ungenial climate and our defective physical organization. If they could have seen what was then going silently on in different parts of England, these sagacious critics would have saved themselves much trouble, some confusion, and have derived a lesson as to putting their own house into order, which would have been useful. Holbein and his immortal followers, it turned out after all, had *not* come to an ungenial soil; on the contrary, it appeared they had been slowly doing that which it is the prerogative of genius only to do—making equals, and not imitators. It was not long after the commencement of the reign of George II., that Sir James Thornhill, on rising one morning, found on his breakfast-table some etchings of so remarkable a character, that when he learnt they were by his poor son-in-law, who had offended him by marrying his child without his consent, he at once forgave them both. The etchings were some of the as yet unpublished engravings of the 'Harlot's Progress;' the poor son-in-law was Hogarth. In the same street where this scene took place—St. Martin's Lane—a few years after, a young painter from Devonshire had established himself after having visited Rome, and older artists talked of the absurd heresies he was practically broaching. Hudson, before mentioned, who was his old master, went to see him, and after looking for some time on the picture of a boy in a turban, exclaimed, with an oath, "Reynolds, you don't paint so well as when you left England." Another eminent portrait-painter, who had studied under Kneller, also came to the studio and expressed his opinions:—"Ah! Reynolds, this will never answer; why, you don't paint in the least like Sir Godfrey!" The young artist, by no means overwhelmed, answered with quiet confidence, and explained his reasons (which of course embodied all his novel views in art), with great ability, till at last Ellis cried out, "Shakspeare in poetry, and Kneller in painting, d——e!" and marched out of the room. Not many years had to elapse before that heretical student was acknowledged the master of a genuine and lofty English school of painting, and posterity has confirmed the opinion of contemporaries. Lastly, about the same time, Gainsborough, yet a boy, was obtaining holidays from school by ingeniously forging notes of leave from his parent, for the purpose of making sketches in the beautiful woods which surrounded his native place in Suffolk; and Wilson, the English Claude, was being happily turned from portrait to landscape by an accident. Whilst studying at Rome, he waited one morning a long time anticipating the coming of the artist Zucarelli, and, to beguile the time, sketched the scene he beheld through the windows before him. Zucarelli, looking on it when he came, was astonished, and asked Wilson if he had studied landscape. The answer was in the negative. "Then I advise you to try, for you are sure



of great success," was Zucarelli's immediate remark; and Vernet, an eminent French painter, spoke to the same effect. The picture of Niobe marked his return to England, and caused his immediate recognition as a painter of high genius. It is to these men that we chiefly owe the extraordinary advance in English art which has been made in the space of a single century. From the period of their advent we may date the rapid disappearance of the historical pictures of the La Guerre and Thornhill school, "the mobs of the old divinities—nymphs who represented cities—crowned beldames for nations—and figures, ready ticketed and labelled, answering to the names of Virtues;"\* and with them went the artists who were at first Reynolds's chief rivals, and whom he describes as having "a set of postures which they apply to all persons indiscriminately: the consequence of which is, that all their pictures look like so many sign-post paintings; and if they have a history or a family piece to paint, the first thing they do is to look over their commonplace book, containing sketches which they have stolen from various pictures; then they search their prints over, and pilfer one figure from one print, and another from a second; but never take the trouble of thinking for themselves." In place of all these different kinds of inanities, Hogarth now set the town considering the stern realities of life, and instilled into them his wholesome morality; Reynolds showed a truer divinity, hedging in the shapes of humanity itself, than Verrio had ever fetched down from Olympus; and Wilson and Gainsborough revealed the natural beauties of the every-day world to thousands who had at least practically forgotten them. It was during the height of the reputation of these men that the Royal Academy started into existence, and chiefly in consequence of their exertions.

It appears from Hogarth's memoirs of himself that the first attempt to form a kind of artists' academy was made about the beginning of the eighteenth century "by some gentlemen-painters of the first rank, who in their general forms imitated the plan of that in France, but conducted their business with far less fuss and solemnity; yet the little that there was, in a very short time became an object of ridicule." The single object then desired was a school for drawing from the living model; and it is curious, and an unanswerable evidence of the low state of the arts, that in so important a matter nothing should have been done previously or more effectively when undertaken. But the public had an idea that some of these meetings were for immoral purposes, and the artists had not a little difficulty to overcome on that score. The Duke of Richmond had the credit, later in the century, of establishing the first school in this country for the study of the antique, having fitted up a gallery with a number of casts, busts, and bas-reliefs, "moulded from the most select antique and modern figures at that time in Rome and Florence." Cipriani was one of the teachers here for a few months. Other associations, of the kind before referred to, sprang into existence from time to time. Vertue in 1711 was drawing in one, of which Kneller was at the head. Sir James Thornhill also founded one at the back of his house in St. Martin's Lane, which, Hogarth says, sunk into insignificance; and after his death, Hogarth, becoming possessed of the apparatus, himself caused the establishment of another, ultimately known as the Society of Incor-

\* Allan Cunningham's 'British Painters,' vol. i., p. 51

porated Artists, from which the Royal Academy, which Hogarth so strenuously opposed on the ground of the deleterious influence he conceived such establishments would have on art, may be said to have arisen. This is by no means the most noticeable feature of the contrast between Hogarth's intended opposition and actual support. A new advantage was soon discovered by the artists in the combination they devised, the advantage of exhibition, and it is one that has since kept the body firmly together by its potent influence. For this, also, the Academy is indebted chiefly to Hogarth. On the erection of the Foundling Hospital, it was desired, in accordance with the taste of the day—and an admirable taste, too, if better use had been made of it—to decorate the walls, &c. But the charity was too poor to pay the artists for so doing, some of whom accordingly offered to do it gratuitously. Hogarth was the chief of these benefactors. The fame of the different works spreading abroad, people began to desire to see them; their desires were gratified, the exhibition took amazingly; and thus did the painters of the day first derive their idea of the advantages that might accrue from exhibitions of their collected works. An opportunity for making the experiment soon offered. In 1754 a Society was formed for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, which, among its other good deeds, expended in twenty years nearly 8000*l.*, together with ten gold medals, six silver, seventeen gold palettes, and eighty-four large and small of silver, in rewards to youthful competitors in painting, sculpture, and architecture. The great rooms of this Society were thrown open for the first public English exhibition of art, April 21, 1760; the admission was free, and the price of the catalogue sixpence. The scheme was successful, and therefore repeated the next year in the great room of Spring Gardens, when the price of their catalogue was raised to a shilling, and admission was only to be obtained either by an individual or a party by the purchase of a catalogue. Johnson, writing to Baretti, notices this exhibition, and says, "They (the artists) please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English school will rise in reputation. . . . This exhibition has filled the heads of the artists and the lovers of art." And then follows a bit of what too many at that time thought philosophy, but of which it is truly surprising to find Johnson the utterer. "Surely life, if it be not long, is tedious, since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many *trifles* to rid us of our time—of that time which never can return." Johnson's friend Reynolds taught him better, a few years later, in those immortal discourses, which the doctor among others had the credit with some credulous or envious people of having in a great measure written. He may, perhaps, even have received a more direct reproof if he were in the habit of expressing such opinions in Reynolds's presence. The latter esteemed his art too highly to allow such remarks from such a quarter to pass unnoticed. His admirable comment upon an observation made by the Dean of Gloucester, Dr. Tucker, that a pin-maker was a more useful and valuable member of society than Raphael, is here in point. "That," said Reynolds, "is an observation of a very narrow mind—a mind that is confined to the mere object of commerce—that sees with a microscopic eye but a part of the great machine of the economy of life, and thinks that small part which he sees to be the whole. Commerce is the means, not the end of happiness or pleasure: the end is a rational enjoyment by



means of arts and sciences," &c. The friendship of these remarkable men commenced in an interesting manner. Reynolds, whilst on a visit in Devonshire, took up Johnson's *Life of Savage*. He was standing at the time leaning against the chimney-piece. He read, and read on, without moving, till he had finished the book, and then, on trying to move his arm, found it benumbed and useless. From that time he eagerly sought an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the writer, and one soon offered, which resulted in a lasting and cordial friendship. It was perhaps through this connexion that Johnson was induced to write the advertisement of the third exhibition, when the artists ventured on the bold experiment of charging one shilling for the admittance of each person, but at the same time thought a kind of apology or explanation necessary. The concluding sentences, which are Johnsonian all over, contain the pith of the whole. "The purpose of this exhibition is not to enrich the artist, but to advance the art: the eminent are not flattered with preference, nor the obscure insulted with contempt: whoever hopes to deserve public favour is here invited to display his merit." This exhibition, too, being successful, the custom was firmly established, and the associated company began to grow rich and influential. In 1765 they obtained a charter of incorporation under the title before mentioned. But their very success bred dissension: there was no deciding what to do with the money. The architects wanted a house, the sculptors wanted statues, and the painters wanted a gallery for historical paintings, whilst some wanted nothing but the money itself, and to grow rich. Another cause of division existed in the very heterogeneous composition of the Society. It consisted at one period of 149 members, many of whom were artists only in name; and that was not the worst of the evil, for the bad and indifferent portions of the Society were so numerous as entirely to overpower the good, and to give tone and influence to the whole. This, of course, was not to be endured, and some of the best members seceded, among whom were Reynolds; and West, then known as a young American artist of promise, and a Quaker, whom the King, George III., had taken under his especial patronage. The Presidency of the Incorporated Artists being vacant about that time, Kirby, teacher of perspective to the King, was elected, and in his inaugural address assured the members that His Majesty would not support the dissenters. West was then painting his picture of 'Regulus' for the King in the palace, where Kirby was one day announced, and, by the King's orders, admitted, and introduced to West, whom he had never seen before. Kirby looked at the picture, commended both it and the artist, then turning to George III., observed, "Your Majesty never mentioned anything of this work to me. Who made the frame? It is not made by one of your Majesty's workmen, it ought to have been made by the royal carver and gilder." "Kirby," was the quiet reply, "whenever you are able to paint me such a picture as this, your friend shall make the frame." "I hope, Mr. West," added Kirby, "that you intend to exhibit this picture?" "It is painted for the palace," was the reply, "and its exhibition must depend upon His Majesty's pleasure." "Assuredly," remarked the King, "I shall be very happy to let the work be shown to the public." "Then, Mr. West, you will send it to my exhibition?" "No!" interrupted the King, "it must go to *my* exhibition—that of the Royal Academy." Such was the first announcement to the Incorporated Artists of the success of a memorial

that had been presented by the seceders from their body, which stated that the two principal objects they had in view were the establishing a well-regulated school or academy of design, and an annual exhibition, open to all artists of distinguished merit; and they apprehended that the profits arising from the last of these institutions would fully answer all the expenses of the first; they even flattered themselves, they said, that there would be more than was necessary for that purpose, and that they should be enabled annually to distribute something in useful charities. The constitution was signed by George III. on the 10th of December, 1768, and the "Royal Academy for the purpose of cultivating and improving the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture" was an established thing.

Before the King's answer had been received, the choice of the members for the presidency had been fixed, and the manner in which they announced it to him whom it most nearly concerned was striking. Reynolds and West, when the former had determined to join the new body, entered the hall together where the artists were assembled. They rose to a man, and saluted Reynolds with the single but significant word "President!" Although touched by such a mark of approbation, he would not agree to accept the honour till he had consulted his friends Burke and Johnson, who advised him to do so; and, accordingly, he did. The young monarch not only thus favoured the Royal Academy, but promised to supply all pecuniary deficiencies from his private purse, and then gave additional *éclat* to the whole by knighting the chosen President, Reynolds. Johnson was so elated at the honour paid to his friend, that he broke through a restraint he had for some years imposed on himself of abstaining from wine. If the world had been searched for a man combining all the most desirable qualifications for the office, it would have been impossible to have found a better man for the Presidency of the New Academy than Sir Joshua Reynolds. Deeply imbued with the loftiest theories of the art, which he had studied at the fountain-head, in the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, at Rome, and in those of the illustrious ancients of Greece, and himself a painter of rare excellence, he possessed at the same time literary attainments of a distinguished order, to enable him to give adequate expression to whatever he most desired to instil into the rising minds of the Academy. As a man his character seems to have approached as near to perfection as our erring nature admits of. Amid all the squabble and clamour, which from time to time shook the academic halls, the noble figure of the President seems ever to stand aloof in calm dignity. The deep repose which forms one of the characteristics of antique art, was not to him a thing to be talked about only, or even to be thought of: he knew that the stream can rise no higher than its source, the artist's whole being must be in harmony with what he desires to achieve, and with him it was so. Of his generous sympathy with struggling genius the anecdotes are as numerous as they are individually delightful. On one of his journeys on the Continent a young artist, of the name of De Gree, attracted his attention, and, probably through his advice, came to England. Reynolds, knowing the difficulties of the young artist, generously gave him fifty guineas: it is one pleasant evidence of the character of the man thus assisted to find that the money was at once sent off for the use of poor aged parents. When Gainsborough offered for sale his picture of 'The Girl and Pigs,' at the price of sixty guineas, Sir Joshua



gave a hundred. Gainsborough appears to have taken a pique against Reynolds, and left unfinished a portrait of him that he had begun. But on his death-bed, he sends for no one but Reynolds; and with him by his side, and uttering the words, "We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the company," died. To these qualities we must add that, in person, Reynolds added the graces of the gentleman to the dignity of the man; and, in his house, that he was hospitable without being profuse. Fond of the best society, Burke, Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, were continual visitors at his table, he made all such enjoyments tend to the enriching and enlarging his mind, and thus was constantly carrying fresh acquisitions of thought to his study, instead of withdrawing his attention from it, as is too often the case under such circumstances. As President his first act was in accordance with all that we have described, and stamped a glory on the Academy that will for ever make its memory dear to the lovers of art. He voluntarily undertook the duty of delivering a series of discourses for the instruction of students, and commenced with the opening of the Academy, January 2, 1769, and continued them from time to time till the world was in possession of the whole of those writings which now form the student's best text-book for the principles of his art, and where not the painter only, but the poet and the musician, may find the most valuable instruction.

The members of the Academy were well calculated to support the reputation which was at once obtained by the favourable circumstances of its commencement. In the excellent picture, by Zoffany, of the hall of the Academy during one of the



[Zoffany's Picture of the Royal Academicians, 1773.]

days devoted to drawing from the living model, we have the portraits of the original members; and it is surprising, on looking over their names as given in the Key, to see the amount of talent here congregated together. No wonder the Incorporated Artists soon sunk into oblivion, for they must have been deprived of almost every man of any eminence among them. Goldsmith's couplet on Reynolds, and the empty pretenders to knowledge who used to buzz about him,

" When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,  
He shifted his *trumpet*, and only took snuff,"

points out the President in the centre. Next to him, with his hand raised to his chin, is Dr. William Hunter, brother to John Hunter, who was appointed Professor of Anatomy. On the other side of Reynolds, the star on the breast marks Sir William Chambers, the author of a most valuable 'Treatise on Architecture, the architect of Somerset House, and the admirer of Chinese gardening: an admiration for which he was somewhat severely handled by Horace Walpole and the poet Mason in the well-known 'Heroic Epistle,' which ridiculed, in rhyme, the prose reasonings and descriptions of the original. Near the extremity of the picture, on the same side, is the standing full-length figure of West; behind him, hat and stick in hand, Cipriani; and by his side, nearer the front and middle of the picture, Hayman, a powerful-looking man sitting at his ease, watching the process of placing the model in the position desired. On the other side of Reynolds and Hunter the first figure is that of Bartolozzi, the eminent engraver, near whom is Wilson, with his hand in his breast, his portly figure raised upon an elevation above any of the neighbouring figures. Wilson, who is said to have painted his 'Ceyx and Alcione' for a pot of beer and the remains of a Stilton cheese, was represented in Zoffany's original sketch with a pot of beer at his elbow. Wilson, hearing this, immediately obtained a very "proper" looking cudgel, and vowed to give his brother painter a sound threshing. Zoffany prudently took the hint, and caused the offensive feature to vanish. Standing in front of the model, examining the propriety of the position, are Yeo, and Zucarelli, an Italian artist, who had first distinguished himself in England as a scene-painter at the Opera. A curious circumstance is mentioned in Smith's 'Nollekens and his Times: the distinguished painter Canaletti, it is there stated, frequently painted the buildings in Zucarelli's landscapes. The person giving the handle suspended from the ceiling for the support of the arm, to the man who is being placed in the position required, is Moser, one of the most active movers in the foundation of the Royal Academy. The noble figure standing against the chair, with one arm reclining on its back, belongs to a somewhat ignoble personage, Nathaniel Hone, a man who made some noise in his day by an attempted attack on Sir Joshua and the lady whose portrait (that in the square frame) is introduced instead of herself on the wall above Hone, Mrs. Angelica Kauffman, the well-known historical painter. One of the ideas adopted by the mediocre artists of the time to console themselves under Reynolds' undeniable pre-eminence, was that he was a plagiarist, and accustomed to steal his groups, attitudes, &c. Hone, to give point and popularity to the idea, painted a picture, in which a wizard-looking personage stood with a wand in his hand, surrounded by various works of art, and pointed



to a number of scattered prints, beneath which were slight indications of various of Sir Joshua's works the most nearly resembling, or appearing to resemble them in design. Still more grossly was a representation introduced into the composition of the lady, Angelica Kauffman, between whom and Sir Joshua some slight flirtation was said to have taken place. This picture Hone had the impudence to send to his brother Academicians for exhibition, who rejected it with indignation. Hone then endeavoured to deny that his picture did refer to the personages in question, but the thing was too evident. In quitting Mr. Nathaniel Hone we must not forget Peter Pindar's summary of his abilities:—

“ And now for Mister Nathan Hone :  
In portrait thou 'rt as much *alone*,  
As in his landscapes stands the unrivall'd Claude :”

with this difference, that Hone's isolation was at the wrong end of the professional scale. To return: the full-length figure occupying the extreme right of the picture is Richard Cosway, an excellent miniature-painter, and a gentleman who, if we are to believe his own word, had occasional communings of a remarkable nature. “ One day at the Royal Academy dinner he assured a brother Academician, that he had that morning been visited by Mr. Pitt, who had then been dead about four years. ‘ Well,’ asked the brother member, ‘ and pray what did he say to you?’—*Cosway*. ‘ Why, upon entering the room, he expressed himself prodigiously hurt that during his residence on this earth he had not encouraged my talents,’ &c.”\* Over Cosway's right shoulder appears the head of Nollekens, the sculptor, a strange mixture of opposites; in his works exhibiting a graceful and refined intellect, and in manners appearing an illiterate boor; a miser, who might almost have contested the palm of notoriety with Elwes, yet one of the best of masters, and occasionally generous in an uncommon degree, where generosity was well bestowed. That he was essentially what he appeared in his productions rather than in anything else, we want no other proof than his conduct on a certain occasion. An admirable bust of Horne Tooke came to the Exhibition: it was by a young and friendless sculptor, and it was placed—where such works are but too apt to be placed in the struggle for the best positions. Nollekens happened to see it: he took it up—he looked at it first in one way, then in another, and, at last, turning to the parties arranging the exhibition, said, “ There's a fine—a very fine work; let the man who made it be known—remove one of my busts, and put this in its place, for well it deserves it:”—the sculptor was Chantrey. But one figure remains particularly demanding notice—the painter himself, Johan Zoffany, who sits in the left-hand corner, palette in hand. He was born in Frankfort, but came to England whilst yet a young man, and, attracting the attention of the Earl of Barrymore, speedily distinguished himself. His admirable pictures of Garrick and other performers are well known. A pleasant passage is recorded of him. He went at one period to Florence, at the Grand-Duke's invitation, and whilst there was accosted one day by the Emperor of Germany, then on a visit to the Duke, who, seeing and admiring his performances, inquired his name. Zoffany having told him, was asked what countryman he was. “ An Englishman,” was the reply. “ Why, your

\* ‘ Nollekens and his Times,’ vol. ii. p. 406

name is German!" "True," said the painter, "I was born in Germany—that was accidental; I call that my country where I have been protected."

The real talent of the Royal Academy, we see, therefore, was very great; and additional lustre was shed upon it by its connection with such men as Johnson, who was appointed professor of ancient literature, and Goldsmith, professor of ancient history: both appointments were merely honorary. Goldsmith observed concerning his, "I took it rather as a compliment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to a man who wants a shirt." Thus favourably ushered into the world, the Royal Academy commenced that career of prosperity which has known no check, but steadily increased down to the present day. At first the Academy was lodged in St. Martin's Lane, and held its annual exhibitions in Pall Mall; but George III. soon caused apartments to be fitted up in Somerset House, where he exhibited his interest in their welfare by his steady attention to all their concerns. And when the old Palace was purchased by the nation, he took care that a portion of the new edifice should be reserved for the Academy. In 1780 the Academicians entered upon their new apartments, which were fitted up with great magnificence, and were soon made to exhibit a higher splendour from their own hands. Sir Joshua, for instance, painted the ceiling of the library. In the same year the exhibition was also removed from Pall Mall to Somerset House, and the painters were now thoroughly at home. The sovereign smiled upon them, the people flocked in crowds to see their pictures, the critics were mute, or at least the echo of their voices has not reached us; and so passed on the time for a year or two, when all at once a succession of shells was thrown into the camp in the shape of 'Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians, by Peter Pindar, Esq., a distant relation of the poet of Thebes, and Laureate to the Academy;' and tremendous seems to have been the flurry, the flutter, and the indignation. The qualifications of the critic were of no ordinary kind, as a single circumstance may partly show. Whilst Wolcot (Peter's real name) was residing at Truro as a physician, he had taken a boy into his service to clean the knives, and fulfil other such menial offices. One of his occupations was to fetch paunches for the dog, and it was noticed that he always spent a considerable amount of time on these errands. At last the secret was explained: he brought home one day a portrait of the butcher, which Wolcot saw and was astonished. He then made the boy paint his (Wolcot's) portrait, which was equally successful. From that time he became the young artist's patron, assisting him not only in all the more worldly and business portions of his career, but in the development of his natural talents: a matter in which Wolcot's extensive knowledge and sound judgment were of great moment. Such was the early history of Opie. But the duller or more incapable members of the Academy might have forgiven his knowledge that they were dull and incapable, but they could not forgive the wit and humour which made the whole of their world know it too. It seems to have been somewhat a fashion of late to decry Wolcot's abilities, because he so often misused them; but we doubt whether any critic's opinions, formed under similar circumstances, and making allowance for the exaggeration given to them in passing through the satirical medium in which they reached the public, will better stand the test of time. The poet at the outset thus solicits for the inspiration proper to his theme:



"Paint and the men of canvas fire my lays,  
Who show their works for profit and for praise;  
Whose pockets know most comfortable fillings,  
Gaining two thousand pounds a year by shillings."

He then at once plunges into his subject. Some of Reynolds's pictures first engage his attention, and, on the whole, escape pretty well, with a concluding compliment to the painter: then, with much unction, comes in as the concluding lines of the Ode,

"Now, mistress Muse, attend on Mister West;"

and, certainly, never does Peter appear more in his glory than when attacking the eminent but overrated painter, and especial favourite of royalty. The daring character of the subjects chosen by West seems to have stirred the satirist's sharpest bile; Mr. Cunningham says, "The mere list of his works makes us shudder at human presumption:" this must be Wolcot's excuse for the more presumptuous—the irreverend—tone of the passage in which he conveys his opinion of the manner in which such gigantic conceptions had been developed:

"O West, what hath thy pencil done?  
Why, painted God Almighty's son  
Like an old-clothes man about London streets!  
Place in his hand a rusty bag,  
To hold each sweet collected rag,  
We shall then see the character *complete*."

His description of another of West's historical paintings, King Alexander of Scotland attacked by a Stag, is irresistibly ludicrous; and, although the effect to us is decreased by our not having the picture before us, as the public had about the time, or a little before they read the 'Odes,' yet it is only necessary to bear in mind the serious and lofty expression intended by the artist to enjoy it still:

"His Majesty, upon his breech laid low,  
Seems preaching to the horned foe;  
Observing what a very wicked thing  
To hurt the sacred person of a king,  
And seems about his business to entreat him  
To march, for fear the hounds should eat him.  
The stag appears to say, in plaintive note,  
'I own, King Alexander, my offence:  
True, I've not showed my loyalty nor sense;  
So bid your huntsmen come and cut my throat!  
The cavalry, adorned with fair stone bodies,  
Seem on the dialogue with wonder staring;  
And on their backs a set of noddies  
Not one brass farthing for their master caring," &c.

In an epistle from Brother Peter to Brother Tom at Rome, alluding to the King's great partiality for West, he explains the royal motives and feelings by likening him and West to a girl with a daisy which she has placed in the garden,

"Thinking the flower the finest in the nation,"

and who then visits it every hour, watering it, proud of her gardening,

"Then staring round, all wild for praises panting,  
Tells all the world it was *its own* sweet planting;  
And boasts away, too happy elf,  
How that it found the daisy all *itself*!"

We must add that Peter does not deny West's merit, but its misapplication and audacity. Of his picture of 'Nelson,' for instance, he says to him,

“ The hero’s form is not disgraced ;  
Which adds a leaf of laurel to thy head.”

Gainsborough, now a member of the Academy, as well as an exhibitor, next falls under the lash for his portraits, the originals of which, he complains, ought not

‘ Thus to be gibbeted for weeks on high,  
Just like yon felons after death,  
On Bagshot or on Hounslow Heath,  
That force from travellers the pitying sigh.”

The “ charming forte” of this eminent artist, landscape, is at the same time fully acknowledged. Louthembourg and Wilson follow next, and the notice does equal credit to Peter’s judgment and feelings :

“ And Louthembourg, when heaven so wills,  
To make *brass* skies and *golden* hills,  
With *marble* bullocks in *glass* pastures grazing ;  
Thy reputation too will rise,  
And people, gaping in surprise,  
Cry ‘ Monsieur Louthembourg is most amazing !

\* \* \* \* \*

Till then old red-nosed Wilson’s art  
Will hold its empire o’er my heart,  
By Britain left in poverty to pine.”

The position of poor Wilson, the “ English Claude,” was here but too accurately described. It seems almost incredible, yet it is undoubtedly true, that after the appearance of such pictures as his ‘ Niobe,’ he should be reduced to obtain his subsistence by working for the pawnbrokers : many of his finest works went fresh from the easel to them ; and we may judge at what prices. One individual who had bought pieces frequently from him, when solicited by the miserable painter to purchase another, took him up into a garret, and showing him a pile of paintings, said, “ Why, look ye, Dick, you know I wish to oblige, but see ! there are all the pictures I have paid you for these three years.” Perhaps it was in pity to his misfortunes that some of his brother Academicians sent Penny, the historical painter, whom Barry so worshipped, to advise with him as to the cause. And what, our readers will be curious to know, might be their advice ? Why, that, as his works were deficient in the gayer graces of style, he ought to imitate the lighter style of Zucarelli ! Can we, ought we to wonder at the “ torrent of contemptuous words” the indignant painter poured forth upon the coterie and their messenger ? But, alas ! it was himself who was to suffer most by their utterance. He sank from one rank to another, till at last he found himself in a room somewhere about Tottenham Court Road, destitute of the commonest comforts, making sketches for half a crown each. Here a noticeable scene took place. A lady of rank desired a young student of her acquaintance to recommend a first-rate landscape-painter. The latter, acquainted with Wilson’s genius and misfortunes, mentioned him. The lady insisted on seeing him immediately, to the young man’s alarm, who was afraid that neither Wilson’s room nor the pictures it contained might be exactly in the best state for the occasion. However, with much tact, he so managed matters as to let the lady obtain a just appreciation of the painter : she ordered two landscapes. As she drove away, Wilson, detaining the young student, looked sadly in his face, and said, “ Your kindness is all in vain—I am wholly destitute—I cannot even purchase proper canvas



and colour for these paintings." But his friend soon set that matter right. On reaching home, he said to himself, "When Wilson, with all his genius, starves—what will become of me?" He at once renounced the profession, as a profession, and, entering into holy orders, rose high in the church. This was the Rev. Mr. Peters, the painter of numerous pictures of pretension. Wilson, we must add, spent his last hours in comfort in one of the most delightful parts of Wales; a small estate having descended to him at the death of a brother.

A capital hit at the imitators of Sir Joshua occurs in one of the 'Lyric Odes' for 1782 (the 9th); where Peter says,—

"Sir Joshua (for I've read my Bible over),  
Of whose fine art I own myself a lover,  
Puts me in mind of Matthew, the first chapter  
Abram got Isaac—Isaac, Jacob got—  
Joseph to get was lucky Jacob's lot,  
And all his brothers,  
Who very naturally made others;  
Continuing to the end of a long chapter.

\* \* \* \*

Sir Joshua's happy pencil hath produced  
A host of copyists, much of the same feature;  
By which the Art hath greatly been abused:  
*I own Sir Joshua great, but Nature greater."*

For several years did the licentious but able critic continue his stinging odes, enriching them with a variety of stories that of themselves would have made the opinions they conveyed popular, if there had been less of truth, though exaggerated truth, in them than there was. In the 'Lyric Odes' we find some of the most popular humorous tales in verse which the language possesses. The story of the 'Country Cousins' and the visit to St. Paul's was written to illustrate the conduct of many of the ladies at the Exhibition, who, instead of admiring the great works they had come to see, stopped to dote upon the lace and the brocade—

".... The pretty sprigs the fellow draws;

\* \* \* \*

Whilst, unobserved, the glory of our nation,  
Close by them hung Sir Joshua's matchless pieces;  
Works that a Titian's hand could form alone—  
Works that a Rubens had been proud to own."

Hodge, and the razors made to sell, was in ridicule of mercenary artists, who cared only for the mercantile value of their productions; and 'The Pilgrims and the Peas' a practical exemplification of the value of Peter's advice to artists:—

"The genius of each man with keenness view,  
A spark from this or t'other caught,  
May kindle, quick as thought,  
A glorious bonfire up in you."

Whilst this storm was hurtling about their ears from without, the members of the Academy were not altogether at peace among themselves within. In 1784 Gainsborough sent a portrait to the Exhibition, with directions that it should be hung as low as the floor would admit. A bye-law either prevented his wishes from being fulfilled, or formed a colourable reason for objections: he sent for his picture back, and never exhibited with his brother Academicians again. A more

important division was that which took place in 1790, when Reynolds was the party principally concerned. It appears that, on the first formation of the Academy, among the other appointments made was that of a Professor in Perspective, who gave public lectures. At the death of the first lecturer the public lectures were discontinued for some years. This arrangement did not agree with the President's views; and in 1789, when an architect of the name of Bonomi placed his name on the list of candidates for the degree of Associate, he determined his election by his own casting vote against Gilpin, an artist of high reputation, on the ground that Bonomi might be subsequently "elected an Academician, in order that he might be appointed Professor of Perspective." The minority of the Academicians attributed the vote to Sir Joshua's desire to oblige Bonomi's patrons, but there does not seem to be a shadow of proof of the truth of this charge. An Academician's seat soon became vacant, and Sir Joshua, pursuing his avowed intention, supported Bonomi in opposition to Fuseli, who was also a candidate. We have no doubt of the purity of Sir Joshua's motives, but it was unfortunate, to say the least of it, that such a man as Fuseli was to be opposed in favour of the comparatively unknown Bonomi. Fuseli, in a manly, straightforward manner, went direct to the President's house to solicit his vote. He was received with the accustomed kindness; his claims were distinctly acknowledged; but, said Sir Joshua, "Were you my brother, I could not serve you on this occasion; for I think it not only expedient, but highly necessary for the good of the Academy, that Mr. Bonomi should be elected." He added, "On another vacancy you shall have my support." Fuseli thanked the President for his promise, but expressed a hope that, if he tried his friends on the present occasion, the latter would not be offended. "Certainly not," was the reply, and they parted. On the evening of the election the Academicians found on their table certain drawings neatly executed by Bonomi. This excited much contention, as being a novel proceeding, and as Fuseli had received no notice to prepare an exhibition of a similar kind. It is, however, to be observed that Fuseli's works must have been well known to all present, and Bonomi's, in all probability, were not. Ultimately the drawings were removed. When the vote took place, there were twenty-one votes for Fuseli, and only nine for Bonomi. Sir Joshua, for once in his lifetime, seems to have been deeply wounded and indignant at the conduct of his brethren. Thirteen days after the occurrence he wrote to the Secretary of the Academy, "I beg you would inform the Council, which I understand meet this evening, with my fixed resolution of resigning the Presidency of the Royal Academy, and consequently my seat as an Academician. As I can no longer be of any use to the Academy as President, it would be still less in my power in a subordinate situation. I, therefore, now take my leave of the Academy, with my sincere good wishes for its prosperity, and with all due respect for its members." Sir William Chambers in the meantime had obtained an interview with the King to inform him of the occurrence, when, among other flattering expressions of royal favour, his Majesty stated he would be happy in Sir Joshua's continuing in the President's chair. It was a wonder George III. did not confine himself to vague words of regret, and set about at once getting his *protégé*, West, installed in the vacant presidency: for he had so little appreciation of the greatness of



Reynolds, that he never gave him a single commission, or was ever painted by him more than once or twice, and then only at the latter's express request, as well as at his own expense; and this, too, whilst West was scarcely ever absent for a week together from the Palace, where he was painting one great work after another, to be paid for at royal prices. Sir William Chambers lost no time in telling Reynolds of the King's words, but he remained firm, and the letter we have transcribed was sent. At first the council were inclined to have disgraced themselves by allowing such a man to be lost to them from such a cause without an effort at reconciliation; but better feelings grew up, and ultimately a deputation, consisting of Messrs. West, Copley, Farington, T. Sandby, Bacon, Cosway, Cotton, and the Secretary, waited upon Sir Joshua at his house, and requested him to re-consider his determination. Sir Joshua was not a man to resist honourable kindness of any kind; he at once acceded, and the President that evening re-appeared in his place. It was well that matters ended thus pleasantly, for that same year Reynolds died. Only a few months after these scenes had taken place he delivered a discourse, which was attended with one or two remarkable circumstances. There were present a large number of distinguished persons, in addition to members and students; and the weight of the assembly was so considerable, that just as the President was about to begin a beam in the floor gave way. Great was the confusion and alarm; Reynolds alone sat silent and composed. The floor sank a little, but that was all; it was quickly supported and made safe. Reynolds afterwards remarked, and it is a striking evidence of the entire absorption of his mind into the general interests of art, that if the floor had fallen, the whole company must have been killed, and the arts in Britain thrown back a couple of centuries. In the Discourse that was then begun, he said, "So much will painting improve, that the best we can now achieve will appear like the work of children;" another trait of his character and his faith in the grand principle of never-resting improvement, the principle which religion and philosophy alike teach us to be, above all others, the best worth living for. And then, as if some dim prophetic consciousness was at work within, whispering that he would never again have an opportunity of recording his devotion to the memory of the man whose soul seemed to partake of the superhuman energy enshrined in the forms of the sibyls, the prophets, and the apostles he so loved to paint, he spoke thus: "I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo." In effect, *they were his last words*; he appeared not at the Academy after that evening. An enlargement of the liver took place, which no skill could remedy. He was perfectly well aware of the near approach of death, though friends, unwilling to banish hope from their own breasts, spoke of recovery and years of future happiness to be enjoyed. "I have been fortunate," was his answer, "in long good health and constant success, and I ought not to complain. I know that all things on earth must have an end, and now I am come to mine." He expired on the 23rd of February, 1792, in the same deeply peaceful manner he had lived. The day after, the following appeared in the newspapers of the day:—

"Sir Joshua Reynolds was on many accounts one of the most memorable men

of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste—in grace—in facility—in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the greatest masters of the renowned age. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art, in which English artists are most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity, derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend upon it from a higher sphere.

“In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse. His talents of every kind powerful by nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters; his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow. Hail! and Farewell.” Thus wrote one who had enjoyed the fullest opportunities of arriving at an accurate estimation of Sir Joshua Reynolds’s character—Edmund Burke.



[Sir Joshua Reynolds.]





[Benjamin West.]

## LXV.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY. No. II.

THE death of Reynolds was followed by the election of West to the Presidential chair ; and, no doubt, the enthusiastic painter beheld in the honour only another evidence of the truth of the supernatural influences which he conceived had shaped out his career. And there was much in that career to excuse such notions. His birth had been prematurely brought on during a field-preaching scene in Springfield, Philadelphia ; he began to draw, and to exhibit indications of talent in his productions, without having seen painters, or paintings, or even prints ; he had received his first lesson in the art of preparing his colours from some wandering Red Indians ; above all, for him and him alone had the society to which he belonged, the Quakers—a society not remarkable for the ease with which they can be induced to give up any of the tenets of their belief—been induced to make a great relaxation, we might almost say renunciation, of one of their cherished principles. There are few things more interesting in the history of Art than the memorable meeting of the Society to consider what should be determined upon respecting the boyish artist whose praises were in every one's mouth. Deeply, we may be sure, had the matter been pondered over before the meeting. Whether rightly or wrongly, they believed the future greatness of the subject of their thoughts was in their hands ; yet that greatness could only be developed in a shape hostile to all their previous notions of man's duty. However, they met, and John Williamson (the proceedings of that day have made it an honoured name) first spoke. "To John West and Sarah Pearson," said he, "a man-child hath been born, on whom God hath conferred some remarkable gifts of mind ; and you have all heard that, by something amounting to inspiration, the youth hath been induced to study the art of painting. It is true that our tenets refuse to own the utility of that art to mankind ; but it seemeth to me that we have considered the matter too nicely. God has bestowed on this youth a genius for art,—shall we question his wisdom ? Can we believe that he gives such rare gifts

but for a wise and good purpose? I see the Divine hand in this. We shall do well to sanction the art and encourage this youth." The voice of nature, thus eloquently expressed, found a response in every heart. Young West was called in; and with his father on one side, his mother on the other, and the whole community around, Williamson again spoke—"Painting has been hitherto employed to embellish life, to preserve voluptuous images, and add to the sensual gratifications of man. For this we classed it among vain and merely ornamental things, and excluded it from amongst us. But this is not the principle, but the mis-employment, of painting. In wise and in pure hands it rises in the scale of moral excellence, and displays a loftiness of sentiment and a devout dignity worthy of the contemplation of Christians. I think genius is given by God for some high purpose. What the purpose is let us not inquire—it will be manifest in his own good time and way. He hath in this remote wilderness endowed with the rich gifts of a superior spirit this youth, who has now our consent to cultivate his talents for art. May it be demonstrated in his life and works that the gifts of God have not been bestowed in vain; nor the motives of the beneficent inspiration, which induces us to suspend the operation of our tenets, prove barren of religious or moral effect!" Excellent John Williamson! surely thou wert born to be a painter, nay, the president of an academy! Sir Joshua himself never laid down a nobler principle than is here inculcated as to the true value and uses of the art. At the close of this address, the women rose and kissed young West, and the men successively laid their hands on his head. It is true that, on reading the account of this scene, one instinctively seems to regret that the whole does not belong to a page of the life of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo; yet, whilst it will hardly be denied that the painter of the 'Death of Wolfe,' and 'Death on the Pale Horse,' was a great man, still less is it questionable that West was a very good man: his life was simplicity and purity itself. At the time of his elevation to the chair of the Academy there was but one man who might have successfully entered the field as a competitor—Barry, then Professor of Painting, and who had but lately completed his extraordinary works in the rooms of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi. But Barry had never found the art of mingling among his brothers of the Academy with due temper and discretion—the stuff of which the outer man at least of presidents must be made: from Reynolds downwards he was ever engaged in broils with some of them. These, as we shall hereafter see, were to bring his connection with the Academy to an unhappy conclusion. In addition to his personal requisites, his high talent, and his general devotion to the interest of the art, West had established a new claim to respect and admiration. In the 'Death of Wolfe' he had committed a daring innovation. In our previous historical pictures, Englishmen, absurdly enough, never appeared as Englishmen, but as Greeks and Romans, for the costume of those countries alone was admissible according to the existing canons of criticism. West's own account of this innovation, as related in Galt's 'Life,' is a pleasant and instructive passage, and exhibits his predecessor, Reynolds, in a new light. "When it was understood," says West, "that I intended to paint the characters as they had actually appeared on the scene, the Archbishop of York called on Reynolds, and asked his opinion: they both came to my house to dissuade me from running so great a risk. Reynolds began a very ingenious and eloquent dissertation on the state of



the public taste in this country, and the danger which every innovation incurred of contempt and ridicule, and concluded by urging me earnestly to adopt the costume of antiquity, as more becoming the greatness of my subject than the modern garb of European warriors. I answered that the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the world unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and at a period when no warriors who wore such costume existed. The subject I have to represent is a great battle fought and won; and the same truth which gives law to the historian should rule the painter. If, instead of the facts of the action, I introduce fiction, how shall I be understood by posterity? The classic dress is certainly picturesque, but by using it I shall lose in sentiment what I gain in external grace. I want to mark the place, the time, and the people; and to do this I must abide by truth. 'They went away then, and returned again when I had the painting finished. Reynolds seated himself before the picture, examined it with deep and minute attention for half an hour; then, rising, said to Drummond, "West has conquered—he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated: I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art." George III. seems to have never faltered in his approbation of West but in this instance, where it was both deserved and desirable: he allowed the picture to be sold to Lord Grosvenor, to his great vexation when he discovered its value.

We may be sure that West's evil genius, Peter Pindar, did not remain silent under such a state of things as the painter's accession to the presidency; but in 1794, or only two years after that event, a new satirist entered the field, who seems even to have made a greater sensation than Peter himself. This was Williams, better known by his assumed appellation of Antony Pasquin, who, in what he called 'A Liberal Critique on the Exhibition for 1794,' poured out the vials of his wrath on sundry of the Academicians. Of Opie, who, he acknowledges, "is certainly distinguished from the daubing herd by some genius," he says, "an indifferent spectator would be led to imagine that he was concerned in a coarse-woollen manufactory, as he seizes all possible occasions to array his personages in that species of apparel, from an emperor to a mendicant." Amongst other attacks upon West, he says, "The identity of Mr. West's figures is so continually apparent, that I believe he has a few favourite domestics who are the saints and demons of his necessities." Rigaud's 'Exposing of Moses,' it seems, is an exposure of the artist. Sir Francis Bourgeois's discovery, that *brickdust* is the primary tint in colours, receives due notice; and Westall's 'Portrait of a Young Gentleman' is "as puerile as the subject." The latter artist's more ambitious picture of 'Minerva, painted for the Council Chamber of the City of London,' comes in for especial ridicule and reprobation. The divinity, it appears, "is all legs and thighs, like the late Sir Thomas Robinson." Lawrence, then very young, but at the same time an Academician (who had been forced upon the Academy by the King, in defiance of their laws, before the proper age, and made a kind of supplementary associate), and the Court portrait-painter, receives a severe castigation. Lawrence's 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' which filled Antony with the idea of an irascible pedagogue explaining Euclid to a dunce, forms the text for the following remarks:—"Mr. Lawrence began his professional career

upon a false and delusive principle. His portraits were delicate, but not true; and attractive, but not admirable; and because he met the approbation of a few fashionable spinsters (which, it must be admitted, is a sort of inducement very intoxicating to a young mind), vainly imagined that his labours were perfect." As Wolcot could appreciate the dawning genius of Wilkie, whom he calls an honour to his nation, and of Turner, so does his rival, Williams, show his admiration for Stothard, and other young artists, whom the voice of posterity has signalized as truly excellent.

The West dynasty proved in many respects a troubled one. The Academicians quarrelled among themselves, and occasionally with their President. In 1793 the Rev. Mr. Bromley published the first volume of 'A History of the Fine Arts;' and, on the motion of the President, the Academy subscribed for a copy. On reading the volume, the Academicians found various works by Reynolds and Fuseli noticed with reprobation; and, on the other hand, unqualified praise was bestowed on West's paintings. This might have passed unnoticed, but for the circumstance that this very Mr. Bromley had, as was well known, assisted West in the preparation of his lectures. A not unnatural suspicion now entered their minds that West was in some degree cognisant of these attacks, which in the case of Fuseli, who was living, were deemed worse than ill-judged. Fuseli criticised the book generally in a journal of the day, and so completely convicted the author of unfitness for his task, that the Academicians determined not to receive the second volume, which, however, was never published. Fuseli, indeed, was not the safest man in the world to attack. Many a stinging sarcasm of his yet lives in connexion with the memory of men who had offended him. Northcote seems to have been the only man in the Academy who could cope with the Swiss painter and Lavater's early friend; and numerous are the records of their intellectual fences. When the former exhibited his 'Judgment of Solomon,' Fuseli came to look at it. "How do you like it?" said Northcote. "Much," was the reply. "The action suits the word: Solomon holds out his fingers like a pair of open scissors at the child, and says, 'Cut it.' I like it much." Some time after, Fuseli had occasion to put a similar query to Northcote respecting his picture of 'Hercules drawing his arrow at Pluto.' "How do you like it?" said Fuseli. "Much," was the ready answer. "It is clever, very clever, but he'll never hit him." Fuseli appears to have felt the truth of the criticism; for he ran off for his brush, muttering, "Hit him!—by Jupiter, but he shall hit him!" Northcote, as well as Opie, had been aided by Fuseli in obtaining admission into the Academy; and when the latter desired some office, he anticipated their assistance in return. They voted against him, and went the next morning to apologise. He saw them coming, ran to meet them, and hastily cried out, "Come in, come in, for the love of heaven come in, else you will ruin me entirely." "How so?" inquired Opie. "Marry thus: my neighbours over the way will see you, and say, 'Fuseli's done; for there's a bum-bailiff (here he looked at Opie) going to seize his person, and a little Jew broker (glancing at Northcote) going to take his furniture.'" Nollekens' avarice formed a favourite subject for Fuseli's wit. They were once dining with Mr. Coutts, the banker, when Mrs. Coutts, dressed like Morgiana (in the *Forty Thieves*), came dancing in, and presented her dagger at each person in succession. As she stood before Nollekens, Fuseli cried out,



“Strike, strike, there’s no fear: Nolly was never known to bleed!” When Fuseli got too much roused, and it was scarcely prudent to give vent to all he had to say, he relieved himself in some language unknown to his brother Academicians. “It is a pleasant thing, and advantageous,” said he, during one of the Academy squabbles, “to be learned. I can speak Greek, Latin, French, English, German, Danish, Dutch, and Spanish; and so let my folly or my fury get vent through eight different avenues.” But all the quarrels that ever disturbed the Academy were light to that in which Barry was the chief actor.

This painter, whom Mr. Cunningham calls “the greatest enthusiast in art which this country ever produced,” was an Irishman, and his first important work was exhibited at Dublin, when he was only a very young man. It was a picture alike noticeable for the novelty of the conception and the excellence with which it had been developed. The subject was a tradition of the Irish Church, running something to the following effect:—St. Patrick, it appears, by one of his discourses, succeeded in converting the barbarian King of Cashel, who demanded immediate baptism. Hastening with pious zeal to perform the act, St. Patrick struck his iron-shod crozier into the ground, and in so doing unwittingly struck it through the King’s foot. So rapt, however, was the King in his new faith, that believing it to be a part of the ceremony, he bore the torture without the slightest manifestation of uneasiness, and was thus baptized. No sooner was the picture looked on than it was admired. “Who was the painter?” asked every one. Barry, a countryman, young, friendless, and not too well clad, came forward with feelings of the deepest emotion to declare himself, when, to his astonishment, no one would believe him, and he hurried out of the room to conceal the sudden revulsion of his feelings. But Burke was there—the man who seems never to have beheld genius in any shape struggling without taking it at once to his heart, his purse, his home:—Burke, who saved Crabbe from the depths of a despair that we shudder to contemplate, now followed the young artist, commended his work, advised with him as to his future studies, and ultimately sent him to Rome, paying the entire expenses of the expedition. From that time his rise was rapid, though no doubt partially checked by the infirmity of temper to which through life he was a victim. At Rome he was constantly quarrelling with his brother artists, or with the connoisseurs of the place, or with picture-dealers. After five years’ absence he returned to Britain, and produced his ‘Venus rising from the Sea,’ an exquisite picture, but one that failed to arouse any warm admiration in the public mind. It is probable there was a re-action at this period against the classicalities which Verrio and La Guerre had spread along every wall, and hung upon every roof. Other pictures of a similar kind followed, and, as far as the million were concerned, with a like result. But Barry had devoted his life to what he esteemed the loftiest school of painting, and, single-handed, hoped gradually to paint the nation into his own views; and, not content with that influence, endeavoured also to sway it by his writings. His ‘Inquiry into the Real and Imaginary Obstruction to the Progress of Art in England,’ is at once a monument of his extensive knowledge and lofty enthusiasm, and of his contempt for many of his contemporaries and academic associates. Such direct attacks added new enemies to those whom his personal manners had alienated. His life, indeed, may be said to have been in a great

measure passed between two antagonist principles—the one ever carrying his thoughts upward into the serenest atmosphere of art, making him endure every kind of personal privation for the glorious privilege, as he esteemed it, of being independent;—the other, chaining him down to the pettiest broils and jealousies that ever degraded or made miserable a fine nature. Even Burke became in a measure estranged, partially perhaps on account of Barry's inexcusable attacks on Reynolds. Yet there was too much nobility in Barry's soul for Burke to break off their long and intimate connexion. And, occasionally forgetting everything but the true friend and generous patron before him, and the art they both loved, Barry's conduct would give fresh cause of regret at the injury done to his genius by his unhappy disposition. A delightful story is told of one of these meetings. Burke had heard of Barry's eccentric domestic habits: he kept no servant; and when some one had once advised him to take a better house, dress more neatly, hire a domestic, and altogether improve the appearance and conduct of his establishment, he answered, "The pride of honesty protests against such a rash speculation." The statesman one day, desiring to see Barry's domestic arrangements, asked himself to dinner. A man less proud would have avoided the exposure, or at least have hesitated. Barry said, cheerfully, "Sir, you know I live alone—but if you will come and help me to eat a steak, I shall have it tender and hot, and from the most classic market in London—that of Oxford." At No. 36, Castle Street, on the day and hour named, Burke accordingly appeared, and was received by his host, who conducted him into the carpenter's shop which he had transformed into his painting-room. Along the walls hung the sketches of his great paintings at the Adelphi. Old straining-frames, sketches, a printing-press, with which he printed with his own hand the plates engraved from the pictures just mentioned, formed the other chief contents of the place. The windows were mostly broken or cracked, and the tiled roof showed the sky through many a crevice. There were two old chairs and a single deal table. The fire, however, was bright, and Barry cordial. Presently a pair of tongs are put into Burke's hands, with the remark, "Be useful, my dear friend, and look to the steaks till I fetch the porter." The statesman got on admirably with his task, and by the time Barry returned the steak was done to a turn. "What a misfortune," exclaimed Barry, as he entered; "the wind carried away the fine foaming top as I crossed Titchfield Street." The friends then sat down to the feast—anecdote and criticism flowed freely; the stars were propitious, no cloud ruffled the painter's mind, and, altogether, Burke used to say he had never spent a happier evening.

It was in this house that Barry was robbed of 400*l.*, to the astonishment of everybody, who did not think the painter had been so rich. But the most extraordinary part of this affair was Barry's notion of the thieves. In a formal placard, he attributed his loss direct, and without any circumlocution, to his own brother Academicians! The memory of this insult was no doubt cherished by the Academy, to be signally punished at a more favourable opportunity. This was soon afforded. Plunging once more into literary controversy, Barry issued his memorable 'Letter to the Dilettanti Society,' in which he attacked the Academy in no measured terms. He spoke of its private combinations and jealousies—of the misuse of its funds—and advised that in all cases of appeal to



the body, the honesty of every individual member's vote should be tested by oath. This letter was read at the Academy by one of the members—Farington; two others—Dance and Daniell—then enlightened the meeting on the subject of Barry's personal conduct; and the result was, a determination to draw up a series of charges for the judgment of the Council. Barry was accordingly accused of abusive digressions in his lectures; of teaching the students habits of insubordination, and countenancing them in licentious and disorderly conduct; of accusing the Academy of having voted 16,000*l.* in pensions among themselves, which should have been expended for the benefit of the students; lastly, of having spoken improperly of the President (West). Many may think these matters deserving serious notice on the part of the Academy; but no one, we think, can defend the way in which they did notice them. They sent no copy of the charges to Barry; they called for no explanation or defence, but, determining the accusations to be just, at once expelled him. Barry received a pittance of some 30*l.* a-year from the Academy as professor; and to the man who for the whole of the great works of a lifetime received probably less than a modern fashionable portrait-painter will make in a single year, even this trifle was of importance: of course he lost it with his seat. A subscription was now commenced by various friends, and 1000*l.* raised to purchase an annuity. But he died before it could be of any service; and in a manner that seems to tell but too plainly of mental suffering. During an attack of fever he locked himself in for forty hours without medical assistance; and after that nothing could save him. He died on the 22nd of February, 1806.

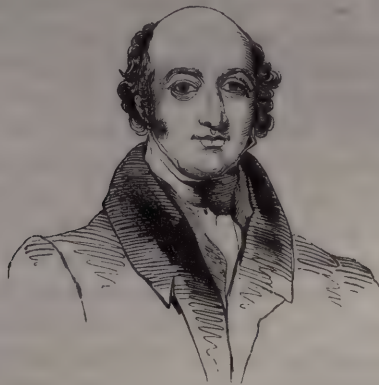
The President, West, some years before this period, had lost his royal patron, not by death, but by the illness that darkened so many of the later years of the monarch's life. The Government would not allow him to finish the works he had in hand, and having, whilst thus out of favour, gone over to France, he fancied on his return that the admiration he had expressed for Napoleon had made the countenances of the great men about court chillier than ever. But, worse than all, the Academy was unmanageable. Where the blame rests it is impossible to say, as the particulars of these matters are never fully made public; but all at once West imitated Reynolds, and resigned. He then made another journey to Paris, where, as before, he was received with great distinction, and certainly the amiable painter's head was a little turned at the honour paid him. To no other cause can we attribute that most exquisite piece of simple conceit he has recorded of himself in connexion with that visit. He says, "Wherever I went men looked at me, and ministers and people of influence in the state were constantly in my company. I was one day at the Louvre—all eyes were upon me; and I could not help observing to *Charles Fox, who happened to be walking with me*, how strong was the love of art, and admiration of its professors, in France." The Academy, in the mean time, had put Wyatt, the court architect, in the chair; but West soon heard that he was to be once more a prophet in his own country—that the Academicians had grown tired of the new rule—albeit their own choice—and consequently they had displaced him, and restored West by a vote that was unanimous, with a single exception. The exception was certainly a bitter drop in the cup of sweetness. One member—it is supposed Fuseli, and it was like him—put in the name of Mrs. Mary Moser

for the Presidency (she was a member); thereby intimating apparently that an old lady was not an unfit competitor with the late President. From this time little occurred to disturb the even tenor of his way. He died in 1820.

The history of the connexion of the new President, Lawrence, with the Academy, which we have before incidentally noticed, is curious, and deserves a few words of remark, were it only from the circumstance that Wolcot appears among the historians. When Lawrence first appeared in the Academy it was as a student. He was then about eighteen years old. Mr. Howard, the Secretary of the Academy, states\* that his "proficiency in drawing, even at that time, was such as to leave all his competitors in the antique school far behind him. His personal attractions were as remarkable as his talent: altogether he excited a great sensation, and seemed to the admiring students as nothing less than a young Raphael suddenly dropped down among them. He was very handsome; and his chestnut locks flowing on his shoulders gave him a romantic appearance." Although he thus entered the Academy under the most favourable auspices, the Academicians were hardly prepared to allow him to take his seat among themselves within three years afterwards; so, when, in accordance with the desire of the King, he was proposed as a supplementary Associate (Associate he could not be by the rules till he was twenty-four), they rejected him by a vote of sixteen to three, though Reynolds and West were among the minority. Peter Pindar, in a note, says he "has *some* reason to imagine that a part of the academic rebellion was meant to attack the President"—Reynolds. This was glorious fun for Peter, who, in a fervour of loyal indignation, bursts out thus:—

"Am I awake, or dreaming, O ye gods?  
Alas, in waking's favour lie the odds.  
The devil it is! Ah, me, 'tis really so!  
How, Sirs? on Majesty's proud corns to tread,  
Messieurs Academicians, when you're dead,  
Where can your Impudences hope to go?"

And then follows a series of Odes full of all the peculiar characteristics of the writer. Lawrence's friends were not, however, deterred, but at the next vacancy again proposed him, and succeeded in having him as it were stuck to the Aca-



[Sir Thomas Lawrence.]

\* Williams's 'Life of Lawrence,' vol. i. p. 99.



demy for a time, in a position that no one before or since has occupied: in 1791 the Academicians elected him supplemental Associate. The year after he was appointed to the office of painter in ordinary to the King, on the death of Reynolds, being then but in his twenty-second year. It was well for Lawrence that his abilities were equal to the demand thus prematurely made upon them; for there is a very natural jealousy against those who receive such marked favours, almost at the commencement of their career, as are more usually bestowed at a period nearer their termination. Lawrence had also formidable competitors in men like Opie, Beechey, and Hoppner; with the last in particular he may be said to have kept up a continual struggle of generous emulation, which was only ended by Hoppner's death. As during Reynolds's lifetime there had been a Reynolds faction and a Romney faction, and men like Lord Erskine made a boast of belonging to the latter, who was never connected with the Academy, so with him who was destined to occupy Sir Joshua Reynolds's chair, and Hoppner: each had his respective faction, and, as in the great political divisions of the day, the King was at the head of the one, and the Prince of Wales (George IV.) the other. On the death of Hoppner, the Regent gradually transferred his favours to Lawrence; and it was on his return from the continent, where he had been to execute a magnificent commission received from the Regent, to paint the portraits of the great personages assembled at the congress of sovereigns at Aix-la Chapelle, subsequently to the fall of Napoleon, that he received simultaneously news of the death of West, and his own election as President. In the period of his rule there is nothing, we believe, requiring particular notice: he died in 1830, and was succeeded by Sir Martin Archer Shee, who died in 1850, when the post devolved on Sir Charles Eastlake. At his decease in 1866, the Presidential Chair was bestowed on Sir Francis Grant.

Sir Godfrey Kneller, one day explaining the cause of his preference for "face-painting," as Barry contemptuously called it, observed, "Painters of history make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they are dead. I paint the living, and they make me live." The painters of the present day seem very much of Kneller's opinion, if we may judge from the Exhibition now before us, as, passing through the great portico of Burlington House, we make our way into the chief rooms of the Academy. Of the works contained in the Exhibition of every year, a glance will show the immense proportion portraits and busts bear to all other subjects. And in walking through the crowded place, one is forcibly struck with the eloquent complaint of Opie, in connexion with the same point:—"So habituated," says he, "are the people of this country to the sight of portraiture only, that they can scarcely as yet consider painting in any other light: they will hardly admire a landscape that is not a view of a particular place, nor a history unless composed of likenesses of the persons represented, and are apt to be staggered, confounded, and wholly unprepared to follow such vigorous flights of imagination as would—as *will*—be felt and applauded with enthusiasm in a more advanced and liberal state of criticism. In our exhibitions, which often display extraordinary powers wasted on worthless subjects, one's ear is pained, one's very soul is rent, with hearing crowd after crowd sweeping round, and, instead of

discussing the merits of the different works on view, as to conception, composition, and execution, all reiterating the same dull and tasteless questions—*Who is that? And is it like?*”\* The evil, it is to be hoped, will ultimately work its own cure. When thoroughly weary of the eternal rows of faces of others, we may begin to think a little less of the exhibition of our own.

The use of the original apartments of the Academy in Somerset House was granted, as we have seen, by George III. : it may be useful to add a few words here on its subsequent position in Trafalgar Square. On the death of George III., his son and successor continued the royal patronage of the institution, as did also William IV. In 1834 a proposal was made to the latter monarch to transfer the Academy from Somerset House to Trafalgar Square, where it was intended to erect a building large enough for a National Gallery and the Academy under the same roof. The change was agreed to; and consequently the Academy enjoyed its accommodation there by the same right, whatever that might be, which they had in their first locality, Somerset House. Their expectations of increased facilities for the business of the institution are said to have been hardly fulfilled : certain it is that serious disadvantages arose from the want of larger space. The sculpture-room will occur to every one; but that is not the kind of evil we are here referring to, but the shutting up of the principal schools during the whole period of the exhibition. The school for drawing from the antique was held in that sculpture-room, and the school for painting in the West room, the chief of the rooms appropriated for exhibition; so that the school for drawing from the living model was the only one of the Academic schools not interrupted yearly for a considerable time. As the chief feature and the great value of the Royal Academy is the schools, we must notice them somewhat at length.

The admission arrangements are on the broadest principle: any person may become a student, whether he intend to pursue the study as his profession, or merely for his occasional enjoyment. On applying for admission he receives a printed form to be filled up, which explains the only qualifications required—that he be of good character, and that he can send a drawing of some talent, with vouchers of it being entirely his own production. If he be a draughtsman, the specimen he sends must be a chalk drawing of an entire naked figure from the antique; if a sculptor, a model of a similar description; and if an architect, he must send a plan, elevation, and section of an original design for some building, and an individual ornament for details. The council, which consists of nine members, including the president, and is the executive of the Society, examine this specimen, and, if they approve of it, the applicant is admitted for three months as a probationer. During that time he must produce fresh works before the eyes of the officers; and if these exhibit a decided improvement, he is then enrolled among the list of students, and for ten years enjoys all the privileges the Academy can give him—tuition in the different schools, the use of the library, attendance on the lectures, &c. Numerous prizes are also given: as several of silver annually, and one of gold for each school biennially. It is somewhat curious that of all the living members of the Academy there are not perhaps above four or five who have obtained the gold medal: nor is the number very numerous, we believe, of those who can claim the honours of the silver one. A still more solid

\* From Opie's first lecture to the Academy.



reward may follow the attainment of the gold medal. Every three years the council sends a student of this rank to Rome, paying all the expenses of the journey both ways, and allowing an annuity of 100%. The expense hitherto seems to have been more than proportionate to the good produced. The students are young, and when they reach Rome they are left to shape out their own plans; the consequence too often is that false styles of art come to be admired and imitated, and the young man returns, to all valuable purposes, worse, because more sophisticated, than he went. It is true that he must send at the end of the second year a specimen of his progress; but that can only show the evil when existing, not act as a preventive. Two names only of any eminence recur to us in connection with these Italian visits from the Academy, Rossi and Banks. The latter received the gold medal in 1770; and in the following year exhibited his group of Mercury, Argus, and Io, when the council unanimously voted that he should be sent to Rome. He was the first student of the Academy whom Reynolds took any pride in, or, in other words, who came up to the painter's lofty standard. He said Banks's "mind was ever dwelling on subjects worthy of an ancient Greek."

The school for drawing from the life model was held in the interior of the dome of the edifice: a curious, unornamented, dingy-looking place, lighted by a single window in the side wall, which throws a tolerably strong light upon a raised platform with a high back, covered with crimson, on which the person who acts as the model was placed. A double row of plain seats formed an oval round the platform, on which about forty students found accommodation. A few casts scattered about the walls completed the furniture of the room.

The general management of the schools is vested in the Keeper, who, however, personally attends only to the antique school; the others being directed by visitors, who are certain of the Academicians annually chosen. Among the past Keepers of the Academy, Fuseli's is a memorable name. Numerous are the jokes and sarcasms of the eminent Swiss long current among the students: the story of the formidable nail he used to cherish expressly for the work of pointing out how bad was that outline, or how easily this might be remedied, and which seldom failed to impress the lesson on the memory in the shape of a drawing cut through in the most remorseless fashion, yet lives to delight the new-comer, even whilst he is shuddering at the thought of the bare possibility of his becoming himself a similar victim. One day, during Fuseli's absence, the students were more than usually riotous, and the noise reached him in a distant part of the building. He asked one of the porters what was the matter. "It is only those fellows, the students, sir," was the answer. "Fellows!" exclaimed Fuseli; "I would have you to know, sir, that those fellows may one day become Academicians!" The noise increasing, he suddenly burst in upon them and told them with an oath they were a set of wild beasts. A student of the name of Munro bowed, and remarked, "And Fuseli is our Keeper." There was no resisting this. Fuseli retired smiling, and muttering to himself, "The fellows are growing witty." A student on some occasion as he was passing held up his drawing to Fuseli for admiration, remarking, "Here, sir, I have finished it without using a crumb of bread." "All the worse for your drawing," was the answer: "buy a twopenny loaf and rub it out." Some painter, not approving of the progress of the pupils under Fuseli, and who had himself studied under Keeper Wilton, said to him, "The

students, sir, don't draw so well now as they did under Joe Wilton." "Very true," was the reply and explanation; "anybody may draw here, let them draw ever so bad—you may draw here if you please." A sculptor, and we presume a student, one day working away at the old emblem of eternity, a serpent with its tail in its mouth, Fuseli told him it would not do: "You must have something new," said he. "How shall I find something new?" demanded the sculptor. "Oh, nothing so easy; I'll help you to it. When I went away to Rome I left two fat men cutting fat bacon in St. Martin's Lane; in ten years' time I returned, and found the two fat men cutting fat bacon still; twenty years more have passed, and there the two fat fellows cut the fat flitches the same as ever. Carve them! If they look not like an image of eternity, I wot not what does."

Descending from the dome, the visitor entered the Hall of Casts, which during the Exhibition would be unusually full, from the circumstance of its containing those which were usually in the Antique school (sculpture-room). In this hall might be seen many of those beautiful works given by George IV., who, having procured from Rome, through the intervention of Canova, a highly valuable collection of casts from the finest known antiques, gave the whole to the Academy. All those beautiful or sublime forms of antiquity, which have ever haunted the dreams of the young painter or sculptor, or made him, awaking, sigh to think of their unapproachable excellence, are here, and in the great entrance hall of the building, congregated together—the exact prototypes of their respective originals. The different figures composing the wonderful group of the Niobe and her daughters: the graceful Mercury of the Vatican; Fauns with their cymbals; Apollos and Venuses, in which the genius of different artists and periods have embodied their ideal of the human form; the Egyptian Jupiter, and the Olympian; Apollo, and all the Muses; the Laocoon; the Fighting and Dying Warrior, or gladiator, as commonly but incorrectly called, &c. &c., were all here, the concentrated genius of the most wonderful people the world has ever seen. Here, too, was that maimed and mutilated remnant of a statue, Theseus, which caused so much discussion before a committee of the House of Commons in 1816 (on the value of the Elgin Marbles), which Lawrence and other distinguished artists did not hesitate to place in rank even before the Apollo Belvidere; and, considering the character of some of the committees of the House that had sat upon such questions, it required a little determination to speak thus of a fragment which some of the members probably, of their own unassisted judgment, would have thought a mere misshapen piece of stone. The committee of 1805, for instance, made an especial point of noticing that the Townley Marbles were in excellent condition, with the surface perfect; and, where injured, they were generally well restored, and perfectly adapted for the decoration, and *almost* for the ornamental furniture, of a private house. On reading this we may observe, with Mr. Williams,\* from whom we have borrowed the passage, "Let no man after this discredit the Royal saying, 'I always buy Mr. ——'s paintings, they are so beautifully shiny, and look as smooth as glass.'"

Crossing the eastern passage or thoroughfare, the Library and Council-Room were entered. In the former the centre of the ceiling was divided into com-

\* Life of Lawrence.



partments, occupied by paintings from the hand of the lady Academician, Angelica Kauffman. Figures typical of the arts form the subjects, which were no doubt painted at the time of the removal of the Academy from St. Martin's Lane to Somerset House, when Sir Joshua and the chief Academicians aided in the adornment of their new abode. The books were in wainscot cases, closely covered in with crimson silk, which gave the apartment a warm, rich aspect. The Library comprised all the best works on art, a considerable number of prints, and a collection, of considerable value, of engravings of the Italian school from the earliest period, purchased from George Cumberland, who formed it. Busts ornamented the top of the shelves, and over the fireplace was a cast of a Holy Family by Michael Angelo. We must not omit to add, before we leave the Library, that Wilson was saved perhaps from actual destitution, during some of the later years of his life, by the office of Librarian, which was given to him by the Academy.

The Council-Room of the building in Trafalgar Square was an apartment small in size for such a body as the Academy, but rich in its works of art, which are chiefly the diploma pictures and statuary : that is, the works given by the Academicians on their admission, each person being expected to present one work from his own hand. The ceiling was very elegantly arranged in compartments, filled with paintings by West, the centre representing the Graces unveiling Nature, and the surrounding pictures figures typical of the elements. First in size, in splendour, and in value, along the walls, was Sir Joshua Reynolds' full-length portrait of George III., seated on the throne, and wearing his kingly robes. The author of the 'Nightmare,' Fuseli, has left here one of his most favourite works—'Thor battering the serpent of Midgard in the boat of Hymer the giant'—a subject borrowed from the Scandinavian mythology, which had so many attractions for Fuseli's imaginative, romantic, and most daring genius. His love for the terrific was pleasantly satirised by his brother Academicians, who called him "Painter in ordinary to the Devil!" But the Academy has had few greater men—few men more generally great—than Fuseli. His lectures are admirable, enforcing in pregnant language the most pregnant truths. As with Reynolds, Michael Angelo is the great god of his idolatry ; and he used often to tell his friends how he had been accustomed to lie on his back on the pavement of the Sistine Chapel for hours together, day after day, and week after week, intently wrapped in the grandeur of that matchless ceiling ; and it is not difficult to trace in Fuseli's productions something more than a spark of the sublime genius of the Florentine. His paintings for the Shakspeare Gallery, formed under the patronage of the enlightened and generous Boydell, and the series for the Milton Gallery, which was entirely his own production, testify a mind of the very highest order, though not perhaps always under the best regulation. Mr. Cunningham says of him, very happily, " Out of the seventy exhibited paintings on which he reposed his hope of fame, not one can be called commonplace : they are all poetical in their nature, and as poetically treated. Some twenty of these alarm, startle, and displease ; twenty more may come within the limits of common comprehension ; the third twenty are such as few men could produce ; while the remaining ten are equal in conception to anything that genius has hitherto produced, and second only in their execution to the true and recognised masterpieces of

art"\* England may be proud of having fostered, and made, in every essential respect, her own, such a man as Fuseli. Passing over a variety of works, all of greater or less interest and importance, such as 'A Rustic Girl' by Lawrence, 'The Tribute Money' by Copley, 'A Shepherd Boy' by Westall, 'Charity' by Stothard, 'Jael and Sisera' by Northcote, 'The Falling Giant' by Banks (a work of wonderful power of expression), we pause a moment before the productions of the greatest of British sculptors, the 'Apollo and Marpessa,' and a cast of the shield of Achilles, by Flaxman. "If ever Purity visited the earth, she resided with John Flaxman," said one who knew him intimately; and it is impossible to gaze on his works without feeling some such truth, breathed, as it were, from out the marble. Sir Joshua's judgment was for once found tripping in Flaxman's case. As a student, he contended for the gold medal, which, however, was given to Englehart—a man now only remembered from that circumstance. Flaxman married early; and one day, shortly after, met Sir Joshua. "So, Flaxman, I am told you are married: if so, sir, you are ruined for an artist." Again was the President deceived: never was marriage more happy in all its consequences. We wish we could pause over some of the delightful domestic scenes recorded of this simple-hearted and lofty-minded pair. Again we must hurry quickly by Baily's bust of Flaxman, that of West by the celebrated sculptor Chantrey, the 'Cupid and Psyche' by Nollekens, 'Christ blessing Children' by West, &c. Amongst the various paintings that hung upon the walls of the Council-Room, were 'The Rat-catchers' of Wilkie, Opie's 'Infancy and Age,' Raeburn's 'Boy and Rabbits,' &c. There, too, was a portrait of that most delightful and most English of landscape-painters—that somewhat wayward, and occasionally gross, but ever humorous, witty, and delightful member of society—that enthusiastic artist and half-mad musician—Gainsborough. He appears to have painted portraits for the same reason that everybody else does—money; landscapes because he loved them; but he was a musician because he could not help it. Musicians and their instruments, of every kind and in every degree, he worshipped them all. His friend Jackson says, "He happened on a time to see a theorbo in a picture of Vandyke's; and concluded, because perhaps it was finely painted, that the theorbo must be a fine instrument. He recollected to have heard of a German professor; and, ascending to his garret, found him dining on roasted apples, and smoking his pipe, with his theorbo beside him. 'I am come to buy your lute: name your price, and here's your money.' 'I cannot sell my lute.' 'No, not for a guinea or two; but you must sell it, I tell you.' 'My lute is worth much money: it is worth ten guineas.' 'Ay! that it is—see, here's the money.' So saying, he took up the instrument, laid down the price, went half-way down the stairs, and returned. 'I have done but half my errand. What is your lute worth if I have not your book?' 'What book, Master Gainsborough?' 'Why, the book of airs you have composed for the lute.' 'Ah, Sir, I can never part with my book!' 'Poh! you can make another at any time:—this is the book I mean: there's ten guineas for it—so, once more, good day. He went down a few steps, and returned again. 'What use is your book to me if I don't understand it? And your lute: you may take it again if you won't

\* 'British Painters,' vol. ii. p. 346.



teach me to play on it. Come home with me, and give me the first lesson.' 'I will come to-morrow.' 'You must come now.' 'I must dress myself.' 'For what? You are the best figure I have seen to-day.' 'I must shave, sir.' 'I honour your beard!' 'I must, however, put on my wig.' 'D—n your wig! Your cap and beard become you. Do you think, if Vandyke was to paint you, he'd let you be shaved?'" And so the poor German professor was hurried off. Smith, the writer of the 'Life of Nollekens,' one day found Gainsborough listening in speechless admiration, and with tears on his cheeks, to the playing of a first-rate violin-player—Colonel Hamilton. Suddenly the painter called out, "Go on, and I will give you the picture of the 'Boy and the Stile,' which you have so often wished to purchase of me." He was as good as his word: the Colonel took away the picture with him in a coach.

In 1854 Burlington House, in Piccadilly, was purchased by Government, with the view of being devoted to various public purposes in connection with art, science, and education; and the Royal Academy occupied part of the building for holding its meetings. A lofty story was added to the old part of Burlington House in 1872, in accordance with the designs of Mr. Sydney Smirke; the building includes three noble galleries, and in these galleries the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy is now held, and the general work of the institution carried on.

With a brief account of the constitution of the Academy we conclude. It consists of forty Academicians—painters, sculptors, and architects—and twenty Associates, from whom the Academicians are elected by the Academicians. There are also six Associate Engravers, who, however, must remain Associates—a feature in which, it is said, we know not with what truth, this Academy stands alone in Europe. With the body of Academicians rests all the business of the Society, the Associates having no voice in any of its proceedings. The Associates are chosen by the Academicians from the great body of artists who exhibit. The chief officers of the Academy are the President, the Keeper (who has the general care of the Institution), the Treasurer, Librarian, and Secretary. There are four Professors, who lecture respectively on painting, sculpture, architecture, and perspective, who are Academicians, and a Professor of Anatomy, who is not always a member. The honorary members are a Professor of Ancient Literature, Professor of Ancient History, a Chaplain (a bishop or other high dignitary of the Church), and a Secretary for Foreign Correspondence. These offices have been held by Gibbon, Dr. Burney, Walter Scott, and other eminent men, in addition to those before mentioned—Johnson and Goldsmith. All elections require the Sovereign's signature to make them valid. The most onerous, in every sense, of the duties of the Academy is the choice of the works for the Annual Exhibition. Large as the number of pictures admitted always is, a great many are annually rejected; and sometimes not from want of merit on the part of the artist, but for want of space on the part of the Academy. The process of selection, as it has been described to us, forms a noticeable scene. Here sit the nine members of the Council behind a large table; whilst the porters, &c., are hurrying to and fro, passing every single work in review before them. Is it sufficiently good?—it is so marked, and placed in a certain part of the building. Is it only middling?—it

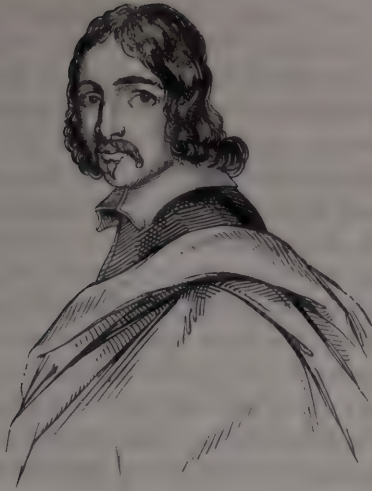
goes, with a suitable mark, to another place, to take the chance of being included in the Exhibition, if the good ones should leave any room. Is it decidedly bad?—it is at once ordered to be returned to the artist. Where some seven or eight hundred artists are chosen, as in the present Exhibition, we may judge of the character of a great part of the rejected. Fuseli used to express, in his own satirical way, the anti-genial effect upon him of the greater part of the works that came pouring in. Standing one day at the receipt of pictures, he called out, "What pictures are come?" "Many—very many, sir," was the reply. "I know that; but whose are they?" "There are six landscapes, sir, by Mr. ——" "Oh! don't name him: I know whom you mean. Bring me my coat and umbrella, and I'll go and see them."

Our space will not admit of our doing more than merely referring to the splendid dinner given annually by the Academicians, to which the most distinguished personages of our country—nobles, warriors, statesmen, poets, literary and professional men, &c. &c.—are alone invited. A brilliant assemblage! and not unworthy of them the Institution—whatever its defects—they have met to do honour to.



[Portico of the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square.]





[Francis Moore, 1657. From an anonymous print published at that date.]

## LXVI.—LONDON ASTROLOGERS.

“WHETHER there be prophecies,” we are told, “*they shall fail:*” but that has not yet altogether come to pass in London; for the Worshipful Company of Stationers, we believe, still continue to prophesy, even as they have been in the habit of doing for some hundreds of years past. And if, according to the proverb, the honour they thereby acquire among their countrymen be but small, we do not doubt that the profit is considerable. The prognostications which they publish to the world, in truth, were never so distinctly and all but avowedly their own as they have come to be in our day. They are now, if we mistake not, all put forth in the single name of Francis Moore—a most venerable name, we admit, but still for a long time past palpably nothing but a name; for the largest bump of unreasoning credulity among the buyers and believers of their predictions cannot fancy that Francis, who has been star-gazing and almanac-making almost ever since almanacs or stars were heard of, can be still alive. It must be taken to be now as good as confessed that the *magni nominis umbra* of Francis Moore is nothing more than the fan, as it were, behind which the Worshipful Company half hide, half reveal themselves, in their astrological coquettings with the public—that they are their own dreamers of dreams and seers of visions—that all the signs and wonders and mystic lore of their almanacs are to be considered as, if not the actual produce of their worshipful brains, at least manufactured under their direction and offered to purchasers on their sole responsibility—in short, as

theirs in the same sense in which a butt of porter is said to be of Meux's or Perkins's brewing, or in which any other commodity is held to be the handiwork of the parties who give their names to it and profess themselves its makers. Now, this was not the case in former times. A hundred and fifty years ago the Stationers' Company probably dealt as largely in astrology as it does now; but we question if it then published any astrological almanac in its own name, or even on its own account. The prognostications of this date came forth to the world, not as proceeding from the Company of Stationers, but from the writers of the several almanacs, who were all, with at most one or two exceptions, men known to be actually in existence, putting their true names, like other authors, upon their title-pages, and, doubtless, like other authors too, vain enough of their performances, and not at all disposed to divide their glory with any other party. Even the almanacs which the Company ultimately adopted and continued, as we may say, in their own name, appear to have been all originally the speculations of their authors themselves. We have now before us a collection of the almanacs published by the Stationers' Company for the year 1723; it probably includes nearly the entire number: all of them are of the same small octavo size, and all profess to be printed for the Company, but yet for the most part by different printers, as if each author had got up his own work even to the completion of the impression, and had then merely made an arrangement with the Company in regard to the formality of bringing it out. Here is the list:—'Remarkable News from the Stars,' by William Andrews, Student in Astrology (printed by A. Wilde); 'Merlinus Anglicus Junior, or the Starry Messenger,' by Henry Coley, Student in the Mathematics and the Celestial Sciences (printed by J. Read); 'A Diary, Astronomical, Astrological, Meteorological,' by Job Gadbury, Student in Physic and Astrology (printed by T. W., that is, probably, Thomas Wood); 'Vox Stellarum,' by Francis Moore, Licensed Physician, and Student in Astrology (printed by Tho. Wood); 'Merlinus Liberatus,' by John Partridge (printed by J. Roberts); 'Parker's Ephemeris' (printed by J. Read); 'The Celestial Diary,' by Salem Pearse, Student in Physic and Celestial Science (printed by J. Dawkes); 'Apollo Anglicanus, the English Apollo,' by Richard Saunder, Student in the Physical and Mathematical Sciences (printed by A. Wilde); 'Great Britain's Diary, or the Union Almanac,' also by Saunder (printed by J. Roberts); 'Olympia Domata,' by John Wing, Philomath (printed by J. Dawkes); 'Wing,' by the same (printed by W. Pearson); and lastly, 'An Almanac after the Old and New Fashion,' by Poor Robin, Knight of the British Island, a Well-wisher to the Mathematics (printed by W. Bowyer), being the only one of the number to which a fictitious name is prefixed. The collection also contains 'The Woman's Almanac,' and 'An Ephemeris,' by George Kingsley, Gent.; but there is no astrology in either of these.

Such, then, were the London astrologers of the beginning of the last or the latter part of the preceding century. William Andrews, "Student in the mathematics and astrology," published a little volume entitled 'The Astrological Physician, showing how to find out the cause and nature of a disease according to the secret rules of the art of Astrology,' so long ago as in the time of the Protectorate—in the year 1656. It was ushered into the world by a recommendation



from the renowned William Lilly, of whom more presently, although the author, Lilly declares, was wholly unknown to him. Andrews's astrology, indeed, seems to have been of a different temper from Lilly's—to have wanted the spirit of accommodation and compliance by which that ingenious practitioner commonly managed to see a sunny side of things for himself in all the contradictory aspects of that changing time. Andrews, in this little book, which appears to have been his first publication, inveighs against the evil days for science and philosophy on which he had fallen, in a very bitter and contemptuous style. The manner, too, in which he asserts the claims of his art looks like sincerity. "It were needless here to show," he observes in his preface, "what great necessity there is for every physician to be an astrologer, or to practise physic astrologically, in regard of the great influence and dominion the planets and stars have on our bodies, seeing no rational man can deny or disprove the same, although many have endeavoured what they can to contradict the truth." Alas for the shiftings of opinion, or of what we mortals call truth and wisdom! We have still our mystical physicians of sundry varieties—homœopathic, hydropathic, mesmeric—but London, we fear, does not now contain one physician who professes to be an astrologer, and to practise physic astrologically. Andrews began his annual communication of 'News from the Stars' at least as early as 1696; whether he was still alive when the publication for the year 1723 appeared we do not know; he was undoubtedly dead and rotten long before the fact was admitted by the Worshipful Company of Stationers, who continued to publish a yearly pamphlet of celestial intelligence in his name till towards the close of the last century at least. The number before us contains nothing very remarkable or distinctive: its astrology is very pious and very Protestant—professing the greatest veneration throughout for the glorious Trinity, the Church of England, and King George. Of nearly the same general character is Coley's 'Starry Messenger,' the earliest tidings brought by which, that have come under our notice, are for the year 1681, and which the Company also continued to publish annually till the latter part of the last century. Coley, however, is rather more varied and sprightly than Andrews: he combines both the qualifications of the ancient *Vates*, is poet as well as prophet, and ever and anon breaks out into song from the midst of his predictions and calculations.

The 'Diary' of Job Gadbury is also a most loyal and religious publication. This, we suppose, was a son of the famous John Gadbury—"that monster of ingratitude, my former tailor, John Gadbury," as Lilly calls him. He is said to have been, in fact, originally a tailor; but, having come up to London from Oxford, his native place, he was taken into Lilly's service as a sort of assistant in carrying on his trade of interpreter of the heavens, of which he soon learned enough to hold himself entitled to set up for himself. This was the main part of the monstrous ingratitude which so excited Lilly's virtuous indignation. Naturally enough, too, Gadbury's astrology took a political complexion the opposite of Lilly's: as the stars with Lilly were all Roundheads and Puritans, with Gadbury they were all friends of the Cavalier cause, and in their theological predictions either High Church or Roman Catholic. Gadbury's publications, all of an astrological character, were very numerous. The earliest we have found is dated in the year 1654. His Almanac, first entitled a 'Diary,' afterwards an



[John Gadbury, 1658.]

‘Ephemeris,’ appears to have begun in 1664, and to have been continued till 1712, for which year it first appears under the name of Job Gadbury. Old John is said to have been lost at sea on a voyage to Jamaica. Among his publications is a collected edition of ‘The Works of the late most excellent Philosopher and Astronomer, Sir George Wharton, Baronet,’ which he brought out in a thick octavo volume in 1683. Wharton, who was a wit and a versifier, as well as an astrologer, published his Almanacs in the reign of Charles I. under the anagram of ‘Naworth,’ and was the great authority in regard to the intentions of the Fates with the Court party, as Lilly was with the adherents of the Parliament. The rivalry and opposition between Wharton and Lilly commenced immediately after the appearance of Lilly’s first publication, his ‘Merlinus Anglicus Junior,’ which came out in April, 1644. In his almanac for the next year Wharton noticed the new astrologer as “an impudent, senseless fellow, and by name William Lilly,” as Lilly himself has taken the trouble to inform posterity. Now “before that time,” adds Lilly, “I was more Cavalier than Roundhead, and so taken notice of:” he admits, indeed, that he afterwards “engaged body and soul in the cause of Parliament;” but even while so acting he claims the credit of “much affection to his majesty’s person and unto monarchy, which,” says he, “I ever loved and approved beyond any government whatsoever.” He confesses that his object in writing his next “Anglicus,” for 1645, was to vindicate his reputation and to cry quittance with Naworth, “against whom,” he says, “I was highly incensed;” and it seems clearly by his own account to have been this spite against the royalist astrologer that provoked him to venture upon what he calls in his Life (written after the Restoration) his “unlucky judgment” for the month of June, 1645—“If now we fight, a victory stealeth upon us”—which was so signally verified by the king’s defeat at Naseby, “the most fatal overthrow he ever had.” Whatever he may have thought of it, or chosen to call it, afterwards, we may be sure that at the time Lilly looked upon this prediction as one of the luckiest hits astrologer had ever made; and possibly it even turned his rage against Wharton into something like gratitude or a sense





[Lilly.]

of obligation; for although Wharton still continued his attacks, it is related that when at length, on the complete subjugation of his party, the captain fell into trouble, and even got sent to Newgate, Lilly interceded for him with his friends in power, and obtained his release. Wharton, however, who before his imprisonment had been reduced to write for bread, long outlived his misfortunes; and after the Restoration the old astrologer was made treasurer to the Ordnance. When shall we have another treasurer of the Ordnance who shall have recommended himself to his place in the government by his skill in casting nativities, and who shall leave his literary reputation to be taken charge of after his death by a brother astrologer and almanac-maker? Yet this was only about a century and a half ago. As for the Job Gadbury of 1723, if he was, as we have supposed, the son of John, he had not inherited his father's religious opinions, but seems to have been rather a Protestant, and something more. But one of his memoranda of the past is more curious than any of the predictions we find in his almanac: in a 'Compendious Chronology,' extending from the creation of the world to the current year, to which he devotes a couple of pages, in the midst of a series of notices of the dates of Noah's flood, the destruction of Troy, the building of Rome, the Gunpowder Treason, the martyrdom of King Charles, and other such familiar events, occurs the following entry:—"1620, Bern. Calvert, of Andover, went from St. George's Church in Southwark to Calais in France, and back again, in 17 hours, on July 17." It is to be understood, we suppose, that he went through the air on a broomstick, the only substitute at this date for our modern balloons and railways. This veracious Diary of Job Gadbury's continued to be published down to the first years of the reign of George III.

The renowned Francis Moore, who was at one time, we take it for granted, a living man, seems to have made his first appearance about the end of the seven-

teenth century. He published a 'Kalendarium Ecclesiasticum' in 1699, and his earliest 'Vox Stellarum' or almanac, as far as we can discover, came out in 1701. When he became a mere name, and ceased to be really *more*, we do not know. His almanac for 1723 is what one may call a workman-like performance; and it seems already to have become one of the chief popular favourites, if we may judge by the much larger number of advertisements of new books and quack medicines it is graced with than almost any of its contemporaries. It begins, dashing, with a whole page of poetry, and more verse is plentifully scattered throughout: its prose too is more ambitious and eloquent than that of its neighbours; and its Protestantism is quite ferocious. Altogether, in short, Francis has the air of taking the lead among his brethren, most or all of whom were older than himself, and were probably past their prime, while he was as it were only commencing his career, to continue it, as we have seen, till he should have witnessed all the rest go out one by one, and find himself the last of the astrologers.

If there was any one of the older almanacs that rivalled at this time the popularity of Francis Moore, it was that of John Partridge—the immortal Partridge of Swift's satire. Partridge—Dr. Partridge, as he called himself—is said to have been originally a shoemaker, and to have borne the name of Hewson, which one would think was as good a name as the one he exchanged it for: if he intended any allusion to his new trade of "commerceing with the skies," it seems strange that he did not rather dub himself Dr. Eagle or Dr. Falcon—for Dr. Partridge, the sooth to say, hardly carries more dignity with it than Dr. Sparrow would have done. Partridge acted for some time as assistant to Gadbury, in the same manner as the latter had done to Lilly: he commenced astrologer on his own account in 1679; his almanac, styled 'Merlinus Liberatus,' first appeared, we believe, in 1696; Swift, in his 'Predictions for the year 1708, by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.,' put him to death on the 29th of March of that year; and although "an uninformed carcase," which was "pleased to call itself Partridge," continued to walk about for some time longer, he was at last fairly interred in the churchyard of Mortlake, in 1715, under a monument with a sonorous Latin epitaph, according to which he was born at the neighbouring hamlet of East Sheen, on the 18th of January, 1644, and died at London, on the 24th of June, in the year in which he was thus buried. In this inscription, which is said to have been set up at the cost of his widow, who when he married her was the relict of the Duke of Monmouth's tailor, he is styled Astrologer and Doctor of Medicine—*Astrologus et Medicinæ Doctor*—and we are told that he practised medicine under two kings and one queen, namely, Charles II., William III., and Queen Mary, so that we may presume he had betaken himself exclusively to almanac-making and fortune-telling before Anne came to the throne. James's short reign he is known to have spent in Holland—having run away from the danger to which he apprehended he had exposed himself by some unlucky anti-popish prediction; and it was on his return to England after the Revolution that he married the tailor's widow. This temporary expatriation, besides enabling him for the rest of his life to claim the credit of having been a sufferer in the cause of liberty and religion, was turned to account by him in the support of his medical pretensions: for he professed to have brought home a doctor's



degree from the University of Leyden; and this may have been the case: we remember a *naïve* account given by the late respectable Dr. John Aikin of his graduation by that ancient university, which would make even Partridge's doctorship by no means incredible. Partridge, in fact, had to the last a wonderfully high continental reputation: Grainger notices that the obituary of the 'Acta Lipsiensia' for 1715 records, among the deaths of other *philosophers*, that of "John Partridge, the most famous English astronomer and astrologer"—*Astronomus et Astrologus in Anglia famigeratissimus*. Nevertheless, it is certain that the man could barely spell. His ignorance and stupidity made him the happiest possible subject for Swift's joke. Bickerstaff's prediction when it first came out appears seriously to have alarmed him, and it is evident that he lived in terror till the day announced for his death was fairly past. He said not a word till then; but the strain in which he began to crow as soon as he found himself safe affords ludicrous proof of how much he had been frightened. "Old friend," he wrote to an Irish acquaintance, three days after, "I don't doubt but you are imposed upon in Ireland also, by a pack of rogues, about my being dead;" and then he goes on to abuse the suspected author of the prediction:—"There is no such man as Bickerstaff; it is a sham name, but his true name is Pettie; he is always in a garret, a cellar, or a gaol; and therefore you may, by that, judge what kind of reputation this fellow hath to be credited in the world." Still the impression clings to him that he has made a lucky escape; he is surprised that, if not actually dead, he should not at least have been in some danger:—"I thank God," he exclaims, "I am very well in health, *and at the time he had doomed me to death I was not in the least out of order*. The truth is, it was a high flight at a venture, hit or miss. *He knows nothing of astrology*." Poor Partridge! so might one of thy feathered namesakes congratulate itself after the fire of some young shot which has not touched one of the covey. "The truth is, it was a high flight at a venture, hit or miss. He knows nothing of partridge-shooting!" "Pray, Sir, excuse this trouble," concludes the exulting almanac-maker, "for no man can better tell you I am well than myself; and this is to undeceive your credulous friends that may yet believe the death of your real humble servant, John Partridge." As if the very demon of jocular mischief had inspired this proceeding, the person to whom Partridge addressed himself, Isaac Manley, the Irish postmaster, was Swift's particular friend! Forthwith came out 'The Accomplishment of the First of Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions, being an Account of the Death of Mr. Partridge, the Almanac-maker, upon the 29th instant, in a Letter to a Person of Honour,' professing to have been written on the 30th of March. Partridge now saw the necessity of taking the most decided measures, as people say in such circumstances, to vindicate his vitality; and so, not satisfied with earnestly assuring his countrymen in his almanac for the ensuing year that Squire Bickerstaff was a sham name, assumed by a lying, impudent fellow, and that, "blessed be God, John Partridge was still living and in health, and all were knaves who reported otherwise," he applied to his neighbour, the Rev. Dr. Yalden, preacher at Bridewell, to draw up for him a full statement of his injuries and sufferings, to be laid, as a conclusive appeal, before the public. Yalden, a wit and poet, whose life is among Dr. Johnson's biographies, readily undertook the task; and if Partridge, as is said, actually published the pamphlet

which the Doctor drew up in his name, entitled ‘Squire Bickerstaff Detected; or, the Astrological Impostor Convicted,’ he may be written down an ass such as there has seldom been known the like of. He must have brayed like a whole legion of asses in his fury and despair when he found that, after all, his unrelenting tormenters still persisted in their original assertion, and even undertook to make it good out of his own expressions in contradicting it. ‘A Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., against what is objected to him by Mr. Partridge, in his Almanac for the present Year, 1709; by the said Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.,’ now came forth, in which, besides various other grave reasons proving that Mr. Partridge was not alive, the writer alleged the following:—“Fourthly, I will plainly prove him to be dead, out of his own almanac for this year, and from the very passage which he produces to make us think him alive. He there says, he is not only now alive, but was also alive upon that very 29th of March which I foretold he should die on: by this he declares his opinion that a man may be alive now who was not alive a twelvemonth ago. And, indeed, there lies the sophistry of his argument. He dares not assert that he was alive ever since the 29th of March, but that he is now alive, and was so on that day: I grant the latter; for he did not die till night, as appears by the printed account of his death, in a letter to a lord; and whether he be since revived I leave the world to judge. This, indeed, is perfect cavilling, and I am ashamed to dwell any longer upon it.” It would have been wise after this in Partridge to have let the matter drop—to have rested satisfied, like other people, with being alive, without any further attempts to prove the fact. Driven wild, however, by some more persecution in the ‘Tatler,’ he was foolish enough, in announcing his almanac for 1710, to reiterate his passionate contradiction of the story of his death: “Whereas,” he said, “it has been industriously given out by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., and others, to prevent the sale of this year’s almanac, that John Partridge is dead, this may inform all his loving countrymen that he is still living in health, and they are knaves that reported it otherwise.—J. P.” This the ‘Tatler’ noticed immediately as “an advertisement, with several scurrilous terms in it, that do by no means become a dead man to give;” and the next week appeared the humorous letter from the Master and Company of Upholders, exclaiming against the “intolerable toleration” by which so many dead people were allowed to “go putrefying up and down the streets,” pointing out the danger of infection to Her Majesty’s subjects “from the horrible stench of so many corses,” so long as it was “left to every dead man’s discretion not to be buried until he sees his time”—and concluding with the following postscript:—“Whereas a commission of interment has been awarded against Dr. John Partridge, Philomath, Professor of Physic and Astrology; and whereas the said Partridge hath not surrendered himself, nor shown cause to the contrary; these are to certify that the Company of Upholders will proceed to bury him from Cordwainers’ Hall, on Tuesday the 29th instant, where any of his surviving friends, who still believe him to be alive, are desired to come prepared to hold up the pall.—*Note.* We shall light away at six in the evening, there being to be a sermon.” To be dead was bad enough, but to be buried was still worse, and Partridge probably objected with increased vehemence; but we have not inquired further into his proceedings. A letter of his dated from the banks of Styx is given in a subsequent number of



the 'Tatler,' followed by an intimation from Bickerstaff that, having lately seen some of his predictions, which were "written in a true Protestant spirit of prophecy, and a particular zeal against the French king," he had some thoughts of sending for him from the other world, "and reinstating him in his own house, at the sign of the Globe, in Salisbury Street." By the bye, in a former paper he had been designated as "late of Cecil Street in the Strand." The last mention of him that occurs is in an advertisement in August, 1710, which has the appearance of having been provoked by some new proclamation he had been making of his continued existence in the body:—"Whereas an ignorant upstart in astrology has publicly endeavoured to persuade the world that he is the late John Partridge, who died the 29th of March, 1708; these are to certify all whom it may concern that the true John Partridge was not only dead at that time, but continues so to this present day.—Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad." For the remainder of his life (if life it could be called) John appears to have been left in quiet by the nest of hornets his braying had kept so long about him, and whose persistency we fear must have made the poor astrologer look upon what the world called wit as something equally atrocious with downright murder. But even his real departure from the earth did not interrupt the publication of his almanac; the 'Merlinus Liberatus, by John Partridge,' continued to appear as regularly every winter as ever—with only a sly (not to call it profane) intimation, or word to the wise, in the addition, after the pretended author's name, of the scriptural expression as it stands in the Vulgate, "*Etiam mortuus loquitur*," that is, "He, being dead, yet speaketh." The book seems to have for a time been got up by Mrs. Partridge, the tailor's remnant: the publication for 1723 concludes with an advertisement informing the world that "Dr. Partridge's night drops, night pills, &c., and other medicines of his own preparing, continue to be sold as before by his widow, at the Blue Ball in Salisbury Street, near the Strand." The other contents of the almanac are merely the usual farrago.

'Parker's Ephemeris for the year of our Lord 1723,' is described as "the thirty-fourth impression," which would carry back the commencement of the publication to the year 1689. It continued, as well as Partridge, to be published down to our own day. Of the author, George Parker, we know nothing, except that he carried on for some time, while he was actually in the flesh, an abusive controversy with his brother nativity-monger Partridge, to which the world is indebted for the knowledge of some recondite particulars in the history of the latter. 'Parker's Ephemeris for 1723' carries an effigies in its front, a head copiously bewigged and otherwise somewhat clerically adorned, which is probably intended for that of the astrologer. Yet an advertisement at the end announces "Printing of all sorts of books, bills, bonds, indentures, cases of parliament, funeral tickets, and tradesmen's bills, &c., performed by this author." On the whole, 'Parker's Ephemeris' contains more useful information, and less nonsense, than any of the other astrological almanacs of the day that we have examined. The author's astrological faith was evidently of the weakest. Of a very different spirit is Salem Pearse, whose 'Celestial Diary' for 1723, in two parts, overflows both with fervent verse and with ample details in prose of all the human and planetary influences. It seems indeed to be

drawn up mainly for the meridian of the kitchen; as 'Poor Robin,' also in two parts, which follows it in our collection, may be said to be wholly. The latter, which was of ancient standing in Swift's time, continued to be published, we believe, till within the last few years, with all its old rich and singular *mélange* of the horrible and the jocular, the puritanical and the prurient. Pearse we cannot trace back farther than to the year 1719, but he also survived to the end of the last or the beginning of the present century. A Richard Saunder, or Saunders, published a work upon physiognomy, chiromancy, &c., in 1653, and an 'Apollo Anglicanus' at least as early as 1667; but the author of the almanac published with that title in 1723 was probably the son of this original Richard. It is stated to be "the eight-and-thirtieth impression of the same author," which would carry back its commencement to the year 1685. Nevertheless Mr. Richard Saunder still walked the earth, and in a long advertisement at the end of his 'Union Almanac' he informs his readers that he was now removed to Brook, near Oakham, in the county of Rutland, where he professed the following mathematical arts: Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy, Trigonometry, Navigation, Dialling, Surveying; "or," it is added, "if any gentleman, or other person, would have his land surveyed, or any building or edifice measured, either for bricklayers, carpenters, masons, plasterers, &c., he will perform the same either for master or workmen. Weather-glasses are also prepared, and carefully adjusted, by him, for any that have a desire to have them."

Wing is a famous name in the history of English astrology, having been first raised to distinction by Vincent Wing, who is said to have been born in 1619 and to have died in 1668, and who was a mathematician and astrologer of considerable eminence, as well as a proficient in more mystical lore. John Gadbury, who edited the works of Sir George Wharton, wrote 'A Relation of the Life and Death of Vincent Wing,' which was published in quarto in 1669. There is a letter from him to Lilly printed among the 'Letters written by Eminent Persons' published by Dr. Bliss along with Aubrey's 'Lives,' partly about a little astronomical work in the press, entitled 'Harmonicon Cœleste;' but the literary matter is preceded by an equally grave and earnest passage on another sort of subject, which curiously illustrates the character not only of the two correspondents, but of the time. "Honoured Mr. Lilly," the epistle commences, "a worthy gentlewoman of this town hath requested me to write a line unto you, concerning a great number of fine linnings [linens] that was stolen in the night time, the last week, out of a private garden close under her house. And, because she much fancies astrology, I would desire you to give her your advice therein, and to write a line or two back, whether you think they be recoverable or not. I set one figure for the first question, but I forbore to give judgment, and the rather because she hath, not undeservedly, so good a confidence of you and your writings, for which, I must say, we are all obliged to you. Good sir, at her request be pleased to honour her with a line, and she protesteth to make you pl[en]ty of satisfaction, if ever it be in her power. Her husband is a member of this parliament, and one, I suppose, well known to you, and is a man that highly esteems of your singular parts." The recovery of stolen goods was one of the most lucrative professions of these old astrologers; Isaac Bickerstaff alludes to it as a well-known branch of Partridge's practice:—"Thirdly, Mr. Partridge pretends to tell



fortunes, and recover stolen goods; which all the parish says he must do by conversing with the devil and other evil spirits; and no wise man will ever allow he could converse personally with either till after he was dead."\* Partridge and his brethren, in fact, were in this way a sort of predecessors of Jonathan Wild. As for Vincent Wing, he was succeeded by John Wing (perhaps his son), whose almanac, entitled sometimes 'Olympia Dogmata,' sometimes 'Olympia Domata,' and printed sometimes at London, sometimes at Cambridge, we trace back to 1689; and John was succeeded by Tycho, whose name first appears on the 'Olympia Dogmata,' or Domata, for 1738, although we find him publishing another almanac, which he called 'Merlinius Anglicus,' so early as 1730. Both the 'Olympia Domata,' and the prognostication entitled 'Wing,' for the year 1723, by John Wing, who dates from Pickworth in the county of Rutland, are sufficiently stored with planetary and lunar learning of all kinds even to satisfy the manes of the worthy Vincent, whose astronomical studies ranged from the harmony of the spheres down to the setting of a figure for the recovery of a stolen washing of linen.

There was evidently a considerable amount of astrological faith remaining in the popular mind so long as all these almanacs continued to be printed and bought; but the religion of the stars had ceased, we apprehend, to have a generally believing priesthood in this country even before the middle of the seventeenth century, and by the beginning of the next, probably, we had not a single professing astrologer who was the dupe of his own pretensions. Lilly, who was born in 1602, and who commenced practice, as we have seen, in 1644, certainly was not so, and it may be questioned if among his immediate predecessors and contemporaries, of whom he has given us accounts in his characteristic and amusing autobiography, there were more than two or three who were not much more rogues and impostors than self-deceived enthusiasts. Dr. Simon Forman, for instances though, we are told, "he travelled into Holland for a month, in 1580, purposely to be instructed in astrology, and other more occult sciences, as also in physick, taking his degree of doctor beyond seas," and afterwards "lived in Lambeth, with a very good report of the neighbourhood, especially of the poor, unto whom he was very charitable," we must take leave to hold to have been a thorough scoundrel. Lilly says, "he was a person that in horary questions (especially thefts) was very judicious and fortunate; as also in sicknesses, which indeed was his masterpiece." If this means that he was a master in the art of secretly destroying health and life, a subtle practitioner in poisons, the infamous story of Lord and Lady Essex, and the tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, will sufficiently bear out the statement. "In resolving questions about marriage," Lilly adds, "he had good success; in other questions very moderate." As for a remarkable memorandum which it seems the doctor left behind him—"This I made the Devil write with his own hand in Lambeth Fields, 1596, in June or July, as I now remember"—we must be excused for withholding our belief from what is therein affirmed, till some unexceptionable witness is brought forward who will swear to his infernal majesty's handwriting.

There was a contemporary of Forman's, however, also mentioned by Lilly—the

\* Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., &c.

famous John Dee, commonly called *Doctor Dee*, who was a man of unquestionable learning and talent, much of which he expended in the study of astrology and the Rosicrucian philosophy, and whose undoubting mind appears really to have, in great part at least, believed the magic wonders which he passed his life in dreaming of. Dee was born 13th July, 1527, in London, where his father, Rowland Dee, was, according to Anthony Wood, a vintner in good circumstances, though Aubrey, who was his relation, tells us he was a Radnorshire gentleman of ancient and illustrious pedigree, being descended from Rhees, Prince of South Wales. John Dee was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1542, and there studied so hard, as he states, for the space of three years, that he never allowed himself more than four hours of the four-and-twenty for sleep, and two for meals and recreation. He spent several years, chiefly on the Continent at different universities, but returning to England in 1551, he received from King Edward, first a pension, and then a grant of the rectory of Upton-upon-Severn, one of a number of church preferments which he held in the course of his life, though he never was in orders. He appears to have first become known to Elizabeth while she resided at Woodstock, in the reign of Queen Mary, and he then suffered a short imprisonment at Hampton Court, in consequence of some suspicions excited by a correspondence which he was detected in carrying on with some of the persons in attendance upon the princess. He himself says that he was suspected of "endeavouring, by enchantments, to destroy Queen Mary." In fact, he had already acquired the reputation in the popular mind of being wiser than he ought to be—of being not only astrologer, but magician. The accession of Elizabeth brought him at once into request in the former capacity. In 1577 the court was greatly alarmed by a comet; upon which Dee was sent for to Windsor, and spent three days there in tranquillizing her Majesty and her ministers by a more favourable interpretation of the phenomenon. On another occasion, "My careful and faithful endeavour," continues Dee, "was with great speed required (*as by divers messages sent to me one after another in one morning*) to prevent the mischief which divers of her Majesty's privy council suspected to be intended against her Majesty's person, *by means of a certain image of wax, with a great pin stuck into it above the breast of it, found in Lincoln's Inn Fields!*" This, if we may judge from the vehement importunity of the council's application, was a still worse case than that of the comet: however, Dee's art was a match even for the wax figure and the great pin. "I did satisfy her Majesty's desire," he says, "and the lords of the privy council, within few hours, in godly and artificial manner." After this his next "dutiful service" has something of the bathos in it—"the diligent conference which," says he, "by her Majesty's commandment I had with Mr. Doctor Bayly, her Majesty's physician, about her Majesty's grievous pangs and pains, by reason of toothache and the rheum." In return, Elizabeth took much notice of her learned adviser in matters of comets, witchcraft, toothache, and rheumatism. On the afternoon of the 16th of March, 1575, "The Queen's Majesty," he tells us, "with her most honourable Privy Council, and other her lords and nobility, came purposely to have visited my library; but finding that my wife was within four hours before buried out of the house, her Majesty refused to come in, but wished me to fetch my glass so famous, and to show unto her some



of the properties of it, which I did. Her Majesty being taken down from her horse by the Earl of Leicester, master of the horse, at the church wall of Mortlake, did see some of the properties of that glass, to her Majesty's great contentment and delight, and so in most singular manner did thank me." We do not know if it will assist in identifying the spot beside the wall of the old village church, where, on a March afternoon, two hundred and sixty-seven years ago, the royal Elizabeth thus alighted to converse with the astrologer, her full-blown favourite (it was the year of Kenilworth) assisting her to the ground, to mention that Dee's house, according to Aubrey, stood "next to the house where the tapestry hangings are made, viz., west of that house."\* Aubrey had his information from an old woman, a native of Mortlake, who remembered Dee; and stated that "the children dreaded him, because he was accounted a conjuror." Another time, on the 17th of September, 1580, "the Queen's Majesty," Dee himself relates, "came from Richmond in her coach the higher way of Mortlake Field, and when she came right against the church, she turned down toward my house; and when she was against my garden in the field, her Majesty staid for a good while, and then came into the field at the great gate of the field, where her Majesty espied me at my door, making reverent and dutiful obeisance unto her; and with her hand her Majesty beckoned for me to come to her, and I came to her coach-side. Her Majesty then very speedily pulled off her glove, and gave me her hand to kiss; and, to be short, her Majesty willed me to resort oftener to her Court, and by some of her Privy Chamber to give her to weet when I am there." Finally, on the 10th of October in the same year, at five in the afternoon, her Majesty came again; but Dee was now going to the church to bury his mother, as five years before, when he was thus honoured, he had just returned from the funeral of his wife—a circumstance which Elizabeth did not fail to remember.

It appears to have been shortly after this last visit that Dee became connected with Edward Kelley, whom he is said to have engaged to assist him in a course of experiments, perhaps having for their object at first nothing more than the pursuit of the grand hermetic secret of projection, or the transmutation of metals, at a salary of fifty pounds. But Kelley, a sharp-witted rogue, would soon perceive the influence he might acquire over the visionary by humouring his enthusiastic and credulous disposition: at any rate the two are alleged to have, after a short time, abandoned the regular alchemical method of seeking the philosopher's stone, and to have boldly taken to the forbidden practices of incantation and magic. We cannot go into this part of Dee's history; the true nature of his proceedings has been the subject of much controversy; what is certain is that he and Kelley left England suddenly and clandestinely in the end of 1583 for Poland, whence Dee did not return till November, 1589, when he came back by special invitation from Queen Elizabeth. Kelley remained abroad, and is said to have been made a baron by the Emperor, though he ended his life in a jail. But there is still in existence a most elaborate and minute

\* In a note, by Mr. Halliwell, to Dee's very curious 'Diary,' printed by the Camden Society since this paper was written, the following statement is given on the authority of a manuscript in the Ashmolean Library:—"Dr. Dee dwelt in a house near the water-side, a little westward from the church. The buildings, which Sir F. Crane erected for working of tapestry hangings, and are still (1673) employed to that use, were built upon the ground whereon Dr. Dee's laboratory and other rooms for that use stood. Upon the west is a square court, and the next is the house wherein Dr. Dee dwelt, now inhabited by one Mr. Selbury, and further west his garden."



[Kelley.]

detail, apparently drawn up by Dee, of their proceedings during several years in the raising of spirits, a portion of which has been published, making a closely printed folio volume of some five hundred pages. It is altogether about the most amazing performance that ever proceeded from the press or the pen. Meric Casaubon, the learned divine, by whom it was given to the public in 1659, is clear as to the absolute and literal truth of every line of it, and considers the narrative (as well he may upon this supposition) to be the most complete account of the spiritual world of which we are in possession. Modern readers will in general content themselves with the question of whether the narrator is to be held as deceiver or deceived, as quite sufficient exercise for their faculties or their faith. For our own part, it is one which we shall not attempt to answer. All this portion of Dee's life, indeed, is a mystery. He made his journey homeward in extraordinary state and parade, travelling with not only three coaches, besides baggage waggons, but also with the attendance of a hired guard of horse; yet when he reached his native country he found himself in utter destitution. If he had ever possessed the philosopher's stone, he had apparently lost it by the way. The detail of his various shifts and difficulties during the three years that had elapsed since his return, which he gives in the 'Compendious Rehearsal,' presents one of the most singular pictures of housekeeping anywhere delineated. It appears that his house at Mortlake, having been left unprotected while he was abroad, had been broken into, and that a valuable library and a collection of philosophical instruments which it contained were nearly all carried off, not, however, as it should seem, by regular thieves or burglars, but rather by persons who thought it meritorious to scatter about the magician's books of diablerie and to break to pieces the tools of his black and sinful art. One wonders that everything was not irretrievably gone: however, he succeeded in recovering a considerable portion of his dis-

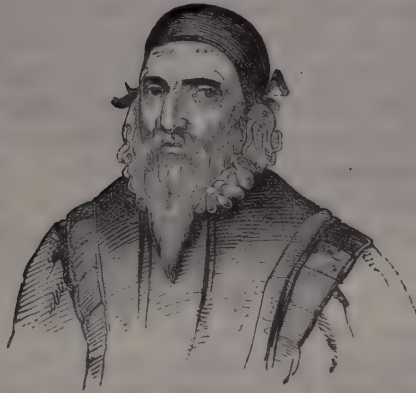


persed property, of about four thousand printed books and manuscripts finding in the end only about a fourth part lost. But many of those he got back he had afterwards to dispose of for wherewithal to keep himself and his family from starving; "enforced," says Lilly, "many times to sell some book or other to buy his dinner with, as Dr. Napier, of Linford, in Buckinghamshire, oft related, who knew him well." For the rest, he borrowed and begged from all and sundry who came in his way. His establishment all the while was on a scale of extraordinary extent for a person in such circumstances; for besides himself, his wife, and seven children, he seems to have kept no fewer than eight servants—he talks of "seventeen of us in all." No wonder that the thought of catering much longer for so numerous a brood in this predatory style filled him with apprehension: he dreads that he will be obliged to sell his house for half what it cost him, and he describes himself as now "brought to the very next instant of stepping out of doors:—"I," says he, "and mine, with bottles and wallets furnished to become wanderers as homish vagabonds, or, as banished men, to forsake the kingdom." Nevertheless it appears by a marginal note of subsequent date that he contrived to keep up the war in the same way by borrowing and getting in debt for about a year and a half longer. At length in May, 1595, the old astrologer and reputed magician was appointed to the wardenship of Manchester College, vacant by the promotion of Dr. Hugh Bellot to the bishopric of Chester. Dee indeed hints in his 'Compendious Rehearsal' that he was at one time actually offered a bishopric if he would have taken orders; but he shrunk from having anything to do with the cure of souls. After all, he came back from Manchester after a few years, and taking up his abode once more at Mortlake, resumed his old crazy dealings with spirits, having got into the hands of a new assistant or associate, one Bartholomew Hickman, who was probably as great a rascal as Kelley. He had not resigned his preferment, but nevertheless poverty was again as great as ever: he seems to have preferred a precarious, scrambling existence, and to have rather had an aversion to a settled income. It is even asserted that he was meditating a new journey into Germany, when death at last arrested him some time in the year 1608, at the age of eighty-one. He was buried in Mortlake Church, Aubrey's informant, the old woman, told him, in the midst of the chancel, a little towards the south side, between Mr. Holt and Mr. Miles, both servants to Queen Elizabeth. A stone that covered him was removed in Oliver's days: before this, the children, the old woman said, when they played in the church, would run to Dr. Dee's gravestone. Of a numerous family which he left, there are only two of whom anything seems to be known—a daughter, Sarah, who is said to have married a flax-dresser in Southwark; and a son, Arthur, who studied medicine, became physician in ordinary to Charles I., and died at Norwich about 1650. According to Aubrey, Ben Jonson had Dee in his eye in writing 'The Alchemist;' he is indeed mentioned by name in that play—

"—— one whose name is Dee,  
In a rug gown."

Aubrey says, "He was tall and slender; he wore a gown like an artist's gown, with hanging sleeves and a slit."

These "follics of the wise" of former days are now become the jests of children; but when we think of Dee and his divinations we ought to remember that in the same age the grave and wise Burghley cast the nativity of Queen Elizabeth, and that a century later Dryden still attempted in the same way to unveil the future fortunes of his newly-born son. Nor ought we to forget that with all this weakness something strong and high has also perished - these superstitions, whatever evils of another kind they brought along with them, gave in some respects a consecration and solemnity to this life of ours that is now wanting. And even of astrology and its kindred visionary sciences themselves, it is true, as Bacon has remarked in his high style, that, although they had better intelligence and confederacy with the imagination of man than with his reason, nevertheless the ends or pretences were noble.



[Dee.]





[Seven Dials.]

## LXVII.—ST. GILES'S, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE topographer Maitland says, of the Church of St. Giles in the Fields, that it "is denominated from St. Giles, a Grecian ;" which may be the reason why so many "foolish Greeks" (see Shakspeare's 'What you will') have both in ancient and modern times congregated around it. It is scarcely to be wondered at that, among so numerous a company as the Saints of the Roman Church (half-a-dozen for every day in the year, besides a numerous *corps de reserve* to supply any vacancies that might occur, packed away in the day of All Saints), some of them should occasionally fall into indifferent company. But there are one or two of them who, with every inclination to make allowance for human frailty even in Saints, have stretched their licence rather too far. St. Julian's connection with thieves is matter of notoriety ; St. Nicholas's conduct has led to his name being conferred upon one whom, according to old saws, it is not very safe to mention ; and as for St. Giles, if in any town possessed of more than three or four churches there be one set apart for him, it is odds but you find the most questionable characters in the town dwelling in its neighbourhood. Without going out of our own island to seek for examples, we may remark that in Edinburgh the "Heart of Mid Lothian" stood, and the Parliament House still stands, close to the shrine of

St. Giles; and here, in London, he is the central point of a population—"of whom more anon," as Baillie Nichol Jarvie said of the sons of Rob Roy.

St. Giles appears to have come in with the Conqueror, or soon after, which may account for his sympathy with marauders: "By the village of St. Giles's not appearing in 'Domesday Book,' I imagine it is not coeval with the Conquest," says Maitland; and here, for the information of those who, not being deeply read in this historian, may not be acquainted with his peculiar use of the English language, "not coeval with" means, in his mouth, "what did not exist before." 'The Beauties of Maitland' would be an interesting book, and one of them follows close in the wake of the piece of intelligence just cited: "That the parish is of great antiquity is manifest by the decretal sentence of Stephen, Archbishop of Canterbury, &c., *anno* 1222, in the great controversy between Eustace, Bishop of London, &c., and William, Abbot of Westminster, &c., in which sentence this parish is expressly mentioned; but I imagine it was not converted into a parish-church till the 20th of April, *anno* 1547." By what process a *parish* can be converted into a *parish-church* it is not very easy to conceive; but as, in the same breath, the soaring imagination ("I imagine") of the author leads him to decide that the parish prophetically mentioned in a judicial sentence of 1222 did not exist till 1547, this is a trifle.

The church and village of St. Giles are supposed to have sprung from an hospital for lepers founded there by Matilda, wife of Henry I., about the year 1117. As in the judicial award made by the Archbishop of Canterbury, already alluded to, the garden of the hospital appears to have been situated between St. Giles's High Street, the Pound, and Hog Lane (now dignified by the appellation of Crown Street, thereby plainly showing that in London, at least, men know how to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear), Maitland concludes that the hospital itself stood near the west end of the present church. In 1354 Edward III. granted this hospital to the master and brethren of the order of Burton St. Lazar of Jerusalem, in Leicestershire. When the gallows was removed from the Elms in Smithfield, about the year 1413, it was erected at the north end of the garden-wall of St. Giles, near the junction of St. Giles's High Street and Crown Street. When it was again removed, still in a western direction, which may have helped, along with other observations, to lead Bishop Berkeley to the conclusion, "westward the course of empire holds its way," St. Giles's became a sort of half-way house for the heroes who travelled that dark road. "The condemned criminals, in their way to the place of execution, usually stopped at this hospital, where they, as their last refreshment, were presented with a large bowl of ale."

It is probably owing to this combination of circumstances—to its being selected as a place of retreat for noisome and squalid outcasts, and associated in various ways with the careers of those who lived in hostility with the law—that the character which St. Giles's has retained from first to last during the whole period that anything is known of it has been so ineradicably burned into it. St. James's, which was also originally a lazar-house, has become a kingly residence, and Tyburn too has in its day been the shambles or sacrificial altar (which you will) of the law: all traces, however, of the disagreeable associations which clung to the one locality, and are still conjured up by the name of the other, have vanished. But St. Giles's combined within itself what was repulsive about both, and accordingly St. Giles remains true to itself, "unchanged, unchangeable."



It cannot be said that no attempt has been made to reclaim it. In the days of Charles II. the place subsequently denominated Seven Dials was erected, in the expectation that it would become the abode of the gay and the wealthy. Nor did the hope seem altogether groundless. Close at hand were Soho Square and Covent Garden, then aristocratical resorts, and on the other side were the mansions of the Bedford and other noble families, upon the ruins of which the seemly district of St. George's, Bloomsbury, has since arisen. There was good society enough to keep the Seven Dials from turning haggard. But the atmosphere of St. Giles's was too powerful for such counter-agents, and the Seven Dials soon became nearly, though not altogether, as bad as its neighbours in the Rookery.

During the ascendancy of the Puritans a stout effort was made to reform the morals of the denizens of St. Giles's, as well as other places; but it appears from the parish books that a stout resistance was made by these turbulent worthies. Mr. Brayley furnishes us with a few illustrative extracts:—

	£.	s.	d.
" 1641. Received of the Vintner at the <i>Catt</i> in Queen Street, for permitting of tipping on the Lord's-day . . . . .	1	10	0
1644. Received of three poor men for drinking on the Sabbath-day at Tottenham Court . . . . .	0	4	0
1645 Received of John Seagood, constable, which he had of a Frenchman for swearing three oaths . . . . .	0	3	0
" Received of Mrs. <i>Thunder</i> , by the hands of Francis Potter, for her being drunk, and swearing seven oaths . . . . .	0	12	0
1646. Received of Mr. Hooker, for brewing on a Fast-day . . . . .	0	2	6
" Paid and given to Lyn and two watchmen, in consideration of their pains, and the breaking of two halberts, in taking the two drunkards and swearers that paid . . . . .	1	4	0
" Received of four men travelling on the Fast-day . . . . .	0	1	0
" Received of Mr. Wetherill, headboro', which he had of one for an oath . . . . .	0	3	4
1648. Received from the City Marshall, sent by the Lord Mayor, for one that was drunk at the Fords in our parish . . . . .	0	5	0
" Received from Isabel Johnson, at the Coal-yard, for drinking on the Sabbath-day . . . . .	0	4	0
1652. Received of Mr. Huxley and Mr. Norris, who were riding out of town on a Fast-day . . . . .	0	11	0
1654. Received of William Glover, in Queen Street, and of Isaac Thomas, a barber, for trimming of beard on the Lord's-day. (The sum is not stated.)			
1655. Received of a maid taken in Mrs. Jackson's ale-house on the Sabbath-day . . . . .	0	5	0
" Received of a Scotchman drinking at Robert Owen's on the Sabbath . . . . .	0	2	0
1658. Received of Joseph Piers, for refusing to open his doors to have his house searched on the Lord's-day . . . . .	0	10	0
1659 (An entry occurs of 'one Brooke's goods sold for breach of the Sabbath;' but the produce is not set down.)"			

"Think of that, Master Brook," as a congenial spirit would doubtless have exclaimed, had he not long ere this been "all cold as any stone." So, too, would his co-mates; but Bardolph and Nym were hanged "for pyx of little price:" Mrs. Pistol (the quondam Quickly) was dead; and Pistol himself had doubtless fired his last shot, for at our farewell interview with him he was complaining—

“ Old do I wax, and from my weary limbs  
Honour is cudgelled.”

It was clear, from the subdued and despondent tone of his voice, that “his heart was fracted and corroborate,” and that he was soon to die the death of his old master. They had left, however, kindred souls behind them, who bade defiance alike to the Ironsides of Cromwell and the whole Assembly of Divines at Westminster. The vintner at the “Cat” kept his doors open on the sly, notwithstanding the fine of thirty good shillings imposed upon him; Mrs. Thunder (appropriate name) continued to tipple and swear, at the rate of five shillings for each jollification, and a shilling for every oath; the Frenchman kept spitting out “sacres” as fast as the sparks from a Catherine-wheel; and the worthies who broke the two halberts of Lyn’s watchmen (and, though the parish records gloss over the defeat of their officers, swung the watchmen), survived to lead a gallant troop down Drury Lane, and along the Strand, to assist in burning the rumps at Temple Bar. The only recusant was the Scotchman, who was reclaimed, by the outlay of two shillings English, from all such backslidings; though the maid taken in Mrs. Jackson’s alehouse, despite her five shillings, and Isabel Johnston, despite her four, continued rebellious “malignants” to the last.

Nor is this so much to be wondered at, when we consider that, as early as 1641, “the correcting Parliament” had excited the jealousy of the sellers and drinkers of ale by appearing to mete to the sellers of lordly wine, and to the sellers of yeomanly beer, with a different measure. The vintners were relieved from the pressure of the wine monopoly at the very time that the alehouse-keepers were subjected to a rigorous police; and the roisterers of St. Giles’s, not unnaturally, jumped at the conclusion that the rigid morality of the Parliament was like the sobriety of the vice-president of a Temperance Society whom we knew well in our younger and more foolish days—the office-bearers of such societies have since become more consistent. Worthy man!—Ardent spirits he would not allow to enter his house, except in homœopathic doses in an apothecary’s phials, but many a good bottle of Edinburgh ale have we shared with him when we chanced to drop in on him at his house for luncheon; and at one serious *tête-à-tête* did we finish three bottles of claret—he drinking glass for glass, while he urged upon us, with weighty arguments, the propriety of joining the Society. That this suspicion lent vigour to the resistance offered in St. Giles’s to all attempts on the part of the parish dignitaries to amerce them into sobriety, appears from a dialogue, the scene of which is laid in this neighbourhood, published in 1641, under the imposing title of ‘The Tapster’s Downfall and the Drunkard’s Joy; or, a Dialogue between *Leatherbeard*, the Tapster of the Sheaves, and *Rubynose*, one of his ancient acquaintance, who hath formerly eaten three stone of roast-beef on a Sunday morning, but now (being debarred that privilege) slights him, and resolves to drink wine altogether.’ The communing of these worthies begins as follows:—

“*Leatherbeard*. Whither away, Mr. Ruby? Will you not know your old friends, now they grow poor?

“*Rubynose*. Now you grow poor, I hold it a gentle garb to be willing to forget you.

“*L*. What! not one cup more of our brisk beer, which hath set that tincture







P. NASH, H. RA. LAINTER.

IN OLD WYDE PARK.

A. WILLMORE ENGRAVER.



in your well-dyed scarlet face? Are you resolved to leave us so? This is most discourteously done of you.

"*R.* I cannot stay, i' faith. More serious employments draw me away.

"*L.* What do you say?—Will you try a piece of beef, for all your haste?

"*R.* Yes: were it Sunday morning.

"*L.* Truly, Mr. Rubynose, you do not well to jeer your poor friends, now they are in misery. . . . With a most sorrowful heart I will relate to you the saddest news that ever befel unto us squires of the drawing society of the tap.

"*R.* Good Small-beer, proceed.

"*L.* Why, you know the benefit my poor master's widow got every Sunday morning by her thin-cut slices of roasted beef; how she made the gents to pay for the vinegar and pepper they ate with the roast-beef at prayer-time; and how I sold my ale and beer all that time at double prices.

"*R.* I am very sensible of it.

"*L.* I know likewise you are not ignorant of what innumerable numbers of mince-pies we sold every Sunday at dinner, and what benefit we made of the refuse of the slashed roast-beef.

"*R.* I know of all this very well.

"*L.* Nay, one of the chiefest matters is behind; how many great gross of plum-cakes and cheese-cakes, what stewed prunes and custards, we have sold every Sunday at prayer-time in the afternoon, and what doings we have had all the day after—oh, in those days I was a man of great calling! I assure you we have taken more money on a Sunday than all the week after.

"*R.* Why, all this I confidently believe; therefore, I pray, what of it?

"*L.* Oh, sir, those days are done; we must now fall to our prayers on a Sunday, and keep our doors shut all the day long, and sing psalms if we please, but we have never a room to the street.

"*R.* Why, how cometh that about, you have not liberty to open your doors on a Sunday as formerly?

"*L.* The correcting Parliament, that hath a sight on all trades, hath made an order to the contrary, which is put in strict execution: we are now in more fear of the churchwarden than of all the back-clappers and clenching tenter-neck bailies of the town.

"*R.* Why, you may fee the churchwardens, and regain your privilege.

"*L.* No, Sir; they are not so mercenary as the promoting paritor is: six shillings a quarter and free access to a lusty chine of roast-beef will not give them content."

And thereupon Rubynose tells the complaining man that, if things remain in that way, he must break, and to render him still more malcontent, leaves him, after communicating the information that Parliament has extended the privileges of vintners, and thus rendered wine cheap, and that he, Rubynose, is resolved for the future to abjure both meat and malt potations, and spend every farthing he has or can get upon the juice of the grape. And by such means was St. Giles's and all its worshippers of John Barleycorn rendered ripe for revolt. They saw the wine-bibber favoured, and themselves, unaccused, untried, treated worse than the convicted felon who passed through their village on his way to Tyburn—stinted in their bowls of ale. Like one of the great men with whom

we have already paralleled them, they protested they had "operations in their head, which be humours of revenge;" and with another they swore "by welkin and her star" to have revenge with wit or steel. If it were but to spite the Parliament and churchwardens, they were resolute *not* to "purge and leave sack, and live cleanly as a noble man should do."

And most happily were they situated for carrying their resolves into effect. St. Giles's, situated neither in Westminster nor the liberties of the City, abuts upon both. In those days it communicated with the former through St. Martin's Lane, with its array of courts, minor lanes, and houses of questionable character at its lower extremity; with the latter through Drury Lane and Wych Street, and sundry almost impervious defiles round or across St. Clement's Churchyard into Butcher Row. The situation is commanding; it overlooked Whitehall on the one side and the City on the other with a saucy complacency. In front it was only accessible through dangerous defiles, and all to the north of Holborn and the Oxford Road was in a manner open country. In those days it seemed marked out by the hand of nature as a city of refuge for the oppressed and persecuted tipplers and raggamuffins of London and Westminster, when they wanted to make merry in defiance of the churchwardens, whose empire was then more terrible than that of the thief-catchers. St. Giles's was at that time for the natives or naturalised of Alsatia and the Sanctuary what the hills in the south of Scotland were for the Presbyterian disciplinarians, when their turn came to be undermost, a central point where they could meet, and from the elevation of which they could timeously descry the approach of danger; and in whose channelled sides were rare dens for sculking, doubling, and throwing out their pursuers. It is a mistake to imagine that the stifling pressure of a densely peopled metropolis is most sensibly felt in its innermost recesses. The filth and squalor of its necessitous population are to be found squatting in out-of-the-way corners where town and country meet. The islands of social misery found in the interior of London or Paris have been surrounded and built in as these capitals extended themselves. Thus favoured by natural position, by the sturdy character of its inhabitants, the blackguardism of St. Giles's was only increased by harsh treatment: it was pounded into tougher consistency. It might even have protracted its resistance although the reign of Puritanism had been lengthened; but relief came to its inmates—as well as to the better-dressed and more cleanly blackguards—with the restoration of Charles II.—the anniversary of which ought nowhere to be celebrated with more fervent gratitude than in the quondam village of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields.

Not to insist upon other pieces of evidence to the unvarying character maintained by St. Giles's from the days of the Commonwealth to those we live in, it may suffice to mention, between the years 1740 and 1750, it was a resort of the celebrated Thurot—the commander of a French squadron which committed some depredations on the coasts of Ireland and the Hebrides in 1760—a native hero of France, much of the same class and calibre with the one of Scotch growth who commanded the 'Bon Homme Richard' some twenty years later. Thurot, though a Frenchman, had some Irish blood in his veins, and he began the world under the auspices of a relative of the name of O'Farrel, an eminent smuggler from Connaught. The education, commenced on board a smuggling lugger,



was advanced by the experience of two years' service as valet in a nobleman's family in Dublin. He and the lady's maid were dismissed rather abruptly and unceremoniously about the same time; and the girl being soon after received into the family of another nobleman who lived in the north of Ireland, Thurot followed her. "In this place he made himself acceptable," says his biographer, "to many gentlemen and to the Earl of A——, by his skill in sporting; but his situation being near the sea, and the opposite coast of Scotland favouring the trade of smuggling, in which he was a much greater master than in cocking and hunting, he soon got into a gang of these people." The chance of trade brought him to London; and from 1748 to 1752 he was constantly trading between France and this city. "Part of this time he lodged in a court in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was then instructed in the mathematics by one Mr. Donnelly, an Irish gentleman famous for his knowledge and abilities in the mathematical studies." After 1752 his chief place of residence was Boulogne, "where he became king of the smugglers, and during his reign did not export and import less than 20,000*l.* worth a-year." In due time he was thrown into prison, from which the French government, being at that time sadly at a loss for a naval hero, took him, and gave him the command of a buccaneering expedition along the coasts of Britain, in the course of which he displayed skill, courage, and humanity. In short, though we are not aware that his parallel, Captain Paul Jones, ever went through the initiatory processes of smuggling and waiting at table, "barring these accidents," Thurot was infinitely the more genuine hero of the two: he was more of the gentleman, and never landed as commander of an alien and hostile force within sight of the house he was born in.

But what has Thurot to do with St. Giles's? He is a specimen of the company which, while he was studying mathematics and serving his time as journeyman to the trade of smuggler—before he had set up for himself on a large scale—used to frequent the more genteel streets of that district. "He used frequently to go to a club which was held every Monday night somewhere about the Seven Dials, and consisted wholly of foreigners, chiefly of Frenchmen. Some of these gentlemen took it in their heads one evening most grossly to abuse the English and Irish, calling them every contemptuous name which liquor and ill-manners could suggest. Thurot listened to them for some time with a great deal of patience; till at length, finding they intended to set no bounds to their insolence, he very calmly got up, and, seizing the two who sat next him, each by the nose, without saying a syllable, he led them to the door, and put them out and bolted it after them; then, returning to his seat—'Come, gentlemen,' he said, 'let us drink about and call another subject.'"<sup>\*</sup> The class of foreigners to which Thurot belonged has become too numerous or too ambitious to find proper accommodation at Seven Dials: now that they obtrude themselves upon a wider public, it is to be wished that they sometimes had a Thurot among them.

It is time, however, to come to the modern St. Giles's. This interesting district is bounded on the north by the modern thoroughfare of New Oxford Street, and on the south by the great brewhouse in Castle Street; and extends from Hog Lane (now Crown Street) on the west, to Drury Lane on the east. The erection of Bloomsbury, which originally formed part of St. Giles's, into a separate

<sup>\*</sup> Annual Register, 1760, p. 28 (of the Chronicle division of the volume).

parish, has given a greater homogeneity to the district. Leaving out of view, therefore, the district north of New Oxford Street included in it, the parish of St. Giles's may be considered as the most thoroughly uniform and consistent in point of character and appearance of any in London. Slight shades of difference may be detected between its "west end" (which, by the way, is situated on its south side) about Seven Dials, and its "east end," which, though curtailed of its old proportions, still is often styled "the Rookery."

The Seven Dials, we have had occasion to remark above, are an evidence of an attempt to civilise the neighbourhood by introducing respectable houses into it. The attempt was not altogether in vain; this part of the parish has ever since "worn its *dirt* with a difference." There is an air of shabby gentility about it, not unlike that which may be remarked about the native of such a district, who, after having been tried for a year or two as servant in a genteel family, has been returned in despair to his (or her) original rags and dirt. The air of the footman or waiting-maid can be recognised through the tatters, which are worn with more assumption than those of their unsophisticated neighbours—

"You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will;  
The scent of the roses will hang round it still."

The houses in this region, with their inmates and surrounding objects, always remind us irresistibly of Sophia Western's *sacque* worn by Molly Seagrim in her father's house.

It is here that the literature of St. Giles's has fixed its abode: and a literature the parish has of its own, and that, as times go, of a very respectable standing in point of antiquity. In a letter from Letitia Pilkington to the demure author of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' and published by the no less exemplary and irreproachable Mrs. Barbauld, the lady informs her correspondent that she has taken apartments in Great White Lion Street, and stuck up a bill intimating that all who had not found "reading and writing come by nature," and who had had no teacher to make up the defect by art, might have "letters written here." With the progress of education, printing-presses have found their way into St. Giles's, and it is now no exaggeration to say that, compared with the rest of the metropolis, the streets radiating from Seven Dials, and intersecting the diamond-shaped space included by Dudley Street, West Street, Castle Street, and King Street, display more than the average allowance of booksellers' and stationers' shops, newspaper agencies, and the like. It was here—in Monmouth Court, connecting Dudley (formerly Monmouth) Street with Little Earl Street—that the late Mr. Catnach developed the resources of his genius and trade. It was he who first availed himself of greater mechanical skill and a larger capital than had previously been employed in that department of the trade, to substitute for the execrable tea-paper, blotched with lamp-black and oil, which characterised the old broadside and ballad printing, tolerable white paper and real printer's ink. But more than that, it was he who first conceived and carried into effect the idea of publishing collections of songs by the yard, and giving to purchasers, for the small price of one penny (in former days the cost of a single ballad), strings of poetry, resembling in shape and length the list of Don Juan's mistresses, which Leporello unrolls on the stage before Donna Anna. He was no



ordinary man, Catnach: he patronised original talents in many a bard of Seven Dials, and is understood to have accumulated the largest store of broadsides, last-dying speeches, ballads, and other stock-in-trade of the flying stationers, upon record. We had flattered ourselves with the illusive hope of benefitting by his liberal assistance in compiling these annals of St. Giles's; but upon entering Monmouth Court, the first time for many years, we were disappointed by finding over one of his doors (for the great man filled two), "Paul and Riley, successors to the late Catnach." Within the last few years the premises have again changed hands, the printing business now being carried on by Mr. Fortey, and the name of the once eminent Mr. Catnach is now nearly forgotten in the neighbourhood. His literary treasures will, in all probability, remain locked up until some St. Giles's George Robins does for them what the genuine Robins did for the collection of Strawberry Hill; unless, indeed, the British Museum or the Bodleian contrive to secure them before they are offered to public competition.

The taste of St. Giles's is more literary than scientific, and modern seems preferred to ancient literature. There are, however, to be found a few old book-shops in the district, though romantic serials appear to be greatly in demand:—such as 'The Grave of the Forsaken,' 'The Wreck of the Heart,' 'The Lion King,' 'Susan Hopley,' 'The Horrors of the Castle of Zinzendorff,' 'The Miller's Maid,' &c. All these are of the Reynolds or Ainsworth schools, and illustrated by engravings on wood every way worthy of them. For works of another kind, such as 'The Police News,' there seems to be a considerable demand. Down to within the last quarter of a century other symptoms of a taste for art might be seen in most of the principal thoroughfares of this thriving district. In Dudley Street, for instance (then called Monmouth Street), might be found one of the great ateliers from which the milk-shops, ginger-beer stalls, green-groceries, and pot-houses of the suburbs were supplied with sign-boards. Theatrical amateurs abounded; at least the ample store of tin daggers, blunt cutlasses, banners, halberds, battle-axes, &c., constantly exposed for sale at a cellar in Monmouth Street, indicated a steady demand. The greater part of the shops in this street are now occupied by marine-store dealers or as places for the sale of cast-off attire; an occasional announcement of "wardrobes purchased" telling at once the class of business carried on within. Even at the present time, in no part of the town do we find singing-birds in greater numbers and variety, and as most of the houses, being of an old fashion, have broad ledges of lead over the shop windows, these are frequently converted into hanging gardens, not so extensive as those of Babylon, but possibly yielding as much pleasure to their occupants. In short, what with literature and a taste for flowers and birds, there is much of the "sweet south" about St. Giles's, harmonising with the out-of-door habits of its occupants; and one could almost fancy that, amid the groups so easily and picturesquely disposed round each of the seven angles which abut upon the central circle, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer had there found many of those exquisite pictures which he has so felicitously introduced into his 'Last Days of Pompeii.'

The bulk of the permanent population seems composed of Hebrews and the natives of the Emerald Isle. The former, perhaps, preponderate in Dudley Street, whilst the Irish abound mostly in the lanes and courts. The association is not without its predisposing causes in the economical relations of the two parties.

Whoever has passed along Dudley Street must have been struck with the redundant drapery of the old-clothes' shop, intermingled with stores of second-hand boots and shoes, enough, it would seem, to fit out whole Spanish legions, were they again required. Doubtless a good part of them finds a retail sale on the spot: it is not easy to escape the importunities of their eloquent vendors. But in addition to these, a large export trade is driven with Ireland. It is understood that Mr. O'Connell's patriotic attempt to promote the domestic manufactures of Ireland has failed mainly from the circumstance that nine-tenths of the population have contracted a habit of wearing in preference second and third-hand clothes, and that the remaining tenth cannot with their best will wear out their new clothes quick enough to provide the rest with a constant supply of their favourite wear.

The classical reader may possibly retain from his schoolboy days a recollection of a race called Troglodytes—dwellers in caves, an intermediate species between the man and the rabbit. Some such beings appear still to flourish in and around Dudley Street. Cellars serving whole families for "kitchen and parlour and bedroom and all" are to be found in other streets of London, but not so numerous and near to each other. Here they cluster like cells in a convent of the order of La Trappe, or like onions on a rope. It is curious and interesting to watch the habits of these human moles when they emerge, or half emerge, from their cavities. Their infants seem exempt from the dangers which haunt those of other people: at an age when most babies are not trusted alone on a level floor, these urchins stand secure on the topmost round of a trap-ladder, studying the different conformations of the shoes of the passers-by. The mode of ingress of the adults is curious: they turn their backs to the entry, and, inserting first one foot and then another, disappear by degrees. The process is not unlike (were such a thing conceivable) a sword sheathing itself. They appear a short-winded generation, often coming, like the otter, to the surface to breathe. In the twilight which reigns at the bottom of their dens you can sometimes discern the male busily cobbling shoes on one side of the entrance, and the female repairing all sorts of rent garments on the other. They seem to be free feeders: at certain periods of the day tea-cups and saucers may be seen arranged on their boards; at others, plates and pewter-pots. They have the appearance of being on the whole a contented race. At present, when the cold north-easter of the income-tax sweeps so cuttingly across the face of respectable society, we often feel tempted to envy those who, in their subterranean retreats, will hear it whistle far above their heads, with the feelings of the travellers in 'Mary the Maid of the Inn:'

"'Tis pleasant, says one, seated by the fireside,  
To hear the wind whistle without."

There were some features common to both divisions of this region, which will be best understood and appreciated after we have introduced our readers to "the Rookery." Here, indeed, was the genuine unsophisticated St. Giles's. Its limits were not very precisely defined, its squalor faded into the cleanness of the more civilised districts in its vicinity, by insensible degrees, like the hues of the rainbow, but we shall not be far from the mark if we describe it as the space which lies between Great Russell Street and High Street, St. Giles's. Previous to the



formation of New Oxford Street, some thirty years ago, this locality was one dense mass of houses, "so olde they only seemen not to falle," through which narrow tortuous lanes curved and wound, from which again diverged close courts innumerable, all communicating with those nearest them. It was one great maze of narrow crooked paths crossing and intersecting in labyrinthine convolutions, as if the houses had been originally one great block of stone eaten by slugs into innumerable small chambers and connecting passages. There was no privacy here for any of the over-crowded population; every apartment in the place was accessible from every other by a dozen different approaches. Only at night, when they were asleep—and not always at night—could their redundant numbers find room; for so long as they were lively enough to turn and be aware that anything pressed them, there was squeezing and jostling, and grumbling and cursing. Hence whoever ventured there found the streets (by courtesy so called) thronged with loiterers, and saw through the half-glazed windows the rooms crowded to suffocation. The stagnant gutters in the middle of the lanes, the accumulated piles of garbage, the pools accumulated in the hollows of the disjointed pavement, the filth choking up the dark passages which opened like rat-holes upon the highway—all these, with their indescribable sights and smells, left scarcely so dispiriting an impression on the passenger as the condition of the houses. Walls of the colour of bleached soot—doors falling from their hinges—door-posts worm-eaten and greasily polished from being long the supports of the shoulders of ragged loungers—windows where shivered panes of dirty glass alternated with wisps of straw, old hats, and lumps of bed-ticken or brown paper—bespoke the last and frailest shelter that could be interposed between man and the elements. It was a land of utter idleness. Groups of women, with dirty rags hung round them, not put on, cowered round the doors—the old with wrinkled parchment skins, the young with flushed swollen faces and heavy eyes. The men leant against the wall or lounged listlessly about, sometimes with pipes in their mouths. In this region there were no birds or flowers at window or on wall; the inmates could scarcely muster liveliness sufficient to exchange words, or perpetrate the practical joke of pushing each other into the kennel. Shops were almost unknown—in the interior of the district quite unknown. Such was the aspect of this place by day. In this desolate region many of the windows announced "Lodgings at 3*d.* a night," and the transient population was almost as numerous as the regular in-dwellers. What the attraction could have been it is difficult to conceive: perhaps in winter animal heat in over-crowded rooms may be a cheap substitute for fuel. It is the wild wanderers from town to town, whose blood circulates owing to their unsettled life, who keep up the frantic revels at the bars of the glaring gin-palaces; their hosts look on apathetically, or, if allowed to participate, moodily drink to stupefaction.

The dull prosaic accounts given by policemen and constables of the intellectual and moral character of the majority of the inhabitants of this miserable district some years back was more appalling than anything a mere imaginative writer could conceive. Imagination falls short of reality on one hand ("Bill Sparkes could patter flash ten times faster and funnier than that cove," said an *élève* of the flash-house, tossing aside contemptuously one of those novels which attempts to be striking by imitating the language of thieves); and, on the other, there is a liveli-

ness excited by the effort of describing incompatible with the representation of the utter apathy and moral deadness sometimes to be found in men. One gin-shop "was reported, from the multiplicity of business they carried on from six in the morning till church commenced on Sundays; and there have frequently a great many people come out quite intoxicated, not able to stand on their legs." "My opinion is," pursued the witness, "that, if there is a house that sells good spirits, if they go in and have a glass, they make a point of repeating that so often, that in my own mind they become stupefied and intoxicated sooner than they would by sitting down and drinking spirits in a public-house. You seldom find any of these people ask for beer in these houses; when they go into a public-house, they may take a glass and then sit down and have some beer. I have seen a woman myself go a dozen times into one shop, and I am sure that has been within two hours and a half." \* These practices were not confined to adults:—"There is a number of *his* lodger's children who go round Russell Square and those places, sweeping the causeways, and I have seen a deal of abandoned conduct of these children. I have come round and heard their conversation one to another; after one of them has got fourpence, the others have been successful and got fourpence more: 'Well,' using a most dreadful expression, 'I will give you a fly for a quartern of gin.' They are children from eight to twelve; I do not think they exceed twelve." Is the reader curious to know who the *he* was whose lodger's children were such precocious adepts in drinking and gambling? He was "street-keeper of Russell Square." Nor was he the only public functionary who made a livelihood out of the vices of the inhabitants: one was mentioned who was the proprietor of no less than three disreputable houses, and clerk in Bedford Chapel.

The truth is, that you cannot touch pitch without being defiled; and this accounts for the peculiar morality of thief-catchers. "Do you think it necessary," was asked of a gentleman of this profession, by a member of the committee which made the report from which we have been quoting, "for respectable police-officers to associate with thieves and bad characters at flash-houses, in order to detect them?" "In the first place," was the sententious reply, "I do not think very respectable officers can long bear to be in the company of *the lower class of thieves*, on account of their conversation and their manners." This was an officer of delicate taste. As the bear-leader in 'She Stoops to Conquer' never allowed his bear to dance except to the "very genteelst of tunes," our hero could only associate with the very genteelst of thieves. Captain Macheath might have been his friend, but Nimming Ned must have in vain aspired to the honour of his acquaintance. This worthy (it was before the days of the new police) admitted that he "did a little in the coal-trade," and that he supplied public-houses. Then "came question like an A B C book:"—"Is that not a temptation for officers to pass over the conduct of certain houses, when they supply those houses with articles of consumption?"—"It is very natural to consider that it must *on all pure minds* be acknowledged that, *generally speaking*, it must be a temptation

\* Some comfortable philosopher says, "There never was a *bad*, but it had a worse;" and this seems to hold true of St. Giles's. Bad though it be, it is nothing to what it was. A magistrate of the county of Middlesex said in 1817:—"In the early part of my life (I remember almost the time which Hogarth has pictured), *every house in St. Giles's*, whatever else they sold, sold gin; every chandler's shop sold gin: the situation of the people was dreadful. I lived with a relation of mine *then* who employed a vast number of people, and observed the lower orders then in a terrible state."



occasionally to show lenity; at the same time I must speak for myself, that it has given me an opportunity of looking into the houses backwards and forwards, where I have discovered several things that have been useful." One other trait, and we dismiss the subject. Mr. "senior police-officer," as he styled himself, having declared magisterially that "Sunday newspapers have a great tendency to corrupt the minds of the lower classes of society," and having previously stated that he served newspapers, the committee not unnaturally inquired whether he served Sunday newspapers? "Yes, I do; *I am very sorry for it.*"

We would not be misunderstood: every officer of justice does not bear his truncheon in vain, or become, as Falstaff would say, "little better than one of the wicked." We read, in the same annals of disreputability from which we have been quoting, of a beadle who was so well known, and had so much influence even over the Irish, that he had been seen "leading up the Irishmen, one in one hand and one in another, with a mob of two or three hundred persons around him, and no person attempting to rescue any one from him, though they might have done it if they would." The terrible man thus described unconsciously paints himself in one of his answers to the committee:—"There is generally somebody *looking out for my cocked hat* at the chamber-window, and the moment they see *my gold-laced hat*, they shut it up." Gold, like the magnet, operates differently according to the end of the instrument that is turned to the object: gold in the breeches-pocket attracts; gold "all round my hat," as the bard of St. Giles's sweetly sings, repels. But seriously, in St. Giles's, even more than in many other places, the pomp, pride, and circumstance of authority does a great deal. "I have never attempted," says Mr. John Smart in 1817, "to collect the rate but for the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields and St. George's, Bloomsbury, where they will not pay any person but the high constable." There is pride for you! The sturdy burghers of St. Giles's will not condescend to be taxed by deputy; the high constable must come in person and take it himself. It is as if the nobility should refuse to pay their income-tax to a common tax-gatherer, and insist upon the Premier's coming to receive it in person. Nor is this a solitary instance of the airs the denizens of St. Giles's (both in and out of office) give themselves, as witness:—"Samuel Furzeman called in and examined.—What are you? I am constable and *round-house keeper* of St. Giles-in-the-Fields and St. George's, Bloomsbury, the two united parishes." To say nothing of the solemn specific nature of the description, the retention of the title "round-house keeper," long after a round-house had ceased to exist, reminds one of the Kings of England persisting in calling themselves Kings of France, although for centuries they had not owned a foot of land on the other side of the Channel.

Such were the regions close on either hand of the street which connected High Holborn with Oxford Street—an airy thoroughfare, along which no small portion of the ease and affluence of London was daily rolled in cab, 'bus, or in their own private vehicles, unobservant it may be, or merely remarking how shabby fly-blown provision-shops, old-furniture repositories, and marine stores looked, but little thinking of the squalid scenes that lurked behind them—in "the back settlements," as they were poetically named by the natives. The main difference between the north and the south sides of the great thoroughfare alluded to con-

sisted in this : that in the latter there was still thought, and hope, and exertion, while in the former all these seemed dead in the human bodies which moved mechanically about amid its pestilential effluvia. Isolated courts and lanes, resembling the Rookery, might be found on the south side also, but not in one dense mass : they are broken up and ventilated by the busier streets, where men are still human. The feeblest eddy on the outer edge of the ever-foaming torrent of London life, it may be, with just enough of motion to enable us to distinguish between it and the dull moisture which keeps out the ooze alongshore as torpid as itself, but still there is life in it ; and unspeakable is the difference between life, however faint, and utter apathy. In this eddy of Seven Dials is to be found the pilfering instinct of the native of its back-courts not utterly dead, mingling with the rusting honesty of the indolent and unfortunate sinking downward from the industrious classes. There is activity after its kind, as any one may be aware who has threaded Seven Dials during the hours nearest on either side to noon ; for later in the day its busy chaffers reward themselves for their activity by indulgence, and in the morning they crawl about opening their shops as if only half awake. But the incessant crowds of listless hangers-on at the doors of the gin-palaces in Seven Dials show by how thin a partition the anomalously industrious of the place are separated from the hopeless class whose only pleasure is sottishness.

The desolate region above described was situated between the Inns of Court and the two great theatres, extended on one side to the busy traffic of the Strand, on the other to the equally busy traffic of Oxford Street and Holborn, and was separated from the Court-end of the town only by the equivocal region of Soho and Leicester Squares. One step conveyed us from a land of affluence and comfort to a land of hopelessness and squalid want. Long ago men were beginning to suspect that spacious lines of streets, with rows of stately fronts of houses on each side, in which the decorations of Grecian temples are superinduced upon shops of all kinds, were of little avail, so long as close and noisome lanes and courts were allowed to remain in their rottenness behind, only hidden by these whitened sepulchres ; and therefore it was proposed to apply, to "the Rookery" in particular, a more thorough-going cure. A street has been driven through in a direct line from Oxford Street to Holborn, where the Rookery stood, sweeping the offensive mass away bodily. As far as the houses merely were concerned, there could be no objection to this ; but what was to become of their inhabitants ? They had sought shelter there not because they prefer dirty and ill-ventilated abodes, but because there were no others to which they could betake them.

Besides New Oxford Street, the thoroughfare to which we have just referred, other new streets have been formed, by which many of the ill-ventilated and poverty-stricken lanes and courts have been swept away. One broad thoroughfare, Endell Street, now forms a direct communication almost through the very heart of St. Giles's, between Oxford Street and High Holborn on the one hand, with the Strand on the other, extending as it does from Broad Street, Bloomsbury, to Long Acre, opening opposite Bow Street. In Endell Street spacious baths and wash-houses, for the use of the inhabitants of St. Giles's and Bloomsbury, have been erected, and we doubt not have contributed much to the comfort and cleanliness



of the locality. Whilst all this good work has been going on, it is pleasing to know that the education of the rising generation has not been neglected, for hard by are the lofty buildings of St. Giles's National Schools; then there are also free schools in George Street, besides one or two others on a smaller scale in different parts. On the south side of the High Street, and near the junction of that thoroughfare with Broad Street, stands the parish church of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. Upon its site—or a little westward of it—as already stated, once stood a hospital for lepers, founded by Matilda, wife of Henry I., about the year 1117. It had a chapel attached to it, called the Chapel of St. Giles's Hospital, in which all those who then inhabited this remote district (for at that time these were open fields) used to perform their devotions. In the year 1347 an order was issued by Edward III. that all persons afflicted by the leprosy should immediately leave the city of London, in consequence of which the Lord Mayor applied to the Keeper of St. Giles's to receive fourteen citizens.

St. Giles's Church was first built between the years 1624 and 1628; but the ground having been raised to the height of eight feet above the floor of the building, the original church became so ruinous through damp that, in the year 1730, the whole fabric was taken down, and the present church erected on the site three years afterwards. The edifice, built entirely of Portland stone, from the designs of Henry Flitcroft, is at once stately and beautiful. The vaulted roof is supported by Ionic pillars of Portland stone, which rest on square stone piers. Most of the windows are filled with stained glass. The outside of the church has a rustic basement, and the windows of the galleries have semi-circular heads, over which is a neat cornice. The steeple, which rises to a height of 165 feet, consists of a rustic pedestal, supporting a range of Doric pilasters; and over the clock is an octangular tower, with three-quarter Ionic columns, supporting a balustrade with vases, on which stands the spire, which is also octangular and belted. Over the gateway leading to the churchyard—which stood formerly at the north-west corner, but now faces the west end of the fabric—is sculptured, in *basso-relievo*, the celebrated representation of the Resurrection; it was carved about the year 1687, and is considered an excellent performance for the time. This is usually called the "Resurrection Gate."

Many persons of note lie buried in St. Giles's Church, among whom may be noticed the inflexible patriot, Andrew Marvell, who died August 16, 1678. There are several epitaphs and memorials to persons who have been buried in this church; among them are tablets to the memory of Sir Nicholas C. Tindal, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, who died in 1846, and to Sir George T. Smart, organist and composer to Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, who died in 1867. The most interesting monument, however, in the present church, is an altar-tomb near the north-west door, having upon it the marble effigy of Lady Frances Kniveton, "Duchess Dudley," wife of Sir Gilbert Kniveton, Bart., of Bradley, in Derbyshire, and daughter of Sir Robert Dudley. Upon a monumental inscription in the cemetery we read that—"Here lieth Richard Pendrill, Preserver and Conductor of his sacred Majesty King Charles II. of Great Britain, after his escape from Worcester Fight, in the year 1651, who died February 8, 1671." Surely it was not altogether by accident that the body of this loyal yeoman came to be deposited here. There is a meaning and a moral in the arrangement. A

devotional feeling is ennobling, if sincere, however erroneous its attachment. Whatever we may think of Charles, the faith and loyalty of Pendrill was pure. And fitting, therefore, is it that he be held in remembrance; yet the erecting of his monumental trophy amid a living condemnation of those who held the faith that rulers may blamelessly live for themselves, neglecting the discharge of their high functions, is a standing rebuke to all who, seeing honour paid to one who in ignorance served faithfully an undeserving master, seek their own honour by serving those who they know do not deserve it. Or, if the reader think, with Horatio, that it is "to consider too curiously to consider so," he may satisfy himself with the *quodlibet*, that honest Pendrill lies here, amid the living lumber of St. Giles's, like a fine picture by an old master deposited by accident among the rubbish of some of the neighbouring old-furniture shops.



1. The first St. Giles's Church. 2. Remains of the Walls anciently enclosing the Hospital precincts. 3. Site of the Gallows, and afterwards of the Pound. 4. Way to Uxbridge, now Oxford Street. 5. Elde Strate, since called Hog Lane. 6. Le Lane, now Dudley Street. 7. Site of the Seven Dials, formerly called Cock and Pye Fields. 8. Elm Close, since called Long Acre. 9. Drury Lane.





[West Front of the General Post Office, 1841.]

## LXVIII.—THE POST OFFICE.

OF all the public departments under the direction and management of the State, the Post Office is at once the most popular and the most interesting in its operation and influence. In consequence of recent changes, it can scarcely be any longer regarded as an engine of taxation, but its vast machinery is put into action almost solely for the advantage of the public. In its social influence, such an institution is only second in value and importance to the art of writing. If the millions of letters which it is now employed in transmitting from one part of the earth to another—from kingdom to kingdom, from the metropolis to the most obscure hamlet, and from the latter to the antipodes—were suddenly deprived of the means of reaching their destination, and all the resources for accomplishing this end were to be broken up, the whole world would be thrown backward in civilization, and all the springs by which it is urged onward would lose some portion of their elasticity. Such a prospect need not, however, be contemplated.

The Post Office is not a very ancient institution in England. For many centuries a great proportion of the population lived and died near the spot which gave them birth; and long after a change in that state of society, writing was not a very common accomplishment. The business of Government could not,

nowever, be carried on without some correspondence; and when the King summoned Parliaments, or addressed the sheriffs, or the governors of his castles, officers were employed called "Nuncii." They carried their despatches on horseback, and the payment of sums of money to them for the carriage of letters is mentioned in various rolls, from the days of King John through subsequent reigns. The principal nobles, whose large estates were often at a great distance from each other, also maintained "Nuncii." In the 'Paston Letters,' and in the 'Household Books' of various families, down to the end of the sixteenth century, the practice of transmitting letters from their country-seats to London, or elsewhere, by their own servants, is frequently mentioned. After a day's journey they halted for the night at the ancient hostelry. Before this period, however, there were post-stations on the great roads. Gale states that during the Scottish war, Edward IV. (1461-83) established such stations, at distances of twenty miles from each other. On arriving at one of these, the messenger delivered his despatches to another horseman, who conveyed them to the next station; and so they passed from one station to another, each messenger travelling only a stage of about twenty miles. By this means letters were expedited about two hundred miles in two days. Cyrus, the first King of Persia, established an exactly similar mode of communication through his dominions. The superscription of "Haste, post haste," often met with in letters of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, shows that letters were not unfrequently transmitted through horsemen attached to a line of post-houses. In the 'Household Book' of the Le Stranges of Hunstanton, Norfolk, there is an entry, in 1520, by Lady Le Strange, of 9s. 3d. "for cost of riding up to London with a letter to my son Nycholas." In this case a servant of the family might ride up to London himself, procuring relays of horses at the different post-houses, or he might place his letter in the hands of an authorised messenger travelling to London with other letters. In these arrangements the rudiments of a regular Post Office begin to appear. Two persons having each a letter to send to London would be enabled to do so at one-half the expense by employing one public messenger; four persons would do so at one-quarter of the expense; and so on. The carriers of goods were also carriers of letters. The rate of hire for post-horses was fixed at a penny a-mile by a statute of 1548 (2 and 3 Edw. VI. c. 3).

The duties of the office of chief Postmaster of England at first related rather to the superintendence of the system for facilitating travelling, by the establishment and regulation of post-houses, and had little or no immediate connexion with the collection and distribution of letters. It does not appear certain when he undertook the latter task. In 1514 the aliens resident in London appointed their own Postmaster. Letters were committed to his charge, and it devolved upon him to provide the means of forwarding them to their destination. Sometimes the Flemings, at other times the Italians, appointed one of their own countrymen to this office; but his nomination was confirmed by the Postmaster of England. At length the aliens of London presumed upon exercising their choice as a matter of right, and in 1568 a Spaniard was appointed their Postmaster through the influence of the Spanish ambassador; but the Flemings had at the same time chosen one of their own countrymen, who was confirmed in his



office by the Postmaster for England; and to decide the matter an appeal was made to the Privy Council, the substance of which is given in a paper entitled 'Articles touching the Office of the Post of London.' In this document it was alleged that "The strangers that had been Postmasters of London had always been occasion of many injuries and much damage unto the merchants of England, as well by means of staying and keeping their letters a day, twain, or more, and in the mean time delivering the letters of strangers; and also by staying the ordinary post a day, three, or four, that in the mean time one extraordinary might be despatched by the strangers to prevent the market." Other abuses were alleged, and the petition concluded by a desire that an Englishman might be placed in the office. The English merchants suggested that, "for quietness' sake," an agreement should be made between the Postmasters of London and Antwerp, that one-half of the "runners" employed should be foreigners, though it was stated that under the former arrangement not one Englishman was engaged. How the dispute was settled we do not know; but in letters patent of Charles I., in 1632, it is stated that King James had constituted an office called the Postmaster of England for Foreign Parts. He had "the sole taking up, sending, and conveying of all packets and letters, concerning his service or business, to be despatched to foreign parts, with power to grant moderate salaries;" and no person besides was to take upon himself these duties.

In 1635 a proclamation was issued "for settling of the letter office of England and Scotland," which is the first attempt to place the Post Office system on its modern footing. It stated that hitherto "there hath been no certain or constant intercourse between the kingdoms of England and Scotland," and commands "Thomas Witherings, his Majesty's Postmaster of England for foreign parts, to settle a running post or two, to run night and day between Edinburgh and Scotland and the City of London, to go thither and come back in six days;" and all postmasters are "to have ready in their stables one or two horses." Bye-posts were to be established with places lying at a distance from the great roads; with Hull, Lincoln, &c., on the road to the north. Similar arrangements were to be carried out on the road to Dublin through Holyhead, and to Plymouth through Exeter; and Oxford, Bristol, Colchester, and Norwich, were to enjoy corresponding advantages with as little delay as possible. The pre-established system set on foot by private parties for the transmission of letters was not summarily put down, the Government contenting itself for the present by enunciating its exclusive title to the business of conveying letters. In 1640, Witherings, the Postmaster, was superseded by the Long Parliament for having interfered with the private adventurers who undertook the transmission of letters, his interference being declared contrary to the liberty and freedom of the subject; and the duties of his successors were to be exercised under the superintendence of the Secretary of State. But when, in 1649, the Common Council of the City of London proceeded to set up an office of their own for the despatch of letters, the Commons passed a resolution asserting their exclusive right to the control of such establishments. A struggle now took place between the Government posts and those carried on by companies of private individuals. The latter not only established more frequent posts than the Government, but carried letters at a cheaper rate

Prideaux, a member of the Commons, who had been appointed Postmaster, threatened to seize the letters which passed through their hands, but the "New Undertakers," so far from being deterred, stated that they were resolved, "by the help of God, to continue their management," and announced that many new places would be included in their arrangements. Besides Tuesday and Saturday, they established an additional post-day on the Thursday, so that they had three posts a-week, while the Government had only one; and they charged only threepence where the charge of the Government was sixpence. Prideaux was empowered to reduce the Government rates, and the private carriers were subsequently put down by an order for the seizure of their letters. The revenue derived from the postage on letters soon became of some importance, and during the Protectorate various improvements were introduced calculated to render it more productive.

The authority of the Government posts was fully established by an Act passed in 1656 "to settle the postage of England, Scotland, and Ireland." The preamble showed that "the erecting of one General Post Office for the speedy conveying and re-carrying of letters by post to and from all places within England, Scotland, and Ireland, and into several parts beyond the seas, hath been and is the best means not only to maintain a certain and constant intercourse of trade and commerce between all the said places, to the great benefit of the people of these nations, but also to convey the public despatches, and to discover and prevent many dangerous and wicked designs which have been and are daily contrived against the peace and welfare of this commonwealth, the intelligence whereof cannot well be communicated but by letter of escript." The Act provides "that there shall be one General Post Office, and one officer styled the Postmaster-General of England and Comptroller of the Post Office." The horsing of all "through" posts, and persons "riding in post," was to be placed under his control. Rates were fixed for English, Scotch, Irish, and foreign letters, and for post-horses. The Post Office had now assumed the character and exercised the functions which it does at present.

When Prideaux was made Postmaster the revenue of the Post Office is supposed scarcely to have exceeded 5000*l.* a-year. It was farmed at 10,000*l.* in 1653 and at 14,000*l.* in 1659; at 21,500*l.* in 1663, at which period it was settled on the Duke of York; in 1674 at 43,000*l.*; and in 1685 at 65,000*l.* The Duke was now James II., and an Act was passed granting to him and to his heirs the revenue of the Post Office independent of the control of Parliament. This profligate grant was resumed at the Revolution, though it was settled on the King, but it could not be alienated beyond his life. In the following reigns a certain proportion of this revenue was applied to the purposes of the state; but it was not until the settlement of the Civil List, at the accession of George III., that the claims of the sovereign were finally relinquished. In 1724 the net revenue of the Post Office amounted to 96,399*l.*; in 1764 to 116,182*l.*; in 1784 to 196,513*l.*; in 1794 to 463,000*l.*; in 1804 to 952,893*l.*; in 1814 to 1,532,153*l.*, after which it remained nearly stationary. The gross revenue from 1815 to 1820 averaged 2,190,517*l.*, and from 1832 to 1837, 2,251,424*l.* In 1872 it was 5,209,000*l.*

The modern history of the Post Office may be divided into three distinct



periods: 1st, before 1784; 2nd, from that year to 1839; and 3rd, from 1839 to the present time. In the first period the mails were conveyed on horseback or in light carts, and the robbery of the mail was one of the most common of the higher class of offences. The service was very inefficiently performed, and the rate of travelling did not often exceed four miles an hour. A time-bill for the year 1717 has been preserved, addressed "to the several postmasters betwixt London and East Grinstead." It is headed "Haste, haste, post haste!" from which it might be inferred that extraordinary expedition was not only enforced but would be accomplished. The mails, conveyed either on horseback or in a cart, departed "from the letter-office in London, July 7th, 1717, at half-an-hour past two in the morning," and reached East Grinstead, distant forty-six miles, at half-an-hour after three in the afternoon. There were stoppages of half-an-hour each at Epsom, Dorking, and Reigate, and of a quarter-of-an-hour at Leatherhead, so that the rate of travelling, exclusive of stoppages, was a fraction above four miles an hour. But even nearly fifty years afterwards, and on the great roads, five miles an hour was considered as quite "going a-head." "Letters are conveyed in so short a time, by night as well as by day, that every twenty-four hours the post goes one hundred and twenty miles, and in five or six days an answer to a letter may be had from a place three hundred miles from London." Letters were despatched from London to all parts of England and Scotland three times a-week, and to Wales twice a-week; but "the post goes every day to those places where the court resides, as also to the several stations and rendezvous of his Majesty's fleet, as the Downs and Spithead; and to Tunbridge during the season for drinking the waters." The mails were not all despatched at the same hour, but were sent off at various intervals between one and three in the morning, and letters were delivered in London at different times of the day as each post arrived. This careless and lazy state of things existed until Mr. Palmer's plan for extending the efficiency of the Post Office began to be adopted in 1784.

Mr. Palmer's attention was drawn to the singular discrepancy which existed between the speed of the post and of the coaches. Letters which left Bath on Monday night were not delivered in London until two or three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, and were sometimes even later; but the coach which left Bath on Monday afternoon arrived in London sufficiently early for the delivery of parcels by ten o'clock the next morning; and though the postage from Bath to London was at that time only threepence, yet despatch was in many cases of such importance that the tradesmen of Bath willingly paid two shillings to send their letters to London in the form of a coach parcel, besides requesting their correspondents to give a gratuity to the porter for the early delivery of the packet, this promise of additional payment forming part of the direction. The slow rate of travelling of the Bath post was not an exception. The post which left London on Monday night, or rather on Tuesday, from one to three in the morning, did not reach Norwich, Worcester, or Birmingham, until Wednesday morning; and the Exeter post not until Thursday morning, while letters were five days in passing from London to Glasgow.

Mr. Palmer submitted his plans to Mr. Pitt. He proposed that the mails

should no longer be transported on horseback or in light carts, but that coaches should be employed, and, as the robbery of the mail was so frequent an occurrence, a man with fire-arms was to travel with each coach. The coaches with the mails were all to start from London at the same hour, and their departure from the country was to be so regulated as to ensure, as far as possible, their simultaneous arrival in town at an early hour in the morning. The first mail-coach upon Mr. Palmer's plan left London for Bristol on the evening of the 24th of August, 1784. The improvements suggested by Mr. Palmer met with a good deal of opposition from some of the Post Office authorities. One of them, Mr. Hodgson, "did not see why the post should be the swiftest conveyance in England;" and he conceived that to bring the Bristol mail to London in sixteen or eighteen hours was a scheme altogether visionary. Another gentleman, Mr. Draper, declared "that the post cannot travel with the same expedition as chaises and diligences do, on account of the business necessary to be done in each town;" and the quarter-of-an-hour which Mr. Palmer proposed to allow at the different post-towns was insufficient, as half-an-hour would, in Mr. Draper's opinion, be required in many places. The idea of a guard to each coach, so far from affording safety, would only occasion the crime of murder to be added to that of robbery; for, "when desperate fellows had once determined upon a mail robbery, the consequence would be murder in case of resistance." Timing the arrival and departure of the coaches bearing the mails would "fling the whole commercial correspondence of the country into the utmost confusion." Even the Postmasters General addressed the Lords of the Treasury after Mr. Palmer's plans had been partially in operation for eighteen months, stating that they felt "perfectly satisfied that the revenue had been very considerably decreased by the plan of mail-coaches." Happily the minister saw more clearly the advantages of increased safety, and of more frequent, rapid, and certain facilities of communication; and he resolved that the scheme should be carried out in all its most essential features. The results were that by 1797 the greater part of the mails were conveyed in one-half the previous time; in many cases in one-third; and in some of the cross posts in one-fourth of the previous time. Daily posts were established to above five hundred places, which before had only received them thrice a-week. The great commercial towns were thought to be as much entitled to this advantage as the water-drinkers at Tunbridge Wells thirty years before. The revenue of the Post Office increased beyond anticipation; but Mr. Palmer, who had stipulated for a per-centage on the surplus net revenue beyond 240,000*l.*, received instead an annuity of 3000*l.*

The era of mail-coaches embraces about half a century. Their origin, maturity, and perfection, and gradual displacement by the railways, all took place within that short period. In 1836 there were 54 four-horse mails in England, 30 in Ireland, and 10 in Scotland. The number of pair-horse mails in England was 49. Their average speed in England was nine miles, all but a furlong, per hour, including stoppages. Starting from London at eight o'clock in the evening, the mail reached Exeter, 170 miles, in 16 hours 34 minutes; Holyhead, 261 miles, in 27 hours; Glasgow, 396 miles, in 42 hours; Edinburgh, 399 miles, in 42½ hours. The number of miles travelled by the mails in England and Scotland, in



1838, was above seven millions, equal to a circuit round the globe, every day in the year. The English mail-coach was strongly characteristic of the national energy and spirit, and also of the national taste. The daily departure of the mail-coaches from the Post Office was always a favourite sight. In 1837 the number which left London every night was 27, travelling in the aggregate above 5500 miles before they reached their respective destinations. A short time before the hour of starting, they arrived in the yard round the Post Office from their respective inns, with the passengers already in their places. Through the iron railing, by the light of innumerable gas-lamps, the public could see the process of packing the mail-bags. It was really a fine sight to see twenty of these vehicles drawn up, each occupying the same station night after night, the horses fine and spirited animals, the harness unexceptionably neat, and the coachmen and guards wearing the King's livery. The travellers for such various and distant parts of the kingdom seemed as if they felt the difference between travelling by the mail and by the stage-coach. As the clock struck eight the Post Office porters dragged out huge bags, of which the guards of the different mails took charge. In a few minutes, each coach, one by one, passed out of the yard, and the sound of the guard's horn became lost in the noise of the streets. About six of the mail-coaches on the south-western, western, and north-western roads, did not take up their bags at the Post Office, but started from the western end of Piccadilly—the bags for those mails being conveyed in light carts in the care of mail-guards. The starting of these mails was a sight for the West-End. About twenty minutes past eight the mail-carts drove up at great speed, the guards' horns warning passengers of the necessity of getting out of the way. The bags were transferred to the mail-coaches, and each successively took its departure.

The annual procession of the mail-coaches on the King's birthday was also an exhilarating and pleasing sight, which will never again be witnessed. "The gala turn-out of our mail-coaches on the King's birthday," says a popular writer,\* "I always think must strike foreigners more than anything else in our country with the sterling, solid integrity of the English character." And here we have some of the impressions of a foreigner after witnessing this sight:—"Such a splendid display of carriages-and-four as these mail-coaches could not be found or got together in all Berlin. It was a real pleasure to see them in all the pride and strength which, in an hour or two later, was to send them in every direction, with incredible rapidity, to every corner of England."† The procession proceeded from the City to the West-End, and through Hyde Park; and usually passed before the residence of the Postmaster-General for the time being.

We now come to a new era, which has had a most important influence on the arrangements of the Post Office. In 1836 the stamp-duty on newspapers was reduced from fourpence to one penny. The circulation of the London and provincial papers together was nearly doubled by that change; and a very large proportion of the total number is sent through the Post Office. To show the growth of Post Office business, we must go back as far as 1839, when the first general reduction of postage came into operation. At that time Members of Parliament enjoyed the privilege of franking letters, by which themselves and others were able to have

\* Sir F. Head.

† Von Raumer, 'England in 1835.'

their letters carried and delivered post free. In that year (1839) upwards of 6,100,000 franked letters thus passed through the Post Office. The total number of letters delivered in that year, including franks, was 82,907,572. In 1840 the number was 168,768,344, in 1850 it had risen to 347,069,071, and in 1869 to 831,914,000. In 1854 only 400,000 book-packets, exclusive of newspapers, passed through the Post Office; the number of newspapers delivered, including re-transmissions, was about 71,000,000. The number of book-packets, newspapers, and pattern-packets delivered in 1869 was 108,668,000. In 1846 there were 1,280 money-order offices in the United Kingdom; in 1869 there were 4,061. The amount transmitted through the Post Office by money-orders in 1855 was 11,009,279*l.*, and in 1869 it had reached 19,395,635*l.*

The great lines of railway have been gradually rendered available for the transmission of correspondence as they were successively opened. In 1838 the sum paid by the Post Office to railway companies amounted to 12,380*l.*, and in 1872 to 619,000*l.* Most of the great towns in England, with Dublin and Edinburgh, have now a mail twice a-day from London, or fourteen times a-week, and a mail to London as often, making twenty-eight communications per week to and from the metropolis. Before the morning mails were established, a letter from Brighton for a town in Yorkshire was stopped fourteen hours in London, as it could not be transmitted until eight o'clock at night; but it now reaches its destination (200 miles, perhaps, from London) two or three hours before it would formerly have left the Post Office. The Liverpool merchant receives his foreign letters on the same day that they reach London, instead of thirty hours afterwards. The effect of expediting the class of letters formerly detained a whole day in London is a good illustration of the philosophy of the Post Office system: they have increased from 6,000 to 30,000 a-day, or five-fold.

The gross revenue of the Post Office in 1839, the last year of the old system, was 2,346,298*l.*; of the first year under the Penny Postage, 1,342,604*l.* In 1872, the gross revenue from postage and money-orders was, in round numbers, 5,209,000*l.*, namely, 5,013,000*l.* from postage, and 196,000*l.* from money-orders. The cost of management, which in 1838 was 686,768*l.*, in 1872 amounted to 3,685,000*l.* The chief items of these expenses were 1,682,000*l.* for salaries, wages, pensions, &c.; 928,000*l.* for conveyance by mail packets, and private ships; 619,000*l.* for conveyance by railways; 145,000*l.* for conveyance by coaches, carts, and omnibuses; and 164,000 for buildings, taxes, fuel, &c.

From what has been already stated, it will be seen that the London Post Office has grown up with the development of commercial and intellectual activity. If it were merely an establishment for the collection and distribution of the letters which pass through it, the building required for such a purpose would still rank amongst those of the largest class. Double as many letters go through the London Office now as circulated a few years ago through all the Post Offices of the United Kingdom, including London in the number. But the General Post Office is a grand central department for the management of the Post Office business of the United Kingdom, for maintaining the means of intercourse with foreign countries and distant colonies, and therefore apartments are required for a large number of officers who are employed in the general administration of the establishment at home and abroad.



The Post Office appears to have been successively removed, immediately after the commencement of the last century, from Cloak Lane, near Dowgate, to Bishopsgate Street, when the next transfer was made to a mansion in Lombard Street, occupied by Sir Robert Viner, who was Lord Mayor in 1675. It was a large and substantial brick building, with an entrance from Lombard Street, through a gateway into a court-yard, around which were the various offices. There was a second entrance by an inferior gateway into Sherbourne Lane. In 1765 four houses in Abchurch Lane were taken, and additional offices erected; and from time to time other additions were made, until the whole became a cumbrous and inconvenient mass of buildings, ill adapted to the great increase which had taken place in the business of the Post Office. It was at length determined to erect a building expressly for affording the conveniences and facilities required; and in 1815 an Act was passed authorising certain Commissioners to select a site, and to make the necessary arrangements for this purpose. The situation chosen was at the junction of St. Martin's-le-Grand with Cheapside, where once stood a monastery which possessed the privileges of sanctuary. Since the Dissolution it had been covered with streets, courts, and alleys. Compensation was granted to the parties whom it was necessary to remove: their houses were pulled down; and the first stone of the new building was laid in May, 1824. On the 23rd of September, 1829, it was completed and opened for the transaction of business. It is about 389 feet long, 130 feet wide, and 64 feet high. The front is composed of three portions, of the Ionic order; one of four columns being placed at each end, and one of six columns, forming the centre, is surmounted by a pediment. The other parts of the building are entirely plain. The public entrances were originally on the east and west fronts, which opened into a hall 80 feet long by about 60 wide, divided into a centre and two aisles by two ranges of six Ionic columns, standing upon pedestals of granite; the general receptacles now for letters, newspapers, &c., are under the portico in the west front. Here also are the entrances to the various offices for inquiries, &c. There is a tunnel underneath the hall by which the letters are conveyed, by ingenious mechanical means, between the northern and southern divisions of the building.

The space occupied by the building having become inadequate to the increased amount of work to be accomplished, more especially since the transfer of the telegraphic business to the Post Office, a new building was decided upon, to be built on the opposite side of St. Martin's-le-Grand, fronting the western side of the old one. This was accordingly erected, the architect being Mr. Williams. The first stone was laid by the Right Hon. Acton S. Ayrton, M.P., as Chief Commissioner of Public Works, in December, 1871; and the building was opened in June, 1873. The building is very lofty, and has in the centre a noble portico, divided into two stories; the various rooms and offices generally are large and commodious, and the uppermost floor is devoted almost exclusively to the purposes of the postal telegraph business.

The business of the General Post Office, independent of the general routine of administration, is directed towards the delivery and the collection and despatch of letters and newspapers, the transmission of telegraphic messages, and the issuing and payment of money-orders. But before giving some explanation of the means

by which these objects are effected, we must briefly advert to the London District Post—the local post of the metropolis and its vicinity.

In 1683, a merchant of the name of Dowckra set up an office in London, and undertook the delivery of letters, within certain limits, for a penny each. This was thought to be an infringement of the right of the Duke of York, already adverted to; and in a suit to try the question, a verdict was given against Mr. Dowckra. He afterwards received a pension for the loss of his office, and at a subsequent period was appointed Comptroller of the Penny Post. In 1700 he was dismissed in consequence of various complaints, the nature of which will show the mode in which the office was at that time managed:—"He forbids the taking in any band-boxes (except very small), and all parcels above a pound, which, when they were taken, did bring in considerable advantage to the office, they being now at great charge sent by porters in the City, and coaches and watermen into the country, which formerly went by Penny-Post messengers, much cheaper and more satisfactorily. He stops, under specious pretences, most parcels that are taken in, which is great damage to tradesmen, by losing their customers or spoiling their goods, and many times hazard the life of the patient, when physic is sent by a doctor or by an apothecary." He was also charged with opening and detaining letters, and removing the office from Cornhill to a less central situation. The Penny Post was therefore at first similar in its operation to the Parcels' Delivery Company of the present day. In 1708, Mr. Povey set up a private post under the name of the "Halfpenny Carriage," and appointed receiving-houses and persons to collect and deliver letters in London, Southwark, and Westminster; but this undertaking was put down by the Post Office authorities. The conveyance of parcels by the Government Penny Post continued down to 1765, when the weight was limited to four ounces, unless the packet had first passed, or was intended to pass, through the General Post. The postage was paid in advance down to the year 1794. In 1801 the Penny Post became a Twopenny Post. In the same year the postage was advanced to threepence for letters delivered beyond the limits of London, Southwark, and Westminster. In 1831 the limits of the Twopenny Post were extended to all places within three miles of the General Post Office; and in 1833 the boundaries of the Threepenny Post were enlarged so as to comprise all places not exceeding twelve miles from the same point. These are the present limits of the London District Post, which is in no respect distinguished from other parts of the country, except by the frequency of collection and delivery of letters, the service connected with which is administered by a distinct department of the General Post Office.

The gross revenue of the Penny Post before 1702 did not exceed 361*l*. In 1801 it was 54,893*l*., and in 1836 it had reached 120,801*l*., the cost of management in the latter year being 47,466*l*. The gross revenue under the last complete year before the adoption of the uniform rate was 118,000*l*.; and for 1840, the first complete year under the new system, it amounted to 104,000*l*., being equal to the gross amount collected in 1835. The number of letters has since gradually advanced until the gross revenue has now become restored to its former amount.

The limits of the London District Post, extending twelve miles in every



direction from the General Post Office, comprise an area of five hundred and seventy square miles, being, within sixty miles, equal in extent to the county of Hertford. Within this boundary there are, besides the principal office, a very large number of sub-offices or receiving-houses, including eight principal branch offices, besides numerous pillar-boxes. The total number of postal receptacles in London alone is now more than 1,500. Some years ago the receiving offices of the General and Twopenny Post were quite distinct, and a letter for the country dropped inadvertently into the latter was subject to a charge of twopence in addition to the General Post rate. The consolidation of these offices was a most satisfactory improvement, and they now receive indiscriminately letters intended for the General Post as well as those for the London district. Formerly the stranger might wander a long time in search of a receiving-house, and he might be compelled to pass one intended only for the reception of letters for the country, but the situation of the receiving-houses is now indicated by a plate of tin affixed to the nearest lamp-post, on which is shown the street number of such house, a crown being conspicuously placed at the top of the lamp. The staff of officers under the control of the General Post Office numbered, in 1872, more than 40,000, of whom about 9,000 were employed exclusively on telegraph work. Of these officers, consisting of postmasters, clerks, letter-carriers, sorters, &c., nearly 9,000 belong to the London district; more than 3,000 being attached to the chief office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and over 1,500 to the Central Telegraph Office.

At the receiving-houses and pillar-boxes situated within three miles of the General Post Office, the letters are collected ten times a day, commencing as early as five A.M.; and there are as many deliveries within these limits. Beyond this circle, and within one of twelve miles, the collection and deliveries of letters vary from two to five daily, in proportion to the wants and importance of each district. For this purpose horse-posts, mail-carts, and letter-carriers are employed. A few years ago there were three classes of letter-carriers, the Foreign, General, and Twopenny, but the former are no longer a distinct class, and the latter are now extensively employed in delivering the letters which arrive by the day-mails, and also foreign and ship letters. The General Post letter-carriers are employed only within the three-mile district to deliver the letters which reach town by the mails in the morning; but a few of them are engaged within a circle, comprising chiefly the heart of the city, in delivering those which are brought by the day-mails arriving before two o'clock in the afternoon; but others which arrive somewhat later are sent out by the letter-carriers in the London District department. The practical tendency is to consolidate the two services so far as concerns the delivery of letters. The number of General Post letter-carriers in 1835 was 281; but in 1872, including messengers employed in the Postal Telegraph Office, we find the total number amounting to about 4,000. In 1735 the General Post Office employed 65 letter-carriers, and the Penny Post 100; but the number of receiving-houses was very large, amounting, it is said, to about 600, each of which exhibited at the door or window a printed placard with the words, "Penny Post Letters and Parcels taken in here." In 1821 the number of General Post receiving-houses in the three-mile district was only 50, and of those for the "Twopenny Post," 100.

With this digression we shall now be prepared to understand the machinery by

which the Post Office performs various of its important functions. On a Saturday the number of letters despatched into the country is above 100,000, and there are as many newspapers. Each of the receiving-houses contributes its proportion; those from the greatest distance being received by horse-posts and mail-carts, which call at each office along their respective lines of road, and arrive at the central office between five and six o'clock. At five o'clock the receiving-houses in the three-mile district close, and at six o'clock the four principal branch offices are closed for the evening's despatch. At six o'clock they hurry with their bags to the chief office, or to the nearest branch office. The letter-boxes at the central office close at six, but a very large number of letters are received until seven, on payment of an additional penny. There is a box appropriated to these late letters, where, if an extra penny stamp be affixed to the letter, they may be deposited without the trouble of paying the penny to the window-man. A small number of letters are received from seven until half-past for a fee of fourpence. Newspapers are received until six o'clock, and to expedite the business of sorting, the Post Office porters call at the different newsvenders before that hour, and carry to the office the sacks of newspapers already prepared for the post. This is comparatively a recent innovation, and but for the reduction of the stamp duty would never have been necessary. From six until half-past seven newspapers are also received on payment of a halfpenny fee. A minute or two before the boxes are closed for the receipt of newspapers, the late editions of the evening papers, with an account of the proceedings in Parliament, and of other events which have transpired before seven o'clock, are brought on horseback in bags; and it often happens that intelligence reaches Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and other great towns, as far north as Lancaster, distant two hundred and forty miles from the metropolis, which the merchant or tradesman who has retired to his house at Hampstead, Highgate, or Norwood, does not hear of until a later period on the following morning. The great exertions for effecting the despatch of the mails are crowded into the two or three preceding hours. The scene in front of the Post Office a few minutes before six is very striking. Men and boys with sacks of newspapers pour in in a continued stream; the newspaper window is raised for their reception, and one or two porters inside empty the contents into large baskets, which are wheeled forward for sorting, and pitch the bags outside to their owners. Within three or four minutes of the time for closing, the discharge of bags into the office-window, and the hurling of those which are emptied, take place as fast as it is possible for the two or three porters inside to perform the operation. When the clock has finished the sixth stroke the window descends as if it were impelled by a powerful spring. At the same instant all the letter-boxes close as if by some similar means. The scene there is as animated as at the newspaper window. Crowds of persons ascend the steps leading to the portico, and if their letters are stamped there is no further trouble than that of depositing them in the letter-box. But there are hundreds who carelessly neglect this convenience, and yet detain their clerks and servants to the latest possible moment.

Before an attempt is made to assort the letters they are placed with the address uppermost, and stamped at the rate of two hundred a minute. They are then assorted in about twenty great divisions, all those letters which are in-



tended for a particular series of roads constituting one division. While this process is going on, the letters already placed in their proper division are taken to other tables, where other sorters are employed; they are then classed according to the separate roads, and next according to the different post-towns for which bags are made up, and which are about seven hundred in number. The newspapers merely require to be faced and sorted. Every letter and newspaper passes more than once through the hands of the sorters, and about three hundred persons are engaged as sorters, including a considerable number of letter-carriers. An account is taken of the unpaid letters to be sent to the postmaster of each town, and the bags are then sealed up.

At the appointed time the sacks with the letters and newspapers are dragged into the Post Office yard, and put into the mails, mail-carts, and omnibuses. The old four-horse mails are gone, and several omnibuses for conveying the letter-bags to the railway stations occupy their places. The weight of the newspapers and letters despatched on a Saturday night, including the bags, amounts to several tons, the greater part of which is transmitted by the railways.

The omnibuses, or accelerators, proceed to the station of the Great Western and other principal railways, when the letter-bags are conveyed in a mail tender under the care of a guard; but on some of the lines there is a different arrangement. On the arrival of the accelerators at the station, the servants of the company carry the bags to a large vehicle, fitted up as a sorting room, with counters and desks, and neatly labelled pigeon-holes. This is the Railway Post Office. While the train is proceeding at a speed of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, a couple of clerks are engaged in sorting letters and arranging the bags for the different towns. By an ingenious contrivance of Mr. Ramsey's, of the General Post Office, letter-bags are taken up while the train is at full speed. They are suspended from a cross-post close to the line, and as the train passes the bag is caught by a projecting apparatus, which drops it into a net hung from the exterior of the Railway Post Office. Bags for delivery are simply dropped as the train passes. The bag taken up is examined, and the letters for places northward are put into the proper bags, which are left during the passing of the train. At Rugby the correspondence for Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Leeds, Hull, York, and Darlington, and for Edinburgh and the east of Scotland, and all the districts adjacent to the above places, is detached, and conveyed by different lines of railway in the care of mail-guards. The Railway Post Office continues its course, leaving at one place the mails for Ireland, and reaches Lancaster before half-past eight in the morning, the clerks being occupied the whole of the night in taking up and delivering bags, and in sorting their contents. They make up bags for above fifty different towns. The same process goes on in the day-mail, and the services of eighteen clerks are required for the day and night work. The gross number of bags taken up in the twenty-four hours by the day-mail and the night-mail together is about five hundred.

In 1717, and for above half a century afterwards, about a week would have elapsed before a reply could be received in London to a letter addressed to a person at Lancaster. Now a letter may be written to the latter place on one day, and an answer received to it on the next day. It is not only the internal means of communication which have been accelerated, but the change has been complete.

Letters are conveyed in eleven days from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to London; and from London to Bombay in thirty-one days. There are lines of steam-boats from England to Halifax and Boston; to the West India Islands; and to India by the Mediterranean and Red Seas. The post has become the safest and quickest of all modes of conveyance.

The business of the General Post Office commences at six o'clock in the morning, by which time all the mails have arrived. There are about a thousand bags to be opened. It is said that expert persons will open a bag and check the account in a minute and a half. The letters are then sorted into districts, and afterwards into "walks" corresponding to the districts of actual delivery. A bill is made out against each letter-carrier, and the whole number start at the same time. The work is so subdivided that the deliveries are finished in from one hour and a half to two hours. The despatch of letters to the suburbs, and villages and towns not included within the limits of the General Post Delivery, but comprised within the twelve-mile boundary, is effected by the horse-posts and mail-carts, which leave the bags at different district offices, where letter-carriers are in waiting to deliver the letters, or to take the bags to the respective receiving-houses to which they are subordinate, and which are in many cases situated at a distance from the line of road traversed by the mail-cart or horse-post. The great improvement in the delivery of letters within the London circuit, consequent on its subdivision into postal districts, causes such frequent and important changes, that, in order that the public may be kept acquainted with them, and the improvements continually made in other departments of the Post Office, it has been found advisable to publish, quarterly, the "British Postal Guide," as well as the "Postal Official Circular," both of which are issued "under authority."

There is one department of the General Post Office to which we have not alluded, which has lately become of great importance. This is the Money-Order Office. Formerly the business was transacted in apartments at a house in Noble Street, a little distance east of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and subsequently it was transferred to a building in Aldersgate Street, not far from the General Post Office. About thirty years ago, the cost of transmitting a few shillings to a place 160 miles distant was 2s. 2d., the order being on a separate paper, which rendered the enclosure liable to double postage. The necessity of double postage was first avoided by the order being given on a sheet of letter-paper. At present money-orders are granted and paid at every post town in the United Kingdom, the commission for which is 1d. for sums not exceeding 10s., 2d. for 10s. and under 1l., and 1d. for every pound up to 10l., the highest sum for which a single order is granted. In 1871 the gross revenue resulting from the issue of money-orders was 186,000l., about 3,500l. being derived from unclaimed orders. Before 1871 the money accruing from unclaimed money-orders had, for many years, been used in aiding officers of the department to insure their lives; but in that year the Lords of the Treasury gave directions for the discontinuance of the practice (except in regard to the then existing recipients of the aid), and for the payment of this money into the Exchequer.

Post-Office Savings Banks—another important branch of the service—were instituted in 1860-1, mainly through the personal influence of Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer.



The postal service of the three kingdoms, as we learn from "Chambers's Encyclopædia," is now under the immediate control of the Postmaster-General, assisted by the general secretary of the Post Office in London. There are also chief offices in Edinburgh and Dublin, with secretarial and other departmental staffs. The Postmaster-General is a member of the Privy Council, and generally a cabinet minister. He has a salary of £2,500, and is the only officer connected with the department who leaves office on a change of government. The secretary is his responsible adviser, and has a salary of £2,000. The General Post Office in London is divided into eight principal departments, each under the charge of a chief officer, a similar arrangement, on a smaller scale, being adopted in the chief offices of Edinburgh and Dublin. These departments are:—1. The Secretary's Office, which exercises a surveillance over the rest. 2. The Solicitor's Office, which has to do with the legal business of the Post Office. 3. The Mail Office, which deals with all matters relating to the transmission of the mails. 4. The Receiver and Accountant-General's Office, which keeps account of the money received by each department, receiving remittances from branch and provincial offices, and taking charge of the payment of all salaries, pensions, and items of current expenditure. 5. The Money-order Office, which conducts the whole money-order business of the country, receiving daily accounts from each provincial postmaster. 6. The Circulation Office, which takes charge of the ordinary post-office work of London—sorting, despatching, and delivering all the letters, newspapers, and book-packets arriving in London; sorting and despatching the greater part of the foreign mails, and arranging and forwarding a large proportion of the British letters *in transitu*. 7. The Post-office Savings Bank department, which keeps a separate account for every depositor, acknowledges the receipt of every deposit, and on the requisite notice being furnished, sends out warrants authorising postmasters to pay withdrawals. The deposits are handed over to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, and repaid to the depositors through the Post Office. The rate of interest payable to depositors is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Each depositor has a savings-bank book, which is sent yearly for examination, and the accruing interest is calculated and allowed. 8. The Post-office Telegraphs department, which undertakes the transmission of messages to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 1s. for the first twenty words, and 3d. for each additional five words, or part of five words. The sums charged for the transmission of telegrams cover the cost of delivery by special foot messengers within a mile of the terminal telegraphic office, or within the limit of the town postal delivery of that office.

The post-office statute of Queen Anne contains a prohibition, repeated in subsequent acts, for any person employed in the Post Office to open or detain a letter, except under a warrant from one of the principal secretaries of state. During the last century, such warrants were often granted on very trivial pretences. In 1723, at Bishop Atterbury's trial, copies of his letters, intercepted at the Post Office, were produced in evidence against him: and in 1835, it appeared that an organisation existed, at an immense expense, for the examination of home and foreign correspondence. In 1782, the correspondence of Lord Temple, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was subjected to a system of Post Office espionage. In the beginning of the present century, we are told, an improvement took place in

this matter, and Lord Spencer introduced the custom, in 1806, of recording the dates of all warrants granted for the opening of letters, and the grounds on which they were issued. Since 1822, the whole warrants have been preserved at the Home Office, and a House of Commons' return in 1853 shows that, in the preceding ten years, only six letters were detained and opened—four in cases of felony, and two that they might be properly returned to those who claimed them. One of these cases of interference with the privacy of correspondence occurred in 1844, when Sir James Graham, as Home Secretary, issued a warrant for opening the letters of Mazzini, and caused certain information contained in them to be conveyed to the Austrian Minister; an act which, it is asserted, involved the ministry of the day in considerable popular obloquy, and produced a wide-spread, though very groundless, distrust of the security of the ordinary correspondence of the country.

We cannot conclude without a tribute to the admirable management of the Post Office in this country. It has in a great measure ceased to be an engine of taxation; and, within the last few years, a series of improvements have been adopted which renders the institution a most valuable auxiliary in the diffusion, both directly and indirectly, of most important moral advantages.



[Hall of the Post Office, 1841.]





[Pall Mall, about 1740.]

## LXIX.—PALL MALL.

"PALL MALL," says 'A New View of London,' published in 1708, and professing to give an ample account of that city in two volumes or eight sections—"Pall Mall, a fine spacious street between the Haymarket N.E. and St. James's Street S.W.; length 580 yards; from Charing Cross, near W., 260 yards." The precision and scientific accuracy of these admeasurements, to say nothing of the laconic brevity with which they are recorded, furnish a good model for the imitation of travellers whom the Geographical Society may hereafter send to explore unknown regions.

Pall Mall, even at this early period of its history, had already developed the character it has since maintained: for in Evelyn's time we have reason to believe it was not paved; Pepys mentions supping at a tavern in it, calling it "The Old Mall," and thereby indicating that the tradition of its original destination was then held in fresh remembrance; and in the days of Queen Elizabeth there were only a few houses standing where is now the corner of Warwick Street. Down to the era of Club Houses (of which anon) there have been few buildings of architectural pretensions in Pall Mall. Marlborough House (behind a screen of commonplace dwellings), Schomberg House, the Ordnance, Carlton House, and

the Opera House in the Haymarket—these are all. The geographer—the Strabo or Ptolemy of London in 1708, we may call him—quoted above, while expatiating on the glories of St. James's Square, incidentally throws some light upon the external appearance of the houses in Pall Mall:—"St. James's Square, a very pleasant, large, and beautiful square, between Jermyn Street N.W. and Pall Mall S.E., and between Charles Street N.E. and King Street S.W.; all very fine buildings (*except those that side towards Pall Mall*), mostly inhabited by the *prime quality*. The area is upwards of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  acres, and the centre is from Charing Cross W. 570 yards. *Here are houses of 500l. per annum!*"

Pall Mall was not, with the few exceptions indicated above, inhabited by "the prime quality," and the houses "siding towards it" were not *very* fine. It was, however, a frequent resort of the gay world—one of the most thronged and bustling walks or alleys in the great Vanity Fair of London fashion. It was one of the principal approaches to St. James's Park; it was, and still continues to be, a standing-place for carriages which have set down their courtly loads at birthday, drawing-room, or levee; and at the corner of the Haymarket has stood, since early in the eighteenth century, the theatre,\* devoted almost from its first erection to the aristocratic representations of the opera. With such attractions Pall Mall could not fail to become a favourite lounge, and, being such, to draw into it such dealers as minister to luxury. So early as the 8th of March, 1709, we find one of their shops exciting the austere suspicion of no less formidable a person than Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., Censor of Great Britain:—"The Censor having observed that there are fine wrought ladies' shoes and slippers put out to view at a great shoemaker's shop towards St. James's end of Pall Mall, which create irregular thoughts and desires in the youth of this realm, the said shopkeeper is required to take in these eye-sores, or show cause the next court-day why he continues to expose the same; and he is required to be prepared particularly to answer to the slippers with green lace and blue heels."

From an intimation issued by the same eminent philosopher, on the 7th of October, in the year above-mentioned, we derive some information regarding one of the most frequented coffeehouses of the day:—"This is to give notice to all ingenious gentlemen in and about the cities of London and Westminster, who have a mind to be instructed in the noble sciences of music, poetry, and politics, that they repair to the Smyrna Coffeehouse in Pall Mall, between the hours of eight and ten at night, where they may be instructed gratis, with elaborate Essays by word of mouth, on all or any of the above-mentioned arts. The disciples are to prepare their bodies with three dishes of Bohea, and purge their brains with two pinches of snuff. If any young student gives indication of parts, by listening attentively, or asking a pertinent question, one of the professors shall distinguish him by taking snuff out of his box in the presence of the whole audience. N.B. The seat of learning is now removed from the corner of the chimney on the left hand towards the window, to the round table in the middle of the room over against the fire; a revolution much lamented by the porters

\* It was flourishing in 1709, as may be inferred from the following advertisement:—"On Saturday night last a gentlewoman's husband strayed from the playhouse in the Haymarket: if the lady who was seen to take him up will restore him she shall be asked no questions, he being of no use but to the owner."—"Tatler," Nov. 14, 1709.



and chairmen, who were much edified through a pane of glass that remained broken all the last summer."

"Porters and chairmen!" the words carry us back into another world. The locomotion and messages and parcel carrying of the capital were then effected by means of human legs and arms. London was in those days a town which men could walk through, and its business could be transacted without the aid of complicated machinery. As yet, cabs, 'busses, and Metropolitan Parcels Delivery Companies, were not, and could not be. The very names of chairmen and porters are fast being forgotten; and a raw young Scotsman just come up from Edinburgh, who inquires for either (these terms having in that town been adopted of late years by the venerable fraternity of Celts, which used to rejoice in the euphonious and vernacular designation of "Cadies"—see 'Humphrey Clinker'), is apt to be stared at as if he gabbled an unknown tongue—as, indeed, he in most cases does.

But this is a digression: we return to Pall Mall in the beginning of the eighteenth century, when chairmen and porters still haunted the doors of its coffeehouses. In those days a good observer, the author from whom we have been quoting, assures us that no one "could speak with even Kidney at St. James's Coffeehouse without clean linen;" and the history of the young gentleman who "on the 9th of September, 1705, being in his one-and-twentieth year, was washing his teeth at a tavern-window in Pall Mall when a fine equipage passed by, and in it a young lady who looked up at him" (see 'Tatler,' No. 1), affords us some notion of the forenoon amusements in those places of public resort. All was not thus "innocent and silly sooth," for in Suffolk Street, "opposite to the lower end of Pall Mall," was a notorious gambling-house, described metaphorically in the sixty-second 'Tatler' as a dog-kennel.

It was in one of the houses so slightly spoken of by the author of 'A New View of London' that, a few years earlier than the period to which we have hitherto been referring, the celebrated Beau Fielding, immortalized by Sir Richard Steele under the name of Orlando the Fair, had his abode. Some passages in the evidence given upon the trial of this worthy for bigamy are of a nature to throw light on the economy of a gay bachelor's lodgings in those days. He was visited at his chambers in Pall Mall by the woman whom he married in the belief that she was a lady of fortune:—"Mrs. Villars, the evening of my lord-mayor's day, brought Mrs. Wadsworth in a mourning-coach and widow's dress to Mr. Fielding's lodgings: he was not within at the time they came thither, but, being sent for, came in soon after, and was extremely com-  
plaisant for some time; but at length, though he had been cautioned not to let the lady know that they were his lodgings, yet he could not forbear showing his fine clothes, and what furniture he had, and in a little time after sent for Mrs. Margaretta to sing to her." The evidence of Mrs. Villars is more specific as to the manner in which he entertained his fair guest:—"He asked her whether she loved singing? He said he would send for Margaretta to come up. When she came, Mr. Fielding bid her sing her two songs which he loved, which she did. The one was 'Charming Creature,' and the other was 'Ianthie the Lovely' After which Mr. Fielding sent for two pints of wine and some plum-cakes." Mrs. Margaretta herself said,—“I remember Mr. Fielding sent for me to his

lodgings in Pall Mall. I sung several Italian songs and one English, and that was 'Ianthé the Lovely.' He desired me to sing that song, 'Ianthé the Lovely, for he said he had the original of it, and had translated it out of the Greek.' When Mrs. Wadsworth visited Mr. Fielding on another occasion, he told his valet "to get wax-candles, and sconces, and fires in the rooms;" and some time after her arrival "he came down stairs in great haste, and said, Boucher [his valet], go and bespeak a dish of pickles. I did so, and brought over a cloth and the rest of the things, and left them in the window." The dish of pickles was the wedding-feast, for on this occasion Mr. Fielding locked the supposed widow and her friend in his apartments till he went and procured "a priest in a long red gown lined with blue, and a long beard and a fur cap," who performed the marriage ceremony. The lady did not visit him again for fifteen or sixteen days, and then seems to have put up with pot-luck. "He was not at home when she came; but she went to supper by herself. She had for her supper some toasted cheese, a pint of wine, and a bottle of oat-ale. When he came home, he asked her why she did not send for something better for supper?"

The public amusements of Pall Mall were at this period scarcely more refined than those of the neighbouring May Fair. "Certain models," says Malcolm in his 'Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London during the Eighteenth Century,' "representing William the Third's palaces at Loo, Keswick, and Hunslaerdike, were shown in 1701, from ten in the morning till one, and from two till eight at night, at the White Hart near Pall Mall, facing the Hay-market, within two doors of the glass-lamps." The proprietors elegantly observe in their advertisement that they weré "brought over by outlandish men," and that, "to render those diversions altogether more delightful and acceptable, there will be a collection of several curiosities to be sold and raffled for at the opening, and likewise every Monday and Friday following, those days being appointed the public raffling-days, besides a great variety of rarities; and to entertain the nobility and gentry (who the Undertakers hope will countenance them with the honour of their company), there shall be on Wednesday, the 14th of January, a concert of music by the best performers; and if all these diversions please such for whom they are intended, there shall be from time to time great additions made." The "outlandish men" who brought over the models of the palaces were possibly in league with the king, who may have wished to shame the English into giving him a new palace by showing how much better the Stadtholder of Holland had been lodged than the King of England was. If so, the plot was too refined for this meridian; the outlandish men, finding their exhibition did not pay, were glad to dispose of it to natives, who sought to enhance its attractions by adding the delights of a raffle, concerts, and indefinite promises of something still finer behind. So, notwithstanding sundry and divers models of projected palaces still extant at Hampton Court, Buckingham Palace was the first built in England since the Revolution, and a creditable specimen of royal and national taste it is.

In 1733 the Pall-Mallians do not seem to have advanced in taste and refinement much beyond their condition in 1701. We again quote from Malcolm:—"Some absurd persons were at the expense (!), in October, 1733, of procuring a Holland smock, a cap, checked stockings, and laced shoes, which they offered as



prizes to any four women who would run for them at three o'clock in the afternoon in Pall Mall. The race attracted an amazing number of persons, who filled the streets, the windows, and the balconies. The sport attendant on this curious method of killing time induced Mr. Rawlings, high constable of Westminster, resident in Pall Mall, to prepare a laced hat as a prize to be run for by five men, which appears to have produced much mirth to the projector; but the mob, ever on the watch to gratify their propensity for riot and mischief, committed so many excesses, that the sedate inhabitants of the neighbourhood found it necessary to apply to the magistrates for protection, who issued precepts to prevent future runs to the very man most active in promoting them."

But a new era was dawning for Pall Mall at the very time that these swift Camillas were scouring along its plain. Schomberg House, it is true, built in the reign of William III. by the Duke of that name, had rather retrograded: it had fallen into the hands of Astley the painter, who divided it into three habitations, reserving the centre for his own residence. The house bestowed upon Nell Gwynne by Charles II., from the back wall of which she horrified the decorous Evelyn by holding a light conversation with the King, never seems to have had any architectural pretensions: it was long occupied by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Marlborough House was scarcely visible from Pall Mall. In the paper on St. James's Palace we had occasion to notice the cavalier manner in which Marlborough House, when occupied by "old Sarah," gave the public to know whether it was peace or war between it and the Court. This is perhaps the most appropriate place to advert to a characteristic scene which occurred in 1740. The City in that year observed with great solemnity the anniversary of Admiral Vernon's birth; and the Duchess of Marlborough presented two does to the Lord Mayor, and one to each of the Sheriffs, that they might feast their friends on the occasion. These dignitaries returned the compliment by visiting her Grace in state on the 1st of January. "She received us," says Mr. Hoare, "in her usual manner, sitting up in her bed; and expressed much satisfaction for the compliment and great honour, as she said, we had done her in returning our thanks; and after an hour's conversation on indifferent matters we retired." Lord Grantham, too, had a house in Pall Mall; and Sir Robert Walpole for some time lived nearer the Duchess Sarah than seems to have been altogether conducive to the preservation of his equanimity.

But these were trifles to the glories preserved for Pall Mall. In 1732 Frederick Prince of Wales purchased what an erudite historian of London calls "the original Carlton House and Gardens of the Earl of Burlington." The name of the proprietor seems almost to warrant that, in his hands, the English architecture of the day had already done its worst; but royalty can prompt the genius even of absurdity to flights beyond what ordinary mortals have the power to inspire. Flitcroft is said to have drawn a plan, in 1734, intended as an improvement of Carlton House; and Kent laid violent hands upon the gardens, said by the historian above alluded to to be "very beautiful, and *full as retired as if in the country*." For this sequestered spot Kent designed "a cascade;" and a saloon was erected in 1735, and paved with Italian marble brought to England by Lord Bingley and the immortal Bubb Doddington. "The walls were adorned with rich paintings and statues; and the chair of state was of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold,

which cost five hundred pounds. A bagnio near it *consisted of* encrusted marble." It was not till 1788 that one Prince of Wales completed what the kindred taste of another had begun : but there is much to be told of Pall Mall before we reach that era.

It was about the same time that Carlton House was undergoing the process of "translation," as Nick Bottom's cronies would have called it, into a royal residence, that the literature of Pall Mall received its first development. Previous attempts appear to have been made. Letitia Pilkington at one time opened a pamphlet-shop here ; but her stock-in-trade consisted only of a couple of dozens of an unsaleable pamphlet, generously presented to her by the author or by the publisher, and a few secondhand prints, and the concern was soon wound up. In 1732, however, Dodsley, born and bred to be the appropriate link between new and old Pall Mall—between the Pall Mall of mere Court gaiety and the Pall Mall of elegant literature—Dodsley, born a poet and bred a footman, published his 'Muse in Livery.' In 1735 he opened, with the assistance of his patrons, a bookseller's shop in Pall Mall.

'The Muse in Livery' is indeed the work of a footman : it is professional all over. The very frontispiece (the "effigies auctoris" representing a young man with one hand attached by a shackle-bolt to concentric rings, inscribed "poverty," "ignorance," &c., and extending the hand which he has wrenched from its confinement, with the handcuff still there, but ornamented by a pair of wings, to the sun, the god of poetry) is typical of the sentiment and imagination of the parti-coloured race. Fielding, in the opening of his 'Joseph Andrews,' has presented us with a full-length portrait of the footman of that age ; and, to parody a favourite expression of coal-merchants when their commodity rises in price, "footmen were footmen then." It was only in the year 1701 that Charles, Earl of Carlisle, Earl Marshal of England during the minority of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, moved thereto by "many mischiefs and dangerous accidents occasioned by footmen wearing of swords," had found it advisable to "order that no footman attending any of the nobility and gentry of his Majesty's realms shall wear any sword, hanger, bayonet, or other such-like offensive weapon, during such time as they or any of them shall reside or be within the cities of London and Westminster." And it was not till a good many years later that a Townley arose to break the spirit of this ancient and honourable fraternity, by his 'High Life below Stairs,' as effectually as the Minister of George II. broke the spirits of the Scots Highlanders by the Act of Parliament forbidding them to wear their national dress. Dodsley flourished as a footman in the yet palmy days of the profession, when (see 'Joseph Andrews' for the particulars) the gentlemen of the cloth were still, in their own especial gallery, lords paramount of theatrical criticism. To have been drawn by a non-professional hand, Fielding's sketch must be allowed to have merit ; and so has 'Humphrey Clinker,' although that great man, living in the declining days of his order, had betaken himself to Methodism ; but still a portrait of a footman and his tribe by one of themselves must be allowed to be the more authentic. Dodsley has given us a full, true, and particular account of his thinkings and doings from the time of his rising in the morning till the close of the day's labours, which commences thus :—



" As soon as laziness will let me,  
I rise from bed, and down I set me  
To cleaning glasses, knives, and plate,  
And such-like dirty-work as that,  
Which, by the bye, is what I hate.  
This done, with expeditious care  
To dress myself I straight prepare ;  
I clean my buckles, black my shoes,  
Powder my wig, and brush my clothes,  
Take off my beard, and wash my face,  
And then I'm ready for the chace."

A few rapid and abruptly cadenced lines convey a lively impression of the multitudinous errands on which his lady despatches him : then follows a savoury description of the odours from the kitchen announcing the approach of the dinner-hour that makes one's mouth water. The meditative footman tells how he lays the cloth, decants the wine, ale, and beer, and declares—

" This is the only pleasant hour  
Which I have in the twenty-four;  
For whilst I unregarded stand,  
With ready salver in my hand,  
And seem to understand no more  
Than just what's called for out to pour,  
I hear and mark the courtly phrases,  
And all the elegance that passes."

We reluctantly pass over his graphic account of the ceremonies of the tea-table to hurry to his public appearance in state when the hour of paying visits arrives :—

" The chairman straight prepares his chair,  
A lighted flambeau I prepare ;  
And, orders given where to go,  
We march along, and bustle through  
The parting crowds, who bustle off  
To give us room. Oh, how you'd laugh  
To see me strut before a chair,  
And with a sturdy voice and air  
Crying, ' By your leave, Sir ! Have a care !'  
From place to place with speed we fly,  
And ' Rat-a-tat ' the knockers cry ;  
' Pray is your lady, sir, within ?'  
If no, go on ; if yes, we enter in."

Tastes are free : we have no mind to enter into controversy with any one who may prefer Steele's more amplified description of a similar scene in the 109th 'Tatler :—" There has not, for some years, been such a tumult in our neighbourhood as this evening about six. At the lower end of the lane the word was given that there was a great funeral coming by. The next moment came forward in a very hasty, instead of a very solemn manner, a long train of lights, when at last a footman, in very high youth and health, with all his force, ran through the whole art of beating the door next to me, and ended his rattle with the true finishing rap. This did not only bring one to the door at which he knocked, but to that of every one in the lane, in an instant. Among the rest, my country maid took the alarm, and, immediately running to me, told me there was a fine, fine

lady, who had three men with burial torches making way before her, carried by two men upon poles, with looking-glasses on each side of her, and one glass also before, she herself appearing the prettiest that ever was." In justice, however, to Mr. Dodsley, we must remark that Steele, to heighten the effect of his description, employs the artifice of carrying the visit into a region where such sights were unknown. We may add that Dodsley writes like an experienced footman—Steele like one less familiarised with the ceremony.

But be this as it may, none but a footman, none but one who could say of the deeds he narrates "*quorum pars magna fui*," could give, as Dodsley has done, the scene in the servants' hall while their mistresses are chatting above-stairs:—

"Then to the hall I guide my steps,  
 Amongst a crowd of brother skips,  
 Drinking small beer and talking smut,  
 And this fool's nonsense putting that fool's out ;  
 Whilst oaths and peals of laughter meet,  
 And he who's loudest is the greatest wit.  
 But here among us the chief trade is  
 To rail against our lords and ladies ;  
 To aggravate their smallest failings,  
 To expose their faults with saucy railings.  
 For my part, as I hate the practice,  
 And see in them how base and black 'tis,  
 To some bye-place I therefore creep,  
 And sit me down to feign to sleep ;  
 And could I with old Morpheus bargain,  
 'T would save my ears much noise and jargon.  
 But down my lady comes again,  
 And I'm releas'd from all my pain"—

that is, he is hurried off to conclude the evening at the play or opera. This, it will be allowed, is conceived in the true spirit of a footman, even to the peaching against his fellows, and affecting that he had never taken part in their uncivil comments on their betters ; for, be it remembered, Dodsley's poetical vein was encouraged by his masters and mistresses, and this poem, and all the rest, were composed with a view to their being perused by them.

It may not be out of place to remark here that, curtailed though the footmen of our degenerate days are of the proportions and appendages of their progenitors, they are closer copies of them than is found to be the case with any other class in gay and genteel society. On the great gala occasions, when the nobles of the land present themselves to their sovereign, there is some attempt made by them to revive the finery of former days, but court suits, bags, and swords are only to be worn gracefully by those to whom custom has made them a second nature—almost what his fur and tail are to the monkey. The wearers of these antique adornments for a day walk as awkwardly in them as David did in Saul's armour. Not so their footmen, whose daily dresses are the only ones a beau of Queen Anne's time would acknowledge to be passable were he to rise from the grave, and who by daily use learn to wear them with a grace. We never stand at St. James's on a levee or drawing-room day, and observe the gentlemen (civilians at least) so ashamed of their unwonted array as to lose more than half the pleasure of being presented to royalty, and mark the *dégagé*, easy, self-pos-



sessed deportment of the gentlemen's gentlemen, with their fine coats, gold-headed staffs, and bouquets, but we are led irresistibly to think how the whole pageant would be improved were they and their masters to change places. Pall Mall is, on such occasions, the spacious hall to which the "brother skips" guide their steps. We will not take upon us to say that Dodsley's description of the manners of the class in 1732 is altogether applicable now—indeed our impression decidedly is that their deportment is marked by more gentleness and refinement—but they still retain their predilection for beer, though, perhaps, their drink cannot with strict accuracy be called "small beer." There is something extremely piquant in watching the dainty and minikin airs of one of these gentlemen picking his steps from the tap of the Star and Garter to where his friend the coachman remains glued to his seat (for what Talleyrand said, in his *éloge* on Count Reinhard, of a minister of foreign affairs, may equally be applied to a coachman—"il ne doit pas cesser un moment dans les vingt-quatre heures d'être ministre des affaires étrangères"), himself arrayed in a peach-blossom coat that might have made Goldsmith envious, inexpressibles of a brilliant orange bordering on pomegranate, irreproachable white silk stockings, and in his breast a bouquet of the rarest and most delicate exotics the green-house can afford, carrying in his hand the while a pewter pot, bright, it is true, as silver, but betraying, by a hundred indentations and roughnesses, its age and hard service, with the rich froth, of the colour of chocolate cream or the foam of an embrowned mountain-stream, mantling over it. And if they have no Dodsley among them in these latter days—have they not a "Yellowplush?"

We have said that 'The Muse in Livery' was an apt designation—that the Muse, if Muse she were, had contracted the sentiments and habits of the servants' hall as if she were to the manner born. But "honours change manners," as the old copy-line hath it: Dodsley the bookseller was a very different man. With wonderful good sense he spoke of the employment of his early life quietly as a matter of course; and he displayed good taste and kind feeling on many occasions. It was he who purchased Johnson's first original publication (1738); and it was he who, when in 1758 he started his 'Annual Register,' had the boldness and discrimination to employ as his historian no less "eminent a hand" than Edmund Burke. Dodsley's shop was the resort—and who that has known what an exquisite lounge a bookseller's shop is, ever cared for another?—of Young and Akenside, of Horace Walpole, the Wartons, and Burke. Dodsley too was the publisher of several of Pope's works. From 1735, when he first opened shop, to 1764, when he died, Dodsley's establishment was deservedly one of the lions of Pall Mall.

We learn from the 'Tatler' that the wits of Queen Anne's time were in the habit of repairing at times to Pall Mall and its vicinity. But when they did this they, in a great measure, laid aside their literary character, and appeared as men of gaiety and fashion, or of the great world of politics. "All accounts," writes Isaac Bickerstaff, in his introductory paper, "of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate House; poetry under that of Will's Coffee House; learning under the title of Grecian; Foreign and Domestic News you will have from St. James's Coffee House." And although in Dodsley's day, and since, they did not altogether lay aside their literature on

entering Pall Mall, they continued to wear it, as Ophelia allowed her friends to wear their rue, "with a difference." Accordingly we hear little of Dr. Johnson's visits to these regions: for the Doctor, although he certainly did purchase a scarlet waistcoat and gold-laced hat to appear in at the first night of his tragedy—thinking that a dramatic poet ought to dress less gravely than he had been wont—cannot with strict propriety be called a gay man. Gibbon, on the contrary, luxuriates in the atmosphere of St. James's.

Those who know Gibbon only as the author of the 'Decline and Fall' ought not to lose a moment in making his acquaintance through his diary and letters, as published by Lord Sheffield;—would that the task of editing them had fallen into the hands of some one less a slave to the feeling expressed in the cant speech—"What will Mrs. Grundy say?" The ineffable coxcomby of this editor, affecting to think that a full-grown public was not as competent to judge of what was wholesome and what dangerous doctrine as himself, and under this pretext laying before the poor innocents nothing that *he* did not think they might safely partake of, has "cut us here a monstrous cantle out" of the edifying revelations of Gibbon. Johnson, on the one hand, as has been justly remarked by Mr. Croker, did not mix in high society, and Burke was too earnest a character to enjoy its frivolities. Horace Walpole made literature his relaxation. Gibbon is almost the only real *littérateur* of his day who mingled with the fashionable world on a footing of equality. And his journals and letters, mutilated though they be, afford us some pleasing glimpses of it. We like to catch the sententious historian recording that he writes from the Club of Almack, or of Boodle, in a velvet embroidered coat, with lace ruffles. His participation in the Bachelor's Masquerade at the Pantheon raises him ten per cent. in our estimation; and but for his pen the controversy among the proprietors of that establishment concerning immaculate and leopard beauties would have perished. He does the honours of the social position of a silent M.P. with infinite discretion, and with great glee and good humour.

In his time that truly English invention the Clubhouse seems to have attained its full development; at least, the following picture might still be matched without much difficulty:—"November 14, 1762. I dined at the Cocoa Tree with Holt, who, under a great appearance of oddity, conceals more real honour, good sense, and even knowledge, than half those who laugh at him. We went thence to the play (The Spanish Friar), and, when it was over, returned to the Cocoa Tree. That respectable body, of which I have the honour to be a member, affords every evening a sight truly English. Twenty or thirty, perhaps, of the first men of the kingdom in point of fashion and fortune, supping at little tables covered with a napkin, in the middle of a coffee-room, upon a bit of cold meat or a sandwich, and drinking a glass of punch. At present we are full of king's councillors and lords of the bedchamber, who, having jumped into the Ministry, make a very singular medley of their old principles and language with their modern ones." Gibbon was a member of Boodle's, White's, Almack's, and perhaps of some more. He gave the preference to the last-mentioned:—"Almack's, June 24, 1776. \* \* Town grows empty, and this house, where I have passed many agreeable hours, is the only place which still invites the flower of the English youth. The style of living, though *somewhat* expensive, is



exceedingly pleasant, and notwithstanding the rage of play, I have found more entertainment and even rational society here than in any other club to which I belong."

The number of club-houses has increased since Gibbon's time, and also their architectural pretensions. Pall Mall is a favourite locality with them, and bids fair to become a street of club-houses. In the centre "the houses of call" of the two rival political parties, the Carlton and the Reform Club, keep watch and ward over each other. Near the east end of the street is the United University Club, and close to Marlborough House, the "Oxford and Cambridge," both much beloved of such clergymen as, like Vanbrugh's Lady Grace, love to be a *leetle* dissipated "soberly." Passing to the east from the Reform Club, there is the



[Oxford and Cambridge Club House.]

Travellers', for the reception of such as have "swum in a gondola;" the Athenæum, for the worshippers of the goddess Minerva, who stands over the door with downward-pointing finger, as if saying, "This man may enter—that man may not;" whilst the United Service, the Army and Navy, and the Guards', help to swell the list of mansions in Pall Mall which are devoted to the comforts and requirements of the "upper ten." But Pall Mall is far too narrow to contain these multitudinous establishments: they overflow into all kinds of neighbouring streets. At the corner of Cockspur Street, opening into Trafalgar Square, is the Union; in Regent Street is the Junior United Service, and also the Raleigh; in St. James's Street are Boodle's and Brooks', White's, and the Thatched House, and some more, which crowd upon each other; and the East India United Service has nestled itself in the house once Sir Philip Francis's in St.

James's Square. This is a tolerable list, and yet some clubs of note remain unnamed, as, for example, the Wyndham.

The features of all are much the same; places they are wherein to murder time; some are places of amusement under the pretence of promoting serious business, and some are places where serious business is sometimes transacted in the yawning intervals of pleasure. The political clubs are of considerable use to political leaders, especially when their party is in opposition. Ministerial leaders can ingratiate themselves with a partisan whom they would not like to admit to their own table by sending him and his family cards to a Queen's ball; but the Opposition have no such lightning-conductor to carry off their vulgarian friends, so they allow them a kind of equality within the walls of the club as a set-off. Politics are not altogether excluded from other clubs, indeed they are a condiment indispensable at every English table. When Vanbrugh erected his theatre in the Haymarket in 1706, "on the first stone that was laid were inscribed the words *LITTLE WHIG*, as a compliment to a celebrated beauty, the toast and pride of that party." Club loungers naturally betake themselves to politics, as fine ladies have been known to do, for a relief to ennui. The idle man of fashion seeks relief in business sufficiently important to be exciting, in the same manner as the grave man of business is apt to plunge into dissipation for relief. And in both cases it is odds that the fresh new-comer outstrips the old *habitués* in the race. The decline of drinking and gaming may have been favourable to political amusements: men must have some stimulus; and in this decorous age, though sharpers will arise from time to time, men do not venture to shake the dice-box so pertinaciously as Charles James Fox. That habit, however, survived in full force to a not very distant period. Club-houses, their character, rise, and progress, deserve a chapter to themselves: we have taken them up at present on the same principle that Falstaff says Worcester took up rebellion—they lay in our way, and we found them.

But to our tale.

The transformation of Carlton House into a nursery for the younger sprouts of royalty has already been noticed, and a hint given that the decorations commenced under Frederick Prince of Wales were carried to their height by George Prince of Wales and Prince Regent. Pall Mall certainly has gained by the substitution of the airy open space between it and the Duke of York's Pillar, the Athenæum and the United Service Clubs, for Carlton House. That palace, probably because it stood on the declivity towards the Park, looked low and insignificant, and the screen of Ionic columns in front did not much mend the matter.

"Care colonne, che fatti quà?  
Non sapiamo, in verità"—

was the sarcastic dialogue inscribed upon them by some Italian refugee, who had brought a taste for real art from his own country. Sheridan's allusion to them was not much more complimentary. About the time that the Duke of York took possession of Melbourne House, now Dover House near the Horse Guards, of which the most remarkable feature is the cupola in front, some discussions were raised (no uncommon case) in Parliament about the debts of the royal brothers. A considerable amount of virtuous indignation was of course



expressed by the Opposition of the day; and, some of their remarks having been reported to Sheridan when he entered the House, "I wonder," said he, "what amount of punishment of these young men would satisfy some people! Has not the one got into the Roundhouse, and the other into the *Pillory*?"

Carlton House did not carry many historical reminiscences with it when it was pulled down. It was the Regent's residence during the whole time of the Penin-



[Carlton House, Levee Day.]

sular war, but its connexion with the martial exploits of that period was merely accidental: the more distinguished soldiers who had occasion to visit London got an occasional dinner there. It derived a temporary *éclat* from so many of Moore's squibs being directed against it and its occupant; but this interest is of the kind upon which time operates with most destructive effect. Twenty or thirty years have a withering influence over lampoons. Already it is as difficult to enter into the spirit of those of Tom Moore as of those of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams; and the Irish poet himself, in a fit of real or affected modesty, has gone far to accelerate the work of time. In vindicating himself from the charge of having repaid the hospitality of the Regent with satire, he has succeeded in proving that he could know very little of that Prince's personal habits and domestic arrangements; and has thus lowered the value of his rhymes—in so far as they might have been taken to convey authentic information regarding the manners of a Court—to that of the lampoons of any newspaper hack.

"Non omnis moriar" may, however, still be the motto of the old house. Something of Carlton House will still survive so long as the fame of Beau Brummell lives. Since his star was eclipsed, England has, properly speaking, had no beau, and indeed no character to supply the vacancy. He was the last of a race now apparently extinct. Contrary to the anticipations of a great poet the dynasty of dandies has not been succeeded by some other herd of imitated imitators. The sceptre of foppery, handed down from Sir Fopling Flutter—

"He's knight of the shire, and represents you all."

through Sir Plume,—

“Of amber-colour'd snuff-box justly vain,  
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,”—

found no hand capable of wielding it after the deposition of Brummell. Fops, beaux, maccaronies, dandies—the same things under various names—are extinct. Prize-fighters and puppies have both gone out. Tom Cribb's parlour has contracted a dingy appearance—you may write your name in the dust which covers the tables; and your tailor finds difficulty in inventing a name of sufficient eminence in dress to pass off a new cut or shade of trousers.

Pall Mall retains unchanged its public character. Close by is Vulliamy's, to attract those who are curious in taking note how they lose their time; then there is Harrison's, for those who think the purchase of a foreign book stamps them literary characters. In Pall Mall wine merchants and military clothiers abound; and besides these there is a good sprinkling of goldsmiths and fashionable boot makers. The clubs, of course, are a centre of attraction to those who are members, and also to those who would have people infer, from seeing them in this quarter, that they are members. The neighbouring theatres draw gay crowds at night, and the Galleries of Art attract their quota of loungers in the daytime. So the dash and glance of carriages as they wind through the crowd in mazy evolutions—the flutter of silks, waving of hands and glances of eyes, the brief dear whisper leaning on the door of the landaulet—all are as of old “the everlasting to be that hath been.” Sometimes a transient cause of excitement enhances the bustle: thus during the last general election the array of led horses, drawn up rank and file in front of the Carlton Club, was positively imposing: in the effervescence of their success, the inmates seemed preparing to take Downing Street by a charge of cavalry.

The domesticities of Pall Mall seem to have experienced little alteration since the days of Beau Fielding. It is there that the beau's literary namesake places *Nightingale* and *Tom Jones* when they leave the lodgings of Mrs. Miller in Bond Street. And to this day a commission of inquiry might find similar loose hangers-on upon society resident there. These lodgings are also much affected by certain members of parliament, on account of their proximity to the clubs: the Irish predominate, though we have a dim recollection of one English M.P. addicted to poetry, who took up his abode in one of the houses (already more than once alluded to) between St. James's Square and Pall Mall, in order that the view of the Carlton on one side might remind him of the stern realities of life, while the contemplation of the shrubs and duck-pond of the square on the other might sooth him in his imaginative moods. It was under these auspices that he composed his immortal sonnet, ‘A poet-statesman at the grave of Jane Jones.’

Nor is Pall Mall altogether destitute of tragic associations, though certainly those of a lighter and gayer complexion predominate. In the paper on ‘*Piccadilly*’ we commemorated Sir Thomas Wyatt's march along it, when a cannon-shot from the Queen's forces occupying the hill above killed one or two of his followers, and drove in some yards of the park-wall. It was nearly opposite the southwest corner of the Opera House that Mr. Thynne was assassinated by the retainers of Count Königsmark—one of them a strange compound of Dirk Hatteraick (“Virtue! Donner! I always accounted to my employers for the last stiver.”



and the French Countess who was of opinion that God Almighty would think twice before he damned a person of good family. And it was in the Star and Garter (in the very house where gas first poured its fairy radiance on a street in the beginning of this century—not far from where experiments were first made on the efficacy of the Bude light in street illumination) that William Lord Byron killed his cousin, Mr. Chaworth, in an extempore duel. The memory of this transaction has been longer preserved than it might otherwise have been from its bearing on the history of the poet who inherited the title; and yet, for those who find the study of the strange windings and cross-turns of human character attractive, the story is not devoid of an interest of its own. The young men were cousins; Lord Byron seems to have had more mind, to have been more considerate, than the other. In the discussion (about the preservation of game) in which the fatal quarrel originated, he not only embraced the more creditable side of the argument, but the very taunts and jeers thrown out on the occasion imply that he acted upon the principles he advocated. But he was a slave to that constitutional timidity which degrades a man in his own eyes quite as much as in the eyes of the world. His intellectually less gifted cousin was a finer animal—a frank, straightforward, confident being—borne onward by the sanguine spirits of perfect health—a graceful object to all beholders—and tainted with the overbearing spirit which want of reflection generates in such spirits. It is clear that in his contempt for his cousin William's timidity he had overlooked his good qualities, and recklessly and causelessly been in the habit of wounding his feelings by alluding to it. It is equally clear that these insults had sown the seeds of bitterness in a mind naturally of kind dispositions, and possessed of sufficient sense to struggle against, but not to master, the malignant feelings called up by persevering, unprovoked contumely. The deportment of Chaworth, when invited by Lord Byron to enter a separate room, was that of a man astonished to see the worm he has trodden upon turning on him. The deportment of Lord Byron after he had wounded his adversary was that of a conscious coward astonished at his own momentary valour:—"I am as brave as any man," he cried, as he allowed himself to be disarmed. Chaworth died in character; incapable of seeing that he had given any just cause of provocation; triumphing in the thought that he was conquered only because he was taken somewhat unawares. The fate of the survivor was still more melancholy: to bear about for years the consciousness that he had killed a near relation without convincing the world that he possessed courage, and with the damning sense of cowardice still clinging to him.

Enough has been said to show what throngs of associations crowd Pall Mall for those who—living more in books and in the memory of the past than in the busy world *in*, and not *of* which chance has made them denizens, close the eyes of their body to open

"The visionary eye whose lid  
Moves not and cannot fall;"—

they who, like poor Susan, can behold

"Volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,  
While a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside;"—

or, like Old Adam, the Farmer of Tilsbury Vale,

“ While he watches the clouds that pass over the streets,  
With a look of such earnestness often will stand,  
You might think he'd twelve reapers at work in the Strand”—

see other sights in Pall Mall than the carriages that hurry and the loungers that saunter past them. Full “in their mind's eye,” Beau Brummell stands, with a hand in each pocket of his swallow-tailed coat, bringing the pendant ribbons round before him, and looking with an air of grave mockery upon Bubb Doddington, who, in his best-fancied birthday suit, bows right to Beau Fielding attired in the very dress he showed to Mrs. Wadsworth, and left to Sir Fopling Flutter, who, in the “sacred periwig” which “wind ne'er blew nor touch of hat profaned,”

“ Returns the diving bow he did adore,  
Which with a shag casts all the hair before,  
Till he with full decorum brings it back,  
And rises with a water-spaniel shake.”

Not far distant, Dodsley, in the periwig and full coat of burgesse “well to do in the world,” beneath which peep out a pair of irreproachable “yellow plushes,” bows deferentially to Burke, casting a sidelong glance of patronage, not unmixed with respect, upon the colossal slouch of Johnson, in his coat of rusty-brown and unchanging scratch-wig. In the distance the shadowy form of Thynne points to his wound, and Chaworth frowns on Lord Byron, who shuffles past as if he would fain apologise for having the presumption to kill him, but cannot muster courage to do it. The Duchess of Cleveland's carriage is disappearing round the far corner of the street with Wycherley's in full pursuit, at which Beau Fielding smiles meaningly, as who would say, “My turn will come.”



[Sculpture on Thynne's Monument in Westminster Abbey.]





[Interior of the Round Nave, 1848.]

## LXX.—THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

### ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

THERE seems to be a strong under-current of enlightened and generous sentiment respecting the care of our national edifices moving beneath the surface of the bustling, struggling, money-loving world, which it is pleasant to reflect on and still more delightful to see—revealing itself, as it does, in the restoration of such beautiful structures as the Lady Chapel, Southwark, and Crosby Place; and in the still more important works of reviving the pristine splendour of the Abbey of St. Albans, and of the old and famous church of the Knights Templars,—the subject of the present paper,—recently carried out. In expense, magnificence, and refined taste, this last-mentioned restoration may be said at the time of its completion to surpass every similar attempt known in this country. In looking also at the quarter from whence the funds for these labours are

obtained, one finds fresh cause for satisfaction. The benefactors are no longer isolated individuals, but a combination of many, or even public bodies. Thus, whilst the Lady Chapel and Crosby Place have been, and St. Albans is in process of being, restored, each at the expense of a considerable number of subscribers from different ranks of society, the works at the Temple Church, on which an enormous sum of money was expended, have been carried into effect by the zealous efforts of the Societies to which it belongs—those of the Inner and Middle Temple. This is, perhaps, the most cheering symptom of the whole. When we consider how many of our noblest cathedrals, churches, halls, and other public buildings are directly or indirectly connected with wealthy and influential bodies, we may judge what wonders may be worked by the practical example of the Templars. We see, indeed, good grounds to hope that it will mark an era which the future antiquary—and not him only—will be delighted to refer to;—an era from whence no edifice of real value, whether for its intrinsic grandeur or beauty, its place in the history of art, or for its associations, will be allowed to sink into irretrievable decay and ruin, as too many have done, nay, as too many yet are suffered to do. Apart from the ordinary advantages pointed out by the advocates of such restorations, there is one which we do not remember to have seen dwelt on sufficiently. To a large number of persons—the intelligent poor, who have no money to buy books, nor leisure to read them, in particular—these national memorials have a peculiar value. They are not to them merely objects of interest as the “local habitations” of men and deeds already made familiar by history; they are *visible history itself*. To adduce no other example than that afforded by the subject before us, here in this very low and dark passage, through which crowds are hurrying, some to the chambers of the men of law who are in this part so thickly clustered together, some to make a shorter cut from Temple Bar to Blackfriars, and inhale the pleasant breeze from the Temple Garden in their way—in this very passage how often may we not see the artisan, with his basket of tools on his shoulder, pausing to gaze on some peculiar expression that has caught his eye in one of the faces of the beautiful Norman gateway before us, and then, by a natural process, on the gate



[Entrance Doorway.]



itself—the church within—into which he peeps curiously; whilst, lastly, his thoughts revert to the Knights Templars, whose church he has heard it was, and as he connects the skill, the courage, and the rank conveyed in the idea of knights, with what he sees, the peaceful and holy temple before him, so gloriously adorned with all the braveries of architecture, sculpture, painting, and yet so simple, almost austere in its general effect, he arrives, perhaps unconsciously, to a very fair notion of that extraordinary and interesting class of men.

The church, as no doubt most of our readers know, is divided into two portions, opening, however, into each other—a circular part called the Round, and an oblong. The different architecture as well as the different shapes show that these portions belong not to the same period. The Round is of course the oldest, and is a most remarkable feature, there being but three other churches in England of the same form. Nearly seven centuries have elapsed since the consecration of this part, an event not merely noticeable in itself as marking the culminating period of the Knights Templars in England, but for the circumstances with which it was attended. The first step towards the real restoration of this venerable edifice was made in 1825, and the work has been continued at various times since. Stained glass has been inserted in the windows, and the panels and circular vaulting emblazoned with the armorial devices of the Inner and Middle Temple. Many of the surrounding buildings have been removed to give a clearer view of the fine old church.

In the year 1128, Hugh de Payens, the head of a new and strange society, which had excited much notice among the pious and warlike of England, arrived in London to explain its objects, and extend its scope and influence. We may imagine the interest with which his auditors (among whom were the King, Henry I., and his court) listened to his tale of the origin and progress of the order. But a few years before, himself and eight other Knights, pitying the sufferings of the Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem, recently recovered from the Infidels by the first Crusaders, entered into a solemn compact to devote their lives and fortunes to the defence of the highway from the inroads of the Mussulmans, and the ravages of the numerous robbers who infested it. “Poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ” they then called themselves; but, as their services became conspicuous, and the heads of the church lodged them within the enclosure of the Temple on Mount Moriah (the site of the great Jewish structure destroyed by Titus), and amidst that magnificent assemblage of buildings partly erected by the Christian Emperor Justinian, in the sixth century, and partly by the Mussulman Caliph Omar, in the seventh, this new combination of the somewhat opposite qualities of the warrior and the monk became known as the *Knighthood of the Temple of Solomon*. Their rise was rapid, and so was the growth of their ambition. Presently they enlarged their object from the defence of the roads to the defence of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem itself; and eminent men from various countries joined their society, and threw their whole possessions into the common stock. Hugh de Payens was made Master; who, having first succeeded in obtaining the sanction of the Pope in a personal visit, spread everywhere throughout Europe the knowledge of the actual purposes of the new Order, and sought assistance. He set out from Jerusalem with four brethren; he returned to it, after his visit to England, with three hundred, all chosen from the noblest families of Europe, and principally from France and England. The days of the

Order when two Knights (Hugh de Payens himself and a companion) were compelled to ride one horse, a memorable circumstance commemorated in the Seal of the Order, were at an end now; and an opposite danger, that of too much wealth, was, as subsequent events showed, the most to be guarded against. Before Hugh de Payens' departure from England, he placed a Knight Templar, called the Prior of the Temple, at the head of the Society in this country, whose duty it was, in common with all the similarly appointed persons throughout Europe, to manage the estates and affairs of the Order, and transmit the revenues to Jerusalem. Numerous Templar establishments now sprang up in different parts of Great Britain, the chief of which was that of London. The site of the first metropolitan house was in Holborn, where Southampton House was afterwards erected, and subsequently the existing Southampton Buildings. And here a very interesting remain was discovered, but we regret to say not preserved, an ancient circular chapel of Caen stone. This house Hugh de Payens himself saw formally established. As the English Knights increased in number and wealth, they purchased the site of the present Temple, and set about erecting their magnificent church and other buildings. To distinguish this house from that of Holborn, the one was called the *New*, and the other the *Old* Temple.

Whilst these works were fast progressing to completion, and the Templars were probably looking for some distinguished personage to consecrate and open their house with suitable honours and ceremonies, the misfortunes of their brethren in Palestine brought no less a personage than Heraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, to England, accompanied by the Master of St. John's, now, in emulation of the Templars, a fighting as well as a religious establishment. It was evident that the state of affairs must be critical that could have brought such messengers together. After a long-protracted struggle, attended by many alternations of success to both sides, but ending generally in the increased power of the followers of Mahomet, particularly after the appearance of Saladin on the scene, nearly the whole body of the Templars were destroyed or taken prisoners in a terrific battle between the Christian and Mussulman armies on the banks of the Jordan in 1179. Among the prisoners was Odo de St. Amand, the Master, who truly "perished in his pride," although his motives demand both sympathy and admiration. Saladin offered him his liberty in exchange for his nephew, who was in the hands of the Templars; but the only reply he could obtain was that a Templar ought either to conquer or die, and that the only ransom he had to give was his girdle and his knife. He was thrown into the dungeons of Damascus, where he languished and died. Subsequent successes, however, enabled the Christian warriors to give Saladin a serious check, when a truce for four years was agreed to. It was to make the best use of this temporary suspension of arms that Heraclius the Patriarch, the Master of the Temple, and the Master of St. John's, proceeded to Europe. Their chief hope was in Henry II. of England, who had promised, on receiving absolution for the murder of Becket, to proceed in person to Palestine with a great army, and to maintain, in particular, two hundred Templars at his own expense. To fortify their position, the trio obtained letters from the Pope, threatening Henry with the judgment of Heaven if he failed in his engagements. The Master of the Temple died at Verona, on



the way, the other two arrived in England in 1185. Henry met them at Reading, and listened with tears to their statements, as, throwing themselves on their knees before him, they described the state of the Holy Land, and besought his assistance. Their reception was very encouraging, and Henry promised to bring the matter before Parliament, when it met, on the first Sunday in Lent.

In the mean time the English Templars brought Heraclius to their house and church here (the round portion), now finished, and requested him to consecrate the latter. Familiar as he was with the gorgeous architectural splendours of Jerusalem, Heraclius must have examined with pleasure the beautiful house of the Templars in London, which was not merely beautiful, but replete with all conveniences suitable to so distinguished and wealthy a community, and every way fitted for the due performance of the discipline of the Order. The Church, with its circular, sweeping colonnade and tessellated pavement below, and noble arches, stained windows, and painted and groined ceiling above; the peaceful-looking cloisters; the separate residences of the Prior or Master, and the Knights, the Chaplains, and serving brethren, the retainers and domestics; the Refectory where they dined, and the Chapter House where they held their meetings; and lastly, the garden or pleasaunce on the banks of the Thames, where the brethren not only walked but trained their horses, and performed military exercise—all betokened the firm hold the Order had here obtained, and the taste and wealth at its disposal. Heraclius now performed the act required of him; and, till the year 1695, when some workmen destroyed it, there was an inscription recording the circumstance placed over the little door leading from the Round into the Cloisters, granting an indulgence of fifty days to those yearly seeking the sacred edifice. On this same visit, it is deserving of notice, Heraclius consecrated the church of the rival Society of Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John, at Clerkenwell.\* In the house of the latter, just one month after the performance of the ceremony at the Temple, the Parliament met; when, among other distinguished persons present, were William, King of Scotland, and his brother David. An earnest discussion took place on Heraclius's demands for succour, the King expressing his desire to fulfil his promise, but secretly wishing, there is little doubt, to be spared its performance; whilst the barons, and others present, represented to him that he was bound by the solemn oath of his coronation to stay at home and govern his dominions. They tried a kind of compromise, in offering to raise fifty thousand marks to defray the expenses of a levy of troops, and added their desire that all Nobles and others desiring to join the Christian bands in Palestine should be freely permitted so to do. The result is thus told by Fabyan, on the authority of a still older chronicler:—"Lastly, the King gave answer, and said that he might not leave his land without keeping, nor yet leave it to the prey and robbery of Frenchmen. But he would give largely of his own to such as would take upon them that voyage. With this answer the Patriarch was discontented, and said, 'We seek a man, and not money; well-near every Christian region sendeth unto us money, but no land sendeth to us a Prince. Therefore we ask a Prince that needeth money, and not money that needeth a Prince.' But the King laid for him such excuses, that the Patriarch departed

\* For an account of this body, including some notices of its quarrels with the Templars, the burning of the Temple by Wat Tyler, &c., see 'St. John's Gate,' vol. ii. p. 133.

from him discontented and comfortless, whereof the King being advertised, intending somewhat to recomfort him with pleasant words, followed him unto the sea-side. But the more the King thought to satisfy him with his fair speech, the more the Patriarch was discontented, insomuch that, at the last, he said unto him, 'Hitherto thou hast reigned gloriously, but hereafter thou shalt be forsaken of Him whom thou at this time forsakest. Think on Him, what he hath given to thee, and what thou hast yielded to Him again; how first thou wert false unto the King of France, and after slew that holy man Thomas of Canterbury, and lastly thou forsakest the protection of Christian faith.' The king was moved with these words, and said unto the Patriarch, 'Though all the men of my land were one body, and spake with one mouth, they durst not speak to me such words.' 'No wonder,' said the Patriarch, 'for they love thine, and not thee; that is to mean, they love thy goods temporal, and fear thee for loss of promotion, but they love not thy soul.' And when he had so said, he offered his head to the King, saying, 'Do by me right as thou didst by that blessed man Thomas of Canterbury, for I had liever to be slain of thee than of the Saracens, for thou art worse than any Saracen.' But the King kept his patience and said, 'I may not wend out of my land, for my own sons will arise against me when I was absent.' 'No wonder,' said the Patriarch, 'for of the Devil they come, and to the Devil they shall go;' and so departed from the King in great ire." Such was the result of the Patriarch's mission to England, from which so much had been hoped.

As the consecration of the new Temple Church may be said to mark the consummation of the establishment of the Order in England, we may with propriety follow our notice of that event with a few words on the constitution of the house, and its discipline. Their rule was drawn up by their early patron, St. Bernard; their chief privileges they derived from Pope Alexander, who in 1172 promulgated a bull in their favour. The head of the house was now styled the Master of the Temple, and it was to distinguish the supreme head at Jerusalem from these minor potentates that it became a custom to call the latter the Grand Master. The master was elected by the chapter or assembly of the knights from among themselves. His jurisdiction extended not only over his own house in London, but over all the provincial priors or preceptors and their establishments. These houses the master visited in succession. The main body of the Templars were persons who had been previously knights (none other were admitted into their *class*), and whose fathers were or might have been knights. On their entrance into the Order they had to declare themselves free from all obligations, that they were neither married nor betrothed, had never taken vows nor been consecrated in any other religious order; that they were neither in debt nor diseased, and that they possessed sound, healthy constitutions. On the south side of the Round there was to be found, till the year 1827, an ancient structure, called the Chapel of St. Anne, formerly enjoying a peculiar reputation, as making barren women, who resorted thither to pray, "joyful mothers of children." In this chapel, no doubt, according to the custom of the Templars generally, would take place the introduction of new candidates into the Order—a solemn and most impressive proceeding, during which the whole body of knights were present. After a variety of preliminary questions put to the candidate before his entrance into the midst of the assembly of the knights, and satisfactory answers received, he was



conducted to their presence, when, kneeling before the Master with folded hands, he said, "Sir, I am come, before God, and before you and the brethren, and pray and beseech you, for the sake of God and our dear Lady, to admit me into your Society and the good deeds of the Order, as one who will be, all his life long, the servant and slave of the Order." The Master then replied, "Beloved brother, you are desirous of a great matter, for you see nothing but the outward shell of our Order. It is only the outward shell when you see that we have fine horses and rich caparisons,—that we eat and drink well, and are splendidly clothed. From this you conclude that you will be well off with us. But you know not the rigorous maxims which are in our interior. For it is a hard matter for you, who are your own master, to become the servant of another. You will hardly be able to perform, in future, what you wish yourself. . . . When you wish to sleep, you will be ordered to watch; when you will wish to watch, then you will be ordered to go to bed; when you will wish to eat, then you will be ordered to do something else," &c. A renewed series of interrogations followed, in the course of which the candidate bound himself by the most solemn asseverations to be obedient to the head of the house and the chief head at Jerusalem, to observe the customs of the Order, to live in perfect chastity, to help, with all the strength and powers God had bestowed on him, to conquer the Holy Land, and never to be present when a Christian was unjustly and unlawfully despoiled of his heritage. He was then received, assured of "bread and water, and the poor clothing of the Order, and labour and toil enow," and the coveted habit placed on him by the Master, the famous white mantle with the red cross. The Master and Chaplain then kissed him, and the former, whilst the newly-made Templar sat before him, delivered a discourse in which he admonished the listener not to strike or wound any Christian; not to swear, not to receive any attendance from a woman without permission, nor to kiss any woman at any time, even his mother or sister, not to assist in any baptismal ceremony, never to abuse or call names, but be ever courteous and polite. He was also directed to sleep in a linen shirt, drawers, and hose, and with a small girdle round his waist, to attend divine service punctually, to sit down to table and rise from it with prayer, and to preserve silence in the interim. Lastly, when he heard of the Master's death he was to repeat immediately, wherever he might be, two hundred pater nosters for the repose of his soul. The ceremony over, the new member received clothes, arms, and equipments, and no longer appeared abroad but in his costume of a Knight Templar, such as we here behold him. He was allowed also three horses and an esquire, who was sometimes a serving brother, sometimes a hired layman, and sometimes a youth of noble birth, proud to serve so distinguished a personage.

Directly attached to the body of knights were two other classes, the chaplains and the serving brethren, and somewhat more remotely the affiliated, and the Donates and Oblates. Through the class of serving brethren many found admittance into the Order, who, not enjoying the honour of knighthood, and knightly descent, must have been otherwise by the rules proscribed. Some distinguished men joined the Society even in this comparatively humiliating position. The affiliated comprised persons from all ranks of society and of both sexes, who, desiring to assist the Order, or to share in the advantages connected with

it, such, for instance, as the exemption from the effects of interdict enjoyed by the Templars, were permitted to join the Order, without assuming its habit, its hardships, and its dangers, on taking certain vows, as that of chastity, and engaging to leave their property to the Templars on their death. The great Pope, Innocent III., did not disdain to declare himself as standing in this position to the Society, in one of his bulls. The Donates and Oblates were either children destined to the service of the Order, or persons who engaged to promote its welfare to the best of their power while they lived: princes were to be found among the last-mentioned class.

The very duty of the Knight Templar to fight the enemies of his faith, by compelling him to mix continually and largely with the world, prevented him



[A Knight Templar.]

from observing the strictness of the rules set down for his governance, and, as a very natural consequence, his conduct was no doubt often sufficiently lax when he had no such excuses to plead. Among the rules of the Order that seem to have been religiously observed were those of obedience; at least the punishments were very severe for any breach of such rules, as we are reminded by the sight of the penitential cell of the Temple, which is formed within the solid thickness of the wall of the church, and measures only four feet and a half in length, by two and a half in breadth, so that the unhappy prisoner could not lie down except by drawing his limbs together. One act of mercy, however, there was for him to be thankful for. During divine service he could hear and participate in all that was passing, through one of the apertures here looking into the church. If the secrets of this prison-house could be made known, they would be doubtless appalling; for the meagre facts that have oozed out into the light of day are sufficiently terrible. Here Walter le Bachelier, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, was fettered by order of the Master, and left till he died of the severity of his punishment. The corpse was then taken out at daybreak, and buried in the



court between the church and the hall. Besides imprisonment, which was either temporary or perpetual, according as seemed expedient to the Master, the Templars were occasionally scourged on the bare shoulders by the Master's own hands, in the hall, or even whipped in the church on Sundays before the congregation. A knight of the name of Valaincourt once quitted the Order, but, unable most probably to stifle the whisperings of his conscience that he had done wrong, returned, and submitted himself cheerfully to whatever penance the Master thought proper to impose. He was accordingly condemned to eat for a year on the ground with the dogs, to fast four days in the week on bread and water, and every Sunday to be scourged in the church before all assembled.

A public exhibition such as that last named no doubt had a double effect, and edified the world as much as the criminal. The Order for a long time, indeed, seems to have been, as it deserved, highly popular, for its piety, bravery, and humility; and the usual consequences of popularity in those days followed. Great men desired to be buried among them, which could only be accomplished by a connexion with their Society in one of the available modes; lands, manors, houses, fairs, privileges were showered upon them; money was deposited with them in cases of peculiar danger; and one monarch at a somewhat critical time united himself to their community. This was King John, who, during the period of the arrangements connected with the signing of the Great Charter, resided here. Numerous documents of this king are dated from the Temple. Among other distinguished visitors was one the Templars must have been glad to get rid of—Martin, the Pope's nuncio, of whom Matthew Paris says, "He made whilst residing at London in the New Temple unheard-of extortions of money and valuables. He imperiously intimated to the abbots and priors that they must send him rich presents, desirable palfreys, sumptuous services for the table, and rich clothing; which being done, that same Martin sent back word that the things sent were insufficient, and he commanded the givers thereof to forward him better things, on pain of suspension and excommunication."\* The treasure deposited in the Temple must have been immense, judging from the quality of the depositors or the circumstances of the deposit. Fully trustworthy, enjoying the privilege of sanctuary, and able so well to defend personally whatever was in their charge, the Templars became distinguished as the safest of guardians on all extraordinary occasions. The King, his court, and chief ecclesiastics, all made the Temple their bank when they pleased, and here, too, were brought all monies collected for the Christian service in Palestine. The most remarkable record on this subject is connected with the great Earl of Kent, Hubert de Burgh, on whose disgrace and committal to the Tower the King began to look shrewdly after the captive's treasures. Matthew Paris says, "It was suggested to the King, that Hubert had no small amount of treasure deposited in the New Temple, under the custody of the Templars. The King, accordingly, summoning to his presence the Master of the Temple, briefly demanded of him if it was so. As he did not dare to deny the truth to the King, he confessed that he had money of the said Hubert, which had been confidentially committed to the keeping of himself and his brethren, but of the quantity and amount thereof he was altogether ignorant. Then the King endeavoured with threats to

\* Transcribed for Mr. Addison's 'History of the Knights Templars,' p. 113.

obtain from the brethren the surrender to him of the aforesaid money, asserting that it had been fraudulently subtracted from his treasury. But they answered to the King, that money confided to them in trust they would deliver to no man without the permission of him who had intrusted it to be kept in the Temple. And the King, since the above-mentioned money had been placed under their protection, ventured not to take it by force. He sent, therefore, the treasurer of his court, with his justices of the Exchequer, to Hubert, who had already been placed in fetters in the Tower of London, that they might exact from him an assignment of the entire sum to the King. But when these messengers had explained to Hubert the object of their coming, he immediately answered that he would submit himself and all belonging to him to the good pleasure of his sovereign. He therefore petitioned the brethren of the chivalry of the Temple that they would, in his behalf, present all his keys to his lord the King, that he might do what he pleased with the things deposited in the Temple. This being done, the King ordered the money, faithfully counted, to be placed in his treasury, and the amount of all the things found to be reduced into writing and exhibited before him. The King's clerks, indeed, and the treasurer acting with them, found deposited in the Temple gold and silver vases of inestimable price, and money and many precious gems, an enumeration whereof would, in truth, astonish the hearers."\*

Of the eminent persons who desired their bodies to be here interred some very interesting memorials are preserved. We allude to the two ranges



[Effigies of Knight Templars.]

of monumental effigies of great men reposing in their habits as they lived; one of five figures on the north side of the entrance to the oblong part of the church; the other of four, and a coped stone, the top of a coffin, on the south. The first figure on the left in the range here shown is that of Geoffrey de Magnaville, the bold and bad son of the Norman baron of the same name who distinguished himself at the battle of Hastings. This baron, after committing all kinds of excesses

\* History of 'Knights Templars,' p. 112.



during the troubled reign of Stephen, died excommunicated by the church, and abandoned by all but the Templars, who, finding him repentant, put their habit on him, and enrolled him among their order. On his death, as they dared not bury him in consecrated ground, they hung him up in a leaden coffin on a tree in the garden here, where he remained till absolution was obtained some years afterwards, when they buried him in the portico before the western door. Next to him is the effigy of the famous Protector, the Earl of Pembroke, to whom Henry III. was indebted for the safety of his throne during his minority, and the people of England for healing, as far as they could be healed, the dissensions between the barons, and for driving the French from the country. He was buried here on Ascension-day, 1219. The expressive and beautiful effigy which forms the third in the group represents the youthful-looking Lord de Ros, one of the foremost of the memorable men who forced the Charter from John. None



[Effigies of Knight Templars.]

of the other figures in this and the following range can be distinguished with any certainty. It is known that two of the sons of the Protector Pembroke, William and Gilbert Marshal, were here buried, and the two effigies to the right, which have evidently a kind of correspondence (such for instance as the turn of the bodies in opposite directions), are supposed to be theirs. William Marshal, another of the patriots of Runnymede, married King John's daughter, and was therefore brother-in-law to Henry III., who was so grieved at his death that, on attending the funeral, he could not conceal his emotion. We need hardly add that all the cross-legged figures represent crusaders. Among other persons of eminence whose remains may yet lie beneath the floor along which we are pacing, are William Plantagenet, fifth son of the king just mentioned, and the Bishop of Carlisle, who was killed in 1255 by a fall from his horse, and to whose memory it is supposed the recumbent figure of a bishop in the recess in the south wall was erected. In the tomb beneath, which was opened in 1810, was found, at the feet of the skeleton of the bishop, the skeleton of a very young infant. This

discovery, however, may be partly explained by the fact that the tomb had evidently been opened before. Here too the celebrated man of learning, Selden, and Plowden, the eminent lawyer, were both interred. In the churchyard of the Temple many stone coffins have been found, once filled, no doubt, by persons of distinction in their day, but whose very names are now lost in oblivion.

The extraordinary features which from the first characterised the Knights Templars, both in themselves and in their history, and made them so widely and popularly known, and which still invest their name with a thousand romantic associations, were to be equally visible in their melancholy fall and extinction. There seems little doubt but that the body grew in many respects more and more lax in their observance of many of the virtues for which they had at one time been so distinguished; but still it is only simple justice to say that, on the whole, they never lost sight of the object for which they had first banded themselves together: on the contrary, as the fortunes of the Christians in the Holy Land grew darker and darker, their spirits, throwing off much of the grosser corruptions which their immense wealth and irresponsible power had generated, shone out the more clearly through the gloom. They showed by their heroic disregard of danger, sufferings, and death, that they were still the "fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ," if no longer the "poor." Their last great act, the defence of Acre in 1291, was a worthy close to their brilliant career. And, if anything could add to our surprise as well as horror at the ultimate fate of the Order, it is the consideration that the period when the circumstances to which we are about to allude took place was not twenty years removed from this event, in which the great body of the Knights Templars perished, the last defenders of the last Christian stronghold, or the last with one exception.

The throne of France, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, was occupied by Philip the Fair, a man already distinguished for his avarice, and the unscrupulous means he was accustomed to use for its gratification. But all the evil deeds he had ever committed in this way, we might almost say that any powerful tyrant had ever committed from such motives, were thrown into the shade by the proceedings which now took place. The Templars were known to be wealthy; they had houses in every portion of Christian Europe; their manors and lordships were reckoned at not less than *nine thousand*; the popular opinion estimated their annual revenue at six millions sterling—an exaggeration most probably, but there was quite truth enough in it for Philip the Fair. He was not covetous; if it should turn out a million or so less, why he would be content. Such, no doubt, was one of the directions his thoughts took. Then what an opportunity was afforded by circumstances! That long and expensive day-dream of the Crusades was evidently over; what could the Order want with its wealth? What could the world want with the Order? No doubt the monarch's answers to himself were perfectly satisfactory. Then the example of his brethren of England was before him; both Edward I. and Edward II. had been nibbling at the possessions of the English Templars, influenced most probably by similar considerations. The first monarch, on his victorious return from Wales, being short of money, was seized with a sudden desire to see his mother's jewels, deposited in the Temple. Filial piety found its own reward. Being admitted, he was enabled to carry away ten thousand pounds to Windsor Castle, the Templars said, by breaking



open their coffers. Philip's policy took a subtler—more sweeping course. The Pope, Benedict XI., fortunately died just at that moment, and quickly did Philip obtain the induction of a tool of his own, ready for any work, into the vacant chair of St. Peter. This was Clement V. Rumours, traceable to no particular source, now began to spread abroad through the world that the Templars were not what they seemed, that the Holy Land would not have been lost but for their want of Christianity, and even blacker insinuations were heard. The way thus prepared, the next thing was to secure some base wretch to give these rumours shape by direct accusation. On the 14th of September, 1307, the necessary informations having been obtained from a condemned criminal, said by some writers to be an apostate Templar, Philip struck the first and most important blow. Throughout France the proper officers of the different provinces received at the same time a communication commencing in the following portentous language:—"A deplorable and most lamentable matter, full of bitterness and grief, a monstrous business," &c., had reached the King's ears; and then followed direct charges against the Templars of the vulgarest as well as the most abominable kind of blasphemy against the Saviour, and of the committal of the worst crimes among themselves; and lastly, an order to seize the Templars suddenly, and place them under the power of an inquisition empowered to try them, and employ torture if necessary during the examination. Human nature recoils at the very mention of the sufferings inflicted upon these brave, and we may safely say on the whole, innocent, but most unfortunate men. Of the one hundred and forty who were first put to the torture, no less than thirty-six actually perished in the hands of their tormentors. One of the Templars, who confessed what was desired, when subsequently brought before the commissary of police to be examined, revoked his confession, saying, "They held me so long before a fierce fire that the flesh was burnt off my heels; two pieces of bone came away, *which I present to you.*" These revocations occurred so often, in spite of the remembrance of what had been suffered, and what might in consequence be yet expected, that Philip, like a wild beast who has tasted of blood, became half frenzied apparently at any opposition, and determined to take wholesale vengeance. In one decree *fifty-four* Templars, who had thus given the most decisive proofs of their innocence (for, be it observed, a continued acknowledgment of guilt would have saved them), were sentenced to be burnt; and this most atrocious act was performed at Paris, in the most barbarous manner. And by a continuance of these processes of the torture and the scaffold in different parts of the country on the one hand, and every kind of deceit, persuasion, and threat on the other, Philip, having ultimately succeeded in clearing the body of all the most high-principled and bravest members, managed to make the remainder somewhat more tractable, among which for the present may be included the Grand Master, whom he had inveigled into France, though of him we shall have again to speak. Let us now turn to the progress of affairs in England.

Edward II. was then king; and this monarch at first turned a deaf ear to Philip's letters and examples, and even wrote to some of the European princes, urging them to take care that due justice was done to the Templars in their dominions. But a papal bull soon ended the threatened opposition from this quarter; and Edward was convinced, or professed to be so, by the Pontiff's

proofs, which consisted essentially of the confessions obtained in the manner already shown. On the 8th of January, 1308, the English Templars, who had been probably lulled into a sense of security by the King's earlier conduct in the matter, were suddenly arrested in all parts of England, and their property seized. Two hundred and twenty-nine of their number in all were thrown into the different prisons of the country, on similar charges; amongst them was William de la More, the Master of the Temple, and most of the other chief officers of the body in this country. Many escaped to Wales, to Ireland, and to Scotland. What a glimpse of the time and the cruel bloodthirsty hunt that was set on foot for these so recently honoured and distinguished men is afforded by a little incident, the account of which has been preserved in our national records!

"THE KING, &c.—Our favourite valet, Peter Auger, the bearer of these presents, having lately made a vow that he would not shave his beard till he had made a journey to a certain place in parts beyond sea; and the said Peter, being afraid that some one, in consequence of his long beard, may suppose him to have been a Templar, and for that cause may hinder or injure him; we being desirous to bear testimony of the truth, by these presents inform you that the said Peter is our valet de chambre, and that he never was a Templar, but permits his beard to grow long for the cause above specified."\*

With the weakness that characterised Edward's conduct throughout, he could not even abide by his first resolution that no torture should be used: the Pope once more induced in him a change. In 1310-11 the unfortunate Templars were here too given up for some months to the unrestricted management of inquisitors appointed by the Pontiff; and even then their enemies failed. On being brought before certain examiners sitting in the churches of St. Martin's, Ludgate, and in St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, every individual without exception declared the innocence of the Order with respect to the foul and monstrous accusations brought against it. It is probable the torture was not carried to the extreme lengths it had been in France. The inquisitors might not have the same confidence in these horrible outrages of human nature under the hesitating Edward, as under the reckless Philip. They accordingly changed their tactics, and were obliged to content themselves with what we should now think much better evidence, if trustworthy, than any torture could have given—the depositions of other parties. Our readers may judge how trustworthy was the information thus obtained from the mere statement of its character. One witness had been told the Templars annually worshipped a *calf*; another that a Templar had in his possession a brazen head which answered all questions; a third that a Templar had confessed to him that, on his admission into the Order, he had been obliged to deny God and Jesus Christ, and to spit on the cross. This last was the favourite charge of the inquisitors, although not a single case was supported by so much proof as would induce a magistrate of the present day to detain a prisoner for a second examination. It moreover failed to satisfy the holy inquisitors themselves; they yearned, no doubt, for their accustomed method, and so were once more indulged with the rack and its kindred influences. A splendid triumph at last was theirs. A chaplain and two poor servingmen were overcome,

\* Translated from the original Latin passage, as given in the 'History of the Knights Templars,' with the following references:—*Pat. 4. E. II.*, p. 2, m. 20. Dugdale, *Hist. Warwickshire*, vol. i. p. 962, ed. 1730.



who confessed, publicly, the guilt of the Order as to its contemptuous denial of the Saviour; and, for so doing, were reconciled to the Church. But the main body were as resolute as ever, and a kind of compromise was devised (it were worth knowing by whom) of an ingenious nature. The Templars, it appears, were guilty of believing that the Master had the power of absolution, and had always acted accordingly. It was now kindly pointed out to them that this was a grievous heresy; that the Master, as a layman, could have no such power: the Templars were too wise to quarrel about words, for as a thing it was evident it would never concern them again, so they observed they were ready to abjure that and all other heresies. The admission seems to have been made as much of as if it alone had been the object of all the torture and suffering inflicted. The Templars, in successive bodies, made a public acknowledgment in accordance with what they had said, *and no more*; and they too, like their apostate brethren, were reconciled to the Christian community and its ecclesiastical head. And in this almost ludicrous manner terminated the previously solemn and terrible proceedings against the Templars in England. We must add, however, that their property, in common with the property of the Order generally, was transferred, nominally, by the Pope to the rival Order of St. John, who, it is said, ultimately obtained about a *twentieth* part of their possessions, and the rest was swallowed up by Philip, the Pontiff, Edward II., and the other European Princes, &c. As to the rightful owners, the pettiest meanness was added to all the other atrocities committed upon them; many of the members were reduced almost to starvation, till some of the chief English ecclesiastics interfered and procured their admission into different monasteries. The Order was finally abolished by the Pope in 1312, and the site and buildings of the Temple, with the Church, soon after fell into the hands of the law students, then recently, and for the first time in England, formed into a society.

All this time the Grand Master, James de Molay, with three others of the most illustrious men among the Knights Templars, were kept in close confinement in Paris; and in March, 1313, as a final close, we presume, to the affair, they were brought out on a scaffold in front of the great church of Notre Dame, to renew their confessions before the eyes of the world. Two of the four did whatever was required, but the Grand Master, to the astonishment of every one present, advancing to the edge of the scaffold, raised his chain-bound hands on high, and, addressing the mighty multitude assembled, said in a loud voice:—  
 “It is just that, in so terrible a day, and in the last moments of my life, I should discover all the iniquity of falsehood, and make the truth to triumph. I declare then, in the face of heaven and earth, and acknowledge, though to my eternal shame, that I have committed the greatest of crimes; but it has been the acknowledging of those which have been so foully charged on the Order. I attest, and truth obliges me to attest, that it is innocent. I made the contrary declaration only to suspend the excessive pains of torture, and to mollify those who made me endure them. I know the punishments which have been inflicted on all the knights who had the courage to revoke a similar confession; but the dreadful spectacle which is presented to me is not able to make me confirm one lie by another. The life offered me on such infamous terms I abandon without regret.” The fourth Templar followed the grand example set him when both

were hurried back to prison. And so maddened was Philip by this unexpected overthrow of all his precious schemes to leave the evidence of the head of the Order on record against it, that that very same evening he and his companion were burnt to death by small fires of charcoal, which protracted their agonies to the last possible moment. No traces of the former weakness or indecision were visible; the two died as greatly as they had determined to do; Molay, according to a widely-believed tradition, summoning, with his dying breath, the Pontiff to appear before the last awful tribunal within forty days, and the King within twelve months. If the people had half thought the Templars martyrs before, they must have made sure of it when the times mentioned elapsed, and both parties, by their deaths, appeared to have obeyed the dread summons.



[James de Molay, the last Grand Master of the Templars.]





[Scotsman and Frenchman. From Hogarth's 'March to Finchley.']

## LXXI.—SCOTSMEN IN LONDON.

BY JAMES M'TURK, ESQ.

IN more than one of his notes to Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' Mr. Croker has expressed a conviction that at some period of the Doctor's life, of which no record has been preserved, he must have experienced some unutterable affront or injury from Scotsmen. This seems an uncalled-for conjecture, for although the prejudice against them was real, the expression of it was exaggerated—in moments of controversy by the heat of debate—at other times by that half-sense of shame which prompts us all at times to caricature and burlesque the expression of feelings which we can neither defend nor get rid of. Dr. Johnson's dislike of Scotsmen was rather loud than intense: it was a dislike of his abstract idea of Scotsmen, prompting him to bristle up whenever one approached him for the first time, confirmed or dispelled afterwards by the real qualities of the individual. The impossibility of parting with a playful crotchety grudge was once happily expressed by Charles Lamb to a young Scotch admirer who had introduced himself to "Elia." "Are you a Jew?" asked Charles, when his new acquaintance declined a luncheon of pork-chops, which he hospitably pressed upon him. "No. I am, however, one of your 'imperfect sympathies'—a Scotsman." "Oh," cried Charles, colouring and stammering most desperately, "that's all nonsense, you know. I have a great respect for Scotsmen, if—if—if they did not think such a d——d deal of themselves."

If one were to attempt an analysis of the feelings which keep the Scotch, almost

as much as the Jews, a distinct and peculiar people in London, this notion that they "think such a d——d deal of themselves" will be found at the bottom of the English side of the shyness. A distinct people they undeniably remain: their waters no more mingle and are lost in the great tide of cockneyism than the black waters of the Nahe at Bingen are lost in the strong current of the Rhine. Bread Street may be thought an extreme case—but it will serve to illustrate our position. Bread Street is chiefly tenanted by a colony from Paisley, and the denizens of Paisley are proverbial for their local peculiarities even in Scotland. A sturdy ingenious tribe of small capitalists they are, in whose eyes Paisley is all the world. No more perfect picture of independence can be imagined—not even a chimney-sweep with his hands in his pockets whistling along the pavement of Bond Street—than a Paisley "Cork"—that is, one of those whose industry or good fortune has brought him to float as it were on the surface of their society—standing within his shop-door, or "where Corks most do congregate," the Causeway Side (one of the principal streets in Paisley) on the look-out for a mouthful of gossip. In Bread Street he is the same unsophisticated Cork—loitering about his door in a way unknown to other London tradesmen, his hands cased in his Paisley-gloves (*Anglice* thrust to the bottom of his breeches-pockets), gabbling at the highest pitch of his voice his own ineffable patois.

It is scarcely a paradox to say that you meet with more intense Scotch nationality in London than in Scotland. Every valley or strath of Scotland has a character of its own; and in Edinburgh, the capital where representatives of all these districts are brought into contact, the clannish spirit of the people prevents their mixing. This is the most disagreeable feature of Edinburgh society, or rather this is what prevents it having any society properly so called. Circles there are, or have been, as pleasant as heart can wish—that of which Lord Jeffrey used to be the centre of attraction, the re-unions of Professor Jameson, and some others, live pleasantly in the memory, but they were rather *in* Edinburgh than *of* it. Apart from them the population of Edinburgh consisted of Dumfriesshire people, Fife people, Aberdeenshire people, and so forth. A man must keep company with his own countrymen, or live alone; for access there was none to the intimacy of the different *coteries* except by right of birth. In London, on the contrary, Scotsmen recognise a common nationality, as they do in any other foreign country, and herd lovingly together. The English part of the community know them as merchants, or lawyers, and, above all, as bakers (for, strange though it may appear to those who have tasted bread in Scotland, almost every baker's shop you enter in London is a Scotsman's); but they know little of them as persons to live with: they are public mysteries, mid-day spectres, things to be seen, not touched, except by each other. "They herd together:" they have their Caledonian balls once a-year, at which some of the most imaginative appear in the Highland costume; they have their Presbyterian clergymen and places of worship—Scotch Presbyterianism is quite a different thing from English; and they have an annual dinner of the Caledonian Asylum, after which Highland chiefs win all their hearts by dancing the Highland fling.

This holds true of those who are transplanted to London full-grown and trained, for even Dr. Johnson admitted that a good deal may be made of a Scotsman—if he is caught young. Scotsmen educated at Westminster or Eton—and even some



who have only commenced their English education at Oxford and Cambridge—are scarcely to be known from Englishmen, except the latter, who are apt to be found out in the same manner as the Ionian who was detected at Athens by the extreme purity of his Attic dialect. Scotsmen are so early drilled by their Kirk Sessions into punctilious carefulness in word and deed, that they are always on their guard themselves, and always expecting that others should be so too, and this renders them uncomfortable companions. They can relish the greater freedom of England, but rarely emancipate themselves from their first fetters: like Gray's Eton truants, they taste a fearful joy. We remember a characteristic conversation between two Scotsmen—a retired Indian employé, and an eminent political writer, of whom Bentham used to say, with more candour than politeness, "That his leading articles were excellent, but that his conversation reminded him of a magpie chattering from the back of a jackass." They had—"more suo"—been for half an hour trying to trump each other's panegyrics of their dear native land, when a sudden fit of candour seizing one of them, he exclaimed, "After all, do you think that any one who has been accustomed to London life could exist comfortably in Scotland?" "No, by —," was the reply. "It is thinking so much of themselves," in this more extended sense of the word—understanding thereby not merely a high estimate of their own merits and importance, but a pedantic, sleepless anxiety as to what people may say or think of them—that keeps Scotsmen in London from mingling kindly with others than themselves.

It is not, however, with the numerous Scotsmen who are in London, without any person being aware of their presence, that we have to do, but with those who have by any means emerged into such notoriety as to become for a time features in the public life of London. These introductory remarks are merely thrown out as tending to explain the dubious feeling with which this class of metropolitan lions have generally been viewed. The writer of these pages ought to know something of the matter, for, as his name indicates, he is descended by the father's side from a clan still tolerably numerous in the South of Scotland,\* while by the mother's side he traces his lineage to the eminent scholar mentioned by Smollett, who came all the way from Scotland to teach Londoners the true niceties of English pronunciation. He is thus, to say the least, as well qualified to write about Scotch character as Mr. Logan is to write about Highland costume and antiquities—regarding both of which he has told the Gael a great deal of which they had previously not the slightest suspicion.

The sub-repulsion which undeniably exists between the Scotch and English temperament is more owing to difference of character than to what are properly called faults on either side. The Englishman is more a natural character—is more open to be swayed by impulse; the Scotsman has always before his eyes the ideal held up by the 'Shorter Catechism,' through which he was drilled in youth,—is continually asking himself whether and how far he (and still more others) falls

\* Nor is it by any means the only heathenish name to be met with there. At the time of the Reformation the new clergy, in their zeal to put down superstitious customs, issued an edict prohibiting the practice of baptizing bells. It so happened that in the district of Middlebie the Bells were the preponderating clan, and the worthy minister of the parish, misapprehending the edict, refused to administer the sacred rite to any of the name. There are people still alive who remember a respectable family talked of in "the country-side" as the "unbaptized Bells of Middlebie."

short of its requirements, and is more stern and impertinent with this unceasing inquisition the more he feels conscious of not being up to the mark. At the period when English intellect asserted its right to be the normal form of English thoughts, feelings, and actions, and stamped upon the people their national, or, as some call it, Protestant character, the English were already a highly-civilised people—wealthy, animated by the humanized and refined tastes and emotions of a wealthy people, who have by their own energies conquered their wealth—influenced by the teaching and example of learned universities and a brilliant court. The Scotch at the same period of their history were still, in the mass, a barbarous people. Now, it is much more easy for moral and religious reformers to impress belief in a creed, and compliance with a formal external morality, upon a rude than upon a civilized people: individual character is developed in a less marked manner among the former, and their intellects are less inquiring, less difficult to satisfy—there are fewer obstacles in the way of their spiritual teachers acquiring a complete ascendancy over them. Though true Protestantism—the exercise as well as the avowal of the right of private judgment—strikes deepest root among a civilised people, formal Protestantism, like formal Romanism, is most easily stamped upon an uncivilized people. And it is your narrow-minded formalist who is ever most apt to lay down the law. Hence, since the time that Scotsmen began to repair in considerable numbers to our capital, they have come lecturing and to lecture, and that John Bull cannot abide.

*Non mea verba*: the thing is proved by their own best writers; Smollett's Strap and Scott's Ritchie Monypies are the true exemplars of all their tribe. King James I. of England and VI. of Scotland came not only to reign over but to play the schoolmaster over us, and the latter tyranny was the more insufferable of the two. Then came the Scotch delegates to the Westminster Assembly of divines, resolutely bent upon establishing the reign of terror of Kirk Session and "cutty stool" as rigidly here as in the north, and converting frank jolly Englishmen into the same solemn "prim, pert praters" they had made of great part of the northern race. The 'Edinburgh Review,' when it first started, was little more than an incarnation of the same spirit in a new form. Some young men, on the strength of having read the great English authors, or heard of them through the medium of Dr. Blair, and one or two of them having moreover spent a few months at Oxford, took upon them to lay down the law to the literary world of England. It was as if Strap, Lismahago, Ritchie Monypies, and Andrew Fair-service had clubbed their forces to—teach their grandmother how to suck eggs.

Intimately and necessarily combined with this lecturing propensity is another Scotch characteristic, even more apt to make their neighbours regard them with a jealous eye, especially their London neighbours; for the genuine Cockney is weak precisely where the Scotsman is strong, and *vice versâ*. The same process of drilling in his tender years which makes the latter a walking sack of sententious maxims qualifies him at the same time for success in business. Narrow-mindedness, and even a spice of pedantry, are no obstacles there. Some foolish people are indignant that the Duke of Wellington, who was neither poet nor philosopher, should have been so uniformly successful, and in such colossal struggles, both as a warrior and a statesman. Why, if the Duke had been either, he might have been a Coleridge, thinking fine and high thoughts, inspiring with the conta-



gious power of thinking men who never could have accomplished it of their own accord, but he never could have *done* anything. To *do*, a man must concentrate his thoughts within the narrow range within which human power can make itself felt; that very discursiveness which charms in the thinker and the poet unfits them for action. And to descend from these altitudes, the very *abandon* which makes the Londoner a pleasing companion unfits him to rival the grim, self-concentrated Scotsman in the earnest business of life. All Englishmen have something more instinctive in their actions than is the case with their northern neighbours; but the high perfection to which the social mechanism has been brought in London renders those who have had in this city their "place of kindly engendure" the moral antipodes of Scotsmen. London habits of business no more cultivate the mind than the monotonous operations of factory spinners and weavers: the difference is that they allow (except in the cases of milliners and a few others) more time for eating, drinking, and sleeping, and that pleasing state of reverie which some men think is thinking. But even in the most perfect machinery cranks and wheels will at times be getting out of order, and the aid of persons is requisite who are shiftily and can devise substitutes when routine is at a standstill. Here it is that the Scotsman comes into play; and hence Scotsmen are in demand not merely when accidents happen, but at all times, in order that they may be ready against emergencies. We are referring, it will at once be seen, to the commonplace of life: but it is especially in mediocrity that the Scotch are great. Scott was led by his national partiality into an uncharacteristic mistake when he made Quentin Durward aim so high and so successfully: he was nearer the mark when he set his Nigel to pluck small gamesters with uniform success, and return in triumph to his paternal "peel-house" with a rich city bride, for whom a kind of genealogy had been patched up. The Scotch are first-rate second-rate men; as in their own bagpipes the *drone* is more pleasing than the higher and more varied notes to which it is the monotonous accompaniment. They swarm in counting-houses and engineer-shops—in the subordinate departments of government offices—in the civil service, and so forth: their triumphs are over the commonplace and narrow-minded of society—the class most alive to the dislike of successful rivals.

To these permanent sources of repulsion which keep the Scots a peculiar people in the great motley mass of London society, accidental circumstances, as above hinted, have from time to time contributed. They were regarded as a set of hungry adventurers, when all the beggarliness of their land flocked southward in the train of King Jamie, to pick up the crumbs that fell from the royal table. The Presbyterians—the *juste milieu* of their age—contrived under the Commonwealth, like all pragmatical holders of the extreme middle, to make themselves universally disliked or despised, and Scotsman and Presbyterian came to be regarded as synonymous terms. The Highlanders in the '15 and '45 frightened the Whigs and angered the English Tories, who had come to regard their political principles as sacred, but too good for common use, as Mrs. Slipslop thought it Atheism to mention the Bible out of church. And by bringing their parish politics into the great concerns of the empire about the beginning of the reign of George III., the Scots contrived to make themselves for a time the popular bugbear. Nor were minor offences wanting; as witness—

Henry, second Earl of Clarendon, writing to Mr. Pepys, in May 1701, says—“The story I told you the other day relating to what they call in Scotland the Second Sight is of so old a date, and so many of the circumstances out of my memory, that I must begin, as old women do their tales to children, ‘Once upon a time.’ The matter was thus:—One day, I know by some remarkable circumstances it was towards the middle of February 1661-2, the old Earl of Newborough came to dine with my father at Worcester House, and another Scotch gentleman with him, whose name I cannot call to mind. After dinner, as we were standing and talking together in the room, says my Lord Newborough to the other Scotch gentleman (who was looking very steadfastly upon my wife), ‘What is the matter that thou hast had thine eyes fixed upon my Lady Cornbury ever since she came into the room? Is she not a fine woman? Why dost thou not speak?’ ‘She is a handsome lady indeed’ (said the gentleman) ‘but I see her in blood.’ Whereupon my Lord Newborough laughed at him; and all the company going out of the room we parted: and I believe none of us thought more of the matter; I am sure I did not. My wife was at that time perfectly well in health, and looked as well as ever she did in her life. In the beginning of the next month she fell ill of the small-pox: she was always very apprehensive of that disease, and used to say, if ever she had it she should die of it. Upon the ninth day after the small-pox appeared, in the morning, she bled at the nose, which quickly stopped; but in the afternoon the blood burst out again with great violence at her nose and mouth, and about eleven of the clock that night she died, almost weltering in her blood.” Really if Scotland insisted upon sending us long-legged, grim-visaged “gentlemen” to stare ladies out of countenance, and then tell raw-head-and-bloody-bones stories by way of apology—even though they only fell true once in a hundred times—no wonder that the English became somewhat shy of their company.

During the time which elapsed from the accession of James I. till the beginning of the civil war, the Scots seem to have carried it in London with a high hand. This is scarcely in accordance with the caution which we have attributed to them as a national characteristic; but allowance must be made for their elation at that time: they seem to have been possessed with the idea that it was not so much the King as the whole nation that had come to the crown of England, and they were puffed-up accordingly. The freaks even of the higher classes among them in the neighbourhood of the Court at that time read marvellously like those of the Irish hodmen of our day in the courts and alleys where they most resort. Take for example one of their capers in May 1638. “One Carr, a servant of Marquis Hamilton’s, was arrested before Wallingford House, which bred a mighty tumult. The serjeant carried him into a house near Charing Cross, whither flocked many of the Marquis’s servants and others, broke open the house, setting ladders to it to unglaze and untile it, got in, beat the serjeants, so that one of them died since; threatened to blow the house up with gunpowder, took the prisoner, brought him forth, and with swords drawn conducted him to Whitehall, and there put him in. The King resented this very ill, and hath caused proclamation since to be published for apprehending the principals who were the murderers and chief causers and fomenters of this unlawful assembly, who in their madness neither regarded the justices’ constables, nor any other whatsoever.”



This anecdote is told by the Rev. Mr. Garrard, caterer-in-ordinary of town gossip for Lord Strafford, when Lord-Deputy in Ireland. In the same letter Mr. Garrard had sent his Lordship an account of a duel between Lord Elgin and Sir William Crofts; and not long before he informed him—"There fell out a quarrel betwixt my Lord Philip Herbert, son to the Chamberlain, and the Lord Carr, son to the Earl of Roxborough (who lately is made a councillor here), at Pall Mall—young youths both: upon some words my Lord Philip struck him, so they fell to cuffs. It passed no further; my Lord had notice of it, who made them friends." Sometimes the Scots came into collision with the natives on tenderer ground: women are fanciful; variety can lend a charm even to freckles and high cheek-bones; at least such seems to be the moral of the following story—also recorded by that right indefatigable tattle, Mr. Garrard:—"A grandchild of Vanlove's, rich Peter Vanlove, was to be married to a son of Sir Thomas Read's, he who lay seven years in the Fleet, and spent but 18*l.* a-week. He now lives at Brockett Hall, near Hatfield. Read hath estated upon this second son of his 1500*l.* a-year, and a match was intended with Mrs. Vanlove, who had a portion of 4000*l.*, and 400*l.* a-year after the death of her father, young Peter. Monday the 11th of this month they were to be married. The day before, in the afternoon, she sends to speak with Mr. Alexander, a third son of the Earl of Stirling, Secretary of Scotland here. He comes, finds her at cards, Mr. Read sitting by her. She whispered him in the ear, asking him if he had a coach—he was of her acquaintance before. He said yes; she desired Mr. Read to play her game, and went to her chamber, Mr. Alexander going along with her. Being there, she told him that to satisfy her friends she had given way to marry the gentleman he saw, but her affection was more to him; if his were so to her, she would instantly go away with him in his coach and be married. So he carried her to Greenwich, where they were married by six that evening." It is not to be wondered at that under such circumstances the Scotch should be anything but popular in and around London. A letter from Garrard to Lord Strafford, in May 1634, shows symptoms of this: "Our two elected Knights of the Garter, the Earls Darnley and Morton, rode in great state through London to Windsor. There was a secret vie who should go best attended; but my Lord Darnley carried it sheer, for he clothed fifty men in tissue doublets and scarlet hose, thick faced, twelve footmen, two coaches set out bravely, and all the ancient nobility of England that were not of the Garter rode with him, and many other Earls and Barons. With my Lord Morton rode the Earls of Warwick and Devonshire, the Earls Denbigh, Grandison, and Craven, Sir William Howard, Sir William Bruncher, young William Crofts, some of the equerries, all the rest Scottish lords and gentlemen. That which added much to his show, all the Scottish Colonels that came with Oxenstiern rode along too, and most of his company were furnished with the King's horses." The loan of the King's horses and the clannish friendship of the Colonels accidentally in London, both together, were unable to bear up against the good-will with which the "ancient nobility" turned out, to enable the English Lord to outshine the Scotch one. At an earlier period the feeling seems to have been still more deep and bitter. Mr. Garrard writes to the Lord-Deputy in 1635, that at the New Spring Garden behind the Mews "there was an order yielded to by consent that every man of what quality soever

should sit down or stand by the banks; and the best obeyed, only old Pinchbeck was refractory. The Lord Chamberlain came civilly enough to him; he mumbled and did not obey, which made the Chamberlain gently with his hand move him toward the bank, and there he sat down. Two days after he wrote him a strange letter, beginning it, 'Sir, you may remember what counsel I gave you at Croydon, for which I have suffered ever since; King James could never abide me, and I lost my fortune with Prince Henry to do you service.' His counsel was to strike Ramsay, and then they would break their fast on the Scotch there and sup upon them in London."

After the Restoration the Scotch colony in London was considerably less self-elated: Cromwell had cudgelled the conceit out of them to some tune; and neither royalists nor commonwealth-men were so satisfied with the part that nation had taken in the civil war as to feel inclined to patronise them. Charles II. had enough of Scotch society, during the short time he kinged it in Scotland before the battle of Worcester, to satisfy him for life. Besides, the whole people had enough of employment at home; Episcopalians and Presbyterians had gone together by the ears, and were less frequently to be met with abroad. The partisans of the dominant faction only came to London to procure appointments, and returned home again, where their harvest lay, as soon as they could; the Presbyterians came in search of concealment, and kept quiet. Nor did the Scotch emerge into notoriety for some time after the Revolution; for it was well on in the eighteenth century when Steele began to say sometimes a word or two in their favour, and Swift to compare their conversation to the drone of their own bagpipes. The Scotch were still foreigners in London down to the period of the Union, and as such could not aspire to the great prizes of public life. Bishop Burnett was the Scotsman of most note about London at the Revolution era, and he was decidedly a favourable specimen. The Bishop of Sarum has scarcely had justice done him. He writes a bad style, it must be confessed, but not so bad as Locke did: he is a good deal of a *gobemouche*, but his gullibility was sincere and good-natured, and that palliation can scarcely be urged in favour of the inaccuracies of Swift's 'Last Years of the Reign of Queen Anne.' But the poltering, blundering good-nature and earnestness of the Bishop render him a delight of a man, whatever he may have been as a writer. He loved praise, and he was too sincere himself, and sympathized too much with the enjoyments of others, to be able to conceive there could be any reason for concealing or disavowing the pleasure it gave him. He repeats all the flatteries said of or to him, and clearly believed that they were all said in good faith. Never meaning to hurt any person, he seems to have been incapable of understanding how words of his could offend. When first presented to King Charles, he, then a young man, lost no time in delivering the merry monarch a lecture on his misbehaviour. This propensity was unconsciously heightened by the Bishop's absence of mind: he was constantly saying what he ought not from sheer forgetfulness of whom he was speaking to. One day, in conversation with the old Duchess of Marlborough, he was extolling the merits of her deceased lord, and running an affecting parallel between him and Belisarius. This was the way to ingratiate himself with the old lady, but he soon spoiled all. "Oh," exclaimed she, "how could men ever abandon him?" "Oh, Madam," rejoined the Bishop, "only think what



a brimstone of a wife he had!" The Bishop of Sarum was a sort of moral antipodes to Talleyrand: the English *frondeur* said sharp things unintentionally,—the French with what Scotch lawyers call "malice prepense;" the Englishman never could conceal anything he knew or felt,—the Frenchman was a sealed book to the last. One can easily conceive how such an involuntary and incessant treader upon sore toes may have been avoided by his cotemporaries; but our toes are safe from him; disembodied spirits tread lightly, and we can afford to be just.

The union of the two kingdoms, by transferring the seat of executive government for Scotland and of its legislature from Edinburgh to London, brought about a state of affairs not much dissimilar in kind from that which had been produced by the elevation of James I. to the English throne. That monarch's bold figure of speech about "the kings in the House of Commons" had become in the eighteenth century almost a literal truth. Members of Parliament were courted by ministers and would-be ministers with as much supple flattery as ever kings had been, and to them was transferred much of that servile homage which had in earlier times found a market only at court. Forty-five members in the House of Commons, and sixteen in the House of Peers—and these, as feeling themselves alone in assemblies whose prejudices and objects of pursuit had little in common with their own, predisposed to act as one organized whole—were a phalanx worthy the courting of any minister or leader of opposition. The Scots found themselves persons of great importance in London. And the power had fallen into the hands, not of the gay and roystering braggadocios who had constituted the ruffling followers of a lawless court, but into the hands of the sedate and cautious burgessry of Scotland. The expenses of civil war, or their own extravagance, had clipped the wings of the old Scotch nobility, and raised to power the younger branches of old families who had betaken themselves to lucrative pursuits, and the *nouveaux riches* of the burghs in which industry and commercial enterprise were beginning to strike root. The class to which habits of reflecting industry had communicated a cautious disposition and habit of obeying the law, at the same time that its growing wealth had awakened in it aspirings of bolder ambition—the class fitted above all others to produce and be influenced by the earnest, narrow-minded, sturdy clergy of the kirk—was in the ascendant in Scotland; and at their head were one or two of the oldest families of the kingdom, who had been enabled to maintain their position by what their enemies insinuated was a timid, self-seeking character, duly transmitted from father to son. The decorum and caution of Scotland had the reins in their hands; the romantic, the imaginative dare-devils were thrown into the arms of the faction of the exiled family. Scotsmen became naturalized in England, London became their metropolitan city, at a period when those who flocked to the seat of government to make their fortunes were almost to a man stamped more or less with the characteristics of the tamed puritan, and were followed by a hard-featured, fantastic race—half French courtiers, half Highland clansmen—who alternately skulked in the lanes and blind alleys, or emerged for a moment into broad day, as the tortuous windings of Jacobite plots and intrigues required. It is difficult to say which portion of the nation gave more umbrage to John Bull,—the orderly, place-hunting gentlemen, who followed office with the stealthy, noiseless footfall

of the cat, the pertinacity of a blood-hound, and the tenacious snap of a bulldog; or the particoloured gentry from the Highlands, who were implicated in every attempt at insurrectionary movements that disturbed his peace.

The position of the Scotch members of the legislature at this period, though capable of being rendered a lucrative, was necessarily a subordinate one. The secret of their strength was their own union and the equality of the great English parties. When the indigenous factions were nearly balanced, the adhesion or secession of the Scots could at any time turn the scale, but of themselves they could do nothing. This was a situation admirably suited to that mediocrity of genius which has already been noticed as one of the peculiarities of the Scotch character—a spirit of which the Earl of Islay, the great subordinate of Sir Robert Walpole, may be considered the incarnation. But their ambition for second-rate distinction was perhaps still more marked in domestic life; their very gallantry was tinged by it. There are examples of female adventurers, by fair faces, or the whimsical tide of fashion, attaining to an English coronet, but there is no case on record of such a one being deemed a worthy prize by the two principal noblemen of the country in succession, as one of the Miss Gunnings was, first by the premier Duke of Scotland (Hamilton), and afterwards by the almost feudal prince of the Highlands (Argyle). Let it be remembered, too, that at the time the former married her the first bloom of her beauty had been rubbed off by the wear and tear of fashionable life—that the hardness of the *habituée* was distinctly visible (*vide* Richardson's correspondence) in her whole appearance and deportment. Scotch pride could, in the wane of her beauty, put up with one of whom they could brag that she had once been the first toast in England. The Chudleigh was a fresher and more attractive flower, and equally willing to be gathered by a duke; but neither a Murray nor a Campbell had the courage to try, nor would they have attempted the Gunning four or five years earlier.

The London jeers and taunts—the caricatures written and engraved of Scotsmen in London at this period—are, in consequence, more of a domestic, or at least of a personal, than of a public nature. The gentleman, beneath whose coat a tartan waistcoat peeps out, in earnest conversation with the Frenchman, in Hogarth's 'March to Finchley,' shows the prevalent London notion of the Scotch Jacobite. Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, in Macklin's 'Man of the World,' is a highly-exaggerated picture of the Scotch supporter of, or conformist to, the Hanoverian government. Politics—meaning thereby the gabbling, and ranging under different banners, and spitting of spite, which pass muster for politics in general society—have at least this advantage, that, by directing malice against a body, they in some measure draw it off from individuals. Squire Western and his sister contrived to drag on a cat-and-dog life together, because the former could expectorate his spleen, not against the lady, but the "Hanoverian rats" in general, and because she could vent her venom, to which she in vain attempted to communicate the milder flavour of dignified contempt, against the whole body of booby Jacobite squires. The real feeling of rancour was much bitterer between the Scottish and English denizens of London at the time now under consideration than when the reckless invectives of Wilkes, Churchill, and Co., were at the loudest.

It is a relief to turn from these harsh topics, which have forced themselves on



our notice, to loiter before plunging into the bitternesses of the ensuing period, and dwell for a moment upon the character of Thomson. There was nothing of the harsh angularity about him which is found in so many of his countrymen that it has come to be regarded as a national characteristic. He was not, like the most of them, harsh and hard as the wooden Highlander, the prescriptive Lar, or domestic genius, of the tobacconist's shop. He was too easy and good-natured for the land of thistles, and slipped southwards by a natural instinct teaching him his appropriate place. His friends in early life sought to make a minister of him: he might (had fortune seen fit to allow him to be born south of the Tweed) have made a good rector, with a comfortable benefice and a couple of curates under him, but for the hard and stern work of the ultra-presbyterian Scotland of his time he was utterly unfit. He almost frightened the Divinity Professor into fits, by sending him poetry instead of verses which he had been ordered to compose as a college exercise. In London, quite as much by the guardian care of friends as by his own skill in advancing his fortune, he contrived, after a probationary period of starvation, to pick up a competency, and then set himself down to enjoy a true Castle of Indolence, sleeping till noon, because, as he said, he "had no motive to rise," and biting peaches off the trees to save himself the trouble of pulling them. His poems—that is, his only readable poem, his 'Seasons'—are the express image of his own character. The language is, as Johnson observed, extremely diffuse, because it would have given him trouble to condense it; the imagery is a simple outpouring of impressions which had lodged in his mind unawares, and been moulded by his imagination without any trouble—save effort of the will. There is nothing about the 'Seasons' of the conventional forms and cant words which now exclusively pass muster for Scotch. Thomson's shepherds and shepherdesses—sweet, insipid dears!—are the usual abstractions of Arcadia; he ascends "some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains;" and though the Obi rolls its tide in his lines, we cannot remember that even the half-Scotch Tweed is once mentioned. Yet the colouring of his landscape is essentially Scotch: the fishing scene in spring, the snow-storm in winter, all have that local colouring which a Scotchman recognises at once, and is aware of a home-feeling stealing over him. Of his sentiment, "least said is soonest mended"—he seems scarcely to have felt the more delicate beauty of the human figure. His Amanda—and ("partly because they count her in my line") I may be supposed to speak with partiality, not prejudice—must have been, if family tradition "may be in aught believed," as regular a red-haired, "rump-fed ronyon" as ever startled the passing traveller into wondering whether she were man or woman. But, whether refined or not, his attachments were sincere, and by their quiet fervour thawed even the hard soul of Quin.

The Marquis of Bute, to whom belongs the honour of raising for a time the Scotch name into an object of popular hatred, was as striking a specimen of the power of English imagination to dress up a bugbear to frighten itself as can well be conceived. Horace Walpole describes him as a gentleman, who, having spent his time studying mathematics in the seclusion of his own little island till his 35th year, and simples in the hedges about Twickenham, discovered about that sedate time of life that, like Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, he had a leg for a galliard, and took good care to show it in private theatricals and fancy balls. Nor does

he appear ever to have been anything more. But discomfited political leaders wished for some one to point out to the populace as giving the young King bad advice; and as the Marquis of Bute stood, or seemed to stand, near the throne, they denounced him as the terrible intriguer. To heighten the joke, Scots nationality fired in behalf of a Scots nobleman, and imagined him the first of statesmen. And while the clamour of controversy raged around him, the poor object of it, conscious that he was an object of dislike to, and kept at distance by, the King, must have felt, while reading the descriptions of himself by either party, much like the heroine of an old Scotch song—

“Hech! quo’ the wee wifkie, this is no’ me.”

Among those who mingled in the wordy war of politics at that time was as arrant a Scotchman as ever crossed the Tweed—Tobias Smollett. You rarely



[Dr. Smollett.]

hear mention made either of Fielding or Smollett apart. They are the Castor and Pollux of British literature; and it would be difficult to decide whether the justice of this classification be more strikingly illustrated by the excellence of their novels or the execrable trashiness of their plays. They are so closely associated, that their very differences are brought out more strikingly by the conjunction. Both were writers for bread, and not very scrupulous, at least on the score of dignity, as to the literary tasks they undertook. Fielding, however, had higher notions of novel-writing than Smollett. The former regarded it as an art, and sought to give unity and finish to his performances; the latter was satisfied if he could fill up the number of volumes bargained for with matter that would “go off,” and thus satisfy the bookseller. He eked out ‘Humphrey Clinker’ by incorporating a tour in Scotland with it; and he eked out ‘Peregrine Pickle’ by a still more questionable admixture. He had more of the “penny-a-liner” in his composition than Fielding, as the ‘History of England’ is alive at this day to testify. Between the minds of these two writers there was this essential difference—that Fielding took pleasure in delineating character, while Smollett rioted in caricature. Fielding with patient elaboration produces what, if not a transcript of nature, is so natural we could conceive it existing



Smollett, taking the hint from something he sees in nature, overlays it by a combination of all the grotesque images it suggests to his fancy. Fielding's writings are expressive, Smollett's suggestive. There is a more quiet intense feeling of the ludicrous in the former, a more Bacchanalian revelling in it in the latter. When Fielding attempts the burlesque it is with an effort, but it is the natural language of Smollett. Smollett's Strap, Lismahago, the old Scotch schoolmaster in London, &c., are among the best delineated Scotch characters our literature can supply. They (and still more his ostensible heroes, Pickle and Random) have all a dash of their author in them—of his disregard of money, and his almost morbid pleasure in probing the eccentricities of human nature. Nor was he without that self-complacency which is the badge of all his race: Fielding had a good-natured friend to tell what company he sometimes kept, but Smollett has given a full-length picture of one of his ragged levees at Chelsea.

Next in the order of our Scotch worthies (how unlike the grim heroes of the peasant's manual so designated!) is an equally but more unconsciously eccentric personage—Jamie Boswell. Smollett and Boswell were perhaps equally

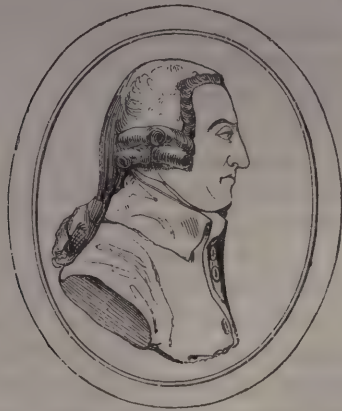


[Boswell.]

remarkable in their day for doing what no other person would have done; but the former played his pranks knowingly and wilfully, while the latter made an ass of himself in perfect innocence of heart. Boswell might have said of Smollett, had any one praised his "admirable fooling"—"Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural." Boswell wore a head-gear "pricked with the humour of forty fancies." He wooed and tended Johnson, as the Humorous Lieutenant, after quaffing the philtre, sighed for the sweet old King; he ran about seeking the acquaintance of every notoriety—from Paoli to the Keeper of Newgate; he was everybody's shadow, and yet when wine warmed him he sometimes tried to expand into an absolute substantial personality of his own—sneaking back like a rated hound into his echo as soon as he sobered. Poor Goldie! when Bozzie joined in the laugh against him, his feelings must have been those which one could fancy laying hold of Malvolio, if he had overheard "the foolish knight" tittering in

triumph over his soliloquy. Yet was not Boswell an absolute fool, though he looks very like one—especially in his more grave and sententious moods, when he is consulting with Johnson about the best way of turning sentences in his law-papers, and receiving as a sincere compliment the sly hit of the old Scotch Judge, who, alluding to the magniloquent diction of his argument in some paltry case, advised him “not to cast his pearls before swine.” His ‘Life of Johnson’ is not merely unique—it is full of characteristic portraiture and shrewd remark. It was almost worth while leading such a lacquey’s life to be able to make such a book.

We have come as near to modern times and modern associations as can well be ventured, unless we would draw a storm of Highland indignation into the shop of our publisher. The poets, politicians, painters, and political economists whom Scotland has sent us in this our own and last generation are themes that crave wary handling, and had better be passed over, at least for the present. Trying back, many shadowy figures rise upon our recollection, who seem almost as worthy of being recorded as those who have rather forced themselves upon us than been selected. There is Hunter (the elder—the accoucheur), whose private memoirs would be a strange chapter in the history of British nobility, and whose own personality would almost require a Le Sage to do him justice. There is Macpherson, a penny-a-liner, and not only a liar himself, but the cause of lying in others. There is Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, for whom a tall showy figure, invincible good-nature, and a serviceable disposition, did more than genius or even dexterity in political intrigue could have done. And if we are to add to the list the mere birds of passage, what crowds rush upon our view, from old Balmerino stopping the coach to buy “honey-blobs,” as he returned from receiving sentence of death, and Lovat sitting to Hogarth for his portrait, down to James Hogg, the last genuine Scotch lion sent to London, and, of all lions upon record, the one which played its part most *con amore*, roaring after a fashion unparalleled since the days of the immortal Bottom. Adam Smith, however, though only a casual visitor, must not be passed over in silence, were it only for the sake of mentioning how Dundas sent the ‘Wealth of Nations’ reeling in his saddle home to his lodgings from the Bacchanalian revels of Wimbledon.



[Adam Smith.]

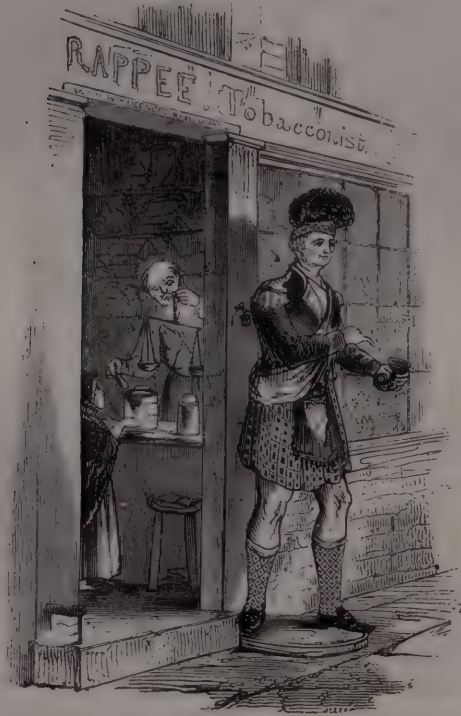


We have touched upon the overflowings of Scottish spirit in London—the occasional flashes and sparkles which show that there is life and high spirit in that hidden stream of Scotch domestic life which meanders through metropolitan society—flying the light almost as much as the over-arched “River of Wells” which once flashed and sparkled in the sun like other brooks. There is not, after all, such perfect uniformity in Scotch character as those who formed their notions of it from the caricatures of Macklin and Churchill used to believe. How different are the Scotsmen of Walter Scott from those of Smollett, though with enough of general resemblance to mark their relationship. Smollett’s are like himself, more intent upon fun than gain; but the fun that can penetrate their rhinoceros hides and reach the seat of sense would be harsh and repulsive to more susceptible natures. Their jokes are like the sailors’ shaving with tar and a rusty barrel-hoop on crossing the line. Andrew Fairservice has the same skinny withered hardness, and honest Cuddy Headrig compensates for superior plumpness by stolidity; but, unlike Smollett’s, all Scott’s heroes have an eye to the main chance. They are what their author would have been and could not be; for he was one of those who possessed the taste without the talent for accumulating and retaining a fortune.

Whoever would seek to penetrate into the inner life of Scotch metropolitan society must take a roundabout road, and set out in the first place for Scotland. There in every town-hall and burgh church he will find portraits, statues, or mural inscriptions to eminent civic dignitaries of London, of whom the metropolis knows comparatively little, perhaps nothing. There matter may be collected for the history of obscure mayoralties and shrievalties—of merchants possessing great influence at the India House—things, the memory of which has utterly perished in the City. There will be found an explanation of the process by which our colonies and Indian dependencies have become so redundantly stocked with Scotsmen. The astonished Londoner will there discover what a busy world he has been living beside, unaware of its existence—an affiliated society of Scotch settlers in the metropolis forming a connecting link between the populations of North Britain and British India. If he play his cards right he may obtain the certainty, through the voluminous correspondence of parents and grandsires carefully treasured in family archives, that the same interchange of good offices between the London colony and the mother country which is now in active progress has been carrying on for upwards of a century. He may read in them how the prosperous London merchant received annual tribute of kebbocks, kipper, and whiskey, as punctually as ever the feudal laird received his kains and rents; and how he repaid these acts of vassalage by procuring appointments for younger sons as cadets in the Company’s service, or pursers in the Company’s navy, or book-keepers on West Indian estates, or as clerks in the Commissariat or other Government offices. The same authentic annals will explain by what means the Duchess of York’s spring-garters first penetrated into Scotland; and many a stirring tale of flirtation is mingled with the grave business-like thread of the narrative. The young Scotch beauty on a visit to her London relations felt a strange charm in the mixture of something outlandish with the home tones of her native land in the young soldier or sailor whom chance brought from the far East during her stay, and the place of their meeting height-

ened the charm. She again was to him like the glens he had roamed through in boyhood, and dreams of her fair face mingled with and interrupted his earnest resolves to make a fortune. And if any young Englishman seemed inclined to admire her, the business was done at once. Many are the homely but stirring recollections which cement the union between the Scotchman in London, to the third and fourth generation, and his relatives in the far North. They have a common fund of family traditions; and a visit to London or a visit to Scotland is the day-dream of childhood in all their families. How the males do chirrup it over their tumblers of toddy within sound of Bow Bells or on the borders of the Moor of Rannoch! But such eternal blazon must not be for the present, though, gentle reader,

" . . . . . There is matter for a second rhyme,  
And I to this would add another tale."



[Snuff-shop Highlander.]





[The Chapel, 1843.]

## LXXII.—THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

THOUGH the local position of this institution is too well known to render it necessary for us to adopt the method of many worthy topographers, and describe it by its boundaries and parochial relations, one may easily imagine the difficulty those who should know it best—the founders of the hospital—would experience in finding it were they now alive. In that extensive wilderness of houses, how should they expect to discover the building they left almost surrounded by fields? Who would think of coming here to seek for a place enjoying at once the advantages of a country residence, and that of being near to all the metropolitan conveniences, as was the case with the Foundling Hospital only just a century ago? And in looking on street after street of lofty and noble houses, which have for ever banished the daisies and buttercups and the sweet-smelling hay of the summer time from the place, still more astonished would they be to learn how great a number of them belonged to the Hospital itself; a striking evidence of the prosperity of their beloved charity.

The gates are flung wide open, and on foot and in luxuriant vehicles a quiet, but brilliant-looking stream of persons are passing through them into the very spacious area in front of the edifice. The hum of industry in the solitary shop

of the Hospital to the right, where some of the boys are instructed in the mysteries of the tailor, is mute ; the play-grounds on either side, with their arcades and alcoves and gymnastic implements, are all deserted ; nothing is to be seen or heard but the continued passage across the centre of the area of the visitors to the famous chapel, which occupies the central of the three sides of a square of large but plain brick buildings constituting the Hospital. In the corner to the right we find a small vestibule or hall, leading by a passage from its farther end into the chapel, and directly into the kitchen-garden of the establishment. At its entrance stands a governor, receiving the slight donation which is expected from visitors. This hall, to many, has a kind of melancholy interest. The walls are decorated with funereal memorials of different persons who have been buried in the chapel vaults. Among the rest we read the names of Sir Stephen Gaselee, and beneath a handsome marble bust placed between pillars, and over a sarcophagus, an inscription to the late Lord Tenterden. The privilege of burial here was formerly allowed to governors of the Hospital and its officers, with their families, but the vaults have now been closed for many years. Children who die in the Hospital are buried in Highgate Cemetery.

Passing on into the chapel, we find the building large, light, and generally elegant in its appearance ; the stained glass here and there sheds its rich glories ; the altar-piece, with its most touching and beautiful of subjects, Christ blessing children, and treated in the artist's (West) best manner, is at once appropriate and impressive ; but it is not on these features the eye of the spectator rests, much less on the mingled crowd of the pious, the wealthy, and the fashionable, which occupies the gallery over the altar-piece at this end, as well as the two side galleries and the body of the chapel : it is that long slope of youthful and interesting faces descending from the ceiling to the front of the gallery at the other extremity of the building, the boys in their dark costume on the right, the girls in snowiest vesture on the left, with the noble organ rising between them ; it is they who are the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes"—it is in that gallery centre the attractions which make the Foundling Hospital Chapel one of the most popular of London places of worship. As the service proceeds, and the hymns and choruses are sung by the children and the professional choir—as the anthem, one of Handel's most glorious works, is raised in solemn chorus or touching melody, we no longer wonder at the popularity to which we have alluded ; such singing and such music would draw audiences—and not necessarily undevout ones—anywhere, much more to an institution which has so many other interesting features to attract curiosity. That organ, so magnificent in tone and power, was the gift of Handel, not in its form as we now see it, for the original instrument has been greatly enlarged and altered, but there are the actual materials possessing the peculiar quality which we attach to the humblest article that has been touched by a man of lofty genius ; and so the present organ is essentially the very instrument before which the wonderful musician himself sat, and from which he drew forth the notes in which the sublime strains of the Messiah here found voice : year after year in this chapel did Handel fill the coffers of the Hospital by the gratuitous performance of that, his greatest work. All the other benefactors of the Hospital sink into comparative insignificance in regard to the amount of actual pecuniary benefit



they were the means of conferring: above ten thousand pounds were in all added by the 'Messiah' to the funds. A curious misunderstanding occurred between Handel and the governors. He "presented the charity with a fair copy of the original score of the 'Messiah.' This act of bounty was so ill understood by some of the governors, that, imagining this deed gave them an exclusive right to its performance, they formed the singular resolution of applying to Parliament to legalise their claim. But, first of all, it was deemed necessary to obtain Handel's concurrence; and accordingly a deputation of these gentlemen waited upon him with their strange, though well-meant, requisition. But the musician, bursting into a rage which the music he has put in the mouth of Polypheme would but faintly express, exclaimed, 'Te deivel! For vat sal de Foundling put mein oratorio in de Parlement? Te deivel! Mein music sal not go to de Parlement.'"<sup>\*</sup> The advantages conferred on the Hospital by the musical performances thus commenced by Handel were, in a measure, made permanent through an accidental circumstance highly honourable to the thoughtful humanity of the governors. In the minutes of the institution we read that in a general committee, held on the 20th of March, 1758, it was "resolved that Tom Grenville, a boy of this Hospital, born blind, be taught music by the assistant to the organist of the chapel," and "at the price of two guineas per quarter." Two or three other blind children were similarly treated, who, it is pleasant to relate, lived to "contribute very abundantly" to the Hospital funds through that circumstance. Attention was now attracted to the subject of teaching music to the children generally, and the result was the admirable chorus, which, in conjunction with some half-dozen professional voices, has, down to the present day, contributed greatly to the prosperity of the institution. About a thousand a-year is now collected at the chapel-doors and at the annual sermon. In 1873 the interior of the chapel was thoroughly restored and considerably altered in its arrangements.

As we leave the chapel on the conclusion of the service, we perceive that the musical performances, though the chief, are by no means the only attraction of the visitors to the Foundling. Mingling with the throng which at the outer extremity of the hall passes through a door on the left along a passage, we find ourselves in the girls' dining-room, an apartment of great length, hung round with pictures of no ordinary merit. Here is Hogarth's well-known and capital portrait of Captain Coram, the founder of the institution, of whom we shall presently have to speak. This is the picture to which Hogarth refers in the following passage of his autobiographical sketch, where he is alluding to his dispute with Ramsay, the eminent painter, as to the qualifications required for portrait-painting. He says, "The portrait which I painted with most pleasure, and in which I particularly wished to excel, was that of Captain Coram, for the Foundling Hospital; and if I am so wretched an artist as my enemies assert, it is somewhat strange that this, which was one of the first and painted the size of life, should stand the test of twenty years' competition, and be generally thought the best portrait in the place, notwithstanding the first painters in the kingdom exerted all their talents to vie with it." This may not sound very modest, but it is quite true; although at the same time among the other por-

<sup>\*</sup> Burney's 'History of Music.'

traits in this very room, and which are among the works Hogarth refers to, are Dr. Mead's by Ramsay, the Earl of Dartmouth's by Sir Joshua Reynolds, besides others by Hudson (Reynolds's master) and Shackleton. Sir Joshua's picture, we may observe by the way, is a melancholy example of those experiments in colouring to which the great painter was addicted. The face is of a cadaverous hue, and the drapery sadly blistered.

But the general attention is now withdrawn from the walls. The girls enter, and take their stand against the long row of tables that extends from end to end of the room, the crowd forming a lane on either side. A moment's pause, and a sweet voice is heard saying grace; the utterer is that modest-looking girl in the centre of the table, who from her superior height and appearance seems chosen as one of the oldest among her companions. Scarcely has she finished before another girl, at the end of the table, dispenses, with the ease and rapidity of habit, from the large dishes of baked meat and vegetables before her, the diners of the expectant children, plate following plate with marvellous rapidity till all are satisfied. This room occupies a great portion of the easternmost wing or side of the edifice: the boys' dining-room is in a similar situation, though more contracted in its dimensions, in the opposite wing. Following in the wake of the busy gazers across the court-yard, towards the apartment in question, through the school-room, we are arrested in the latter by the sight of the performance of a kind of preliminary to the act of dining, which, though somewhat tantalizing, no doubt adds fresh zest to the sharp appetite when it does get to work. Arranged in a double row,

"Fine by degrees and beautifully less,"

till the little fellows at the end near which we are standing seem so young and short (though fat enough) that we could fancy them but just taken from the nurse's arms, and breeched, waistcoated, and coated for the occasion, are the whole of the male portion of the youthful community, going through their drill exercises at the word of command of their master. They change at once, and without blunder, or hesitation, or want of concert, from a two-deep to a three-deep line, they beat time, they march, turn and turn again, until the welcome word is given for the final march to dinner-table in the adjoining room, where the sound of the regular, even tramp of their footsteps soon ceases. We need not follow them, as there is nothing materially different in the economy of their table from that of the girls previously noticed. The public promenade through the Hospital is not yet exhausted. There are the long wards with their rows of clean and comfortable little beds, and baskets at the foot of each, and there is the pleasure-ground into which the windows of some of the chief apartments open.

The two most interesting apartments of the Hospital, open to the inspection of visitors, are those devoted respectively to the use of the secretary and to the meetings of the committee or executive of the institution. The object of the governors in throwing open the other portions of the edifice described is, we presume, to enable the public constantly to judge of the treatment and condition of the children; an excellent reason, but which, of course, does not apply to the apartments above mentioned. These are in the western wing. In the Secretary's room are 'Elisha raising the Child,' an immense sea-piece







WILBERFORCE.

ENGRAVED BY J. BROWN, FROM THE STATUE BY S. JOSEPH.



by Brooking, painted within the walls; landscapes and portraits: but the gem of the place, and indeed of the entire collection, is Hogarth's 'March to Finchley.' The history of this work is curious. Among his other benefactions to the Hospital, Hogarth gave a number of unsold tickets connected with the disposal of the 'March to Finchley' by lottery; one of these tickets obtained the prize.

In a recent paper on the Royal Academy we had occasion to observe that the first idea of a public exhibition of works of art was borrowed from the Foundling Hospital. So many and such eminent artists contributed to adorn the home of the newly-founded charity, that the place became one of the most fashionable of morning lounges. The committee-room, into which we now enter, was of course a chief point of attraction; and its walls show very strikingly the generous strife which had prevailed in its decoration. The beautiful stucco ceiling, the marble chimney-piece, the verd antique table, with its magnificently carved support, and the glass above it, are respectively the gifts of different artists. Rysbrack gave the beautiful piece of sculpture over the mantel-piece; Hogarth, Hayman, Wills, and Highmore, contributed the four great pictures which occupy so large a portion of the walls; whilst Wilson, Gainsborough, and others of humbler name, filled the eight small round compartments scattered between the more pretending works, representing different metropolitan hospitals. Of the four large pictures, Highmore's represents the 'Angel of the Lord and Ishmael;' Wills's, 'Christ showing a Child as the emblem of Heaven;' Hayman's, the 'Finding of Moses;' and Hogarth's, the 'Adoption of Moses by Pharaoh's Daughter.' Mr. Cunningham speaks of the "serene and simple dignity" of this fine work by Hogarth; and another critic (Ireland) justly observes, "There is not perhaps in Holy Writ another story so exactly suitable to the avowed purpose of the foundation." The scene, with its distant pyramids, is splendid, the composition harmonious, and the principal figure (Pharaoh's daughter) exquisitely beautiful. It seems to us that, on looking at such pictures as this and the portrait of Coram, Hogarth has done much, after all, to defend his claim to be a painter, in the painter's own lofty sense of the term. What he wanted was chiefly that which arduous study could have given him. Fortunately there is little room for regret: his admirable picture-morals are worth a thousand of the works of many of those who, whilst denying his right to call himself an artist, hid, under showy conventionalities and high-sounding names, the intrinsic hollowness of their own productions. It will be seen from what we have stated that the Hospital may pride itself upon the possession of some fine works of art. To these a valuable acquisition was added a few years ago, namely, a Cartoon by Raphael.

In the room thus decorated by the hand of genius the committee sits every Saturday that determines all applications for admission—a most delicate and important duty, and one that is so bound up with the peculiar history of the institution that we can have no better opportunity of relating its rise and progress than the present.

Addison, in one of his periodical essays in the 'Guardian' (No. 105), says, "I will mention a piece of charity which has not yet been exerted among us, and which deserves our attention the more because it is practised by most of the

nations about us. I mean a provision for foundlings, or for those children who, through want of such a provision, are exposed to the barbarity of cruel and unnatural parents. One does not know how to speak on such a subject without horror; but what multitudes of infants have been made away with by those who brought them into the world, and were afterwards ashamed or unable to provide for them! There is scarce an assizes where some unhappy wretch is not executed for the murder of a child; and how many more of these monsters of inhumanity may we suppose to be wholly undiscovered, or cleared for want of legal evidence!" In consequence of this, and probably similar appeals, the matter at that time proceeded so far that various persons left by their wills sums for the support of the projected charity; but it was not until Captain Thomas Coram came upon the scene, about ten years later, that the scheme assumed a tangible shape. This gentleman, who had been bred to the sea, and was then the master of a vessel trading to the colonies, became, it is said, interested in the work to which he was about to devote the greater part of his life and energies, from the circumstance that, in passing to and fro between Rotherhithe and London in pursuance of his avocations, he frequently saw infants exposed in the streets, deserted by their parents, and left to perish through the inclemency of the seasons. Coram accordingly took the matter in hand; and, unappalled by seventeen years of difficulties, held it firmly to the last, and until he saw the complete establishment of his darling institution. Every kind of appeal had he to urge, many personal humiliations to undergo, before arriving at this result. The example of the chief countries of the continent, viewed in connexion with the child-murders and exposures which they had been said to remedy—evils which there was no denying existed also in England—furnished his strongest and most forcible argument, and which he pressed upon the attention of all persons of rank, power, or wealth, who he thought would assist him. Never was philanthropist more indefatigable than Coram; and, like other good men of his class, his perseverance did not always meet with the most courteous acknowledgment. A copy of Coram's memorial and petition to Her Royal Highness Princess Amelia is deposited among the records of the Hospital, at the bottom of which Coram has written the following note:—

"N.B.—On Innocents' Day, the 28th of December, 1737, I went to St. James's Palace to present this petition, having been advised first to address the lady of the bedchamber in waiting to introduce it; but the Lady Isabella Finch, who was the lady in waiting, gave me very rough words, and bade me begone with my petition, which I did, without opportunity of presenting it.

"THOMAS CORAM."

It was as well perhaps the Princess and her waiting-woman did not hear the Captain's opinion of their conduct at the moment he found himself thus dismissed. History recordeth not his words, but no doubt they were sufficiently *piquante*; for neither Coram's habits nor ambition were of the courtier's nature. He evidently thought the rough seaman no discredit to the honest man or the warm-hearted philanthropist, and there were others enlightened enough to think the same. When he presented at last his petition for a charter, he presented with it three memorials: the first signed by twenty-one "ladies of quality and distinction," duchesses, &c.; the second by the husbands of the said ladies,



and other noblemen and gentlemen; the third by justices of the peace residing near London, "and other persons of distinction." The answer was the grant of the charter by George II., on the 17th of October, 1739, which recited that "Thomas Coram, in behalf of great numbers of helpless infants daily exposed to destruction, had, by his petition, represented that many persons of quality and distinction, as well as others of both sexes, being sensible of the frequent murders committed on poor miserable infants by their parents to hide their shame, and the inhuman custom of exposing new-born children to perish in the streets, or training them up in idleness, beggary, and theft, had, by instruments in writing, declared their intentions to contribute liberally towards the erecting an Hospital, after the example of other Christian countries, and for supporting the same." The charter then appoints a body corporate of governors and guardians, including John Duke of Bedford, and three hundred and fifty other persons, among whom were several peers, the Master of the Rolls, the Chief Justices and Chief Baron, the Speaker, the Attorney and Solicitor General, and Coram—certainly a goodly assemblage to conduct the affairs of the infant charity. The preliminary measures having been taken, on the 26th of October, 1740, there appeared on the door of the house in Hatton Garden (distinguished by the shield above it, painted by Hogarth, and the first of his numerous gifts to the charity) the following notice:—"To-morrow, at eight o'clock in the evening, this house will be opened for the reception of twenty children, under the following regulations:—No child exceeding the age of two months will be taken in, nor such as have the evil, leprosy, or disease of the like nature, whereby the health of the other children may be endangered; for the discovery whereof every child is to be inspected as soon as it is brought, and the person who brings it is to come in at the outward door and ring a bell at the inward door, and not to go away until the child is returned or notice given of its reception; but no questions whatever will be asked of any person who brings a child, nor shall any servant of the house presume to endeavour to discover who such person is, on pain of being discharged. All persons who bring children are requested to affix on each child some particular writing, or other distinguishing mark or token, so that the children may be known if hereafter necessary." The twenty children accordingly were taken in, and a notice affixed over the door, "*The house is full.*" We may imagine the scene Hatton Garden presented at that moment, with probably five times as many mothers with their infants rejected as had been chosen, and gazing upon that notice with all the heartburnings and rage of the unsuccessful, in a competition where the choice seems necessarily to have lain among the strongest, or those who could best elbow their way through the clamorous and excited crowd. These melancholy and disgraceful scenes were subsequently got rid of by an ingenious balloting process; all the women being admitted into the court-room to draw balls from bags, those who drew black ones were summarily dismissed, those who drew white were entitled to an admission for their children if eligible, whilst those who drew red might remain to draw once more among themselves for any vacancies left open by the ineligibility of any of the former class.

In 1745 the western wing of the present Hospital was opened and the house at Hatton Garden given up; the other two portions of the edifice soon followed, and in 1747 the chapel was begun. And here, full of years and honours, was

buried Coram, in 1751, the first person interred in the place. His had been a busy as well as a benevolent nature. He did not confine his exertions to the foundation of this Hospital, but embarked in various other useful and patriotic objects chiefly in connexion with the colonies. His colonial experience and views indeed were so much esteemed by Horace Walpole—the first Lord Walpole and uncle to *the* Horace—that in writing, on some subject of the kind, to his brother Sir Robert from the Hague, where he was then ambassador, he says, “Lose no time in talking with Sir Charles Wager, Mr. Bladen, and one Coram, the honestest, the most disinterested, and the most knowing person about the plantation I ever talked with.”\* How “disinterested” he was we may judge from the fact that at the age of *eighty-two* he found himself destitute. This state of things was of course not long left unremedied. Arrangements were made to raise an annuity by subscription, but, in order to be sure that they were not offending Coram by the scheme, Dr. Brocklesby waited upon him, and put the question plainly to him. The old man’s reply was truly dignified. “I have not wasted,” said he, “the little wealth of which I was formerly possessed in self-indulgence or vain expenses, and am not ashamed to confess that in my old age I am poor.” A deed, yet carefully preserved among the Hospital records, shows the result of the subscription: it is dated March 30, 1749, and binds the parties whose names are subscribed to it to pay the different sums annexed, amounting in all to a hundred and sixty-one guineas yearly. Coram lived only two years to enjoy this evidence of the respect of his fellow-men. He died on the 29th of March, and in the evening of the 1st of April following was buried in the chapel. The body was met at the gate by the Governors and the children, who then preceded it two and two together towards its last earthly home. Immediately before the coffin the charter was borne by a person on a crimson velvet cushion. The pall was supported by numerous distinguished persons. On entering the chapel, already filled to the uttermost corner by the assembled spectators, a part of the choir of St. Paul’s raised the solemn and affecting strains of the burial-service composed by Dr. Boyce, who himself officiated at the organ. An anthem, by the same eminent musician, was also sung during the ceremony. The body was finally deposited under the communion-table.

During the period from the establishment of the Hospital to about five years after the death of Coram the applications for admission were so constantly beyond the number that the funds would admit, that the Governors ultimately determined to petition Parliament for assistance. The Hospital had evidently grown popular, and the general wish, concurring with that of the Governors, was, that it should be able to accommodate all the children offered who were eligible by its constitution. Among the modes proposed for the attainment of this object, prior to the request of regular grants from Parliament, were some of an amusing character: taxes on coals exported from Great Britain, an additional Sunday turnpike-tax, parish registers of all births, deaths, and marriages, with a fee for every registration, to be thus expended; and, above all, a poll-tax on bachelors, on the ground that so many of them would doubtless have a personal interest in the welfare of the Hospital;—these were some of the modes proposed for its support by kind friends or satirical enemies. Parliament received the

\* Coxe’s ‘Life of Walpole.’



application of the Governors favourably, and on the 6th of April, 1756, granted the sum of 10,000*l.* on the condition that all children under a certain age (first two months, then six, and lastly, as at present, twelve) should be received. The Hospital was at the same time empowered to form provincial establishments: in consequence of which houses were erected at Ackworth, Shrewsbury, Westerham in Kent, Aylesbury, Barnet, and one in Cheshire; the chief of these, at Ackworth, cost above 20,000*l.* And now commenced the state of things that had well-nigh utterly destroyed the institution, and which for a time caused it to be looked on, and not unjustly, as the greatest curse in the shape of a blessing that well-meant charity had ever inflicted. The Governors set to work with renewed energy to meet the new demands made upon them, and to fulfil what they esteemed their high vocation. To make the act of application as agreeable as possible, a basket was hung at the gate, and all the trouble imposed on parents was the ringing of a bell, as they deposited their little burdens, to inform the officers of the act. Prostitution was never before, in England at least, made so easy. The new system began on the 2nd of June, 1756, on which day 117 children were received, and before the close of the year the vast number of 1783 were adopted by the institution. Far from being frightened at this army of infants so suddenly put under their care, the Governors appear to have been apprehensive of being neglectful of the uses and capacities of the institution; for in the following June appeared advertisements in the chief public papers, and notices at the end of every street, informing all who were concerned how very widely open were the Hospital gates. Such attention was not ill bestowed; 3727 children were admitted that year, and in all, during the three years and ten months this precious system lasted, nearly 15,000 infants were received into the Foundling Hospital!

And now as to the consequences. The first and greatest, the injury to the national morality, is so glaring that one wonders how a public body of well-intentioned and respectable men, such as the Governors, could have ever overlooked it; but what then shall we think of the Parliament? It would have, however, taken some time to prove with tolerable precision the extent of this evil, and the system might not have been brought to such a summary conclusion as it was, but for others more directly palpable to the popular sense, and some of which outraged the very feelings on which the institution itself had been based. "There is set up in our corporation (writes a correspondent from a town three hundred miles distant, in one of the chronicles of the day) a new and uncommon trade, namely, the conveying children to the Foundling Hospital. The person employed in this trade is a woman of a notoriously bad character. She undertakes the carrying of these children at so much per head. She has, I am told, made one trip already, and is now set upon her journey with two of her daughters, each with a child on her back."\* From another quarter we learn that the charge for bringing up children from Yorkshire, four in two panniers slung across a horse's back, was for some time eight guineas a trip, but competition had in that, as in other pursuits, lowered the price. It was perhaps to make up for the reduction in the profits that certain carriers, before leaving the children, actually stripped the little creatures naked

\* Transcribed from 'Hans Sloane; a Tale illustrating the History of the Foundling Hospital in London: by John Brownlow:' a little work by one of the officers of the hospital, containing many interesting facts relative to the latter.

for the sake of the value of their clothing, and thus left them in the basket! The same authority gives us a glimpse of the effect of such modes of conveyance upon the poor little creatures subjected to them that is too painful to contemplate. He says, referring we presume to the House of Commons, "Has it not in the same great Assembly been moreover publicly averred that, of eight babes brought up out of the country for the Foundling Hospital at one time in a waggon, seven died before it reached London—the only one that lived owing its life to this circumstance, viz. that it had a mother so maternally loth to part with it, and commit it alone to the carrier, that she went up on foot along with him, purely that every now and then she might give it the breast, and watch and supply its other needs occasionally, &c.; keeping pace with the waggon all the way for that purpose?"\*

As the liberality of the system became more and more apparent, various country overseers and other parochial authorities began to show how greatly they were charmed with it, by occasionally dropping into the basket a child or two who they feared would become chargeable to their parishes, and in some instances by frightening the unhappy mothers themselves into the act, when they had no desire to part with their children. Other parents, again, residing in or near London, whose children were dying and who had no means of decently burying them or thought the Hospital had much more, brought them hither at the last stage of illness, to die not unfrequently between the act of taking them out of the basket and their delivery to the nurses in the ward. We may here add that among the incidental consequences of the system was the charge frequently made against the parents who had deposited their infants in the famous basket of having improperly disposed of them, the suspicions sometimes extending even unto murder. Such cases came before the magistrates; and the parties accused were detained in custody till certificates of the safe receipt of the child at the Foundling were obtained from the governors. To obviate this inconvenience a billet was delivered, when required, on the arrival of a child at the Hospital. Such were some of the evils let loose upon society by the parliament of the nation and the governors of the Hospital, through the adoption of the principle of indiscriminate admission. And the fate of the children admitted seems to show that the principle was as carelessly carried out in practice as it was vicious in theory. As the infant inundation poured in, the governors began to ask what was the best mode of preserving the lives and health of the foundlings committed to their care. The advice of the College of Physicians was asked and given; but unfortunately measures had been so precipitated that the essentials were impracticable. Where, for instance, could wet-nurses be obtained for such multitudes? How could the extraordinary watchfulness required under the circumstances—the deprivation of the proper maternal care and the mingling of diseased and healthy children—be given when there were so many requiring care? Seeing these things, we may be prepared for the result. Of the whole 14,934 children received under the new system, only 4400 lived to be apprenticed! Of course parliament did not wait for this consummation before it interfered and stopped the ruinous course it had advised and supported. On the 8th of February, 1760, a resolution was passed declaring "That the indis-

\* 'The Tendencies of the Foundling Hospital in its present extent considered: 1760.'



criminate admission of all children under a certain age into the Hospital had been attended with many evil consequences, and that it be discontinued." At this period there were above 6000 children in the establishment, and Parliament was bound to continue its grant for their support till nearly the whole of them were apprenticed out. From 1756 to 1771, the years of the Parliamentary connexion, the national funds contributed it appears no less a sum than 549,796*l.* 16*s.* to the expenses of this ill-judged experiment, which inflicted a shock on the Hospital that had, as we have before observed, well-nigh destroyed it. A striking evidence of the state of public feeling at the period is afforded by the fact that many of the Governors thought it actually necessary to give the Hospital a new name, and a resolution was passed, though afterwards rescinded, to denominate it "The Orphan Hospital." We conclude this part of our subject by observing that, till very lately, some of the children introduced under the basket system were, as aged and imbecile adults, still living in the Hospital, it being a noticeable peculiarity of the latter, that it supports through life any of the children who may be unfitted personally or mentally for apprenticeship.

The Governors of the charity, after the severe warning they had received, proceeded with more caution; they restricted their exertions to the scope of their own funds, sold their country hospitals (the Quakers bought Ackworth and established their famous school); and indeed from that time to the present their administration has grown more and more strict, or, in other words, they have endeavoured to reduce the original evils which must belong to all such institutions to a minimum, and to raise the good they can accomplish to a maximum. Yet it was not till 1801 that the most objectionable practice of taking children without inquiry, on a payment of 100*l.*, was formally abolished. We now proceed to explain the present system and management of the charity in its more essential and interesting points.

A notice on the wall by the Hospital gates informs all concerned that children can only be received into the Hospital upon the personal application of the mothers, and that the requisite printed forms of admission to be filled up may be obtained at the Secretary's Office. A copy of this form is before us, and attached to it we perceive "Instructions," which state among other matters that "no person need apply unless she shall have previously borne a good character for virtue, sobriety, and honesty." To prevent improper influence, "persons who present petitions to the Committee must not previously apply to any Governor, or to any officer or servant belonging to the Hospital, on the subject, on any pretence whatever." The form shows the age of the child, and states that it is wholly dependent on the petitioner, &c.; and this, properly filled up, is presented personally by the mother to the sitting members of the Committee, varying generally from eight or ten Governors to double that number. The preliminary inquiries—as, the poverty and good character of the applicant, the illegitimacy of her infant, the abandonment by the father, and the non-cognizance of the case by any parish authorities—being satisfactorily disposed of, the chief points to which the attention of the Chairman is directed in his questions are to learn what probability there may be of the petitioner's return to the paths of virtue, in the event of the acceptance of her child, and which includes the question of the number of persons to whom her shame may be known; a matter considered to affect greatly

the possibility of her maintaining herself honestly, and preserving her station in society. Mr. Wrottesley, in his account of the Foundling Hospital,\* shows very happily, by an imaginary case, the views by which the Governors are actuated in their selection of cases, and the consequent character of the examinations before the Committee. "The most meritorious case, therefore, would be one in which a young woman, having no means of subsistence except those derived from her own labour, and having no opulent relations, previously to committing the offence bore an irreproachable character, but yielded to artful and long-continued seduction, and an express promise of marriage; whose delivery took place in secret, and whose shame was known only to one or two persons, as, for example, the medical attendant and a single relation; and, lastly, whose employers or other persons were able and desirous to take her into their service, if enabled again to earn her livelihood by the reception of her child. This is considered the most eligible case, and others are deemed by the Governors as more or less so in proportion as they approach nearer to or recede further from it." The Committee, being satisfied of the eligibility of any particular case, as stated by the mother, cause inquiries to be made into its truth. These inquiries are of an unpleasant character, for the Treasurer's Clerk, on whom the duty devolves, is expressly instructed to avoid, during its performance, divulging any of the facts with which he may be acquainted; and it is easy to perceive this must be a difficult and onerous task. And this very secrecy, though indispensable, leads sometimes to an act of great immorality—the marriage of the parties in question to persons who are kept in entire ignorance of the most important event of their previous history. The result of the inquiry being also satisfactory, the child is at once admitted if there be a vacancy, or is placed on the books till one is made.

On leaving her child at the institution the mother receives in its place a certificate, to which is attached a private mark, by which the Hospital authorities may, if requisite, subsequently recognise the child, a corresponding mark being carefully attached to the child's clothing; but as for the unhappy mother, in all probability from that day forward never again will she be able to recognise it; the connexion between them is utterly severed, except in the event (one of rare occurrence) of her claiming the restoration of the child, and giving the Governors the most satisfactory proofs of her ability properly to maintain it. It is painfully interesting to read Mr. Wrottesley's description of the various modes formerly adopted by many of the mothers to avoid this dreadful severance, which the Hospital is strict in enforcing. He says, "All kinds of devices are resorted to by the mothers to identify their children; and extraordinary instances of ingenuity exercised by them with that view are recorded: sometimes notes are found attached to the infant's clothing, beseeching the nurse to convey information to the mother of her name and residence, that the latter may identify her child during its stay in the country: sometimes mothers have been known to watch for and follow the van on foot, which conveys their children to the country stations (where they are nursed till four years old); sometimes to attend the baptism (which takes place shortly after admission) in the hope of hearing its name. If they succeed in identifying the child during its stay at nurse, they can

\* Report of the Commissioners for inquiring concerning Charities, p. 781



always preserve the identification during its subsequent abode in the Hospital, for the children appear at chapel twice on Sunday, and dine in public on the same day; and this gives them opportunities of seeing them from time to time, and preserving the recollection of their features. In these attempts at discovery mistakes are, however, sometimes committed, and attentions are lavished on the offspring of others; instances even have occurred of mothers coming in mourning attire to the Hospital to return thanks for the kindness bestowed on their deceased children, who were informed on their arrival that they were alive and well." When recognition does take place, the officers of the institution have found that the children generally were injured by the indulgences lavished upon them. It is proper to observe that mothers can always obtain intelligence of the health and welfare of their children. The number of children is 504, and it is stated that about eight mothers weekly avail themselves of the privilege in question: some come regularly once a fortnight. We may here say a word on the classes of society to which such parents generally belong. A large proportion are domestic servants; of twenty-five cases eighteen belonged to this class. The remainder are chiefly daughters of small tradesmen, mechanics, or farmers, or milliners in humble circumstances.

The children, as we have incidentally seen, are baptized the day after their admission, and named. Formerly it was the custom to name the children after the chief benefactors and Governors of the institution, but a ludicrous inconvenience was experienced from the custom: some of the children, it was found, as they grew up, got a notion into their heads that they had a greater right to the appellation they had received than the mere custom of the Hospital had bestowed: we need hardly add that no sooner was this discovered than the practice at once ceased. Names of a very general character are now chosen. Immediately after their reception and baptism the infants are sent to one of the two stations in the country, which are situated in the counties of Kent and Surrey. The nurses who receive the Hospital children receive 3s. 6d. per week for each, and a gratuity of 25s. at the end of the first year, and another of 25s. at the end of the third year, if the child has been successfully reared. The nurses in each district are under the supervision of paid inspectors. A curious and in many senses gratifying result attends this novel connection. The nurses and their husbands, generally poor cottagers, not only are called father and mother by the poor orphans, who have practically no other parents, but they almost invariably fulfil their duties in a manner that not only leaves nothing to be desired, but that goes beyond all reasonable expectation. Nature, as if unwilling to have one of her holiest instincts lost under any circumstances, raises up in the breast of strangers the love for these poor castaways that they fail to receive from their parents. Accordingly the parting between the nurses and the children, when the age is attained at which they are removed to London, is generally of a distressing character. In many cases the nurses would evidently, if they could, be but too happy to be allowed to keep the children as their own, and at their own expense, rather than lose them. This is a feature of the management of the Hospital that it would be highly desirable to see altered, if alteration be practicable. The children are by the present mode twice deprived of their parents, and the last deprivation is by far the worst, for their affections have then grown strong, and

piteous must be the suffering when they are rudely torn away from the objects around which they have so long clung. There is even a more serious evil, we should fear: the human heart in children is a dangerous thing to tamper with; is it not likely that, in finding its love thus (cruelly to all appearance) thrown as it were back upon itself, the very instinct of self-preservation may keep it from any such dangerous advances for the future, and so allow it to remain safe at the expense of all those better feelings which are the most worthy of care? In short, if this part of the system does not exactly generate selfishness, it must at least, we should consider, blunt all the finer sensibilities, and lower the standard of humanity, among children so trained.

On the return of the children to the Hospital commences their education, which is scarcely of so high a character as we should expect from the generally excellent management of the institution. There are, for instance, now in the boys' school 95 children, who are taught by two masters. Under these circumstances it would be absurd to expect that any high degree of efficiency can be obtained for the imparting a good education even of the plainest kind. Upon the walls of the school are hung some fair specimens of drawing, the productions of some of the boys. It is probable (indeed we have heard something to that effect) that the Governors are deterred from working any effectual improvement by the fear that public opinion would not sanction them in making the condition of the children more eligible than it is: they fear perhaps that the feeling begot by the unfortunate Parliamentary experiment has not yet entirely vanished, and that the old charge of fostering vice by taking such care of its innocent consequences may be again aroused. If so, we think it is, in the words of the poet, "a lost fear." The children *are* innocent: that is enough to arouse and support the public sympathy in their favour; and if, as we hope, the excellence of the education here given shall one day attract as much attention as the order, the neatness, cleanliness, and general arrangements of the Hospital do now, we are sure there will be few murmurers. The general interest exhibited in the measures of Dr. Kay for the pauper population of the country, as partially exhibited in the Norwood Schools, may prove at once an example, and the safety of its imitation on the part of all charitable educational institutions. Some of the elder boys, as we have before had occasion to observe, are taught tailoring, now the only trade or occupation pursued in the Hospital; whilst the girls generally are taught to make their own clothes, and, as they grow old enough, to assist the ward-mistress in making up fine linen for the public at certain settled prices, and then to share in the duties of the Hospital household, and learn the mysteries of cleaning, cooking, washing, and ironing. Lastly comes the period of apprenticeship, when the Foundlings finally quit the Hospital that has so long and kindly supported them, and prepare for the arduous struggles of active life. The boys are apprenticed to persons of different trades, and, if required, premiums are given varying from 5% to 10%; but in that case the inquiry into the character of the party becomes doubly strict. The girls are never intrusted to the care of unmarried men, nor to married men except with the consent of their wives, nor to persons who keep only a single servant. Personal inspection and inquiry as to their conduct and treatment is kept up through the whole period of their apprenticeship, and more particularly with regard to the females. A pleasant cus-



tom has been instituted of late years of giving to the gradually dissolving connection the right tone of feeling preparatory to its final dissolution. Once in every year takes place a meeting of the apprentices at the Hospital, to mingle once more among their youthful associates and elder friends and guardians ; on which occasion a gratuity is given to all who can present a certificate of good conduct from their masters.

The principles that shall guide the future conduct of this important charity are of such moment that we shall make no apology for saying a few words on the subject, although our space forbids any elaborate or lengthened disquisition. From the most recent cash accounts\* of the Hospital, we perceive that the annual receipts are about 11,000*l.*; and as all those large and valuable houses belonging to the charity which surround it are held on leases, the actual income in the course of a few years will be at least 50,000*l.* As at present constituted, will the Hospital thus confer additional benefits on society? Mr. Wrottesley's opinion seems to be in the negative. He says, "Now it would seem that not only does general indiscriminate admission encourage licentiousness, but that, for a like reason, any facilities afforded for disposing of the offspring of illicit connexions without compromising the reputation of the parents have also a direct tendency to produce a similar result, and a tendency proportionable to the degree in which such facilities are afforded; and that the amount of mischief produced by any system under which illegitimate children are provided for on such terms can be always accurately estimated by observation of the number and class of the objects obtaining relief therefrom, and the circumstances under which relief is given." The "tendency" referred to cannot be denied; neither can the fact that the existing arrangements do most decidedly keep it down and render it comparatively innoxious. That this is a fact, and one that, although Mr. Wrottesley does not notice it, must answer all theories on the question, is evident from the following statements:—Sir Thomas Bernard, a former Treasurer, and the author of a carefully written and, to his credit be it said, impartial account of the Hospital, expressly says, "It is worthy of observation that *no instance* has come to the knowledge of the Committee of any woman so relieved who has not been thereby saved from what she would in all probability have been involved in—a course of vice and prostitution." Again, the gentleman we have before referred to, the treasurer's clerk, referring to an experience of many years, and extending down to a recent date, informs us that he remembers but *a single case* where the reception of the child has been followed by subsequent misconduct on the part of the parent. We do not know how it is possible to desire a much stronger answer to the charge of encouraging "licentiousness." There are evils in the system unquestionably; the separation of the child from the mother, and the deceit practised in subsequent marriages, are serious ones, and but for the rigid character of the regulations, licentiousness undoubtedly would be produced; but do those acknowledgments settle the question? Is it nothing to arrest error in its onward course, and, if you cannot change it into virtue, to keep it certainly from sinking into vice? Above all, is it nothing to take care of the children who would become the most pitiable victims of such vice? Let any one consider for a moment the probable fate of

\* Among the items in the cash accounts for 1841, is one of a gratifying kind—"Legacy of the late Edward Harris, a foundling, £25."

the great majority of the sinning but unhappy mothers who have here found relief, and then further consider what must have been the condition of their children; would the result have been anything like that shown in the following statement, where the history of one hundred and three girls after leaving the hospital is briefly but sufficiently shown? Of this number seventy-seven at the expiration of their apprenticeship received gratuities varying from two to five guineas for their good conduct, (gratuities only awarded on the presentation of a certificate by their employers,) four died, three became insane or imbecile or invalid, seven forfeited the gratuity for obstinacy without vice, three committed offences during their apprenticeship, but reformed afterwards and became respectable characters, four never applied for the gratuity, and of the whole number three only turned out bad characters. The remaining two were discovered by their mothers during their apprenticeship, and quietly taken away. It is true that in a literal sense the exact object of Coram has not been obtained or found practicable—the taking care of “exposed and deserted” infants; but it would be difficult to say the Hospital has not done what Coram must have much more desired, that is, prevented such infants from being so exposed or deserted; and certainly, in the present management and influences of the Hospital, there is nothing that would make him less proud of his title as its Founder.



[Captain Coram. From Hogarth's Picture]





[Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.]

### LXXIII.—THE CORN EXCHANGE.

SOME of the heartiest vituperations, perhaps, in the language, are to be found in the racy and entertaining 'Rural Rides' of the late William Cobbett; but they are hurled with more especial vigour against the all-devouring "Wen," as he was accustomed to call this great city, which, according to him, drew into its capacious stomach all the cattle, sheep, corn, and other good things raised by the labour of the country. Besides this, he entertained a pretty general contempt for that class of dealers who merely hand the produce of the land from one to another, and who do not by their industry change the state of the commodity which they buy and sell. No one would have been more active in putting in force the statutes of the sixteenth century against the "corn badgers" or dealers, who were described as persons "seeking only to live easily and to leave their honest labour," and their proceedings as "very hurtful to the commonwealth of this realm, as well by enhancing the price of corn and grain, as also by the diminishing of good and necessary husbandmen."\* This useful class of men Cobbett would have sent to the plough. We believe we may state with perfect truth that

\* Preamble of 5 Eliz. c. 12.

the prejudices against them have entirely passed away within the last twenty years; but so recently as 1795 Lord Kenyon thundered from the bench, and denounced the "full vengeance of the law" against the corn-dealers. Slow as may be the progress of political knowledge, no considerable number of persons would now applaud such anathemas as these, which, at the time, were loudly re-echoed amongst all classes.

When England was almost exclusively an agricultural country the process of obtaining a loaf of bread was a very simple one. The farmer threshed out as much corn as he wanted and carried it to the miller, and the townsman went into the pitched market and bought a sack of wheat, and he also had direct dealings with the miller. The great number of towns in which markets were once held, and which contained only a very scanty population, show how general were the means of maintaining direct dealings between the producer and consumer. In these days, at least in London, a man neither buys wheat, nor deals with the miller, nor bakes his own bread, so complete is the subdivision of employments. A comparison of the extent to which the principle is carried in the metropolis and in a large provincial town, so far as concerns the supply of bread, may be found in the Population Returns for 1871, which show that in Southwark and Sheffield, each with a population exceeding 200,000, and with a difference of less than 40,000 between them, there were about 400 bakers in the former place and scarcely 100 in the latter, from which it is plain that in the northern town a great majority of families dispense with the services of bakers. The relative price of fuel in the two places may in some slight degree partly account for this. But the simple as well as the complicated is equally natural in the different circumstances in which they occur. If the three millions of population now concentrated within a circle of eight miles round St. Paul's were dispersed over an extensive country, with a small number of towns of from two to ten thousand inhabitants scattered here and there, one or two containing more than that number, and the capital with perhaps fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants, the process of supplying the same amount of population with the staff of life would, under these circumstances, be totally changed. Producers and consumers would be brought generally into contact with each other, and few intermediate dealers would be necessary. But the immense supply of corn and grain which London requires for its own consumption, both for men and animals, is probably drawn from farms comprising between two and three million acres, or the total produce of six or seven thousand farms of large size; but, considering that other markets are to be supplied, and that something is required for local consumption, it may be said that many thousands of farms contribute some portion of their produce to the supply of London. Now, as it would be totally impossible for the producers in every case to bring their corn to London, it can only reach us through the services of innumerable agents, whose useful operations were denounced by the statutes of the sixteenth century. Some of the corn-merchants of London turn over in a year capital amounting to nearly a million and a half sterling, and it is obvious that they cannot themselves attend all the markets from which the supply is in the first instance collected, and yet, unless it chiefly reached London in great bulks, the process of supplying it would be very expensive. They purchase of the merchants at some shipping port, and these again deal with others whose transactions



are on a still smaller scale, and who buy directly of the grower. Each watches within his own district the opportunities of profit to be made from supplying the scarcity of one part of the country out of the abundance of another. Dr. Whately, the late Archbishop of Dublin, clearly pointed out the value of such services:—"The apprehension, on the one hand, of not realizing all the profit he might, and, on the other hand, of having his goods left on his hands, either by his laying in too large a stock, or by his rivals underselling him—these, acting like antagonist muscles, regulate the extent of his dealings, and the prices at which he buys and sells. An abundant supply causes him to lower his prices, and thus enables the public to enjoy that abundance, while he is guided only by the apprehension of being undersold; and, on the other hand, an actual or apprehended scarcity causes him to demand a higher price, or to keep back his goods in expectation of a rise. For doing this, corn-dealers in particular are often exposed to odium, as if they were the cause of the scarcity; while in reality they are performing the important service of husbanding the supply in proportion to the deficiency, and thus warding off the calamity of famine; in the same manner as the commander of a garrison or a ship regulates the allowances according to the stock and the time it is to last. But the dealers deserve neither censure for the scarcity which they are ignorantly supposed to produce, nor credit for the important public service which they in reality perform. They are merely occupied in gaining a fair livelihood." The importation of foreign corn, which, in wheat alone, has amounted to several million quarters in the course of a year, involves a more extended chain of operations, which reaches from the counting-house of the London merchant to the growers in the heart of central Europe, the cultivator in the Steppes of Southern Russia, the settler who has cleared a patch of land in the forests of Canada, and the American farmer on the Ohio. What ploughing, and sowing, and reaping—what threshing, winnowing, and measuring—before a single grain leaves the spot where it is produced, and how variously are all these processes conducted in the different countries which supply London. What chafferings in hundreds of markets before this supply gets out of the hands of the producer, in its first stage towards the all-devouring metropolis of England! How various are the modes of transport to the place of shipment, and how great are the contrasts they present: in one case the train of rude bullock-waggons crossing the Russian Steppes, in another the equally rude barge on the Vistula, with its cargo protected only by an exterior coating of sprouted corn impenetrable to the elements! Nearly all the maritime ports of England, Scotland, and Ireland have contributed some portion towards our supply. Previous to the repeal of the corn-laws, in 1846, the average amount of foreign wheat imported in London in ten years was about 600,000 bushels, but since that time it has risen to about 5,000,000.

Kent and Essex were at one period almost the only counties from which London drew its supply of corn and grain; but before even the sixteenth century this was no longer the case. Stow remarked that London "maintaineth in flourishing estate the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent, and Sussex, which, as they lie in the face of our most puissant neighbour, so ought they, above others, to be considered as the greatest strength and riches; and these, it is well known, stand not so much on the benefit of their own soil as by the neighbourhood and nearness

they have to London." The total importation of corn, grain, and seeds into London averages at the present time about four and a half million quarters, or about 38,000,000 bushels, annually, besides about 60,000 tons of flour and meal, the weight altogether being at least 600,000 tons. What a vast amount and variety of industry is involved in the creation of this large quantity of agricultural produce and in the preparation of it for consumption! Next to coal, the trade in corn gives the most extensive employment to shipping in the port of London of any other commodity.

Without the stimulus of self-interest the task of supplying London would be beyond the reach of human effort; and the operations of the "speculator" conduce, in the end, solely to the public advantage. The slightest interference with him is not unattended with danger; but the jealous spirit of the sixteenth century, if it were now possible to give effect to it, would once more place London at the risk of those serious dearths in the first necessary of life which were of frequent occurrence, and for which, in part, corn-dealers were ignorantly blamed. We may notice here a few of the restrictions under which the corn-dealers were placed three centuries ago, and also one or two regulations which attempted to deal with the producers in the same spirit. In September, 1549, a proclamation was issued which prohibited corn-dealers from having more than ten quarters in their possession at one time; and it directed justices of the peace to look into the barns, and so much as to them seemed superfluous was to be sold at a reasonable price, persons being appointed to attend in every market to see that this was done.\* Two years afterwards the substance of the above proclamation was embodied in a statute † which subjected persons buying corn to sell again to heavy penalties. Farmers buying corn for seed were required to sell an equal quantity of their corn in store. When wheat was under 6s. 8d. the quarter it might then be bought by dealers, but they were not to enhance the price or prevent the supply of the market. Corn "badgers," licensed by three justices of the peace, were permitted to buy in open fairs and markets for the supply of cities and towns. In 1562 there was another statute passed which affected them.‡ They were to be householders, not less than thirty years of age, and either married or widowers, and the licence was to be only an annual one, to be granted by the magistrates in quarter-sessions. The dealers were also to give securities not to be guilty of engrossing or forestalling, and not to buy out of open market, except under an express licence. These restrictions could not well be maintained without leading to other artificial arrangements, some of which, so far as they relate to the corn-market of London, we shall briefly notice.

For upwards of two centuries the authorities of the City and the principal Livery Companies were accustomed constantly to provide a store of corn against seasons of scarcity, and when prices rose the city granaries were opened for the purpose of keeping them moderate. This was doing nothing more than individuals would have done; but when large floating capitals ready for employment at a moment's notice were not quite so abundant as in these days, it was perhaps wise as well as benevolent in the City looking with a provident eye towards the means of mitigating the dearths which were so frequently occurring. The Lord

\* Turner's Hist. Eng. vol. i. p. 172.

† 5 and 6 Edw. VI. c. 14.

‡ 5 Eliz. c. 12



Mayor, as the head of the City, could not but extend his care to those who on such occasions were ready to perish but for his assistance; and it is most probable that the practice of forming stores of corn commenced immediately after some severe dearth; and humanity forbade it to be hastily abandoned.

Sir Stephen Brown, in 1438, appears to have been one of the earliest, and most likely was the first, Mayor of London who established a public granary, for which he is eulogised both by Stow and Fuller. The latter says of him, that "during a great dearth in his mayoralty he charitably relieved the wants of the poor citizens, by sending ships at his own expense to Dantzic, which returned laden with rye, and which seasonable supply soon sunk grain to reasonable rates;" and he adds, "he is beheld as one of the first merchants who, during a want of corn, showed the Londoners the way to the barn-door, I mean Spurland, prompted by charity, not covetousness, to this adventure." About the same period Sir Simon Eyre, another Lord Mayor, established a public granary at Leadenhall. Nearly a century afterwards (1521) a succeeding Mayor found the city granaries almost empty. "There were not," says Stow, "one hundred quarters of wheat in all the garners of the city, either within the liberties or near adjoining, through the which scarcity, when the carts of Stratford came laden with bread to the city (as they had been accustomed), there was such press about them, that one man was ready to destroy another, in striving to be served for their money: but this scarcity lasted not long; for the Mayor in short time made such provision of wheat, that the bakers both of London and Stratford were weary of taking it up, and were forced to take much more than they would, and for the rest the Mayor stowed it up in Leadenhall and other garners of the city. This Mayor also kept the market so well, that he would be at Leadenhall by four o'clock in the summer mornings, and from thence he went to other markets, to the great comfort of the citizens."

Occasional memoranda in the City records show the manner in which the City authorities applied their stores of corn to reduce prices in the markets. In 1546 two aldermen were appointed weekly in rotation to purvey and to see that the markets were well supplied. In 1559 there is an order for the City's store to be ground and sold to the citizens. In 1565 the bridgemaster is directed to put to sale in the markets every market-day four quarters of the City's wheat-meal at 3s. the bushel, and four bushels of maslin (a mixture of wheat and rye) at 2s. 6d. the bushel. A memorandum appears in the year 1573, instructing the Lord Mayor and Aldermen not to allow corn belonging to the City to be sold "better cheap" than the cost price, with all losses and charges added, nor lower than from 2d. to 4d. the bushel under the market-price, unless with the consent of the City companies, and taking an equal quantity of each company. The part which the companies took in this matter will be hereafter noticed. In 1579 the companies were required to send into the market of Southwark fifteen quarters of meal per week, till they had disposed of all their old corn at the market-price; and a fresh stock was then to be provided. In 1580, on account of the high prices, they were directed to take into the market at Queenhithe, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, eight quarters of wheat, well ground, and to retail it at 3s. the bushel, "and not more, at their peril." The companies were called upon at two different periods in 1590 to purchase 18,000 quarters of corn. This would

supply 216,000 persons for one calendar month. In 1617 they were ordered to supply the markets at 4*d.* the bushel under the market prices. Under such a system the operations of private traders would often be attended with great hazard, and this of itself would create the deficiency and the consequent high prices which the City authorities endeavoured to remedy.

The money to purchase corn and grain for the City granaries was raised by loans and contributions from the Mayor and Aldermen, from the City Companies, and sometimes from the citizens. In 1521 there is a resolution in the City records to the effect that "the Chamberlain should become bound to persons lending money for provision of corn for the City;" and in another entry of the same year the bridgemaster is ordered to make the necessary purchases of wheat. This officer appears to have been intrusted with the office of buying the City's corn, which was at one period entirely stored at the Bridge-house. Mr. Herbert, in his 'History of the Livery Companies,' says that the Companies were first required to assist in provisioning the City in 1521. The Common Council passed an act "for 1000*l.* to be borrowed on account of the great dearth and scarcity of wheat which had then lately been, and was more like to ensue, if good and politic provision were not shortly made and had;" and it was in consequence agreed that "in all goodly haste the said sum should be levied and paid by the Fellowships of sundry mysteries and crafts of this City, by way of a prest and loan." The Lord Mayor and Aldermen fixed the sums to be contributed by each Company; and the Wardens of the Companies were to assess the members of their respective Fellowships. In 1559 the Aldermen agreed to advance a sum of 10*l.* each towards raising a permanent corn-fund. About the same time the Companies were called upon to assist in purchasing "the wheat that is now come beyond sea." There being need of a further provision, a second application was made to certain of the twelve Companies, in consequence of an offer made to the Common Council, from an English grower probably, who was "minded to send" certain wheat, "if he might be ascertained of the price thereof." He was offered 14*s.* the quarter for as much "good and sound wheat" as he could supply. The following year the Wardens of the principal Companies offered, on the part of their respective Fellowships, to provide certain sums of money towards purchasing wheat from abroad. In March, 1552, the Wardens of the greater part of the Companies, in obedience to the precepts of the Common Council, "did lovingly grant, assent, and agree to disburse and lay out, by the way of loan, for the provision and buying of certain wheat in France to and for the City's use," the several sums respectively agreed upon. In June they were again called upon to buy "some of the rye then at the water-side."

The Companies were not, however, always in a complaisant humour, and often grumbled sorely when their money was not repaid. The Drapers' Company, in 1560, having shown some reluctance to comply with a corn-precept, were peremptorily ordered by the Lord Mayor to collect and pay over the sum of 300*l.*, being the amount of their assessment. Next year they asked for a return of their money, but were offered instead wheat out of the Bridge-house at 23*s.* the quarter; and if this offer were refused, the Wardens were "to move and persuade them gently to forbear their said money" until the corn in the Bridge-house could be conveniently sold. In 1573 the Common Council called upon the Companies for



a larger sum than usual for the purchase of wheat, urging the existence of present scarcity, and the necessity of preventing "extremities;" and, as the following extract from the precept shows, the Companies were threatened with the Queen's displeasure in case of refusal: "By the Mayor.—Forasmuch as all common policy requireth the prevention of extremities, and considering, as you know, the urgent and present necessity, and the lack of provision and other grain for furniture of this so great and populous city, of the want whereof the Queen's Majesty and her most honourable Council are not ignorant, but, having special care and regard to the same, are not a little offended and displeased, with some grief that there hath been no better provision heretofore made, and that presently the city should be no better stored, by reason whereof the prices of corn and grain are much dearer in this city than in any other part of this realm, have not only at sundry times and with gentle means, but also with some terror, as well in the Star Chamber as in other places afore the Council, given as admonition that the same her Majesty's city and chamber may not be unfurnished for lack of good provision." In reply to this the Companies complained that former loans were still unpaid; but the City pleaded that losses had been sustained from the bad quality of some of the wheat they had purchased, and offered to repay the Companies in two thousand quarters of good wheat from Sussex, and the same quantity from their last year's stores.

In 1577 it was debated whether the City should provide stores of corn on loans from the Companies, by orders from the Court of Aldermen, or whether the Companies should provide and keep their own stores; and the result of negotiations on the subject was that the Companies were to find their own stores, which were to be laid up at the Bridge-house, and to be subject to the control of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. Mr. Herbert, in the work already quoted, says that the garners at the Bridge-house were divided into twelve parts, which were appropriated by lots to each of the great Companies. They took possession on the 4th of November; and two days afterwards were required to purchase their annual stock, amounting to 5000 quarters, at 28s. the quarter. The City had ten ovens at this place; six of large size, and the remainder one-half less. One of the Sheriffs left 200*l.* in 1516 towards building these ovens. In 1596, the Companies built granaries at their own halls. Two years before there was a prospect of scarcity, and, as there had been large importations of wheat and rye from abroad, Sir John Spencer, the Lord Mayor, obtained an order from the Queen's Council to compel the Companies to purchase some of this foreign supply, but about the same time Sir John Hawkins applied for the use of the City granaries and ovens at the Bridge for the navy. The Lord Mayor urged that, if this request were granted, the Companies would cease to make provision of corn, on the ground that they had no place for storing it; and, for greater security in future, the Companies adopted the plan of keeping their stock at their respective halls.

Soon after the commencement of the seventeenth century, the difficulty of keeping up the ancient practice of providing a store of corn appears greatly to have increased. In 1630 the Companies were to forfeit 3*s.* to the poor for every bushel which they had neglected to provide according to their due proportion. In 1631, when ordered to buy wheat and rye from abroad, they refused

In 1632 the Wardens of some of the Companies who had neglected to store their granaries were committed. With the Tudors had departed many of those restrictions which perhaps had some use in their day; but the greater freedom of trade no longer rendered it necessary for the authorities to supersede the transactions of private dealers. At length, when the system had become almost entirely exhausted and worn out, the Great Fire destroyed the granaries, mills, and ovens at the Bridge and in other parts of the City, and the custom of providing stores of corn was not again resumed.

In undertaking the task of regulating prices in the markets the City authorities were under the necessity of imposing restrictions and framing arbitrary regulations, which at once created the excuse for their interference, and increased the difficulty of doing so in a beneficial manner. The general internal commerce of the country was subject to a host of impediments. Thus at one time the Lord Mayor and Aldermen could not contract with a person at Harwich to purchase wheat for the City in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, without first obtaining a licence from the Lords of the Council. Licences were at the same time required to enable them to contract "with other discreet persons, who were to purchase corn in other parts of the realm where they thought best." In one year of scarcity (1586) the magistrates in the country round London attempted to keep the supply of corn for the consumption of their respective neighbourhoods, and hindered its being brought to London. Strype says that on this occasion the Lord Mayor applied for redress to Lord Burleigh, who was regarded as the City's patron. In 1554 the Lord Mayor wrote to the Lords of the Council to borrow a thousand quarters of wheat for victualling the City, and prayed that it might be exempted from the grasp of the purveyors. The Council agreed to lend the above quantity for three months. To carry out their plans fully, it was necessary for the City to pry narrowly into the operations of the bakers and others. In one year "straight commandment" was given to the bakers not to buy any meal but of the City's store at the Bridge-house, when the quantity which each of them was allowed to take, and the price, were fixed by the Lord Mayor. In 1546 there is an entry to the effect that Henry Hoke, brewer, is to have but 200 quarters of the wheat to be bought of the merchants of the Steel-yard, "albeit that they have sold him more, as they say." These merchants were at one period the sole importers of foreign corn, and in times of scarcity were not allowed to sell either to bakers or brewers without the City's licence. In 1600 no chandler or other person was to harbour in his house any corn but for his own spending, merchants importing corn excepted.

In 1622 the Court came into the City as borrowers of corn. The letter addressed on this occasion by the Duke of Lennox to the Wardens of the Grocers' Company is given in Mr. Herbert's 'History of the Companies;' and we here reprint it, as a curious illustration of the times:—"To our loving Friends the Wardens and Assistants of the Company of Grocers of the City of London. After our hearty commendations: Whereas, by the neglect of his Majesty's purveyors, his house is at this time altogether unfurnished with wheat, by means whereof there is a present want of one hundred quarters of wheat for the service of his household: we do therefore pray and desire you that out of your stock his Majesty may be supplied with thirty or forty quarters of your best and sweetest wheat



until his own provision may be brought in, the which we do faithfully promise shall be paid unto you again in November next at the furthest; and because it is intended that by the exchange thereof you shall have no loss, we have therefore committed the care thereof to Mr. Harvey, one of his Majesty's officers of the Green Cloth, who shall see the same duly answered and brought into your granary at the time appointed; and so, not doubting of your willing performance upon so present and needful an occasion, we bid you heartily farewell. Your loving friends, Lennox, T. Edmond, J. Sucklinge. Whitehall, 27th September, 1622."

The Wardens had either no great quantity of wheat in their granary, or had very little faith in the promises of courtiers, for they debated on the subject a considerable time; and Mr. Harvey, who was in attendance, being called in, he promised "so to mediate that ten quarters should be taken in satisfaction of the whole demand." Whether the loan was repaid or not does not appear.

The following trick was very likely to occur in transactions amongst parties who had not the strong impulse of personal interest to open their eyes to imposition and fraudulent collusions. In 1631 some cunning speculators, who had imported a quantity of rye which did not sell very readily, obtained the ear of the Lords of the Council; and the Lord Mayor being applied to by them, he wrote to the Companies, urging them to buy the importer's stock. He stated that "divers merchants trading to the east countries had of late brought into the kingdom great quantities of corn, being rye, which for quality was as good or better than the growth of this kingdom, though they had no need for it;" but, on the suggestion of the Lords of the Privy Council, the importers were contented to sell it at 8*d.* per bushel less than it cost them; and, for the encouragement of future speculators, the said Lords recommended the Lord Mayor to press the City Companies to buy it at the prices offered, and blamed him for not having compelled them to do so. The Lord Mayor accordingly directed the Companies to buy some of this rye. The Grocers' Company, in reply, prayed to be excused, on the ground that the act of Common Council orders the provision of wheat only, and not rye; they had already furnished the markets at a loss of 400%, and had still 400 quarters in store; and they stated that, even in times of dearth, the poor would not eat barley or rye, either alone or mixed with two-thirds wheat, so that 500 quarters of rye, the proportion they were now called upon to purchase, would require 1800 quarters of wheat to mix with it; and they added that the stores mixed in this way were still on hand; and, lastly, they remarked that both Dutch and English merchants were offering rye at a lower price than that which they were urged to buy.

The ancient ports for landing corn were Queenhithe and Billingsgate, where the customs duties were paid. According to an inquisition in 1302, bakers and others buying corn at Queenhithe paid 1*d.* for the metage, portorage, and carriage. There was a principal meter and eight master-porters, each of whom had three porters under him, who were bound to provide each a horse with seven sacks for carrying the corn away when purchased. The charge for metage and for portorage as far as Newgate, Fleet Bridge, Cripplegate, &c., was 1*d.*, and for places nearer a smaller sum.\* A new warehouse was built at Queenhithe

\* See No. L., 'The Custom House,' vol. ii. p. 404.

during the sixteenth century for stowing the corn craned out of the barges and lighters, to the building of which Sir John Lion, who had filled the office of Lord Mayor, left the sum of 100*l.* in 1554. In 1565 this warehouse was enlarged at the cost of the City. It appears, however, that quite at the close of the century the corn-market at Queenhithe was nearly deserted, and the meters and porters no longer "lived well of their labours," as they had formerly done. Stow says, writing at this time, that "the bakers of London and other citizens travel into the countries, and buy their corn of the farmers after the farmers' prices."

The corn-market on Cornhill, which gives its name to one of the City wards, and that of St. Michael-le-Quern were the ancient corn-markets of the City. Stow speaks of the one on Cornhill as having been "time out of mind there holden." The proper name of the other was St. Michael-ad-Bladum, or at the Corn, "because," says Stow, "in place thereof was sometime a corn-market." It was at the west-end of Cheapside; and the parish is now united to that of St. Vedast in Foster Lane.

Bread Street, which also gives its name to one of the wards of the City, was anciently the market for bread, though in Stow's time it was wholly inhabited by "rich merchants, and divers fair inns be there." Stow had read, but where he does not state, that in 1396 Basing Lane, a little to the eastward of Bread Street, was once called the Bakehouse, "whether meant for the king's bakehouse, or of bakers dwelling there and baking bread to serve the market in Bread Street, where the bread was sold, I know not." To force traders of all kinds to vend their commodities as far as possible in the open market was the common policy of the middle ages, founded upon a considerate regard for the interests of the poorer classes of consumers; and the tolls were, no doubt, an object of some importance. In 1302, according to Stow, the bakers of London "were bounden to sell no bread in their shops or houses, but in the market." An ordinance of the year 1318 states that they were bound to take the bread in a basket into the King's market, so that, if it were not "competent according to the market of corn, the baker's body should answer for it." The Fellowship of Bakers held four hall-motes during the year to determine respecting "enormities" of which the members of their craft had been guilty. In 1370 a Stratford baker, for making bread less than the assize, was drawn on a hurdle through the streets of the City, with a fool's-cap on his head, and about his neck were suspended his loaves of deficient weight. In the Assize of Bread, given in Arnold's 'Chronicle,' the penny wheat-loaf of Stratford-le-Bow was to weigh six ounces more than the penny wheat-loaf of London, and the penny loaf of Stratford was to be equal in weight to the three-halfpenny wheat-loaf of London. The object of the assize of bread was to compel the bakers to increase the size of their loaves in proportion to the fall in the price of wheat. Thus, according to the assize fixed at the commencement of the last century, when wheat was 30*s.* the quarter the penny loaf was to weigh rather more than sixteen ounces; and when wheat rose to 66*s.*, the weight of the penny loaf was reduced to about seven ounces; a margin of 12*s.* the quarter being allowed for the cost of baking and other charges. The assize of bread for the City of London was regulated by statute in the reign of Queen Anne, and was finally abolished in 1815. It was an ancient



custom of the Bakers' Company to present a loaf of wastel and one of cocket out of the oven to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, in which state it was to be weighed. The materials were purchased by four "sworn and discreet men" in the sack, upon the pavement, in each of the three markets of Gross-church, St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, and Queenhithe,—a quarter of bread-corn or meal being purchased at each market. The bakers of London were forbidden by ancient ordinances to bake loaves of household bread to sell at more than twopence each, except at Christmas, under the penalty of forfeiting such larger loaves to the poor; and neither they nor others were to utter or sell by retail, except at funerals and at Easter and Christmas, either spice-cakes, buns, biscuits, or other spice-bread.

The bakers of Stratford, to whom allusion has been made, were for several centuries engaged in supplying the city with bread, but they had ceased to frequent it about thirty years before Stow wrote. They bought the corn which came by the river Lea. Stow gives the following account of them:—"Ye shall understand that of old time the bakers of bread at Stratford were allowed to bring daily (except the Sabbath and principal feasts) divers long carts laden with bread, the same being two ounces in the penny wheat-loaf heavier than the penny wheat-loaf baked in the city, the same to be sold in Cheap, three or four carts standing there, between Gutherans (Gutter) Lane and Foster Lane, and one cart on Cornhill, by the Conduit, and one other in Grass Street." The Cheap, or market (now Cheapside), presented scenes as varied and animated during the middle ages as the Toledo of Naples in the present day. The shops in the Cheap resembled sheds, and many of the dealers had simply stalls or standings, for which they paid a rent of from 11s. to 28s. a-year. Around the old cross of Cheap the mercers sold their spices, drugs, toys, and small wares generally. A number of other dealers had their shops or stalls in the street of Cheap, the appearance of which in the fourteenth century resembled a market or fair. In a time of scarcity the Stratford bread-carts would be surrounded by a clamorous throng, or there would be uproarious hilarity at the sight of the dishonest baker drawn on a hurdle through the busy thoroughfare.

Of the other class whose avocation brings them to the corn-market—the millers—we have not much information. The monks of Rochester had a mill at Southwark before the Conquest, and the Templars had mills on the River Fleet, which, on the complaint of the citizens, were removed in 1199, after inspection by the Mayor and the Constable of the Tower, in consequence of their diverting the stream. In 1255 there were floating mills for grinding corn on the Thames, which were set in motion by the tide. In 1588 the Lord Mayor permitted four corn-mills to be erected on the river at the Bridge-house.

The other ancient corn-markets, besides those of Cornhill and St. Michael-le-Quern, were those at Leadenhall, Newgate, Queenhithe, Grasechurch, and Southwark. The situation of the City granaries has already been mentioned. First they were at Leadenhall and the Bridge-house; at the latter place in the first instance for the City only, and then for the twelve great companies, until they kept their stores of corn at their own halls. At one time the City had granaries at Bridewell and at Christchurch.

At the beginning of the last century the metropolitan corn-market was held

at Bear Quay, in Thames Street; Queenhithe was the great market for flour and meal; and the White Horse Inn meal-market, near Holborn Bridge, is mentioned, and is doubtless the one alluded to by Strype as appointed to be held near the river Fleet. The present system of factorage in the corn-trade is stated to have existed only about one hundred and eighty years. The traditional report of its origin ascribes it to the custom of a number of Essex farmers, who frequented an inn at Whitechapel, leaving with the landlord or waiter samples of the corn and grain, of which they had small parcels unsold, with a commission to sell for them, and thus they were not compelled to attend the next market. The predecessor of one of the oldest houses now in the trade, in beginning to sell by commission, had a stand on Tower Hill, and in the course of a few years the number who were profitably engaged in the same way had so much increased, that the Old Corn Exchange in Mark Lane was projected and opened in 1747. A second Corn Exchange was opened in 1828, and in 1852 the old building was considerably enlarged. The two buildings adjoin each other in Mark Lane.

The lower part of the Old Corn Exchange consists of an open colonnade, with modern Doric pillars very singularly placed. There are windows in the two stories forming the upper part of the building. The interior forms a court in which the factors have their stands. In a critical work on the "Edifices of London," by W. H. Leeds, Esq., it is remarked of this building that it might pass for the model of the *atrium*, or place of audience, in a Pompeian house, with its *impluvium* (the space in the centre in which the rain fell). The New Corn Exchange is in the Grecian Doric style. It is favourably situated for so narrow a locality, being placed at a bend of the street, so that the stranger comes upon it unawares, and it presents several features of originality in design and other points of interest to the architectural student, which are elaborately criticised in the work of Mr. Leeds just alluded to. The interior is lighted by a lantern with vertical lights in the centre space within the columns, and the compartments on each side have skylights in their ceilings. The stands of the corn-factors, to the number of eighty and upwards, are along the sides of the building. On them are placed small bags and wooden bowls with samples of different kinds of grain, and behind is a desk for the factor or his clerk, with something of the convenience of a counting-house. The seed market is held in another part of the building. In the north wing is a tavern and coffee-room, and the opening in the south side of the other wing communicates with the Old Corn Exchange.

The metropolitan market for corn, grain, and seeds is now entirely confined to Mark Lane. The market-days are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, the first being by far the busiest day of the three; and the hours of business are from eleven to three. A bargain does not become valid until an hour after the commencement of business on the next market-day. The general commercial reader will perhaps be interested in knowing that wheat, corn, and grain are paid for in bills at one month: but the Kentish "hoymen" are privileged by the custom of the market to sell for ready money, though of course they sell only what they bring up themselves. Formerly the dealers of Kent and Essex had stands in the Corn Exchange free of expense, and paid less for metage and dues than others. This privilege is said to have been in consideration of the men of Kent and Essex having continued to supply the City at a time when it was ravaged by the plague.



On the arrival of a cargo of corn or grain in the river it is subject to a variety of regulations which are but little known out of the trade. Whether it be from our own ports or from a foreign country, a duty of three-sixteenths of a penny per hundredweight is levied on all kinds of grain brought into the port of London. Formerly the city claimed by prescription the right of measuring corn, as well as several other articles which enter the port of London, and the crew were not permitted to undertake this duty, but it was performed by the sworn corn-meters and the fellowship porters. The number of corn-meters is now about fifty. They are appointed by a committee of the corporation of London, called the Coal and Corn Committee, and attend daily at their office in Tower Street and Brook's Wharf, to be at all times ready for whoever requires their services; and they may be required to measure any quantity of corn in any part of the river between Staines and Yantlet Creek. The fellowship porters are about three thousand in number, and are appointed by the Alderman of Billingsgate Ward, who is ex-officio Governor of the Fellowship. They have a prescriptive right to the portage of all corn, fruit, salt, potatoes, &c., coming into the port of London. These two bodies show what the ancient state of industry was in England when nearly each sort of employment was surrounded by certain privileges and monopolies. A provision is made for the corn-meters when they become old and infirm, and this is done out of the metage charges. All the corn and grain from Kent, most part of that from Essex, and part of that from Suffolk, is brought to London in sacks. Foreign and Irish corn, English oats and barley, and peas and beans, are brought in loose bulk. The quantity brought in each ship varies from 200 to as many as 12,000 quarters. The coasting vessels from Kent and Essex bring to London from 300 to 500 quarters at a time; those from Norfolk and



[Thames Corn Barge.]

Suffolk average 500 or 600 quarters. The largest cargoes are brought from the Baltic and Odessa. About  $37\frac{1}{2}$  bushels of wheat, or 4 quarters  $5\frac{1}{2}$  bushels, weigh a ton—about 45 bushels of barley, and 55 or 56 bushels of oats, while beans and peas are rather heavier than wheat.

When the ship is ready for delivery, the meter, and seven or sometimes eight of the fellowship porters, go on board. Two of the latter dip into the bulk with their concave wooden shovels, and the meter completes the filling up of the bushel, when one of the two porters passes the strike over the surface, and a third holds the sack into which the other two pour the contents of the bushel,

which is hoisted up by the three porters on the deck, one of whom bears it over the ship's side. It is shot into the lighter in loose bulk, and, on arriving at the granary, it is again measured, and carried in sacks to the floor where it is intended to be stored, when it is again shot loose. When sold, the buyer sends sacks for it to the granary, and another measuring takes place. The meter and his attendants are able to measure 600 or 700 quarters of oats a-day, and even 800 quarters a-day are occasionally measured; but it is a good day's work to measure 450 quarters of barley or 400 quarters of wheat. When wheat arrives in sacks it is measured at the rate of 70 an hour, containing 35 quarters. To accomplish this the meter and his seven or eight men are required to be very active. Four men are employed in the hold, and three men and the meter are on deck. Two of the former raise the sack, and at the same instant the other two place the slings under it, and immediately those on deck hoist it up, the contents are poured into the bushel, and the meter passes the strike over the surface. Two of the three men hold the bushel, the third holds the sack, which, as soon as filled, is hoisted over the side of the vessel.

The granaries are lofty and spacious buildings of six or seven floors or stories, those of the largest kind being capable of holding from six to seven thousand quarters of corn on each floor; but the granaries, of course, vary in size, some only being able to contain two or three thousand quarters. They are numerous about Bermondsey and Shad Thames, where the largest are; but there are granaries on each side of the river from Greenwich to Vauxhall. Those adjacent to the Commercial Docks are chiefly used for foreign corn, and some, though not any large quantity, is stored in the warehouses at each of the docks. The peculiar restrictions formerly relating to the importation of foreign corn sometimes rendered it expedient to keep it in the granary for several years, the fluctuating duty ranging so high that, with all the charges upon it, it could not be liberated at a profit. About thirty years ago above 2000 quarters of wheat were thrown into the river rather than the owners would submit to pay the high duty or keep it for a longer period subject to granary rent and other charges. From 1838 to 1841 the duty sank to the lowest point during one week in each year, and this event being foreseen, or perhaps being designedly brought about by the merchants and importers withholding supplies in anticipation of the rise of prices and the fall of duty, an immense quantity of corn was suddenly taken out of bond the moment the duty fell. Above two million quarters of wheat were liberated in September and October, 1841, a large proportion of which would be bonded in the port of London. The week in which the duty fell to the lowest point was the harvest of the speculator, to which he long looked anxiously forward. The arrival of ships from abroad was an object of the utmost solicitude, as a few hours might make a difference of several thousand pounds to a large importer. The number of corn-vessels which arrive in the port is so great that warehouses, granaries, and the river itself in many places, are at times completely blocked up; but the large quantity suddenly brought into the market depresses prices, and the cargo may have to remain for months in the granary. The expense of granary-rent and fire-insurance is about 5s. per week on one hundred quarters of wheat. Corn and grain, the produce of our own soil, is kept in the granary as well to improve its condition as to wait the chance of favourable markets.



By being frequently turned and screened it becomes harder and better adapted for grinding, and though it loses in measure it gains in weight. In 1872 an Act was passed for abolishing the compulsory metage on grain imported into the port of London, and for commuting the metage dues received by the Corporation into a fixed due, for the purpose of creating a fund "to be applied towards the preservation of open spaces near London, and for other purposes connected therewith."

The number of establishments which are engaged in supplying the metropolis with corn and grain, seeds, malt, flour, meat, and bread is as follows, according to the Post-Office Directory for 1874:—Corn-merchants 193; corn and flour factors 141; corn-dealers 516; millers 50; bakers 2500; confectioners 900. The number of bakers in Paris is about 800, and the population of London being twice as great, there is about the same proportion of bakers to the inhabitants in each capital; but the proportion of the latter is rather greater in Paris, and the baker there does not enjoy that profitable part of the business which his brethren in London do, namely, that of baking the dinners of thousands of families, but he confines himself to his loaves and "fancy" breads. The bakers of Paris are compelled to have a certain quantity of flour in store at the Grenier de Réserve ou d'Abondance, besides keeping up the stock in their shops to a fixed amount. This is the commercial policy of an age which has not yet learnt to rely upon the ever-active agency of self-interest. All such regulations are mischievous, since they are attempts to supersede a principle which operates more advantageously for society than any artificial rules devised by human wisdom. Dr. Whately remarks of this principle, that, "if the time should ever arrive when the structure of human society, and all the phenomena connected with it, shall be as well understood as astronomy and physiology, it will be regarded as exhibiting even more striking instances of Divine wisdom;" and he bids us mark the insuperable difficulties which ensue when an attempt is made to set it aside, and the admirable order which results from its being allowed perfect freedom of action in all commercial operations. "Let any one," he says, "propose to himself the problem of supplying with daily provisions of all kinds such a city as our metropolis. Any considerable failure in the supply, even for a single day, might produce the most frightful distress, since the spot on which they are cantoned produces absolutely nothing. Some, indeed, of the articles consumed admit of being reserved in public or private stores for a considerable time; but many, including most articles of animal food, and many of vegetable, are of the most perishable nature. As a deficient supply of these, even for a few days, would occasion great inconvenience, so a redundancy of them would produce a corresponding waste. Moreover, it is essential that the supplies should be distributed among the different quarters, so as to be brought almost to the doors of the inhabitants; at least within such a distance that they may, without an inconvenient waste of time and labour, procure their daily shares. Moreover, whereas the supply of provisions for an army or garrison is comparatively uniform in kind, here the greatest possible *variety* is required, suitable to the wants of various classes of consumers. Again, this immense population is extremely fluctuating in numbers; and the increase or diminution depends on causes, of which, though some may, others cannot, be distinctly foreseen. Lastly, and above all, the daily supplies of each article must be as nicely adjusted to

the stock from which it is drawn—to the scanty or more or less abundant harvest—importation—or other source of supply—to the interval which is to elapse before a fresh stock can be furnished, and to the probable abundance of the new supply, that as little distress as possible may be undergone; that, on the one hand, the population may not unnecessarily be put upon short allowance of any article, and that, on the other hand, they may be preserved from the more dreadful risk of famine, which would ensue from their continuing a free consumption when the store was insufficient to hold out.”



[Interior of the Old Corn Exchange 1841.]





[The Chapel.]

#### LXXIV.—ELY PLACE.

PAUSING the other day in Charter House Street to gaze upon the splendid Viaduct that spans the valley once formed by the steep acclivities of Holborn Hill and Skinner Street, and rejoicing that the danger and torture to which many a heavily-laden animal was formerly subjected had been for ever removed, our eyes, as they turned away, fell upon a printed notice, which stated that divine worship was duly performed at certain periods in *St. Etheldreda's Chapel*. The notice was attached to the iron gates enclosing the quiet and respectable-looking locality known as Ely Place, immediately opposite St. Andrew's Church and Churchyard, where rests in death poor Chatterton. And who was St. Etheldreda? A Saxon saint? And why had a modern Chapel been dedicated to such an antique personage? Or was the Chapel of St. Etheldreda a relic of the once famous Palace of the Bishops of Ely? We may here observe that it is a peculiarity of London, that whilst few cities are richer with the "spoils of time," there are none which, having such wealth, present to the cursory glance fewer evidences of it. The progress of street improvements, the rage for building wherever a vacant space could be pounced upon, and the little reverence felt for edifices having no claims of the strictly useful kind to put forward, have all conspired to destroy

a thousand interesting vestiges of the past, and to shut up the remainder in all sorts of corners and bye-ways. In passing from one extremity of London to another, say from Whitechapel to Hyde Park Corner, or from Kennington Common to Islington, one scarcely sees half a dozen edifices that directly remind us of events above a century or two old; but, at the same time, let us suddenly stop in almost any part of our wanderings, and inquire what memories of an older time hang about the neighbourhood, and we are almost sure to find it rife with associations of the deepest interest; and if we step into the next solitary-looking street or alley, there is a very fair chance of our lighting upon some building which, however previously unfamiliar to the material eye, has often risen upon our imagination, crowded with the actors in a memorable story.

In looking on St. Etheldreda's Chapel, which stands a little back from the houses, near the centre on the left hand, we perceive very plainly in its age and the beauty of the single but very large window which forms our frontispiece, that its antique name is no pretence, and that it is doubtless the episcopal and palatial building. But how altered in every other respect is the entire aspect of the neighbourhood, even from what it was only seventy years ago! Let us imagine ourselves entering the precincts from Holborn at some such period. The original gate-house, where the Bishop's armed retainers were wont to keep watch and ward in the old style, was now gone, and we entered from Holborn at once upon a small paved court, having on the right various offices supported by a colonnade, and on the left a wall dividing the court from the garden. The garden of Ely Place! Does not that word recall to our readers the incident which, having found its way into the pages of our great poet, has made Ely Place a household word, and given to the locality a charm that will outlive all local changes, and make it still famous when not one stone shall remain upon another of anything that belonged to Ely Place? We allude of course to Richard III. (then Duke of Gloucester) and the strawberries. How closely Shakspeare followed the historical truth, we see in the following passage from Holinshed, where he describes the scene in the Tower which ended in the sudden execution of Hastings:—"On the Friday (being the 13th of June) many lords assembled in the Tower, and there sat in council, devising the honourable solemnity of the King's (the young Edward V.'s) coronation, of which the time appointed then so near approached, that the pageants and subtleties were in making day and night at Westminster, and much victuals killed therefore, that afterwards was cast away. These lords so sitting together communing of this matter, the Protector (Gloucester) came in amongst them, first about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, and excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merrily, that he had been a sleeper that day. After a little talking with them, he said unto the Bishop of Ely, 'My lord, you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborn; I require you let us have a mess of them.' 'Gladly,' my lord, quoth he; 'would God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that!' And therewithal, in all haste, he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries:" a curious preliminary to the murderous act which the Protector was then meditating. The Bishop himself was that same morning arrested with Lord Stanley and others by the strawberry-loving Gloucester. This garden seems to have been altogether an object of care with the episcopal owners; for, at a later period, we



shall find the Bishop, when obliged to grant it on a lease to Sir Christopher Hatton, stipulating for the right of walking in it, and of gathering twenty bushels of roses yearly.

Passing from the court we reached the entrance to the great hall, which extended along in front and to our left. This fine edifice, measuring about 30 feet in height, 32 in breadth, and 72 in length, was originally built with stone, and the roof covered with lead. The interior, lighted by six fine Gothic windows, was very interesting. It had its ornamental timber roof, its tiled and probably originally chequered floor, its oaken screen at one end, and its dais at the other; and when filled with some of the brilliant and picturesque-looking crowds that have met under its roof, must have presented a magnificent spectacle. Here "old John of Gaunt," when driven from the Savoy by Wat Tyler and his associates, who burnt it, exercised no doubt the hospitality common to the great barons of the feudal ages, in all its prodigality: he died in the palace in 1399. And here have been held some of the most memorable of feasts: those formerly given by the newly-elected serjeants of law. The one of Michaelmas Term, 1464, is only noticeable from the circumstance, that when the Lord Mayor came to the banquet, and found a certain nobleman, Grey of Ruthin, then Lord Treasurer of England, advanced to the chief seat of state, instead of himself, as according to custom he conceived ought to have been done, he marched off with all his aldermen to his own house, where he compensated his faithful adherents by a splendid banquet. But some of the other serjeants' feasts at Ely Place were attended by features of greater interest. Thus at the one which took place in 1495, Henry VII. was present with his Queen. This was one of the occasions on which the victor of Bosworth strove to correct a little the effect of his sordid habits, his general seclusion, and his gloomy, inscrutable nature, which altogether prevented him from obtaining the popularity which is agreeable to most monarchs, even to those the least inclined to purchase it at any considerable cost. "The King," says his great historian Bacon, "to honour the feast, was present with his Queen at the dinner; being a prince that was ever ready to grace and countenance the professors of the law; having a little of that that as he governed his subjects by his laws, so he governed his laws by his lawyers." The last incident of this kind that we shall mention was also one of the most splendid; and the particulars preserved in connection with it afford some curious glimpses of the economy of a great dinner in those days. In 1531 eleven new serjeants were made at once, and it was determined that the feast should be proportionably splendid. As Stow remarks, it were "tedious" to set down the entire "preparation of fish, flesh, and other victuals spent in this feast, and would seem incredible" if we did: we therefore extract a few only of the items which composed this gigantic bill of fare, and which are interesting as showing how the relative value of money and provisions have altered. There were twenty-four "great beefs," or oxen, at 26*s.* 8*d.* each, and one at 24*s.*; one hundred "fat muttons," at 2*s.* 10*d.*; fifty-one "great veals," at 4*s.* 8*d.*; thirty-four "porks" (or boars), at 3*s.* 3*d.*; ninety-one pigs, at 6*d.*; ten dozen "capons of Greece of one poulter," 1*s.* 8*d.*; nine dozen and six capons of Kent, at 1*s.*; innumerable pullets, at 2*d.* and 2½*d.*, pigeons at 2*d.*, and larks 5*d.* the dozen; and, lastly, there were fourteen dozen swans at a price not mentioned. The entertainment lasted five days; and on Monday, the principal

day (13th November), the King, Henry VIII., and his Queen, Catherine, dined with the Serjeants, "*but in two chambers*," parenthetically remarks Stow. At this very time the final measures were in progress for the divorce of the unhappy Queen, and the marriage with Anne Boleyn. Besides these distinguished personages, the foreign ambassadors honoured the Serjeants with their presence, who had also a chamber to themselves. In the hall sat, at the chief table, Nicholas Lambard, the Lord Mayor; the question of precedence having evidently been decided in favour of the civic dignitary. With him were the Judges, Barons of the Exchequer, and certain Aldermen. The Master of the Rolls and the Master of the Chancery were supported at the board on the south side by numerous worshipful citizens; whilst on the north side of the hall sat more aldermen, with merchants and others. And these filled the lower part of the hall. The remainder, comprising knights, esquires, and gentlemen, were placed in the gallery, in the cloisters, which extended round a large quadrangle behind the hall, and, still more room being demanded, in the chapel. At the same time all the different crafts of London banqueted in their halls; whilst, curious enough, the parties chiefly concerned, the Serjeants of Law and their wives, kept in their own chamber.

Animating and picturesque as must have been the hall of Ely Place at such times, there was yet one other period when it must have exhibited a scene almost without parallel. Here were arranged all the details of that famous masque, with its attendant anti-masque, which we have already briefly noticed in our account of Whitehall\* (reserving the detailed description of its principal features—the arrangement and the procession—for the present paper), and from hence it departed. Not the least interesting circumstances attending this splendid pageant are the character and position of the men who, as we shall presently perceive, had the management of the affair, and of him who has made himself its historian. This is Whitelock, the learned and estimable lawyer, who, during the period preceding, comprising, and following the Commonwealth, enjoyed the respect of all parties, and has left us one of the most valuable records of the momentous events he witnessed and participated in. His heart was evidently in this masque and anti-masque, from the pains he takes to describe it, and the space he devotes to it in his great work. The year before the getting up of the masque Prynne had published his '*Histrio-Mastix*,' just mentioned—a tremendous invective against plays and players, masques and masquers, and generally against sport and amusement of every kind. The Queen Henrietta Maria, about the same time, acted a part in a play or pastoral with her maids of honour, so that Prynne's remarks told personally against the court; and to this circumstance, as well as to his being in Laud's hands, may be attributed the infamous severity of Prynne's punishment. But before that punishment took place, the members of the four Inns of Court designing a masque "as an expression of their love and duty to their majesties," it was whispered to them from the court "that it would be well taken from them; and some held it the more seasonable, because this action would manifest the difference of their opinion from Mr. Prynne's new learning, and serve to confute his '*Histrio-Mastix*' against interludes." So the benchers "agreed to have this solemnity performed in the noblest and most

\* Vol. i. p. 354.



stately manner that could be invented." Two members from each house were accordingly chosen to form together a committee, among whom were Whitelock himself, Edward Hyde (afterwards Lord Clarendon), and Selden. These set to work; each member undertaking some particular portion of the important whole, Whitelock's share being the music, and very indefatigable in his vocation, as well as proud of it, he seems to have been. He thus shows us how he performed his task. "I made choice," he says, "of Mr. Simon Ivy, an honest and able musician, of excellent skill in his art, and of Mr. Lawes (a name familiar to every lover of Milton), to compose the airs, lessons, and songs for the masque, and to be master of all the music under me." He goes on to say what meetings he had of "English, French, Italians, Germans, and other masters of music; forty lutes at one time, beside other instruments in concert." At last, all being prepared, one Candlemas day in the afternoon, "the masquers, horsemen, musicians, dancers, and all that were actors in this business, according to order, met at Ely House in Holborn; there the grand committee sat all day to order all affairs; and when the evening was come, all things being in full readiness, they began to set forth in this order down Chancery Lane to Whitehall." In reading the following description, we must not forget to keep in view all through it the dark background of a winter evening, and the crowds of spectators lining the whole way from the gates of Ely House to those of Whitehall:—

"The first that marched were twenty footmen in scarlet liveries, with silver lace, each one having his sword by his side, a baton in one hand, and a lighted torch in the other: these were the Marshal's men, who made way, and were about the Marshal, waiting his commands. After them, and sometimes in the midst of them, came the Marshal, then Mr. Darrel, afterwards knighted by the King: he was of Lincoln's Inn, an extraordinary handsome proper gentleman. He was mounted upon one of the King's best horses and richest saddles, and his own habit was exceeding rich and glorious; his horsemanship very gallant; and, besides his Marshal's men, he had two lackeys who carried torches by him, and a page in livery that went by him carrying his cloak. After him followed one hundred gentlemen of the inns of court, five-and-twenty chosen out of each house, of the most proper and handsome young gentlemen of the societies; every one of them was mounted on the best horses and with the best furniture that the King's stables and the stables of all the noblemen in town would afford, and they were forward on this occasion to lend them to the inns of court. Every one of these hundred gentlemen was in very rich clothes, scarce anything but gold and silver lace to be seen of them; and each gentleman had a page and two lackeys waiting on him in his livery by his horse's side: the lackeys carried torches, and the page his master's cloak. The richness of their apparel and furniture, glittering by the light of a multitude of torches attending on them, with the motion and stirring of their mettled horses, and the many and various gay liveries of their servants, but especially the personal beauty and gallantry of the handsome young gentlemen, made the most glorious and splendid show that ever was beheld in England. After the horsemen came the anti-masquers, and, as the horsemen had their music—about a dozen of the best trumpeters proper for them, and in their livery, sounding before them,—so the first anti-masque, being of cripples and beggars on horseback, had their music of keys and tongs, and the

like, snapping, and yet playing in a concert before them. These beggars were also mounted, but on the poorest, leanest jades that could be gotten out of the dirt-carts or elsewhere : and the variety and change from such noble music and gallant horses as went before them, unto their proper music and pitiful horses, made both of them more pleasing. The habits and properties of these cripples and beggars were most ingeniously fitted (as of all the rest) by the committee's direction, wherein (as in the whole business) Mr. Attorney Noy, Sir John Finch, Sir Edward Herbert, Mr. Selden, those great and eminent persons, and all the rest of the committee, had often meetings, and took extraordinary care and pains in the ordering of this business, and it seemed a pleasure to them. After the beggars' anti-masque came men on horseback, playing upon pipes, whistles, and instruments sounding notes like those of birds of all sorts, and in excellent concert, and were followed by the anti-masque of birds. This was an owl in an ivy-bush, with many several sorts of other birds in a cluster about the owl, gazing as it were upon her : these were little boys put into covers of the shapes of those birds, rarely fitted, and sitting on small horses, with footmen going by them with torches in their hands, and there were some besides to look unto the children ; and this was very pleasant to the beholders. After this anti-masque came other musicians on horseback, playing upon bagpipes, hornpipes, and such kind of northern music, speaking the following anti-masque of projectors to be of the Scotch and northern quarters ; and these, as all the rest, had many footmen with torches waiting on them. First in this anti-masque rode a fellow upon a little horse with a great bit in his mouth, and upon the man's head was a bit, with headstall and reins fastened, and signified a projector, who begged a patent that none in the kingdom might ride their horses but with such bits as they should buy of him. Then came another fellow, with a bunch of carrots upon his head and a capon upon his fist, describing a projector, who begged a patent of monopoly as the first inventor of the art to feed capons fat with carrots, and that none but himself might make use of that invention and have the privilege for fourteen years, according to the statute. Several other projectors were in like manner personated in this anti-masque ; and it pleased the spectators the more because by it an information was covertly given to the King of the unfitness and ridiculousness of these projects against the law ; and the Attorney Noy, who had most knowledge of them, had a great hand in this anti-masque of projectors." After this and the rest of the anti-masques were passed followed chariots with musicians, chariots with heathen gods and goddesses, then more chariots with musicians, " playing upon excellent and loud music," and going immediately next before the first grand masquer's chariot. This " was not so large as those that went before, but most curiously framed, carved, and painted with an exquisite art, and purposely for this service and occasion." Its colours were silver and crimson, " the chariot was all over painted richly with these colours, even the wheels of it, most artificially laid on, and the carved work of it was as curious for that art, and it made a stately show. It was drawn with four horses, all on breast, and they were covered to their heels all over with cloth of tissue of the colours of crimson and silver, huge plumes of red and white feathers on their heads and buttocks ; the coachman's cap and feather, his long coat and his very whip and cushion of the same stuff and



colour. In this chariot sat the four grand masquers of Gray's Inn, their habits, doublets, trunk-hose, and caps of most rich cloth of tissue, and wrought as thick with silver spangles as they could be placed, large white silk-stockings up to their trunk-hose, and rich sprigs in their caps, themselves proper and beautiful young gentlemen. On each side of the chariot were four footmen in liveries of the colour of the chariot, carrying huge flambeaux in their hands, which with the torches gave such a lustre to the paintings, the spangles, and habits, that hardly anything could be invented to appear more glorious." Similar chariots similarly occupied followed from each of the other three inns of court, the only difference being in the colours. And thus the procession reached Whitehall, where the king, from a window of the Banqueting House, (perhaps the very one through which he passed afterwards to the scaffold,) beheld, with his queen, the whole pageant pass before him; and so delighted were the royal spectators, that a message was sent to the marshal, requesting him to conduct the procession round the Tilt Yard opposite, that they might have a second view. This done they entered the palace, where the masque, to which all this was but as a preliminary, began; "and," says Whitelock, "was incomparably performed in the dancing, speeches, music, and scenes; the dances, figures, properties; the voices, instruments, songs, airs, and composures; the words and actions were all of them exact, and none failed in their parts." Henrietta Maria was so charmed with everything that she determined to have the whole repeated shortly after. The night, or rather, we presume, morning, ended with dances, in which the queen and her ladies of honour were led out by the principal masquers. The expenses of this spectacle were not less than 21,000*l.*; "some of the musicians had 100*l.* a-piece, so that the whole charge of the music came to about 1000*l.*"

Continuing our view of the palatial remains as they were seventy years ago:—



[Remains of Ely Palace, 1772.]

beyond the hall, and touching it at the north-west corner, were the cloisters, enclosing a quadrangle nearly square, of great size, and having in the midst a small garden, made perhaps after the grant of the principal garden to Hatton. Over the cloisters were long, antique-looking galleries, with the doors and windows of various apartments appearing at the back: in the latter traces of painted glass, the remnants of former splendour, were still visible. Lastly, at the north-west corner of the cloisters, *in a field* planted with trees and surrounded with a wall, stood the chapel, now the only remain of all that we have described, and of the still more numerous buildings that at one time constituted the palace of the Bishops of Ely. From this description we perceive the changes that seventy years have wrought; and we may here observe, as a passing illustration of the general history of the neighbourhood, that in the maps of London, of the date of 1560, we see on this side of Holborn only a single row of houses with gardens at the back; we see Field Lane, as a lane, merely opening to the fields; whilst Saffron Hill stands in a fair meadow, with a footpath across it, and bounded by Turnmill Brook and the wall of the garden of Ely Place.

The subjects that have hitherto engaged our attention—the feasts and the masque—were incidental occurrences in the records of the Palace, having no connexion with any of the objects of its foundation. These we have accordingly dismissed first, and may now pursue, without interruption, the more direct history.

The earliest notice of Ely Place refers to the concluding part of the thirteenth century. John de Kirkeby, appointed Bishop of Ely in 1286, left by will a messuage and nine cottages to form the foundation of a residence for his successors, suitable to their rank. The next bishop, De Luda, who died in 1297, still further carried out the views of his predecessor, and most probably erected the chapel; as we find that a bequest, contained in his will, was accompanied with the condition that his immediate successor should give one thousand marks for the support of three chaplains: De Luda himself left houses for them. The chapel was dedicated to St. Etheldreda, the patron saint of the cathedral church of Ely, and a noticeable personage. She was the daughter of Anna, King of the West Angles, and was born about 630 in Suffolk. She had two husbands, her first being Tonbert, an East Anglian nobleman, her second Egfrid, King of Northumberland; but she persevered, “with both husbands, to live in a state of virginity.” Having obtained Egfrid’s consent to her retirement from court, she took the veil; and, when her husband again brought her to his home, she fled to the Isle of Ely, part of her dower with her first husband, Tonbert. Here she began the erection of the cathedral, assisted by her brother Adulphus, King of the East Angles. “Bede informs us that from Etheldreda’s entering upon her office as abbess, she never wore any linen, but only woollen garments; that she usually ate only once a-day, except on the greater festivals, or in times of sickness; and, if her health permitted, she never returned to bed after matins, which were held at midnight, but continued her prayers in the church till break of day. Her sanctity, and the discipline observed in her monastery, recommended this austerity of life to the esteem of many, and gained abundance of converts. Persons of the noblest families, and matrons of the highest rank, devoted themselves to religion under her government; and some even of royal state thought



proper to quit their high station to become members of her society: as her eldest sister, Sexburga, Queen of Kent; Ermenilda, the daughter of Sexburga, Queen of Mercia; and Wurburga, the daughter of Ermenilda; all of whom are stated to have been members of the monastery in the lifetime of Etheldreda, and to have succeeded her in their order as abbesses of Ely.\* She died, as good a saint as she had lived, of a contagious disorder, which she had foretold would carry away herself and a certain number of her household; and was buried, by her express orders, in a wooden coffin, in the common cemetery of the nuns.

Bishop Hotham was the next benefactor to the episcopal residence, and by him the whole appears to have been first brought into a state of completeness. Camden speaks of Ely Place as "well beseeming bishops to live in; for which they were beholden to John de Hotham, Bishop of Ely under King Edward III." Among the other and subsequent prelates who have contributed largely to its extension or improvement is the well-known Arundel, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who expended great sums here in repairing and adorning the whole, and who erected a handsome and large front towards Holborn, in the stone-work of which his arms remained in Stow's time. And thus by various individuals, and at different times, was Ely Place at last made one of the most splendid of metropolitan mansions. And now, following the usual course of most history, which, as soon as it has described the rise and complete prosperity of its subject, whether empires, institutions, or, as in the present case, an individual edifice, has immediately to trace the successive steps of the decline and fall, we pass on to narrate the proceedings which form the most interesting portions of the history of Ely Place.

At the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth an act was passed, empowering the Queen, on any episcopal or archiepiscopal vacancy, to take any lands belonging to the see, paying the value in tenths and impropriate rectories. This bill was opposed by various ecclesiastics, and among them one who was destined to be a victim to the exercise of the power. This was Dr. Cox, afterwards Bishop of Ely. Whilst this prelate held the see, there came one day to court, in a masque, a gentleman who attracted Elizabeth's particular attention, it is said for his elegant person and graceful dancing, but also, probably, for the vivacity and entertainment of his conversation. This was a young Templar, who had already distinguished himself among his companions, as one of the authors of the tragedy of 'Tancred and Gismund,' performed by the society to which he belonged before the Queen in 1568. Elizabeth now made him one of her Pensioners, next a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, then Captain of the Guard, Vice-Chancellor, and Privy Counsel; and, lastly, to the astonishment of every body, Sir Christopher Hatton appeared as Lord Chancellor. The lawyers were unable to stifle their indignation. They thought, with Fuller, "he rather took a bait than made a meal at the inns of court, whilst he studied the laws therein;" and yet he was raised to the highest honours of the profession! Some of the serjeants at law refused to plead before him. But Hatton, though neither a deeply read nor an eminently practical lawyer, had sagacity and firmness enough to hold at

\* Dugdale's 'Monasticon,' vol. i. p. 457.

once his place, and prove himself in effect qualified for it. In all doubtful cases he was accustomed to have the advice of one or two legal friends who possessed what was wanting in him; the result was, after all, that Lord Chancellor Hatton's decisions held by no means a low reputation in the courts of law. It was whilst Sir Christopher was in the high road to prosperity, but some years before he attained the Chancellorship, that he took a fancy to a portion of Ely Place as a residence, and induced the Queen to be his negotiator. Bishop Cox was unwilling, but who can say "No" to a Queen, unless, indeed, in the last extremity? So, on the 20th of March, 1576, Sir Christopher's heart was gladdened with a grant of "the gatehouse of the palace (except two rooms used as prisons for those who were arrested or delivered in execution to the bishop's bailiff, and the lower rooms used for the porter's lodge); the first court-yard within the gate-house to the long gallery, dividing it from the second; the stables there; the long gallery, with the rooms above and below it, and some others; fourteen acres of land; and the keeping the gardens and orchards for twenty-one years, paying at Midsummer Day a red rose for the gate-house and gardens, and for the ground ten loads of hay and ten pounds per annum; the bishop reserving to himself and his successors free access through the gate-house, walking in the gardens, and to gather twenty bushels of roses yearly." Sir Christopher immediately entered upon possession, bought some little tenements near it, and laid out nearly two thousand pounds in the improvement of the estate. This done, Sir Christopher thought he should very much like to have the property in perpetuity, instead of by the tenure of a few years' lease, so he once more goes to the Queen, and desires her good offices. The mode in which "good Queen Bess" set to work is very striking. she simply wrote to the bishop, modestly desiring him to demise the premises to her, till he or his successors should pay 1995*l.* to Sir Christopher (the sum he had expended), as well as whatever he might afterwards expend on the property. The bishop's answer was straightforward, and befitting the dignity of his position. He said "that they should want an orchard and ground, and that they should be too much straitened; but that in his conscience he could not do it, being a piece of sacrilege. That when he became Bishop of Ely, he had received certain farms, houses, and other things, which former pious princes had judged necessary for that place and calling. These he received by the Queen's favour from his predecessors; and that of these he was to be a steward, not a scatterer. That he could not bring his mind to be so ill a trustee for his successors, nor to violate the pious wills of kings and princes, and, in effect, rescind their last testaments. He put the Queen in mind of that rule of nature and of God, not to do that to another which one would not have done to one's self; and that the profit of one is not to be increased by the damage of another—nay, he told her that he could scarcely justify those princes which transferred things appointed for pious uses unto uses less pious."\* He was, however, obliged to submit to a conveyance of the property to the Queen, who was to re-convey it to Hatton, but on the condition that the whole should be redeemable on the payment of the sum laid out by Hatton. And this was all the bishop would do: no amount of persecution (and he was subjected to sc

\* Maitland, vol. ii. p. 978.



much that he more than once besought leave to resign) could bend him into a final alienation of the property. Sir Christopher, however, had succeeded to a certain extent in obtaining his wishes, and during the remainder of his life continued, when convenient, to reside here. Gray's picture of Hatton in his manor-house at Stoke Pogis would, no doubt, be equally applicable to many a scene in Ely House before the royal favour began to change:—

“ Full oft within the spacious walls,  
When he had fifty winters o'er him,  
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls,  
The seal and maces danc'd before him.

His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,  
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,  
Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,  
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.”

But Elizabeth, among a few other unamiable qualities, possessed more than a touch of avarice; and the Lord Chancellor being injudicious enough to put her love for him in the one scale, and a debt of some forty thousand pounds in the other, was at once cured of any conceit that her numerous favours might have generated. There is a touch of homely pathos in the passage in which Fuller alludes to the close of the Chancellor's fortunes and life, which makes one forget the apparently inherent weakness of character then exhibited. The quaint but excellent biographer of the ‘Worthies,’ says,—“It broke his heart that the Queen (which seldom gave loans, and never forgave due debts) rigorously demanded the present payment of some arrears which Sir Christopher did not hope to have remitted, but did only desire to be forborne; failing herein in his expectation, it went to his heart, and cast him into a mortal disease. The Queen afterwards did endeavour what she could to recover him, bringing, as some say, cordial-broths unto him with her own hands, but all would not do. Thus no pulleys can draw up a heart once cast down, though a Queen herself should set her hand thereunto.” His death took place in Ely House in 1591.

The Queen had had much trouble in inducing Cox to consent to the arrangement we have mentioned, and his successor in the see, Dr. Martin Heton, seemed equally disinclined to fulfil it when it was made; so in a fit of fury the Virgin Queen sat down and penned one of the most characteristic of epistles. It was short, but it is difficult to see how more could have been expressed in the longest epistle.

“Proud Prelate,

“You know what you was before I made you what you are now; if you do not immediately comply with my request, by G—d I will unfrock you.

“ELIZABETH.”

The exact nature of the request here referred to, or of the answer, does not seem to be recorded; but we find, during the term of the good Bishop Andrews, who was translated from Ely to Winchester, some attempt was made to pay off the mortgage; and finally Bishop Wren, the uncle of the illustrious architect, tendered the money and obtained a sentence in the Court of Requests against the

then possessor of the property, Lady Elizabeth Hatton, the widow of the Chancellor's nephew, who had inherited his estates and title. But this was in the time of the Long Parliament, before which Wren was impeached; and this arrangement (for Lady Hatton agreed to deliver up the property on payment of the sums laid out), coming to its knowledge, was stopped, and a resolution passed that "the estate of the Lady Hatton, being good in law, is not redeemable in equity, nor subject to the said pretended trust." Wren was imprisoned for nearly twenty years, during which time almost the whole of the palatial buildings, with the exception of those described in the early part of this paper as standing in the last century, were pulled down, and the famous garden built into the present *Hatton Garden*. In the same period certain parts of the edifice had been used by the parliament both as a prison and a hospital; so that when Bishop Wren, at the Restoration, was freed from prison and returned to his home here, we may imagine the desolate appearance of everything. He had begun his residence at Ely Place with the hope of restoring entire to the see the half-alienated Hatton property; he ended it with the conviction that it was not only for ever lost, but that the remainder of the property was so injured as to be really unfit any longer for its purposes. He commenced a lawsuit, which, after dragging its slow length along through the remainder of his life and the term of the next three bishops, was only settled in that of the fourth bishop, Patrick, by the latter consenting to accept a fee farm rent of the value of 100*l.* a-year.

We have incidentally referred to Lady Elizabeth Hatton, but that lady must not be dismissed so summarily. Ely Place, or rather the portion of it which she occupied, and which was called Hatton House, possesses some memorable recollections in connexion with her history. At the death of her first husband, Sir William Newport, who on the death of his uncle took the name of Hatton, she was young, very beautiful, of eccentric manner, and a most vixenish temper. She was rich withal, and wooers were numerous. Among them came two remarkable men, already rivals in their profession, and now to be rivals in a tenderer pursuit: these were Coke and Bacon. And some noticeable scenes must have no doubt taken place in Hatton House during the progress of this remarkable courtship. How Lady Hatton's two distinguished lovers hated each other we know, before this new fuel was added to the flame. Both were powerfully supported. Coke had been already appointed Attorney-General by the Queen, in spite of the most powerful efforts of the ill-fated Earl of Essex to obtain the appointment for Bacon, so that he was already on the high road to fortune; on the other hand, Bacon's ever-faithful friend—alas! that it should have to be remembered how ungratefully he was rewarded!—Essex, pleaded personally his cause with the beautiful widow and with her mother. To the latter he says in one of his letters, "If she were my sister or my daughter; I protest I would as confidently resolve to further it as I now persuade you;" and again in another, "If my faith be anything, I protest, if I had one as near me as she is to you, I had rather match her with him than with men of far greater titles." Essex, in these last words, had hit the right mark; it was the "greater titles," most probably, that at last decided Lady Hatton to accept Coke, and, like many other clever people, lived no doubt to repent of a choice formed on



such considerations, when she found she had rejected a Chancellor. And what a marriage it was! After many years of continued quarrel and recrimination, a circumstance occurred which made them at once bitter enemies. In 1616 Coke, by his unbending judicial integrity, lost the favour of James, and with it the Chief Justiceship which he then held: his mode of obtaining a restoration of the first, and an equivalent for the second, stands in strange contrast. This was the marriage of his daughter to Sir John Villiers, afterwards Viscount Purbeck, brother to the haughty favourite, then supreme at Court. It is to Lady Hatton's credit that she determinedly refused, as long as she could with any prospect of utility, to consent to this bargain and sale of her child, then only in her sixteenth year, and who had a great aversion to the match. At first the mother and daughter ran away, and secreted themselves at Oatlands, where Coke, having discovered their retreat, came armed with a warrant, and broke open door after door till he found the fugitives. The Privy Council were now inundated with appeals and counter-appeals, and disturbed with brawls when the parties were before them. Mr. Chamberlain, writing to Carleton (May 24, 1616), says, "The Lord Coke and his lady have had great wars at the Council-table. The first time she came accompanied with the Lord Burghley and his lady, the Lord Danvers, the Lord Denny, Sir Thomas Howard and his lady, with I know not how many more, and declaimed so bitterly against him, and so carried herself, that divers said Burbage could not have acted better." We have also a glimpse of the domestic history of Hatton House at this period, in one of her appeals to the Council, where she speaks of her husband entering upon all her goods, breaking into Hatton House, seizing her coach and coach-horses, nay, her apparel, which he detained; thrusting her servants out of the doors without wages or any consideration, &c. However, she at last consented to the match, which was the principal cause of these unseemly proceedings, although she continued to live at Hatton House, separated from her husband; and, this unpleasant business settled, she returned, with as great a zest as ever, to the amusements she chiefly delighted in. Some years before she had played a conspicuous figure in the performance of Ben Jonson's 'Masque of Beauty,' when fifteen of the choicest Court beauties had been selected as actors for the solace of royalty; and now again, in 1621, we find her at the same vocation, in the representation of the 'Metamorphosed Gipsies,' at Burley-on-the-Hill—James again being the chief spectator. In this piece the fifth gipsy is made thus to address her:—

"Mistress of a fairer table  
Hath no history, no fable;  
Others' fortunes may be shown—  
You are builder of your own;  
And whatever Heaven hath given you,  
You preserve the state still in you.  
That which time would have depart,  
Youth, without the help of art,  
You do keep still, and the glory  
Of your sex is but your story."

As a specimen of the vixenish temper of this lady, we may observe that Lady Hatton, for a considerable period, had Gondomar,\* the Spanish ambassador, for

\* Prynne, in his famous work, notices Gondomar's residence at Ely House; and his witnessing, with thousands

her next-door neighbour—he occupying, we presume, the palatial portion of the building. Howel, in a letter to Sir James Crofts, March 24, 1622, says, “Gondomar has ingratiated himself with divers persons of quality, ladies especially, yet he could do no good upon the Lady Hatton, whom he desired so lately that, in regard he was her next-door neighbour (at Ely House), he might have the benefit of the back gate to go abroad into the fields, but she put him off with a compliment; whereupon in a private audience lately with the king, among other passages of merriment, he told him my Lady Hatton was a strange lady, for she would not suffer her husband, Sir Edward Coke, to come in at her fore-door, nor him to go out at her back-door; and so related the whole business.”

We need not pursue her career any farther, as we have already noticed that she was still flourishing at the period of the sitting of the Long Parliament, when Hatton House was decided to be her own. Her daughter’s marriage turned out as might have been expected: Viscount Purbeck went abroad only three years after, and she led a life of profligacy that had once narrowly brought her to the chapel of the Savoy to do penance in a white sheet.

The condition of the episcopal portion of Ely Place, after the final loss of that originally granted to Hatton, became more and more deplorable. In the Harleian MSS.\* is the record of a statement which appears to have been made by one of the bishops about the period to which we allude. It declares that now, instead of the “spacious dwellings, house and manor, with gardens, closes, out-houses, and all conveniences, pleasantly situated,” which originally belonged to them, “the greatest part of the dwelling-house is pulled down,” and the bishops are “confined to less than half. Several cellars are possessed by others, even under those rooms of the house which the bishop hath now left to dwell in, and they are intermixed with the cellars he uses, having lights and passages into the cloisters; and the most private parts of the house, even half of the vault or burying place under the chapel, is made use of as a public cellar, or was so very lately, to sell drink in, there having frequently been revellings heard during divine service.” Under these circumstances any attempts at reparation seem to have been thought useless, and the buildings gradually fell into decay. In 1772, during the time of Dr. Edmund Keene, Bishop of Ely, an act of parliament was obtained, enabling the see to transfer the property to the crown for 6,500*l.*, which, with 3,600*l.* due for dilapidations from the family of the preceding bishop, was to be expended in providing a new town residence. And thus was founded the present episcopal mansion in Dover Street. An annuity of 200*l.* was also settled by the crown on the Bishops of Ely as a part of the arrangement. The property was resold by the crown, when the hall, cloisters, &c. were pulled down, and the present Ely Place built. The chapel alone was reserved, the lease of which, after passing through various hands, was purchased in the present century, and presented to the National Society, by Mr. Joshua Watson, its treasurer, for the use of the children of its central school in Baldwin’s Gardens. This arrangement being given up, the chapel was for some time

of other persons, the performance of ‘Christ’s Passion’ in the hall, probably the last of the dramatic mysteries exhibited in England.

\* No. 3789.



closed, but it has again been used: in 1874 it was purchased by the Fathers of the Institute of Charity to be re-opened as a Catholic Chapel.

In spite of patchings and modernisings, St. Etheldreda's Chapel retains much of its original aspect. On looking at the exterior (as shown in the engraving on our first page), if we shut our eyes to the lower portion, where a part of the window has been cut away and an entrance made where evidently none was ever intended to exist, we perceive the true stamp of the days when men built the cathedrals; works which no modern art has rivalled, and which yet seemed so easy to them, that the names of the architects have failed to be preserved. And in the interior the effect of the two windows, alike in general appearance, yet differing in every respect in detail, is magnificent, although the storied panes which we may be sure once filled them are gone. The bold arch of the ceiling, plain and whitewashed though now be its surface, retains so much of the old effect, that, though we miss the fine oak carvings, we do not forget them. The noble row of windows on each side are in a somewhat similar condition; all their exquisite tracery has disappeared, but their number, height, and size tell us what they must have been in the palmy days of Ely Place; and, if we are still at a loss, there is fortunately ample evidence remaining in the ornaments which surround the upper portions of the windows in the interior, and divide them from each other. We scarcely remember anything more exquisite in architecture than the fairy-like workmanship of the delicate pinnacle-like ornaments which rise between and overtop these windows. Of the original entrances into the chapel one only remains, which is quite unused, and is situated at the south-west corner of the edifice. Stepping through the doorway into a small court that encloses it, we perceive that it has been a very beautiful, deeply-receding, pointed arch, but now so greatly decayed that even the character of its ornaments is but partially discoverable. Here too is a piece of the wall of one of the original buildings of the palace—a stupendous piece of brickwork and masonry; and, on looking up, one of the octagonal buttresses, with its conical top, which ornamented the angles of the building, is seen. Descending a flight of steps, we find a low window looking into the crypt, the place which was so desecrated, according to the bishop's complaint. It is now filled with casks; and we can but just catch a glimpse of the enormous chestnut posts and girders with which the floor of the chapel is supported.

The chapel, like all the other parts of Ely Place, has its memories, though none of those recorded are of a very extraordinary character. Evelyn has two notices worthy of extraction on the subject. The first runs thus:—"Nov. 14, 1668. In London. Invited to the consecration of that excellent person the Dean of Ripon, Dr. Wilkins, now made Bishop of Chester. It was at Ely House: the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Cosin (Bishop of Durham), the Bishops of Ely, Salisbury, Rochester, and others officiating. Dr. Tillotson preached. Then we went to a sumptuous dinner in the hall, where were the Duke of Buckingham, Judges, Secretaries of State, Lord Keeper, Council, noblemen, and innumerable other company, who were honourers of this incomparable man, invariably beloved by all who knew him." The other notice refers to a more personal matter, and is interesting for that very reason, as connected with an estimable man:—"27th

April, 1693. My daughter Susanna was married to William Draper, Esq., in the chapel of Ely House, by Dr. Tenison, Bishop of Lincoln, since Archbishop. I gave her in portion 4000*l*. Her jointure is 500*l*. per annum. I pray Almighty God to give his blessing to this marriage." Lastly, we may notice an amusing circumstance that occurred at the time of the defeat of the young Pretender by the Duke of Cumberland, in 1746, and which Cowper thought worthy of notice in his 'Task':—

" So in the chapel of old Ely House  
When wandering Charles, who meant to be the Third,  
Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,  
The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce  
And eke did rear right merrily two staves  
Sung to the praise and glory of *King George*."





[Staircase, Goldsmiths' Hall, 1841.]

## LXXV.—GOLDSMITHS' HALL.

WE will not say,—in imitation of the well-known phrase, He who has not seen Paris has seen nothing,—he who has not seen the Goldsmiths' Hall has not seen London; but it may be safely asserted that, without a glance into the interior of this noble building, no one can form a just conception of the wealth, luxury, and, we must add, taste, of some of our great civic companies; which, however they may now have ceased to be identified with any very large portion of the commercial greatness of London, were undoubtedly the originators of that greatness, and the guardians through all sorts of troublous times of the comparatively free and enlightened principles on which alone commercial prosperity can be based. But those times are now past; and the Companies generally, like the victors in a good fight, seem to have little else to do but to sit down, eat, drink, and make merry, and discourse of all the alternations of good and evil fortune by which the previous contest was marked. Grasping monarchs can no longer haunt their visions with fines and rumours of fines, as the price of the maintenance of their rights; needy ones can no longer hold out the expectation of fresh privileges to be obtained by the all-persuasive mediation of citizen gold. But with the conflict and the danger, the glory and the influence have passed away. Trade, so much indebted to them whilst yet but a young weakling, has grown

strong and robust, and can take excellent care of himself. The leading-strings of one day have become shackles at another; and so the giant throws them off, or bursts through them. Let him not, however, forget what he was; or be ungrateful to those who have aided so greatly to make him what he is.

The Goldsmiths' Company, more fortunate than most of its early brethren, is still essentially a business Company. It has so happened that the peculiar privilege intrusted to them from a very early period, of assaying and stamping articles made of the precious metals, has not been found to be attended with any important disadvantages; so in their hands the privilege still remains,\* notwithstanding the enormous increase of business that must have taken place. This circumstance to a certain extent favourably distinguishes the Goldsmiths' Company† from the other great civic Companies, and promises to it a longer lease of power and consideration.

He who has once seen the present Hall of the Company will not forget its position at the back of the Post Office; for the very circumstance that such a magnificent building should be so curiously and badly situated strikes every one with surprise. There it is, however, in all its splendour; and, consequently, there for the next two or three centuries we may be sure it will remain. Of course, this is a matter over which the architect, Mr. Hardwick, could have no control. The best view of the exterior of the building is to be obtained from the north-east corner of the General Post Office enclosure: here the eye at once takes in two fronts of the edifice, the superb west or principal façade, one hundred and fifty feet broad, with its attached Corinthian columns and beautiful Italian windows; and the north, one hundred feet broad, with its decorating pilasters. In some respects the enforced proximity of the spectator to the building is advantageous; as, for instance, in following the details of the beautiful Corinthian entablature, which is supported by the entire front of the western façade, and continued quite round the edifice. The solidity of the Hall is as noticeable as its splendour. The plinth, six feet in height, is formed of large granite blocks from the Haytor quarries, Devonshire; whilst the walls are built of Portland stone. Some of the single blocks used in the shafts of the columns, and in the entablature, weigh as much as twelve tons. The roof is covered with lead. The windows of the principal story have handsome mouldings and bold and enriched pediments; the central windows are fronted by massive balustrade balconies. In the centre, above the first floor, are the Company's arms, with festal emblems, garlands, and trophies. The entrance door is a rich specimen of cast work. Altogether, though somewhat closely hemmed in by the buildings which surround it, the edifice is worthy of the powerful and wealthy Company to whom it belongs.

Within, we enter first into a low square vestibule, where sits the porter in his old-fashioned high circular chair; a place which, though handsome, is unpretending, and enhances by contrast the lofty staircase partially seen through the glazed screen opposite. As we pass through the screen we find ourselves in a scene of true architectural splendour. The broad staircase ascends direct before

\* This business is carried on in apartments at the back of the Hall, having a separate entrance.

† And, we may add, the Apothecaries': these two are the only Companies that retain the old right of control over their respective businesses.



us, then branches to the right and left to the landing or gallery at the top, which extends along the walls on either side and behind us. Above, at a great height, we look on the richly carved and painted ceiling of the dome, from the centre of which hangs a massive lamp, revealing, when lighted on festive occasions, new beauties in this most beautiful of staircases. In 1871, the staircase and the walls surrounding the gallery were entirely lined with costly marbles, of various sorts and colours, and the effect is one of great magnificence. On the four square pedestals which ornament the balustrade of the first flight of stairs are marble statuettes—four youthful Cupid-like figures typical of the seasons, by Mr. Nixon. The first figure is intently examining a bird's nest, a circumstance suggestive of one of the most interesting of *spring* associations; the second has a wreath of *summer* flowers hanging gracefully round it, and leads a full-grown lamb; the third has its arms filled with goodly sheaves of corn, whilst *autumnal* fruits are wreathed about its body; and the fourth, a charming figure, is confronting the rude *winter* winds, and with difficulty holding close its drapery. Other pieces of sculpture occupy the spaces between the double scagliola columns of the gallery, whilst in a niche in the centre of the staircase is a bust of William IV., by Chantrey. Ascending to the gallery, pausing now on the stairs, leaning now over the balcony to admire the beautiful combinations of form which every fresh position commands, we find several doors; one at the top of the staircase on each side opening to the Livery Hall, situated beyond the staircase, and others through rich corridors or passages to a suite of apartments extending along the western front of the building, and over the outer vestibule through which we have passed. And first comes the Court-room on the right of the northernmost corridor. This is an apartment for the meetings of the Court of Assistants, and is handsomely decorated. The stucco ceiling, more particularly is of very excellent workmanship; from it hangs a large and elaborate glass chandelier. On a sideboard, carefully preserved beneath glass, is one of the most interesting remains we possess of the Romans in London, the little altar-piece engraved in the account of Roman London,\* which was dug up during the rebuilding of the Hall in 1832. It has evidently been a fine piece of workmanship, for, although the surface of the stone is greatly corroded, the beauty of the outlines of the figures still arrests the attention at the first glance: the position of the dog may be mentioned as exceedingly expressive and graceful. On the walls hang some interesting pictures. Here is Janssen's rich and beautiful portrait of Sir Hugh Middleton, with a shell in his left hand, typical of the great work of his life, the bringing the springs of Hertfordshire to London. The share that the unfortunate Sir Hugh presented to the Goldsmiths' Company, of which he was a member, is now worth, we believe, between 200*l.* and 300*l.* annually. Another portrait we may mention is that of Sir Thomas Vyner, Knight and Baronet, 1666, the gentleman referred to in the following title of one of the printed accounts of the annual Lord Mayor's pageants. We must premise that the Goldsmiths still make it a matter of etiquette to keep up some of the old state and ceremony on these occasions, which, but for them, would lose half the splendour that yet remains to them. They have, indeed, a very ancient reputation in matters of the kind. When Henry VI.

\* Vol. i. p. 281.

expected the coming of the Queen Margaret of Anjou from France, he wrote to the Goldsmiths, as a craft which had at all such times "notably acquitted them," to prepare themselves to do her honour. And the splendour of their appearance at the appointed time showed how they appreciated the application. The title in question runs thus: 'The Goldsmiths' Jubilee; or, London's Triumphs, containing a description of the several pageants; on which are represented emblematical figures, artful pieces of architecture, and rural drawings, with the speeches spoken in each pageant. Performed October 29, 1674, for the entertainment of the right honourable and truly noble pattern of prudence and loyalty, Sir Robert Vyner, Knt. and Bart., Lord Mayor of the City of London, at the proper costs and charges of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths. The King's most sacred Majesty and his Royal Consort, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, several foreign ambassadors, chief nobility, and Secretaries of State, honouring the City with their presence. Composed by Thomas Jordan.' The procession and pageant together seem certainly to have been a handsome affair. We can only notice the last, which consisted of two parts, the one illustrating, in an ingenious manner, the Company's arms, the other its trade and history. The first pageant consisted of "a large triumphant chariot of gold, richly set with divers inestimable and various-coloured jewels, of dazzling splendour, adorned with sundry curious figures, fictitious stories, and delightful landscapes." In this is "an ascent of seats up to a throne, whereon a person of majestic aspect sitteth, the representer of justice, hieroglyphically attired in a long red robe, and on it a golden mantle fringed with silver; on her head long dishevelled hair of flaxen colour, curiously curled, on which is a coronet of silver; in her left hand she advanceth a touchstone (the tryer of truth and discoverer of falsehood); in her right hand she holdeth up a golden balance, with silver scales equi-ponderent, to weigh justly and impartially; her arms dependent on the heads of two leopards, which emblematically intimate courage and constancy: this chariot is drawn by two golden unicorns, in excellent carving work, with equal magnitude to the life, on whose backs are mounted two beautiful raven-black negroes, attired according to the dress of India; on their heads wreaths of diverse-coloured feathers; in their right hands they hold golden cups; in their left hands two displayed banners, the one of the King's, the other of the Company's, arms. All which represent the crest and the supporters of the ancient, famous, and worshipful Company of Goldsmiths." Of the Trade Pageant Thomas Jordan writes—"On a very large pageant is a rich seat of state, containing the representer of the patron to the Goldsmiths' Company, St. Dunstan, attired in a dress properly expressing his prelati cal dignity, in a robe of fine white lawn, over which he weareth a cope or vest of costly bright cloth of gold down to the ground; on his reverend grey head a golden mitre, set with topaz, ruby, emerald, amethyst, and sapphire; in his left hand he holdeth a golden crozier, and in his right hand he useth a pair of goldsmith's tongs. Beneath these steps of ascension to his chair, in opposition to St. Dunstan, is properly painted a goldsmith's forge and furnace, with fire and gold in it, a workman blowing with the bellows. On his right and left hand there is a large press of gold and silver plate, representing a shop of trade; and further in front are several artificers at work on anvils with



hammers, beating out plate fit for the forgery and formation of several vessels in gold and silver. There are likewise in the shop divers wedges or ingots of gold and silver. And a step below St. Dunstan sitteth an assay-master, with his class frame and balance, for trial of gold and silver according to the standard. In another place there is also disgrossing, drawing, and flatting of gold and silver wire. There are also finers melting, smelting, fining, and parting gold and silver both by fire and water. And in a march before this orfery \* are divers miners, in canvas breeches and waistcoats, and red caps, bearing spades, pickaxes, twibills, and crows, for to sink shafts and make adits.† The devil also appearing to St. Dunstan is caught by the nose at a proper Qu (cue), which is given in his speech. When the speech is spoken the great anvil is set forth, with a silver-smith holding on it a plate of massive silver, and three other workmen at work, keeping excellent time in their orderly strokes upon the anvil." Pageants of this character had meaning in them, and must have had at least one beneficial effect, that of making the handicraft arts interesting and their pursuit honourable: we wish we could say as much of the civic pageants of the present day. The connection of St. Dunstan with the Goldsmiths' Company is a curious subject, and one that meets you at every step in their history, as well as in still more palpable shapes in their Hall. Here, for instance, in the Court Room is a large painting, said to be by Julio Romano,—although that has been disputed,—devoted to the Saint's glory. In the foreground appears St. Dunstan, a large figure in a rich robe, and crozier in hand; in the background, by an amusing licence, we see him again, performing his memorable deed of taking the devil by the nose; and above appears the heavenly host, no doubt applauding the deed, and apparently signifying as much to the St. Dunstan in the front of the picture. Then, in the records of the Hall we read of St. Dunstan's almsmen; of St. Dunstan's feast on St. Dunstan's day; of St. Dunstan's eve; of splendid tapestry made at a great expense in Flanders in illustration of St. Dunstan's exploits, and used for the decoration of the Hall;‡ of St. Dunstan's statue, in silver gilt, set with gems, which formerly surmounted the screen of the Livery Hall, and which was broken up at the period of the war against images during the Reformation, and turned to the "most profit of the house;" of St. Dunstan's cup, in which the goldsmiths frequently drank to his memory; of "St. Dunstan's light" in St. John's Zachary Church; and of the chapel of St. Dunstan, with another image, in St. Paul's Cathedral. The origin of this connection is no doubt to be found in the circumstance that, when Dunstan left the court of Athelstan in disgust and retired to Glastonbury, he employed himself occasionally in the formation of articles useful to the church, as crosses and censers. Ecclesiastics were then among the most skilful of artificers, for Edgar had directed

\* From the French, "*Orfèvrerie*," we presume, expressive of the goldsmith's art and ware.

† Modes of communication.

‡ The account of "Money delivered to Mr. Gerard Hughes for the rich arras for the hanging of the Hall," the tapestry in question, contains some interesting items: we extract the following. It appears there was "Paid for the devising of the story, for the exchange making of the money, and for costs and charges of Mr. Hughes's servant lying there (in Flanders), and for the canvas, &c., 29*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*" Then in the "charges for making of the stories in white and black," there was paid to "four masters, every of them for sixteen days," at a shilling a-day 3*l.* 4*s.* A boy was paid to "sharp their colours," that is, point the chalk or charcoal with which they sketched, 2*d.* a-day; "the translating of the story out of English into Dutch," to enable the foreign workmen to understand it, cost 10*s.* The entire expense of the work was about 550*l.*

that priests, in order "to increase knowledge, should diligently learn some handicraft." And it was whilst Dunstan was thus employed that the devil, having, unfortunately for himself, tempted him once too often, was seized in the unpleasant manner already described. The holy man immediately became famous. The goldsmiths in particular, who seem to have looked on him as one of their craft, now, or soon after, adopted him as their founder and patron saint. We may here add that, in the list of jewellery belonging to Edward I., mention is made of a gold ring, with a sapphire, "of the workmanship of St. Dunstan." The business transacted in the Court Room is, of course, the ordinary business of the Company, as the management of estates, charities,\* &c., and presenting, therefore, no interesting features. But it was not so once, when rebellious apprentices had to be whipped or otherwise punished, when offending members had to be reprimanded, sometimes kneeling before the assembled officers, or when the table was covered with goodly collections of gold and silver articles, and sometimes even "pieces of napery" and "cloths of gold," brought as *pledges* to the Company, who seem to have occasionally dabbled in the pawnbroking trade from a very early period. One of the entries on this subject, given in Mr. Herbert's valuable work on the Livery Companies of London, refers to the year 1386. Besides their ordinary duties, the Wardens were occasionally called in to decide matters of a less official nature between the different members of the Company, but where their knowledge or position were found useful. A great deal of jealousy existed at all times between the foreign and English goldsmiths, which sometimes led to serious disputes. A difference of a more friendly nature was that brought before the Wardens in the reign of Edward IV., when two workmen, Oliver Davy, citizen and goldsmith of London, and "White Johnson, Alicant stranger, goldsmith," of the same city, contended for the palm of superiority in the "cunning workmanship" of their craft. The honour of the respective countries was concerned in the struggle, and a high tribunal alone was thought worthy of giving a decision. So at a meeting at the Pope's Head in Lombard Street, in the presence of several distinguished members of the Goldsmiths' Company, the following arrangement, after due consideration, was made. First, that Oliver Davy should "make, work, and grave inward, by the hands of an Englishman, or 'prentice English, in four puncheons of steel, in the breadth of a penny sterling, a cat's face outward embossed in one of the said puncheons, and the same cat's face to be graven inward in another of the same puncheons, and a naked man outward embossed in the third puncheon, and a naked man inward to be graven on the fourth puncheon." White Johnson was to do exactly the same thing by the hands of an Alicant stranger, or Alicant's child, taking his liberty of what nation he would within the city of London, town of Westminster, or borough of Southwark. It was further agreed that the Wardens of Goldsmiths' Hall should decide between them, taking with them, to ensure impartiality, three English and three Alicant goldsmiths. The loser in the struggle was to pay the winner a crown, his costs for making his puncheons, and provide a dinner at the Hall for the

\* The property of the Company and the estates it holds in trust for charitable purposes are matters not allowed to come before the public. The Company itself, we may here observe, consists of a master (the office is now held by the Sovereign), a prime and three other wardens, 21 assistants, and 150 liverymen. The chief officer is the clerk, whose position is generally considered to be highly lucrative and influential.



Wardens and for all parties concerned. "And whereas Oliver Davy brought into the Goldsmiths' Hall at his day, as is before limited by the said wager, four puncheons, in breadth of a penny sterling, . . . made by the hands of Thomas Cotterell, the apprentice of the said Oliver, and the said White Johnson brought, by the space of six weeks after that, contrary to his wager, but two puncheons, one of a cat's face graven inward, and another with a naked man graven inward, of a more breadth than his wager, made by the hands of little Court Dutchman, dwelling in the borough of Southwark," the wager is adjudged to be won by Oliver Davy. We do not see how, to use Mr. Herbert's phrase, the "honour of England" was advanced by the decision, as no opinion whatever seems to have been expressed as to the real merits of the respective works. Very proud, however, do the English goldsmiths appear to have been of the result, for when, after having kept the whole six puncheons five years, Oliver Davy brought them into the Goldsmiths' Hall, at the instance of the Wardens, and gave them to the Company, the former, with great solemnity, ordered them "to be laid in the chest with six keys, to that intent that they be ready, if any such controversy hereafter fall, to be showed that such traverse hath been determined aforetimes; and that no Wardens hereafter bear them out of the said Hall, but to remain perpetually in the said place for the cause aforesaid. And that this present writing be laid with the said puncheons in the said chest, that men may understand hereafter the cause of the making of the said puncheons." We may here add that the foreign goldsmiths had at an early period a quarter to themselves, and were regulated by members of their own nation, under the control, however, of the English company, to whose funds they contributed in the shape of fees for apprentices, for admission into the craft, and for licences, also for fines, just the same as the other goldsmiths of London. We have an interesting glimpse of the customs among the artificers in the fifteenth century in one of two documents presented by the German and Dutch goldsmiths to the Wardens of the Company in 1444 and 1452. The last consists of the "Information given to the Wardens by the Dutchmen Goldsmiths enfranchised in the City of London," and states that "the rule in their quarter of goldsmiths is such that there shall no man come to no good city nor town, but he shall be known from whence he cometh, for to occupy the craft of goldsmiths, and that he be true born, and not defective proved. And at his coming in he must put him in service with a master of the said craft. And if he will continue and dwell there a certain time for to set up a house or a shop of the said craft, he must present himself, or else the master that he dwelleth with must present him, to the masters of the craft to set the rule upon him how long space and time it shall be ere he take house or shop of the said craft, at the discretion of the masters, some more, some less, as they find him able, and well named, and of good bearing."

Before quitting the Court Room we must not forget to mention the white marble chimney-piece which was brought from Cannons, the former seat of the Duke of Chandos. The lateral supports consist of two very large and boldly sculptured terminal busts, attributed, we are told, to Roubiliac by a late eminent sculptor.

Leaving the Court Room, and crossing the corridor or passage, we enter the Drawing-room, a scene of almost unsurpassable luxury and splendour. Immense

mirrors cover a considerable portion of the walls, and the remainder, in panels, is hung with crimson satin bordered by white and gold mouldings; the white stucco ceiling is exquisitely wrought with an interminable profusion of flowers, fruits, birds, beasts, and scroll-work ornaments, relieved at the corners of the room by the gay colours of the coats of arms; the soft thick carpet, of a rich maroon ground, presents in the centre the Goldsmiths' arms in all the splendid and proper colours of their heraldic emblazonry, and is as splendidly bordered; the curtains are of crimson damask, gold-embroidered; the chairs and ottomans are covered with crimson satin and gold, the tables are of gold and the most beautiful marbles, and the chimney-piece and grate of an exceedingly sumptuous kind. Add to these features the chandelier hanging from the roof, with its thousand glittering pendants; imagine it lighted, and colours more varied and brilliant than rainbow ever presented shifting and glancing to and fro; behold the room itself thronged with fair and magnificently dressed ladies, their costume only the more impressive from the contrast with the sober dresses of the gentlemen;—and you have altogether as superb a scene of the kind as, with few exceptions, the social life of England could afford.

The chief object of interest in the Court Dining-room, the next of the suite, is the chimney-piece, where in the centre two boys hold a wreath enclosing a head, whose melancholy history is told in the thin, almost attenuated-looking features and sad expression. It is Richard II., the monarch from whom the Goldsmiths' Company may be said to have received their principal charter of incorporation; we say principal, for in all the Goldsmiths received from the time of Edward III. to Elizabeth no fewer than fifteen charters—some of confirmation only, which the Companies of an early day were accustomed to get from time to time, in order to refresh the memory of any monarch who might otherwise be suddenly requiring a very heavy fine,—and others granting new privileges. And we may here fitly pause awhile to notice the early history of this Company. The goldsmith's is perhaps, above all other manual arts requiring any considerable taste and skill, the one in which the English have excelled from a very early period. About 628 Bishop Wilfred built a church at Ripon, in Yorkshire, the columns and porticoes of which were enriched with gold, silver, and purple; and a sumptuous copy of the Gospels, in a case of pure gold set with gems, was among the donations then made. In the Ashmolean Museum a piece of ornamental workmanship in gold that was made for Alfred the Great is still preserved, and the workmanship is of a high order, though the design is rude enough. Again, among the plunder of the Conquest taken over to Normandy by William, on his first visit to his native country after the great event which has made his name so memorable, were a variety of articles, such as golden vases, chased cups of gold and silver, Saxon drinking-cups made of large buffalo-horns, and ornamented at the extremity, which filled the people of that country with astonishment, and shows how far before their conquerors were the Saxons of that day in the goldsmith's craft. William of Poictevin, whose whole account shows what a strong impression the wealth of England had made upon him, speaks expressly of the men excelling in every species of elegant workmanship. A still stronger proof perhaps is to be found in the admiration elicited from Pope Adrian (our countryman) when Robert, Abbot of St. Alban's, sent to him two golden candlesticks:



the Pontiff declared he had never seen more beautiful workmanship. Matthew Paris also describes a large cup of gold made by Baldwin, a goldsmith, for the same Abbot Robert, "which was adorned with flowers and foliages of the most delicate workmanship, and set round with precious stones in the most elegant manner." The service of the churches must have contributed greatly to call forth and to encourage talent of this kind; for, besides the numerous utensils required, there were the gorgeous shrines to decorate and enrich, labours on which immense quantities of the precious metals were lavished during the middle ages.

With the firm consolidation of the kingdom that took place on the cessation of those civil wars, which, owing their origin to the state of things produced by the Conquest, were only ended in 1265 by the fall of De Montfort, and the consequent increase of the general prosperity, the monarchs no doubt became more luxurious and expensive. The wardrobe account of Edward I.'s plate and jewels is exceedingly curious, and illustrates in various points the manners and customs of the age, as well as the state of the goldsmith's art. Ade was the King's artificer, no doubt the chief goldsmith of his day. The list comprises thirty-four pitchers of gold and silver, ten gold cups, ten cups of silver (gilt and plain, some having stands, and enamelled), and above one hundred other cups of silver; also a pair of knives with silver sheaths, enamelled, with a *fork* of crystal; a pair of knives with ebony and ivory handles and studs, a large ewer set all over with pearls, a comb and looking-glass of silver gilt, enamelled, and a silver bodkin in a leathern case; gold, silver, and crystal crosses, some set with sapphires, and enclosing relics, and one with emeralds and other precious stones, enclosing a great piece of the real cross of Christ; pikes of gold and silver, shrines, silver trumpets, gold clasps, rings, a large silver girdle ornamented with precious stones; a large image of the King in silver, habited in a surcoat, and with a hood over his head and a silver plate under his feet; and five serpent tongues in a standard of silver. Lastly, there are four royal crowns, one set with rubies, emeralds, and great pearls; another with rubies and emeralds; another with Indian pearls; and a fourth, a great crown of gold, with emeralds, sapphires of the east, rubies, and large eastern pearls—this was the coronation crown. Among this splendid collection was the "gold ring with a sapphire" before mentioned, which, we are told, was of the workmanship of St. Dunstan. A body of men, comprising among their members skill to accomplish works of the kind here indicated, and who, from the very value of the materials on which they worked, must have been persons of character and consideration, were not likely to be the last to seek the protection of the Guild, or general association of those engaged in their pursuit; indeed, if we had the means of knowing the early history of these associations, we should probably find the goldsmiths were among the first, if not the very first, to defend themselves, their properties, and their personal freedom in this manner. Not that we are to look upon the artificers of that period as so many peaceful citizens, who were nothing except when banded together. Not a man of them but knew how to defend himself, if he were attacked, by the skilful use of his own trusty weapon: a circumstance that made the members of the chief trades, when in union, truly formidable bodies. This is illustrated in an incident that has been preserved of a quarrel between the goldsmiths and the merchant tai-

lors about the middle of the thirteenth century, when their animosity proceeded so far that they, and their respective friends, met by mutual consent one night, to the number each of five hundred men completely armed, and commenced a regular battle, which was so fiercely maintained that, before the Sheriffs could succeed in bringing a great body of the citizens to put a stop to the proceedings, several were killed and many wounded on both sides. The combatants suffered severely, in the whole, for their display of martial valour—thirteen of the ringleaders perishing on the scaffold. The earliest mention of the goldsmiths as a guild occurs in the beginning of the century marked by this combat, when Henry II. fined the adulterine or unlicensed guilds; and among those who were the most heavily mulcted were the goldsmiths. From this time to the reign of Edward III. we find nothing particularly deserving notice in the history of the Guild, but in that reign they began to bestir themselves to acquire a new and more commanding position. The petition presented to Edward and his Council in Parliament, in the first year of his reign, gives us an interesting glimpse of the state of the trade at that time in London. In this petition they show “that no private merchant nor stranger heretofore were wont to bring into this land any money coined, but plate of silver to exchange for our coin. And that it had been also ordained, that all who were of the goldsmith’s trade were to sit in their shops in the high street of Cheap; and that no silver in plate, nor vessel of gold or silver, ought to be sold in the city of London, except at or in the Exchange, or in Cheapside among the goldsmiths, and that publicly, to the end that the people of the said trade might inform themselves whether the seller came lawfully by such vessel or not. But that now of late the said merchants, as well private as strangers, brought from foreign countries into this nation counterfeit sterling, whereof the pound was not worth above sixteen sols of the right sterling; and of this money none could know the true value but by melting it down. And also that many of the said trade of goldsmiths kept shops in obscure turnings and bye-lanes and streets, and did buy vessels of gold and silver secretly, without inquiring whether such vessel were stolen or lawfully come by; and, immediately melting it down, did make it into plate, and sell it to merchants trading beyond sea, that it might be exported. And so they made false work of gold and silver, as bracelets, locketts, rings, and other jewels; in which they set glass of divers colours, counterfeiting right stones, and put more alloy in the silver than they ought, which they sold to such as had no skill in such things.” They add, also, that “the cutlers, in their work-houses, covered tin with silver so subtilly, and with such sleight, that the same could not be discerned and severed from the tin; and by that means they sold the tin so covered for fine silver, to the great damage and deceit of the King and his people.” The answer to this petition was very satisfactory, granting to the goldsmiths, apparently, everything they desired. Merchants were no longer to bring any sort of money from abroad, but only plate of fine silver; goldsmiths were prohibited from selling gold or silver wrought, or plate of silver, to any such merchants to be carried out of the kingdom; “none that pretended to be of the same trade should keep any shops but in Cheapside, that it might be seen that their works were good and right;” and lastly,—and this was the most important concession of the whole,—those of the same trade might elect honest, lawful, and sufficient men, best skilled in the said trade, to inquire of the mat-



ters aforesaid, to reform defects, and inflict due punishment upon offenders. In this, the first charter, the Company are addressed as the King's "beloved, the Goldsmiths of London:" nor was the charter in question all the evidences of his love; he subsequently empowered them to purchase estates to the value of 20*l.* yearly for the support of decayed members: a gift of ten marks, it must be observed, had something to do with all this beneficence. In the reign of Richard II. the Company became, as before stated, essentially, though still not nominally, incorporated, as "a perpetual community," with "liberty to elect yearly for ever four wardens, to oversee, rule, and govern the said craft and community." Subsequent monarchs from time to time confirmed and enlarged their privileges, till Edward IV. in express words ordained them a "corporation, or body incorporate, by the name of Wardens of the Mystery of Goldsmiths of the City of London," and gave them the power of inspecting, trying, or regulating all gold and silver works throughout the kingdom. Lastly, we may observe that, being opposed in their trade search and assay, during the reign of Henry VII., that monarch gave them additional power to imprison or fine defaulters, to seize and break unlawful work, to compel the trade within three miles of the City to bring their work to the Company's common-hall to be assayed and stamped, and in case it was not standard to utterly condemn the same. The searches referred to must have led to some curious scenes. The trade was divided among foreigners and natives, whose chief places of resort at first were Cheapside and the immediate neighbourhood of the Goldsmiths' Hall, but who by the time of Henry VIII. had extended their shops to different parts of London and Westminster. The Sanctuaries were very naturally the resort of numbers of the dishonest portion of the trade; and in the Goldsmiths' books, under the date of 20 Henry VI., we find a not unamusing instance in point:—"Also it is to remember that the 20th day of April, the year of King Henry above written, the said Wardens went to Saint Bartholomew's, and there they spake with the Prior of the same place, of such untrue workers that were inhabiting in the same place, the which the Prior knew not. And while the Wardens and the Prior stood together came one John Tomkins, that was sometime a good workman of goldsmiths' craft. And there the Prior commanded him to go with him and with the Wardens, for to bring him to his chamber. And when they came there, he would not let them in. And the Prior made him to deliver his key to him. And then they went in; and there they found divers bandis of latten, the which to let in goblets forthwith. And also there was found a piece in the bed straw, the which was copper, and silver above; the which was likely for to have been sold for good silver. And while it was a-doing the said false varlet stole away out of the place, or else he had been set in the stocks." Besides general quarterly searches, we find the Wardens were always on the watch on the occasion of any unusual assemblage of persons likely to buy trinkets, and more particularly during fairs. Like some of the similar searchers of the present day with regard to weights, due warning was given to delinquents to hide whatever they chose. In reading the account of the array of the search, one sees very plainly that the worst rogues must have escaped amidst so much ceremony. First came the beadle with his insignia of office, and in full costume; then the wardens in their hoods and livery, the Company's clerk, two renter wardens, two brokers,

with porters and other attendants properly habited. These on "St. Bartholomew's Eve went all along Cheap, for to see what plate is in every man's desk and girdle;" then into Lombard Street. And on the following day they went through the fair "to see every hardware-man's show, for deceitful things, beads, gauds of beads, and other stuff; and then," adds the 'Manner and Order of Proceeding' from which we quote, "they are to drink, when they have done, where they please." The legislature had at different periods endeavoured to assist the searchers in the attainment of the common object, honest trade, by various regulations. In 1403 an act was passed, stating that, "whereas many fraudulent artificers, imagining to deceive the common people, do daily make lockets, rings, beads, candlesticks, harness for girdles, hilts, chalices, and sword-pommels, powder-boxes, and covers for cups, of copper and latten, like to gold and silver, and the same sell and put in gage to many men not having full knowledge thereof for whole gold and silver," in future no such articles shall be gilt or silvered, whether with or without intention to deceive, under a penalty of 100%. The only exceptions were articles for the use of the Church, most of which might be made of silvered copper or latten, "so that always in the foot, or some other part, of every such ornament so to be made, the copper and the latten shall be plain, to the intent that a man may see whereof the thing is made, for to eschew the deceit aforesaid." A curious and at the same time frightful incident of an earlier time is mentioned in Arnold's 'Chronicle,' where "all the goldsmiths of London" themselves are stated to have been the delinquents. In 1278 these, with "all those that kept the Change, and many other men of the City, were arrested and taken for buying of plates of silver, and for change of great money for small money [we presume, by recoinage and giving their own coin for the King's], which were indicted by the wards of the City; and on the Monday next after the Epiphany, the Justices sitting at the Guildhall to make deliverance, that is to say, Sir Stephen of Pencestre, Sir John of Cobham, and other which that these lust (pleased) to associate to them, and there were prejudged and drawn and hanged three English Christian men, and two hundred four score and twelve English Jews!" Such was the wholesale butchery dignified by the name of justice in the thirteenth century.

From the Court Dining-room a doorway leads to a spacious apartment, called the Livery Tea-room. The walls of this room are wainscoted, and the ceiling panelled in stucco. Here are portraits of George IV., by Northcote, also William IV., the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Cambridge, and a conversation piece by Hudson (Reynolds's master) containing portraits of six Lord Mayors, all Goldsmiths; this latter painting was presented to the Goldsmiths' Company by Alderman Blackford in 1752.

Passing from the Tea-room through the passage and across the top of the staircase, we now enter the Livery Hall, the fitting conclusion of the whole we have beheld. This is a room of great size and noble proportions, measuring about eighty feet in length, forty in width, and thirty-five in height. A screen, and gallery above, ornament the one extremity, and a niche for the display of the Company's plate the other. This niche is hung with crimson velvet curtains. The back is lined with crimson velvet drapery, and in the centre is a wooden framework similarly covered, which, with the assistance of the light admitted from



above, displays the treasures of the Company in a pyramidal form with the happiest effect. Many of the separate articles of that pyramid have a history of themselves; we can only mention one of them, the Cup. This is by no less an artist than Cellini, and was presented by Queen Elizabeth (who Pennant observes was "particularly kind to the citizens, and borrowed money of them on all occasions") to Sir Martin Bowes, whilst he was Lord Mayor, by whom it was presented to his brethren the Goldsmiths, with a charge to drink his health at certain periods in it, and to have a good dinner afterwards: we believe we are not hazarding too much to say that neither of these debts of gratitude are neglected. On each side of the niche is a mirror of unusual size, with busts in front, at their base, of George III. and George IV. Between the scagliola pillars, adorning the side opposite to the window, are lofty portraits, kingly or queenly subjects as usual (the loyalty and church-and-state pride of the Goldsmiths' Company are well known); comprising portraits of Queen Adelaide by Sir Martin Archer Shee, his Royal Highness the late Prince Consort, and her Majesty Queen Victoria by Sir George Hayter. In looking again at the richly stained arms which Mr. Willement has placed in the windows, consisting of the arms of the twenty-five Members of the Court of Assistants, at the period of the opening of the Hall in 1835, and of other assistants who have since died, a suggestion occurs which we think deserves consideration. In the annals of the Company, many are the worthies whose life and character must have an interest for the members; surely their arms should be here. There is Gregory de Rokesley, for instance, goldsmith, who was eight times Lord Mayor of London, keeper of the King's Exchange, and chief Assay Master of all the English Mints. And if these recommendations are not sufficient, there is one better still. This is the man whom honest Stow praises for having refused to compromise the dignity of his office, by answering as mayor a mandate to attend the King's Justices in the Tower, but who showed his individual respect for it by throwing off his civic robes at the Church of Allhallows, Barking, and then obeying the mandate as a private individual. The act led not only to his arrest, but to the arrest of the liberties of the City for a time. Then again there is Sir Nicholas Farindon, who gives name to the Ward of Farringdon, and the various benefactors of the Company, among whom Thomas Wood, sheriff in 1491, should not be forgotten. This gentleman built "the most beautiful frame of fair houses and shops" in Cheapside, which Stow describes as containing in number "ten fair dwelling-houses and fourteen shops, all in one frame, uniformly builded four stories high, beautified towards the street with the Goldsmiths' arms, and the likeness of *wood-men* in memory of his (the builder's) name, riding on monstrous beasts; all which is cast in lead, richly painted over, and gilt: these he gave to the goldsmiths, with stocks of money to be lent to young men having those shops," &c. These, we presume, were the goldsmiths' stalls which Hall so oddly describes in connexion with the pageants on the occasion of the marriage of Henry VIII. with his first wife, as "being replenished with virgins in white with branches of white wax." Numerous other members of still greater general reputation will readily occur: it will suffice to mention the admirable Sir Hugh Middleton, and Sir Francis Child, goldsmith, Lord Mayor, and founder of the first regular banking-house in England, the well-known and highly respectable establishment in Fleet

Street. The chief difficulty that might have been experienced in carrying into effect the plan proposed has been anticipated by the careful Stow; the arms of the oldest member we have here mentioned, Rokesley's, for instance, will be found among the engravings of the 'Survey.'

The mention of Sir Francis Child recalls one of the most important circumstances in the history of the Company,—its connection with the origin of the mighty system of modern banking. Our earliest bankers were, as is well known, the Jews; though, as their system seems to have been to receive deposits of goods, or title-deeds, &c., as security, they were perhaps more correctly called pawn-brokers. In the thirteenth century a more respectable class of men, the Lombards, or Italian merchants, then recently settled in England, began to obtain much of this trade. The goldsmiths, we have already seen, were occasionally bankers, in the only sense in which banking as yet existed, so early as 1386, in imitation, probably, of the Lombards. And till the seventeenth century matters remained in this state. At that time a concurrence of peculiar circumstances led them to embark largely in the business. In Anderson's 'History of Commerce' is given a curious account of these circumstances, on the authority of a rare pamphlet of the date of 1676, entitled, 'The Mystery of the new-fashioned Goldsmiths, or Bankers, discovered.' From this publication it appears that the London merchants had been generally accustomed to deposit their money in the Tower, in the care of the Mint Master. A little time before the meeting of the Long Parliament, Charles I. seized there 200,000*l.*, professedly as a loan, of course not only without the consent, but to the extreme indignation, of the unfortunate owners. No more money after that time found its way into the Mint for the sake of security. And then, according to the pamphlet, it became customary with merchants and traders to intrust their cash to their clerks and apprentices: a striking evidence, by the way, of the terrible state of insecurity of men's property before the breaking out of the civil war. When the latter burst like a storm over the whole country, many of these clerks and apprentices took the opportunity of relieving themselves of the dulness of the shop and desk, and their masters at the same time of the superfluous cash they had placed in their hands; and thus a new and better mode of disposing of such money became indispensable. At last, about the year 1645, the merchants began to place their funds in the hands of the Goldsmiths, who now first added this the essential feature of a bank to their ordinary occupations of buying and selling plate and foreign coins of gold and silver, of melting and culling these articles, some to be coined at the Mint, and the rest to be used in supplying the general dealers in the precious metals, jewellers, &c. The wealth and reputation of the Company would at once give confidence in the new mode, and consequently the business transacted increased so greatly in amount as to become a matter of very high importance and consideration. "It happened," says the writer of the pamphlet, "in those times of civil commotion, that the Parliament, out of the plate and from the old coin brought into the Mint, coined seven millions into half-crowns; and there being no mills then in use at the Mint, this new money was of very unequal weight, sometimes twopence and threepence difference in an ounce; and most of it was, it seems, heavier than it ought to have been in proportion to the value in foreign parts." What follows is a sad charge against the respectable Company which has a St



Dunstan for its founder. "Of this the goldsmiths made, naturally, the advantages usual in such cases, by picking out or culling the heaviest, and melting them down, and exporting them. It happened also that our gold coins were too weighty, and of these also they took the like advantage. Moreover, such merchants' servants as still kept their masters' running cash had fallen into the way of clandestinely lending the same to the goldsmiths at fourpence per cent. per diem (about six per cent. per annum), who by these and such-like means were enabled to lend out great quantities of cash to necessitous merchants and others, weekly or monthly, at high interest; and also began to discount the merchants' bills at the like or an higher rate of interest." It would have been worth while to see the puzzled looks of the merchants when they first found the ingenious use their clerks had made of their money; and the whole affair must have occasionally led to some amusing scenes,—clerks perhaps sometimes discounting themselves instead of through the goldsmiths, and, possibly, their own masters' bills as they circulated in due course of trade, not for their masters, but with their masters' own money; but their impudence may not have ventured quite so far as that. Respecting the goldsmiths as bankers, the pamphlet continues,—“Much about the same time they began to receive the rents of gentlemen's estates remitted to town, and to allow them and others who put cash into their hands some interest for it (the clerks had taught them this, we suppose) if it remained but for a single month in their hands, or even a lesser time. This was a great allurements for people to put their money into their hands, as it would bear interest till the day they wanted it. And they could also draw it out by one hundred pounds, or fifty pounds, &c., at a time, as they wanted it, with infinitely less trouble than if they had lent it out on either real or personal security. The consequence was, that it quickly brought a great quantity of cash into their hands, so that the chief or greatest of them were now enabled to supply Cromwell with money in advance on the revenues, as his occasions required, upon great advantages to themselves.” This system continued on the Restoration, the goldsmiths principally confining the lending part of the new business to Government, but borrowing, we presume, from whoever chose to lend. They gave receipts for the sums deposited, which, passing from hand to hand, became a virtual kind of bank-notes. In this brief detail we see in operation nearly all the parts of a modern banker's business. But concerns of such magnitude, and involving principles which, according as they are right or wrong, materially influence to prosperity or distress the entire nation, require all the thought and skill and capital of those concerned in its management. Some of the more intelligent goldsmiths soon perceived this, and also that magnificent fortunes would no doubt be realized by those who, possessing the requisite qualifications, should first devote their exertions solely to it. Francis Child was the first of these persons, and may, therefore, be very properly called the “father of the profession.”\* He was originally an apprentice to William Wheeler, goldsmith and banker, whose shop was on the site of the present banking-house. Child married his master's daughter, and thus succeeded to the estate and business. The latter, we presume, from the very circumstance of his being generally acknowledged to be the first regular banker,

\* Perment.

thenceforth, or at least subsequently, confined his business entirely to the banking department. He died in 1713 as *Sir Francis Child*, and after having served the offices of sheriff, lord mayor, and member of parliament for the City.

At the banquet which marked the opening of Goldsmiths' Hall on the 15th of July, 1835, the Duke of Wellington, and many other distinguished personages connected with the same political party, were among the guests. There was certainly one feature of that meeting worthy of notice—the declaration of the Prime Warden, who, in stating that the creation of a building-fund had long been in contemplation for the re-erection of their mansion, added, “by means of that fund they had been enabled to complete this great structure without trenching on the charitable funds of the Company: not one pension had been abridged—no charity was diminished—not one single petition for the relief of their poorer brethren was rejected.”

The assaying of precious metals, anciently called the “touch,” with the marking or stamping, and the proving of the coins of the realm, at what is called the “trial of the pyx,” were privileges conferred on the Goldsmiths' Company by statute of Edward I., and these privileges the company have ever since continued to enjoy. The “trial of the pyx,” a curious proceeding, of great solemnity, now takes place every year, in pursuance with the requirements of the Coinage Act of 1870, when a jury composed of Freemen of the Goldsmiths' Company assemble in their Hall, to examine and return a verdict as to the purity and correctness of weight of the gold and silver moneys made at the Royal Mint during the preceding year.



[Goldsmiths' Hall. Exterior View.]





[From Hogarth's 'Progress of Cruelty.']

## LXXVI.—BEER AND BREWERIES.

HOGARTH blundered when he introduced the brewer's drayman as a type of the "progress of cruelty." The man is asleep: he would not willingly hurt a fly, to say nothing of a child; but, "much bemused with beer," he knows not the mischief his wheels are doing. He can scarcely even be accused of carelessness, for how could he expect a child to be there unguarded? It is the nurse or mother that is to blame. Nobody who has to do with beer is inhumane. Beer cannot make a rogue an honest man—even the ale of Lichfield could not work that miracle upon Boniface—but it mollifies his temper.

"I have much to say in behalf of that Falstaff," and, though scarcely so near akin, we have much to say in behalf of that brewer's drayman. Look at his smock-frock, his hat, his gracefully-curving, ponderous whip: by the sceptre of a Ulysses or Agamemnon it would show like the pendent birch beside a bare hop-pole, and yet would crush a Thersites more effectually. When cracked in the horses' ears it knells like a piece of artillery. And accoutred as the brewer's drayman was in the days of Hogarth, so may he still be seen in the streets of London, perched upon his stately dray or striding beside it. He is one of the unchanged, unchangeable monuments which live on through all transmutations, telling a story of forgotten generations to a race which remembers them not—like the circle of grey stones which beneath a grove of embowering oaks witnessed the inhuman rites of the Druid, and now obstruct the reaper's sickle amid the golden grain—like the little drummer-boys, all so like each other that the man in his grand climacteric could fancy them the same he gazed after in his childhood, and take the elf at this moment loitering before the barracks in Hyde Park, for the identical one to whom the "friend of humanity" gave sixpence, and "nice clever books by Tom Paine the philanthropist."

The brewer's dray is worthy of such an ancient pillar of the constitution. Benjamin the Waggoner and his poet are both right eloquent in praise of their "lordly wain." Nor need it be denied that it had a stately and imposing presence of its own, alike amid the thunder-storm in the mountain gap, or—

" With a milder grace adorning  
 The landscape of a summer morning,  
 While Grassmere smoothed its liquid plain  
 The moving image to detain ;  
 And merry Fairfield, with a chime  
 Of echoes, to its march kept time,  
 When little other sound was heard,  
 And little other bus'ness stirr'd,  
 In that delightful hour of balm,  
 Stillness, solitude, and calm."

But every one must feel that one half of the beauty of the Westmoreland waggon is owing to the associations that cluster around it; whereas the brewer's dray suffices in itself. When the head of the foremost of its colossal horses is seen emerging from one of those dark, narrow lanes which lead into the broad day-light of Oxford Street, or the Whitechapel or Commercial Roads, the little boys and other urchins who are lounging on the pavement or in the gutters make way of their own accord, and there is a general pause in the full tide of human life that flows along the thoroughfare. Heavily, as though they would plant themselves into the earth, the huge hoofs, with the redundant locks dependent from the fetlocks circumfused, are set down, clattering and scraping as they slip on the steep ascent; the huge bodies of the steeds, thrown forward, drag onward the load attached to them by their weight alone; in a long chain they form a curve quite across the street, till at last the dray, high-piled with barrels, emerges from the narrow way like a reel issuing from a bottle, and, the strain over, the long line of steeds and the massive structure, beside which the car of Juggernaut might dwindle into insignificance, pass smoothly onwards.

It is no unimportant element of London life that is launched with all this pomp and circumstance into its great thoroughfares. There is a system organised, by which the contents of these huge emissaries from the reservoirs of the breweries are diverted into a multiplicity of minor pipes and strainers which penetrate and moisten the clay of the whole population. From "morn till dewy eve" the huge, high-piled dray may be seen issuing from the brewery gates to convey barrels to the beer-houses, and nine-gallon casks, the weekly or fortnightly allowance of private families. At noon and night the pot-boys of the innumerable beer-shops may be seen carrying out the quarts and pints duly received at those hours by families who do not choose to lay in a stock of their own; or the mothers and children of families, to whom the saving of a halfpenny is a matter of some consequence, may be seen repairing with their own jugs to these beer-conduits. You may know when it is noon in any street in London by the circulation of beer-jugs, as surely as you may know when it is 11 A.M. by seeing housekeepers with their everlasting bags, reticules and umbrellas. And in addition to these periodical flowings of the fountains must be taken into the account the "by-drinkings" of carmen, coal-whippers, paviours, &c., at all hours of the day—of artisans at their "dry skittle-grounds," and of medical students and other "swells" at taverns.

It is not easy to form an estimate of the quantity of beer annually strained through these alembics, but we may venture upon what Sir Thomas Browne would have called "a wide guess." In 1836 the twelve principal brewers in London brewed no less than 2,119,447 barrels of beer. The quantity of malt



wetted by all the brewers in London in that year was 754,313 quarters; the quantity wetted by the illustrious twelve, 526,092 quarters. According to this proportion, the number of barrels of beer brewed in London, in 1836, could not fall far short of 3,000,000. The beer manufactured for exportation and country consumption may be assumed, in the meantime, to have been balanced by the importation of Edinburgh and country ales, and Guinness's stout. In 1836 the population of the metropolis was estimated at 1,500,000. This would give, hand over head, an allowance of two barrels (or 76 gallons) of beer per annum for every inhabitant of the metropolis—man, woman, and child. There is no longer any published return of the malt or other ingredients used by the brewers made either in London or in the country; but, as there is reason for believing that, in spite of missionaries, philanthropists and Temperance associations, the proportion of beer drank towards the number of its consumers has largely increased, we may assert that the barrels of beer brewed in London in 1875 must have been over 6,000,000.

There is a passage in Franklin's 'Memoirs' which illustrates the minuter details of the distributing process in his day:—"I drank only water: the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great drinkers of beer. . . . We had an alehouse boy, who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast, with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done with his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink *strong* beer that he might be *strong* himself. . . . He had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every week for that vile liquor." The pressman whose bibbing feats are here recorded, it must be admitted, rather verged towards excess in his potations: he did not administer the malt in homœopathic doses; but his lack of moderation conferred no right upon "the water-drinking American" (as the printers christened Franklin) to vilify "the good creature Beer" by the epithet "vile liquor."

Beer is to the London citizen what the water in the reservoirs of the plain of Lombardy, or the kahvreez of Persia (which is permitted to flow into the runnels of the landowners so many hours per diem), is to the village peasantry of those countries. It is one of those commonplaces of life—those daily-expected and daily-enjoyed simple pleasures which give man's life its local colouring. The penning of the sheep in a pastoral country—"the ewe-bughts, Marion" of Scottish song—is poetical, because the bare mention of it calls up all the old accustomed faces, and sayings and doings, that make home delightful. In London it is our beer that stands foremost in the ranks of these suggestions of pleasant thoughts. Therefore it is that a halo dwells around the silver-bright pewter pots of the potboy, and plays, like the lightning of St. John, about the curved and tapering rod of office of the brewer's drayman. Therefore is it that the cry of "Beer!" falls like music on the ear; and therefore it is that in the song of the jolly companion, in the gibe of the theatrical droll, in the slang of him who lives "on the step" (of the 'bus), in the scratching of the caricaturist, the bare mention of beer is at any time a sufficient substitute for wit. It needs but to name it, and we are all on the broad grin.

Beer overflows in almost every volume of Fielding and Smollett. There never

was hero who had a more healthy relish for a cool tankard than Tom Jones. There is an incident which all our readers must recollect in the story of Booth's Amelia, that positively elevates brown stout into the region of the pathetic. As for Smollett, the score which Roderick Random and Strap run up with the plausible old schoolmaster, fancying all the while he is teaching them, is perhaps too rural an incident for our present purpose; but the pot of beer with which Strap made up the quarrel with the soldier, after the misadventure which attended his first attempt to dive for a dinner, was of genuine London brewing.

Goldsmith appreciated the capabilities of beer in an artistical point of view: how could the author of Tony Lumpkin fail? He has immortalised it both in prose and verse. The story of the Merry-Andrew out of employment, whom he picked up in the Green Park, would have lost great part of its zest had it not been told over "a frothing tankard and a smoking steak." Who does not feel that the conversation of the imprisoned debtor, porter, and soldier, about an apprehended French invasion, is rendered more pointed by the good malt liquor that takes a part in it?—" 'For my part,' cries the prisoner, 'the greatest of my apprehensions is for our freedom. If the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative; we must preserve that at the expense of our lives; of that the French shall never deprive us. It is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves would preserve our freedom, should they happen to conquer.' 'Ay, slaves,' cries the porter, 'they are all slaves, fit only to carry burthens, every one of them. Before I would stoop to slavery, may this be my poison,' and he held the goblet in his hand, 'may this be my poison—but I would sooner list for a soldier.' The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe, fervently cried out, 'It is not so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer from such a change: ay, our religion, my lads. May the devil sink me into flames,' such was the solemnity of his adjuration, 'if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone.' So saying, instead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of most persevering devotion." And, without the allusion to beer, how dry would have been his description of the region where authors most abound!—

"Where the 'Red Lion,' staring o'er the way,  
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;  
Where Calvert's butt and Parson's black champagne  
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane;  
There, in a lonely room from bailiffs snug,  
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug."

To a poet of a later day than poor Goldy it was given to sing a royal visitation to a London brewhouse; and as our readers may expect us, while upon this subject, to introduce them to the interior of one of these great establishments, they may prefer visiting it while a king is there. The hurry of preparation to receive the illustrious guest was spiritedly sung by Peter Pindar:—

"Muse, sing the stir that Mister Whitbread made,  
Poor gentleman, most terribly afraid  
He should not charm enough his guests *divine*,  
He gave his Maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks;  
And, lo! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks  
To make the Apprentices and Draymen fine.



Busy as horses in a field of clover,  
Dogs, cats, and stools and chairs, were tumbled over,  
Amid the Whitbread rout of preparation  
To treat the lofty ruler of the nation."

The irreverend manner in which the poet describes the rapidity with which the royal questions were huddled on each other may be passed over. Suffice it to say, that, by the clack of interrogatories,—

"Thus was the Brewhouse fill'd with gabbling noise,  
While Draymen and the Brewer's Boys  
Devour'd the questions that the King did ask.  
In different parties were they staring seen,  
Wondering to think they saw a King and Queen;  
Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.  
Some Draymen forced themselves (a pretty luncheon!)  
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon;  
And through the bung-hole wink'd, with cunning eye,  
To view, and be assured what sort of things  
Were Princesses, and Queens, and Kings,  
For whose most lofty stations thousands sigh.  
And, lo! of all the gaping Puncheon clan,  
Few were the mouths that had not got a man."

The picture of Majesty examining "a pump so deep" with an opera-glass of Dollond is good, but we hasten to the "useful knowledge" elicited on the occasion:—

"Now Mister Whitbread serious did declare,  
To make the Majesty of England stare,  
That he had butts enough, he knew,  
Placed side by side to reach along to Kew.  
On which the King with wonder swiftly cried,  
'What, if they reach to Kew, then, side by side,  
What would they do, what, what, placed end to end?'  
To whom with knitted, calculating brow,  
The man of beer most solemnly did vow  
Almost to Windsor that they would extend.  
On which the King, with wondering mien,  
Repeated it unto the wondering Queen.  
On which, quick turning round his halter'd head,  
The Brewer's horse, with face astonish'd, neigh'd:  
The Brewer's dog, too, pour'd a note of thunder,  
Rattled his chain, and wagg'd his tail for wonder.  
Now did the King for *other* Beers inquire,  
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire;  
And, after talking of their different Beers,  
Ask'd Whitbread if *his* Porter *equall'd theirs*."

The Muse of Painting, at least the Muse of Engraving, was equally assiduous with the Muse of rhythmic words in its attention to the staple liquor of London. Hogarth has immortalised its domestic, and Gilray its political history. In his engraving of 'Beer Street' Hogarth has been rapt beyond himself. There is a genuine "tipsy jollity" breathed over all the groups. The key-note is struck by the refreshing draughts of the tailors in the garret; it rises to a higher pitch in the chairmen, one of whom wipes his bald head while the other drinks; it becomes exuberant in the lusty blacksmith brandishing the astonished French



[From Hogarth's 'Beer Street.']

porter in one hand and his pewter-pot in the other; and it soars to genuine poetic inspiration in the ingenious artist who is painting with such unutterable gusto, "Health to the Barley Mow." Gilray, under the inspiration of good ale, became classical and allegorical. The Castor and Pollux of his 'Whig Mythology' are two lusty brewers of his day—incarnations of strong beer. His 'Meditations on a Pot of Porter' are bold and grotesque in conception, yet executed in conformity to the severest rules of sculptural grouping. His 'Triumph of Quassia' is worthy of Poussin.

This union between beer on the one hand and art and literature on the other was not a mere playful fiction of the imagination. The fine spirits of London loved good ale as Burns loved his "bonny Jean," whom he not only be-rhymed but took unto his wife. It was no mere Platonic flirtation that they kept up with the beer-barrel. The brows of Whitbread were bound with the triple wreath of brewery, the drama, and senatorial oratory; his own brewhouse, St. Stephen's, and Drury Lane Theatre were rivals in his affections. The names of Thrale and Johnson must go down to posterity together. We have often had occasion to sigh over the poverty of London in the article of genuine popular legends—one brewhouse is among the exceptions. The workmen at Barclay and Perkins's will show you a little apartment in which, according to the tradition of the place, Johnson wrote his dictionary. Now this story has one feature of a genuine legend—it sets chronology at defiance. It is no invention of a bookman, but the unsophisticated belief of those who know books less from personal inspection than by report, as something the knowledge of which makes a learned man.

Before Johnson made his acquaintance with the Thrales, two men eminent in their way in literature, the one belonging to the generation of authors who preceded the Doctor, the other destined to earn his full harvest of praise after the lexicographer had retired upon his pension, shook hands over a cup of good ale. Mandeville and Franklin had a meeting when the former visited London in



early life, which is thus noticed by the latter in his Autobiography:—"My pamphlet by some means falling into the hands of one Lyons, a surgeon, author of a book entitled 'The Infallibility of Human Judgment,' it occasioned an acquaintance between us: he took great notice of me, called on me often to converse on these subjects, carried me to the Horns, a pale-ale house in — Lane, Cheapside, and introduced me to Doctor Mandeville, author of the 'Fable of the Bees,' who had a club there, of which he was the soul, being a most facetious, entertaining companion." It is worthy of remark that Franklin has not a word to say against the "vile liquor" when it was imbibed by one he felt flattered by being introduced to; and it may also be observed in passing, that we are here introduced to the out-spoken sceptics of London, with whom Franklin sympathised as completely in his youth as he did with those of Paris in his advanced years. The former he found in pot-houses. Mandeville was a gentleman, but Chubb and the others always look like the arguers of some cobblers' debating society. The French wits, on the contrary, were men of fashion; and yet it may be doubted whether there were not more nerve and shrewdness in their homely English predecessors. The difference is illustrative of the varied characters of the two cities as well as of the individuals.

This "exaltation of ale" scarcely belongs to the very oldest period of our literature. Chaucer gets eloquent at times upon the subject of "a draught of moist and corny ale," and Skelton has sung its praises; but the dramatists of the Elizabethan age made little account of it. "Our ancestors drank sack, Mrs. Quickly." Shakspeare speaks rather compassionately of that "poor creature small beer." Nor was it altogether an affectation of being more *recherché* in their drink: the ale of the olden time must have been at best but a sorry tippie. Hops only came into cultivation in England about 1524; before that time brewers made a shift with broom, bay-berries, and ivy-berries—sorry enough substitutes. Ale was almost certain to get "eager" before it was ripe. Nor was this all: in the minute and specific directions for brewing which are to be found in Holinshed it may be seen that it was the custom to eke out the malt with a liberal admixture of unmalted oats. From the trial of Beau Fielding, quoted in a former paper, it would appear that an inferior sort of liquor called oat-ale was in use in families.

The truth is, that they were only learning to brew drinkable beer in London about the time of Shakspeare. It appears from the information collected by Stow that in the year 1585 there were about twenty-six brewers in the City, suburbs, and Westminster, "whereof the one-half of them strangers, the other English." Hops appear to have been grown in great quantities in the vicinity of the Pomeranian Hanse Towns as early as the thirteenth century, and beer to have been one of the staple articles of export from these great trading communities. The circumstance of so many of the London brewers in the sixteenth century being foreigners seems to point to the conclusion that hops, and persons capable of teaching the right way to use them, had been imported about the same time.

The London Company of Brewers was incorporated, it is true, in February, 1427, and bore for a time their coat of arms impaled with that of Thomas à Becket. The Company, however, and its trade, do not appear to have emerged

into consequence until the confirmation of their charter in July, 1559, the second of Elizabeth. That there had been songs in praise of ale before this time argues nothing for its goodness. The decoction of malt and oats, bittered by ivy berries, must have been much such a mess as the "boosa" of the Upper Nile and the Niger: it made men tipsy, and when tipsy they bestowed exaggerated praises on the cause of their exhilaration. This is the utmost that Chaucer finds to say for "the ale of Southwark" in his time. The symptoms of his Miller, by which the host saw that he "was dronken of ale," are those of a man who drinks to get drunk, not because the liquor is palatable. His very gestures show it:—

"The Miller that for dronken was all pale,  
So that unethes upon his hors he sat,  
He n' old avalen neither hood ne hat,  
Ne abiden no man for his curtesie,  
But in Pilate's vois he gan to crie,  
And swore by armes and by blood and bones."

The delicious rapidity and incongruity with which his images crowd upon each other in the prefatory speech he delivers show the state he was in, and, what is more to the purpose, his boasts show that he is proud of his condition:—

"Now herkeneth, quoth the Miller, all and some;  
But first I make a protestatioun  
That I am dronke, I know it my sounne."

This is the full amount of the spirited eulogy:—

"Back and side go bare, go bare,  
Both feet and hand go cold;  
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old."

In Elizabeth's day beer was rising in estimation: alarmed by the increase of alehouses, the Lord Mayor, aided by the magistrates of Lambeth and Southwark, suppressed above two hundred of them within their jurisdictions in 1574, and the example was followed in Westminster and other places round London. It was about this time, or perhaps later, that the saying, "Blessed be her heart, for she brewed good ale," first came up. Launce, in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' speaks of it as quite of recent origin. But as yet beer (the name is said to have come in with hops, to distinguish the improved liquor from the old-fashioned ale) seems to have been chiefly in request with those who could not afford wine. Prince Hal apologises for longing for it; Falstaff never tasted it; it was the most raffish of all his followers, Bardolph, whose meteor nose glared through the alehouse window, undistinguishable from its red lattice blinds.

The years 1585 and 1591 are the earliest for which we have found any statistics of the beer trade of London. The twenty-six brewers in 1585 brewed among them 648,960 barrels of beer. This they sent to their customers in open barrels before the process of fermentation was completed; at least it is to the loss occasioned by its being transmitted in that state that, in their answer to a complaint against them made to the Chancellor, they attribute the enormous deficiency of one gallon in nine. In 1591 the "twenty great brewhouses, situate on the Thames side from Milford Stairs in Fleet Street till below St. Catho-



rine's," brewed yearly the quantity of seven or eight brewings of sweet beer or strong beer for exportation to Embden, the Low Countries, Dieppe, &c. The produce of all these brewings might amount, one year with another, to 26,400 barrels. This trade was often interrupted; for as soon as corn began to rise in price, the exporting brewers were complained of as the cause, and a proclamation issued to "restrain from brewing any sweet or strong beer to be transported by casks as merchandise," or what was called *portage beer*. The apprehensions were probably unfounded, for the foreign beer trade seems to have been little more than a cloak for the smuggling of very different commodities. A complaint was made to the treasurer of England in 1586, that "There was deceit in the vessels of beer that were transported; that under the name of these passed many barrels stuffed with prohibited goods, as pike-heads, halberd-heads, pistols and match, candles, and soles of shoes of new leather, cut out in pairs of all sizes, and the like, the bungs of the barrels being besmeared with a little yeast, to the hindrance of the Commonwealth and the profit of enemies." Falstaff made bitter complaints, and swore there was no faith in villanous man, because he found a little lime in his sack: had he been a beer-drinker, how he would have grumbled at such a dainty mixture as is here described! The return barrels were employed in the conveyance of more delicate wares:—"Another deceit that the strangers, foreigners, and others practised with the brewers and their servants was packing up cases and pieces of silk, and delivering them as empty barrels on the brewer's wharf. The brewers straight besmeared them with yeast, and so sent them to the merchants' houses, as barrels of beer for the household, to the hindrance of the Queen's customs."

Some notice was taken, in the paper on St. Giles's, ancient and modern, of the persecution of the alehouse-keepers under the Long Parliament. Enough was said then to show that ale, as a drink, had become a popular favourite. That the excise imposed upon beer, in 1643, was found worth the continuing, may be taken as a proof that the liquor was improving. "Muddy ale" would have been driven out of the market by such an increase of price. Down to the time of the Revolution, however, although good ale might be met with in wealthy families who could afford the expense of making it—or in corn districts, which, in that age of bad or no roads, enjoyed no facilities for conveying their surplus grain into more sterile districts (which may account for the high terms in which Boniface speaks of his ale in the 'Beaux Stratagem')—English beer seems to have been rather an indifferent liquor. The ecstasies in which lamb's-wool, and other ways of disguising it, are spoken of, show that it was taken merely for its intoxicating effects, and that its taste required to be disguised. Who would think of spoiling the XXX of Barclay or Meux with foreign admixtures?

An anonymous writer in the 'Annual Register for 1760' enables us to trace the progress of the London beer-trade from the Revolution down to the accession of George III. In the beginning of King William's reign, the brewer sold his brown ale for 16s. per barrel; and the small beer, which was made from the same grains, at 6s. per barrel. The customers paid for their beer in ready money, and fetched it from the brewhouse themselves. The strong beer was a heavy sweet beer: the small, with reverence be it spoken, was little better than the washings of the tubs, and had about as much of the extract of malt in it as the

last cup of tea which an economical housewife pours out to her guests has of the China herb.

A change came over the character of London beer in the reign of Queen Anne, owing to two very different causes: the duty imposed upon malt and hops, and taxes, on account of the war with France, on the one hand, and the more frequent residence of the gentry in London on the other. The duty on malt exceeding that on hops, the brewers endeavoured at a liquor in which more of the latter should be used. The people, not easily weaned from the sweet clammy drink to which they had been accustomed, drank ale, mixed with the new-fashioned bitter beer, which they got from the victualler. This is the earliest trace our antiquarian researches have enabled us to detect of the very palatable beverage "half-and-half." The gentry introduced the pale ale, and the pale small beer, which prevailed in the country; and either engaged some of their friends, or some of the London trade, to brew their liquors for them. The pale beers being originally intended for a more affluent and luxurious class, the brewers who engaged in this new branch of the business paid more attention to the condition in which it was delivered, increased their store of casks, and kept them in better order. The pale ale was more expensive than the old London beers: its price was 30*s.* a barrel, while the brown ale was selling at 19*s.* or 20*s.*, and the bitter beer at 22*s.* But the spreading of a taste for the new drink, and the establishment of "pale-ale houses," such as that in which Franklin met Mandeville, stimulated the brown beer trade to produce a better article than they had hitherto made. "They began," says the writer before alluded to, "to hop their mild beer more; and the publican started three, four, sometimes six butts at a time; but so little idea had the brewer or his customer of being at the charge of large stocks of beer, that it gave room to a set of moneyed people to make a trade, by buying these beers from brewers, keeping them some time, and selling them, when stale, to publicans for 25*s.* or 26*s.* Our tastes but slowly alter or reform: some drank mild beer and stale; others what was then called 'three-threads,' at 3*d.* a quart, but many used all stale, at 4*d.* a pot." This we may imagine to have been the state of the beer-trade when Sir Harry Quickset, Sir Giles Wheelbarrow, Knt., and company, accompanied Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., to Dick's Coffeehouse:—"Sir Harry called for a mug of ale, and 'Dyer's Letter.' The boy brought the ale in an instant, but said they did not take in the 'Letter.' 'No!' says Sir Harry. 'Then take back your mug: we are like, indeed, to have good liquor at this house.' . . . I observed, after a long pause, that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon business till after their morning draught, for which reason I called for a bottle of mum; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second and a third: after which Sir Harry reached over to me, and told me, in a low voice, that the place was too public for business; but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning at my own lodgings, and bring some more friends with him."

About the year 1722 a bright thought, we are told, occurred to the brewers—that they might improve their trade by improving their liquor; at least such is the only meaning we can attach to this oracular passage:—"The brewers conceived there was a mean to be found preferable to any of those extremes, which was, that beer well brewed, from being kept its proper time, becoming mellow,



that is, neither new nor stale, would recommend itself to the public." The author proceeds:—"This they venture to sell at 23s. a barrel, that the victualler might retail at 3d. a quart. Though it was slow at first in making its way, yet, as it certainly was right, in the end the experiment succeeded beyond expectation. The labouring people, porters, &c., found its utility; from whence came its appellation of porter or entire butt. As yet, however, it was far from the perfection in which we have since had it. For many years it was an established maxim in the trade that porter could not be made fine or bright, and four or five months was deemed the age of its perfection. The improvement of brightness has since been added by means of more age, better malt, better hops, and the use of isinglass."

Thus auspiciously commenced the high and palmy age of London's beer, which has ever since gone on improving in quality and estimation. Thus commenced the age in which it was to become the favourite beverage of a succession of racy thinkers and learned men, from Mandeville to Dr. Parr and Charles Lamb. Thus commenced the age in which it was to prove a Helicon to a peculiar and unrivalled race of artists and poets in prose and verse, of Hogarth and Fielding, of Smollett, Goldsmith, and Cruikshank. Thus commenced an age in which it was to become a "household word" throughout the busy and hearty land of Cockaigne—itself a familiar and cherished friend, known in the playful moods of affection as "porter," "stout," "brown stout," "double stout," "entire," "heavy wet," "lush," "beer," and all the varieties of X's.

It was beer that kept the race of Brunswick on the throne in the days while "pretenders" were still alive. The "mug-houses" were seminaries of true Protestant and revolution principles. There were the adult adherents of the new dynasty to be found—"their custom ever of an afternoon,"—when their leaders wanted to get up an anti-popery panic and row; and there did the apprentices bold of London imbibe the principles of their seniors, not diluted, but rendered palatable, by the liquid in which they were administered. More anxious and watchful for the interests of the established government than that government itself, they nosed out Jacobite plots before they were concocted, and not unfrequently drubbed the civil and military servants of the powers that were, because their efforts came short of the exorbitant demands of their own beer-blown zeal. Often were the authorities obliged to repel the furious love of these idolaters, lest they should be killed with kindness; and hard knocks seem to have had no effect in rendering them less loving. They were as ardent Hanoverians after a score of them had been knocked on the head for a row as before. They were the mob of the corporations, for the unincorporated mob of London—a much more numerous but less disciplined body—owned a divided allegiance to the prize-fighters and pickpockets on the one hand, and to the Jacobites on the other—both parties in general uniting against the heroes of the "mug-houses," yet unable, with all their superiority of numbers, to make head against them. Gin was the liquor of this less reputable rabble; but gin only gave courage, not thewes and sinews; beer gave both, and therefore the mug-houses triumphed. These are tales of the times of old, for both mug-houses and their frequenters have been long extinct. Their last warlike display was in setting on foot Lord George Gordon's anti-popery riots. Gilray drew upon his antiquarian lore when

he portrayed Charles James Fox conciliating the pot-boys of Westminster, and his enraptured auditors bellowing "A mug! a mug!"

The wonderful magnitude of the great London breweries is a familiar source of wonderment. The stacks of casks that might reach, placed side by side, from London to Windsor,—the vats in which parties could dine and have dined—the colossal machinery which performs the functions discharged by men and women in the puny brewages of domestic and antique beer-making—the floods of brown stout accumulated in the huge receptacles, large enough to be the reservoirs of the water companies of moderate towns—the coopers, smiths, sign-board painters, and other artisans, who lend to the interiors of the great breweries the appearance of small towns—all these matters are familiar to the flying visitors of London and their home-keeping cousins, who listen with wonderment to their tales of the metropolis. Is any man ignorant of these things?—he may find them in the 'Penny Magazine,' in a description of Barclay and Perkins's brewery:—

"Sunk in the floor of the tun-room, beneath the 'rounds,' is an oblong tank lined throughout with white Dutch tiles, and intended for the occasional reception of beer. This tank would float a barge of no mean size, being about a hundred feet in length, and twenty in breadth.

"On proceeding westward through the brewery from the main entrance, all the buildings which we have yet described are situated at the right hand; but we have now to cross to the southern range, separated from the other by an avenue, over which a large pipe crosses to convey the beer from the 'rounds' to the store-vats. These vats are contained in a series of store-rooms, apparently almost interminable: indeed, all that we have hitherto said as to vastness is much exceeded by the array which here meets the eye. On entering the store-buildings, we were struck with the silence which reigned throughout, so different from the bustle of the manufacturing departments. Ranges of buildings, branching out north, south, east, and west, are crammed as full of vats as the circular form of the vessels will permit: some larger than others, but all of such dimensions as to baffle one's common notions of 'great' and 'small.' Sometimes, walking on the earthen floor, we pass immediately under the ranges of vats (for none of them rest on the ground), and might then be said to have a stratum of beer twenty or thirty feet in thickness over our heads; at another, we walk on a platform level with the bottom of the vats; or, by ascending steep ladders, we mount to the top, and obtain a kind of bird's-eye view of these mighty monsters. Without a guide, it would be impossible to tell which way we are trending, through the labyrinth of buildings and lofts, surrounded on all sides by vats. At one small window we caught a glimpse of a churchyard, close without the wall of the store-house; and, on further examination, we found that the buildings belonging to the brewery, principally the store-rooms, have gradually but completely enclosed a small antique-looking churchyard, or rather burial-ground (for it does not belong to any parochial church). In this spot many of the old hands belonging to the establishment have found their last resting-place, literally surrounded by the buildings in which they were employed when living.

"The space occupied as store-rooms may in some measure be judged, when we state that there are one hundred and fifty vats, the average capacity of each of which, large and small together, is upwards of thirty thousand gallons. The



town of Heidelberg, in Germany, has gained a sort of celebrity for possessing a tun of vast dimensions, capable of holding seven hundred hogsheads of wine; but there are several vats among those here mentioned, in each of which the Heidelberg tun would have 'ample verge and space' to swim about. Subjoined is a sketch of one of these large vats, each of which contains about three thousand barrels, of thirty-six gallons each, and weighs, when full of porter, about five hundred tons."



[A Gigantic Vat at Messrs. Barclay and Perkins.]

In Murray's edition of 'Boswell's Johnson' the curious reader will find an estimate of the immense profits which have been made by brewers; and from the records of the Bankruptcy Court he will learn with what ease and in how short a time large fortunes have been sunk in that branch of business. Generally speaking, however, brewers appear, like their horses and draymen, to be a substantial race. They belong, many of them, to the old city families: the names of the leading brewers at the beginning of the reign of George III. are, in not a few instances, the names of the leading brewers of our own day; and in some cases the "company" is, properly speaking, the same, though the names have been changed. The increase of brewers has kept pace with London's increase in other respects. The 26 brewhouses of the reign of Elizabeth had become about 55 in 1759-60, and upwards of 148 in 1841. The number of barrels of beer brewed by the twelve principal brewers in London was—284,145 in 1782; 1,097,231 in 1808; and 2,119,447 in 1836. Probably they now brew 5,000,000 barrels.

The genuine London beer (although we learn from the 'Brewers' Annual' that there are only three brewers in London—Reid, Meux, and Courage—who do not brew pale ale, and that there are a few who brew nothing else) is the brown stout. It is the perfection—the ideal of the "berry-brown ale" and the "nut-brown ale" of the old songs. It is what the poet of those antediluvian days fancied, or a

lucky accident enabled their brewers at times to approach. No disparagement to the pale and amber ales, infinite in name as in variety; to the delicious Winchester; to the Burton, which, like Sancho's sleep, "wraps one all round like a blanket;" to Hodgson's pale India ale, so grateful at 'tiffin' when the thermometer is upwards of 100, and the monotonousness-creating punkah pours only a stream of heated air on the guests; to the Edinburgh (we mean the Edinburgh as it is *not* to be had in London\*); "London particular" is the perfection of malt liquor. As Horace says of Jupiter, there is nothing "similar or second to it"—not even among liquors of its own complexion. 'Guinness' is a respectable drink enough, but we must say that the ascendancy it has gained in many coffee-houses and taverns of London is anything but creditable to the taste of their frequenters. Its sub-acidity and soda-water briskness, when compared with the balmy character of London bottled stout from a crack brewery, are like the strained and shallow efforts of a professed joker compared with the unctuous, full-bodied wit of Shakspeare. The 'Mum' of Brunswick, which once enjoyed a reputation as a popular drink, now survives only in tradition, being mentioned in plays and antiquarian essays, while pale ale is rising rapidly in the general estimation. But still in the matter of our praise of Stout we will be judged by any man who knows what good liquor is—by a jury selected from the musical amateurs of the 'Oxford,' the penny-a-liners who frequent the 'Cock' near Temple Bar, and the more sedate but not less judicious tasters who dine or lunch daily at Crosby Hall, or at the 'Criterion' of Messrs. Spiers and Pond. Should it be objected that such a tribunal, composed exclusively of Londoners, might be suspected of partiality, let it be a jury half composed of foreigners—Lübeck, Goslar in Saxony, and any town in Bavaria can furnish competent persons to decide such a question. The German students are in general (at least in the north) devout beer-drinkers, but they are of the class who love "not wisely but too well"—they drink without discrimination. It is among the *Philister* of Germany that you must look for connoisseurs in beer.

But the favour in which London beer stands in so many and various regions of the earth may be received as the verdict of a grand jury of nations in its favour. Byron sings—

" Sublime tobacco, that from East to West  
Cheers the tar's labours and the Turkman's rest ;"

and he might have added that wherever tobacco is known and appreciated, there too have the merits of London porter been acknowledged. The learned Meibomius,† who, in a Latin quarto, has dilated upon the subject of "beer, tippie, and all other intoxicating liquors except wine," with the completeness and minuteness of a true German naturalist, and with that placid seriousness which might make what he says pass for a joke if there were only wit in it, or for

\* Good Edinburgh ale must be allowed time to ripen into excellence. When bottled, it ought to be cloyingly sweet, and so glutinous that when some is poured upon the palm, and the hand held closed for five minutes, immersion in warm water is required before it can be opened again. After bottling, the ale ought to stand five years in a cool dry cellar, and four months near a Dutch oven in frequent use. It is then at its best; but even then it is more like a liqueur to be sipped than a liquor to be drunk.

† Joan. Henrici Meibomii de Cervisiis Potibusque et Ebriaminibus extra Vinum aliis Commentarius: Helmestadii, 1668, 4to.



learning if it contained anything worth knowing, has judiciously remarked that smoke-drinking and beer-drinking are natural and necessary complements of each other. "The mucilaginous properties of the beer are required to neutralise the narcotic adustness of the nicotian weed;" and London beer, being the perfection of its kind, naturally takes the lead of all other kinds of beer. Accordingly we find it not only on the shores of the Baltic, where the habit of swilling their own indigenous malt liquors might be understood to have predisposed the natives to its use, but under tropical skies, and among the disciples of the first great teetotaler, Mahomet.

On the Nile and Niger, as has above been hinted, this is not so astonishing. There the natives had already a kind of beer of their own; and where once a taste for malt has taken root, it would take a cleverer master than Mahomet to eradicate it. Burckhardt, in his Nubian travels, gives us a tolerable notion of how vainly the Faquirs and Santons preach against indulgence in 'boosa;' and the last letter from poor Anderson, the only one of Park's European companions who survived to perish with his leader, boasts of having got drunk upon 'boosa' with a Moor, and licked his boon companion in his cups. That people accustomed to put up with bad liquor should take kindly to good when it came within their reach is quite natural.

It is among the Osmanli, and the Arabs, and the multiform sects of Hindostan, that we are to look for the real triumph of London beer. In the country last mentioned, it is true the high-hopped pale ale of Allsop, Bass, and others famous in that line, appears to be in greater demand; yet the genuine brown stout will be found in a respectable minority. Probably, too, a minute examination would show that it is only at the tiffins of the Europeans that Allsop and Bass are more run upon, and that the dusky natives more affect the generous liquor that comes nearer to their own complexion. In the tropical climates of the West, among the fiery aristocracy of Barbadoes, the shrewd hard-headed book-keepers of Jamaica, the alternate votaries of the gaming-table and the languishing Quadroons of New Orleans, bottled porter reigns supreme.

Pale ale is a favourite of long-standing in India. It and the darker kinds of beer crept into Arabia, through the English merchants trading to the Red Sea, at least as early as the time of Niebuhr. That traveller saw a serious elderly Mussulman tipple down repeated glasses of Mr. Scott's beer; gravely remarking "that Mahomet had only forbidden drinking to intoxication, but that as the vulgar did not know when to hold their hands, it was necessary to make them take the total abstinence pledge; that he, it might appear to his respected entertainers, although a learned man, and an aged man to boot, drained no moderate draughts of their beer, but that he did so solely because he knew that it did not intoxicate." The Scheich must either have been a notorious old humbug, or profoundly simple, to say of good London beer that it did not intoxicate.

The Turks, of whom Dr. Clarke tells us in his voyages about the Dardanelles and Egypt, were scarcely more candid, but considerably more ingenious. After the French had been driven out of Egypt, a British trading vessel, which had been fitted out to Alexandria by a speculative dealer in beer counting upon the thirst of a British Army in a hot climate, arrived just too late for the market it had counted upon. This was a black look-out for the poor fellow who united in

his person the responsibilities of skipper and supercargo; but by good luck there were then, as now (though not to the same extent), some of those questionable characters called antiquaries and the like prowling about Egypt, who were on a convivial footing with some of the laxer sort of Turks. The Osmanli tasted the porter at the houses of their Frank friends, and, rather liking it, were not slow to discover that Mahomet could not possibly have prohibited a liquor of which he had never heard, and, without affecting, like Niebuhr's friend, to believe that it did not intoxicate, drank copiously. The skipper found the Turks better customers than the Franks; and we believe the sale of the article has continued to increase both at Alexandria and Constantinople.

Porter-drinking needs but a beginning; wherever the habit has once been acquired it is sure to be kept up. London is a name pretty widely known in the world: some nations know it for one thing, and some for another. In the regions of Hindostan, where British missionary exertions are not much favoured, it is known as the residence of "Company Sahib;" in the islands of Oceania it is known as the place whence the missionaries come; the inhabitants of Spanish America once looked upon it as the mother of pirates. But all nations know that London is the place where porter was invented; and Jews, Turks, Germans, Negroes, Persians, Chinese, New Zealanders, Esquimaux, Copper Indians, Yankees, and Spanish Americans are united in one feeling of respect for the native city of the most universally favourite liquor the world has ever known.

It only remains to add, that in the Post Office Directory for 1875 there are enumerated upwards of a hundred and sixty brewers in London, not including the outlying suburbs. At the head of them, in point of amount manufactured, stands the firm of Messrs. Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton, with Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, and Messrs. Meux, as second and third. Messrs. Bass, of Burton-on-Trent, probably do a larger business, however, than any London brewers, as it is stated on good authority that not very long ago Mr. M. T. Bass drew £160,000 as his share of the profits for a single year.



[London Drayman.]





[Bank of England, 1845.]

## LXXVII.—BANKS.

A LATE President of the United States, in one of his messages to Congress, pointed to London as "the centre of the credit system;" and, speaking of the increase of banks in the States, he said that, "the introduction of a new bank into the most distant of our villages places the business of that village within the influence of the money-power in England." The power here alluded to, that of great accumulated wealth, is one of the most remarkable characteristics of England. It is the offspring of the unrivalled skill, sober and masculine intellect, and untiring industry of the people, aided by free institutions and the rich natural resources of a country placed in an admirable position for intercourse with her neighbours and with the world at large. There is not any circumstance which so much distinguishes a young country like the United States, wonderful as may be its latent resources for future opulence, as the absence of masses of capital, ready at any moment to be moved hither and thither wherever a profit is likely to be realized. The railroads, canals, roads, and most of the great improvements of the States could not have been completed without English capital. There is, indeed, scarcely an important enterprise in any quarter of the globe which is not in some degree sustained by the "money-power" of England. The daily operations connected with her monetary system apply to a debt of 731,000,000/., an annual revenue of 71,000,000/., an annual circulation of bills of exchange amounting to between 900,000,000/., and 1,000,000,000/., an issue of

45,000,000*l.* of bank-notes constantly afloat, besides Exchequer bills and Government securities, and a metallic currency amounting to many millions sterling in gold and in silver. The immense amount of floating capital is put into motion by the operations connected with our vast foreign and domestic trade and internal industry, by the large expenditure of the Government, of the landed aristocracy, and of other persons. Here is ample employment for the Bank of England, the large joint-stock, and for private banks.

The Jews and the Lombards were the earliest money-dealers in England. The former were settled here in the Saxon times, and as early as A.D. 750. In the reigns of the first three Norman kings they appear to have lived undisturbed, but from the commencement of Stephen's reign they began to be cruelly persecuted, and about 1290, in the reign of Edward I., they were banished the kingdom. Hume remarks that the Jews, being then held infamous on account of their religion, and their industry and frugality having put them into possession of the ready money of the country, the lending of this money at interest, which passed by the invidious name of usury, fell into their hands. It was not until 1546 that the taking of interest was rendered legal—the rate was fixed at 10 per cent. In 1552 the statute was repealed, but was re-enacted in 1571. In 1624 the legal rate of interest was reduced to 8 per cent.; in 1651 to 6 per cent.; and in 1714 to 5 per cent., at which rate it still remains in England, while it is 6 per cent. in Ireland.

The Lombards are understood as comprising the merchants from the Italian republics of Genoa, Lucca, Florence, and Venice. Stow, describing the streets in the vicinity of the Bank, says, "Then have ye Lombard Street, so called of the Longobards and other merchants, strangers of divers nations, assembling there twice every day." He shows that the street had its present name before the reign of Edward II., that is, in the thirteenth century, and probably much earlier. The Lombards and other foreigners engrossed the most profitable branches of English trade; and it was natural, from their greater wealth, that they should supersede native merchants. They assisted the King with loans of money, and enabled him to anticipate his ordinary revenue.

It is probable that the greatest amount of money-dealing during the middle ages was carried on by the Royal Exchangers. There were laws against exporting English coin; and as the exchanging of the coin of the realm for foreign coin or bullion was held to be an especial royal prerogative, a "flower of the crown," the King's Exchanger, was alone entitled to pass the current coins of the realm to merchant-strangers for those of their respective countries, and to supply foreign money to those who were going abroad, whether aliens or Englishmen. The house in which this business was transacted was commonly called the Exchange. In the reign of King John, the place where the Exchange was made in London was in the street now called the Old 'Change, near St. Paul's. In the reign of Henry VII. the office of Royal Exchanger fell into disuse, but was re-established in 1627 by Charles I., who asserted in a proclamation on the subject that no person of whatever quality or trade had a right to meddle with the exchange of monies without his special licence. He appointed the Earl of Holland to the sole office of "changer, exchanger, and outchanger;" and this measure having excited a good deal of dissatisfaction, a pamphlet was published the next year



by the King's authority,\* defending the King's prerogative, which it was asserted, had been exercised without dispute from the time of Henry I. until the reign of Henry VIII., when, as it was stated, the coin became so debased that no exchange could be made. This first afforded the London goldsmiths an opportunity of leaving off their trade of "goldsmitherie;" that is, the working and selling of new gold and silver plate, and to turn exchangers of plate and foreign coin for English coin. The proclamation concluded by stating that "for above thirty years past it has been the usual practice of those exchanging goldsmiths to make their servants run every morning from shop to shop to buy up all weighty coins for the mints of Holland and the East countries, whereby the King's mint has stood still." The manner in which the goldsmiths gradually came to act as bankers has already been fully described.† Their business rapidly increased, and their numbers also. In 1667 they were in the most flourishing state, when a *run* occurred, the first in the history of English banking, to awaken them to one of the dangers of their avocation. This was occasioned by the alarm into which London was thrown by the spirited attack of the Dutch on Sheerness and Chatham. A few years afterwards a much more serious crisis occurred. On the 2nd of January, 1672, the King suddenly shut up the Exchequer by the advice of the Cabal Ministry. This monstrous proceeding, equivalent to an act of national bankruptcy, spread ruin far and wide. Charles had borrowed of the goldsmiths the sum of 1,328,526*l.*, and neither interest nor principal could be obtained. Thus, previously to the establishment of the Bank of England, the goldsmiths were the bankers of London, and laid the foundation of the present metropolitan banking system. Of the oldest private banks in London it is said that Child's, next to Temple Bar, can prove its existence from 1663, and the business has been carried on from that date to the present time on the same premises; the origin of Hoare's bank, in Fleet Street, is traced to 1680; and that of Snow's, of the Strand, to 1685. The firm of Stone, Martins, and Stones, of Lombard Street, claim to be the immediate successors to Sir Thomas Gresham.

Soon after the Revolution several schemes were suggested by different individuals for the establishment of a national bank. The plan adopted was that of Mr. William Paterson, a Scotch gentleman, who, according to his own account, commenced his exertions for the establishment of a national bank in 1691. He had in view, from the first, the support of public credit, and the relief of the Government from the ruinous terms upon which the raising of the supplies and other financial operations were then conducted. The lowest rate, he tells us, at which advances used to be obtained from capitalists, even upon the land-tax, was 8 per cent., although repayment was made within the year, and premiums were generally granted to subscribers. On anticipations of other taxes, counting premiums, discount, and interest, the public had sometimes to pay 20, 30, and even 40 per cent.; nor was the money easily obtained when wanted, even on such terms. It was no uncommon thing for Ministers to be obliged to solicit the Common Council of the city of London for so small a sum as 100,000*l.* or 200,000*l.*, to be repaid from the first returns of the land-tax; and

\* 'Cambium Regius, or the Office of His Majesty's Exchanger Royal.'

† No. LXXV., 'Goldsmiths' Hall,' p. 398.

then, if the application was granted, particular Common Councilmen had in like manner to make humble suit to the inhabitants of their respective wards, going from house to house for contributions to the loan.\* Paterson, however, experienced considerable difficulty in prevailing upon the Ministry to investigate his scheme. King William was abroad when the proposal was brought before the Cabinet in 1693, and it was debated there at great length in the presence of the Queen. The project was ultimately laid before Parliament, where it was made a thorough party question. Notwithstanding the opposition, an Act was passed, which, in imposing certain duties, "towards carrying on the war with France," authorized their Majesties to grant a commission to take subscriptions for 1,200,000*l.* out of the whole 1,500,000*l.* which the new taxes were expected to raise, and to incorporate the subscribers into a company under the name of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. Interest at 8 per cent. was to be allowed upon the money advanced, and also 4000*l.* a-year for management, making the whole annual payment to the Company 100,000*l.* The Company were to be enabled to purchase lands, and to deal in bills of exchange, and gold and silver bullion, but were not to buy merchandise, though they might sell unredeemed goods on which they had made advances. This Act received the royal assent on the 25th of April, 1694. The subscription for the 1,200,000*l.* was completed in ten days, 25 per cent. being paid down; and the Company received their royal charter of incorporation on the 27th of July. The new establishment soon proved its usefulness. Bishop Burnet, in his 'History,' says, "The advantages that the King and all concerned in tallies had from the Bank were soon so sensibly felt that all people saw into the secret reasons that made the enemies of the constitution set themselves with so much earnestness against it." Paterson, the projector of the Bank, remarked that it "gave life and currency to double or treble the value of its capital;" and he ascribes to it no less an effect than the successful termination of the war. The Bank acts as the agent of the Government in the management of the National Debt, registering transfers of stock, and paying the quarterly dividends of the debt. According to its original charter, the Bank was not to lend money to the Government without the consent of Parliament, under a penalty of three times the sum lent, one fifth-part of which was to go to the informer; but in 1792 an Act was passed abrogating this clause, with the understanding that the amount of sums lent should be annually laid before Parliament.

In 1718 the subscription for a loan to Government was made at the Bank instead of at the Treasury, and it has long had the entire management of the public debt. Since 1833 the allowance for that service has been reduced to 130,000*l.* a-year, having previously been 250,000*l.*; but before 1786 it was at a still higher rate, a reduction having then taken place from 562*l.* 10*s.* to 450*l.* per million: the original allowance, however, was not less than 3,333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per million. In 1697 the Bank charter was renewed until 1711; in 1708 it was further continued to 1733; in 1712 to 1743; in 1742 to 1765; in 1763 to 1786; in 1781 to 1812; in 1800 to 1833; and in 1833 it was renewed for ten years. Finally, in 1844, Parliament passed the great Bank Charter Act (7 and 8 Vict.

\* Paterson's 'Account of his Transactions in Relation to the Bank of England,' folio, 1695; quoted in 'Pict. Hist. of England,' vol. iv. p. 692.







THE PORT OF LONDON.



cap. 32), which entirely remodelled the establishment, and under the provisions of which it still exists. On the renewal of the charter in 1708, the Bank received a most important addition to its privileges by the prohibition of partnerships exceeding six persons carrying on the business of bankers. The prohibition lasted till 1826, when it was swept away by the memorable Act of that year which legalized the establishment of joint-stock banks.

Almost as soon as it had been established the Bank was called upon to assist the government and the country in the entire recoinage of the silver money. The notes of the new bank and Montague's Exchequer bills were destined to fill up the vacuum occasioned by the calling in of the old coin; but as these notes were payable on demand, they were returned faster than coin could be obtained from the Mint, and during 1697 the Bank was forced to resort to a plan tantamount to a suspension of payment—giving coin for its notes, first by instalments of 10 per cent. once a fortnight, and afterwards only at the rate of 3 per cent. once in three months. The Directors also advertised that, while the silver was recoinage, "Such as think it fit, for their convenience, to keep an account in a book with the Bank, may transfer any sum under 5*l.* from his own to another man's account." During the crisis the notes of the Bank fell to a discount of 20 per cent., and the Directors made two successive calls of 20 per cent. each on the proprietors of the Bank, which were but feebly responded to. The Bank at length got through its difficulties, and started afresh in its course. Fortunately it escaped being drawn into the vortex of ruin occasioned by the South Sea bubble, though, being called upon by the Government at this crisis to act with a view of supporting public credit, it had at least a narrow escape.

We pass on to 1745, the year of the rebellion, when the march of the Pretender's army into England threw London into consternation, and a run on the Bank for gold was the consequence. Its affairs were highly prosperous, and its capital exceeded 10,000,000*l.*, but, unfortunately, it was not abundantly provided with specie, and the Directors, in order to gain time, resorted to the expedient of paying in silver, and even did not disdain the advantage of using sixpences to accomplish this object. During the riots of 1780 a danger of another kind was experienced, and the Bank was certainly in some risk of being plundered. Since this affair a party of the foot-guards is stationed within the walls of the Bank every evening, and the Directors keep a table for the officer in command.

One of the most important epochs in the history of the Bank occurred in 1797. The precious metals may be transmitted to any of the great commercial capitals of the continent at an expense of 5*s.* or  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent.; and whenever the balance of payments to those capitals is adverse to this country to such an extent as to render it more economical to send gold than to remit bills, the Bank is drained of its treasure. In this way there was a great efflux of bullion in 1795 and 1796, which was increased by the necessity of importing foreign corn and by the enormous prices to which competition with the French had raised the price of naval stores in the Baltic. The domestic circumstances of the country aggravated the effect of this drain of the precious metals. The transition from peace to war had suddenly interrupted the labours of many great branches of industry; and a number of country banks had failed, spreading consternation and

alarm in every direction, and creating an internal demand for specie as well as the one from abroad. Coincident with these circumstances was the alarm of invasion, which induced many to hoard the sums drawn from the banks. These causes were in full operation up to Saturday, the 26th of February, 1797, when the Bank treasure was reduced to 1,086,170*l*. On that very day a Gazette Extraordinary was published announcing the landing of some troops in Wales from a French frigate. The alarm on the subject of invasion was deep and universal. At this critical juncture it was determined by an order in council to restrain the Bank from paying its notes in cash; and a messenger was sent to George III. at Windsor, requesting him to come to town on the following day to be present at the council. The newspapers of the day state that it was the first time during his reign that the King had come to town or transacted business on a Sunday. The order suspending cash payments was drawn up at this council. In this document the unusual demand for specie was attributed to "ill-founded and exaggerated alarms in different parts of the country;" but as there was reason to apprehend an insufficient supply of cash to meet this demand, it was determined that the Bank "should forbear any cash in payment until the sense of Parliament can be taken on that subject, and the proper measures thereupon adopted for maintaining the means of circulation, and supporting the public and commercial credit of the kingdom at this important juncture."

The next morning the crowds assembled at the Bank with a view of demanding gold, received a hand-bill containing an official notice, in which the Directors stated that, in pursuance of the order in council communicated to them on the previous evening, they would "continue their usual discounts for the accommodation of the commercial interest, paying the amount in *bank-notes*; and the dividend warrants will be paid in the same manner." The Directors assured the public that "the general concerns of the Bank were in a most affluent and prosperous situation, and such as to preclude any doubt as to the security of its notes." On the same day a meeting was held of merchants, bankers, and others, at which a declaration was agreed to, which received above four thousand signatures, binding the parties to use bank-notes to any amount both in paying and receiving money. As Parliament was sitting, a Committee of Secrecy was appointed, which reported that the Bank had a surplus beyond its debts of 3,825,890*l*., exclusive of the debt of 11,684,800*l*. due from the Government.

The consequences of the Bank suspension are memorable, and a number of important monetary operations immediately became necessary. On the 6th of March the Bank announced that they were ready to issue dollars valued at 4*s*. 6*d*. each. They were Spanish dollars, with the impress of the London Mint. Before they were issued it was ascertained that their value was about twopence more than stated, and on the 9th of March another notice appeared, stating that they would be issued at 4*s*. 9*d*. each. In 1804 the Bank issued five-shilling dollars, and subsequently "tokens" for 3*s*. and for 1*s*. 6*d*. Ten days after the Bank suspended cash payments, namely, on the 10th of March, an Act was passed authorizing the Bank to issue, for the first time, notes for 1*l*. and 2*l*.

The first Bank Restriction Act was passed on the 3rd of May following the suspension of cash payments. It indemnified the Bank Directors against the consequences of complying with the order in council, and prohibited them



paying cash except for sums under twenty shillings. The Act was to be in force until the 24th of June, only fifty-two days; but two days before it expired a second Act was passed, continuing the restriction until a month after the commencement of the succeeding session; and accordingly, on the 30th of the ensuing November, a third Act was passed to continue the restriction until six months after the termination of the war. On the Peace of Amiens the restriction was renewed until the 1st of March, 1803; and hostilities having re-commenced, it was continued until a definitive treaty of peace should be concluded. During the existence of the Bank restriction, Acts were passed declaring it illegal to take bank-notes at less, or gold for more, than the nominal value. In 1810 the famous Bullion Committee declared that gold and Bank paper were of equivalent value.

At length the great struggle was brought to a close; but 1816 being a period of great commercial distress and embarrassment, the Bank restriction was continued until July, 1818. In April, 1817, the Bank gave notice that after the 2nd of May ensuing all notes of 1*l.* and 2*l.*, dated prior to the 1st of January, 1816, would be paid in cash; and in September of the same year the Directors stated that they would be prepared to pay cash for notes of every description dated prior to 1st of January, 1817. While the Bank was fulfilling these engagements a Bill was carried through both Houses of Parliament, in 1819, in two days, restraining it from paying away more of its gold in pursuance of the notices of April and September, 1817. Above five millions sterling in gold had already been paid, the greater part of which had been re-exported and coined in foreign money. The bill commonly known as Peel's Act was passed in the same year. It provided for the absolute resumption of cash payments by the 1st of May, 1823, continuing the restriction as to payments in paper until February 1, 1820; and in the intervening period from the latter date to May, 1823, the Bank was required to pay its notes in bullion of standard fineness, but was not to be liable to a demand for a less quantity than sixty ounces at one time. The Bank Directors had now to raise 20,000,000*l.* sterling of gold from foreign countries in the course of four years, to pay off first their own 1*l.* notes, amounting to 7,500,000*l.*, and then the small notes of the country bankers, about 8,000,000*l.* more, besides providing for the convertibility of all their own liabilities. After the 1st of May, 1821, they commenced paying off their notes under 5*l.* in a new gold coinage, consisting of sovereigns and half-sovereigns, of which above 9,500,000*l.* sterling had been received from the Mint. In 1822 the Bank was prepared to pay off the country small notes, when, "without any communication with the Bank, the Government thought proper to authorize a continuation of the country small notes until 1833."\* The bullion which the Bank had thus fruitlessly provided to facilitate this operation amounted to 14,200,000*l.*

In December, 1825, occurred the "Great Panic." One of the great predisposing causes of this event was the reduction in 1822 and 1823 of the interest on two descriptions of public stock comprising a capital of 215,000,000*l.* The Bank agreed to advance the money to pay off the dissentients, of whom, amongst so large a body, there would no doubt be a considerable number. Many of these persons, annoyed at finding their incomes diminished, were disposed to invest their capital in speculations of very doubtful if not hazardous character.

\* Memorandum by the Bank Directors delivered to the Parliamentary Committee in 1832.

The years 1823 and 1824 were remarkable for the feverish excitement with which all sorts of projects for the profitable employment of money were regarded. England had not been in such a whirligig of speculation since the unfortunate South Sea scheme above a century before. Besides many millions of foreign loans which were contracted for, the total number of joint-stock projects amounted to 626, and to have carried them all into execution would have required a capital of 372,000,000*l.* sterling.\* There were not fewer than 74 mining companies, with an aggregate capital of 78,000,000*l.* sterling. The imagination revelled in visions of unbounded wealth to be realized from the mines of Mexico, of Brazil, of Peru, of Chili, of the Rio de la Plata, or from one or other of the six hundred schemes which dazzled the eyes of the public. "In all these speculations only a small instalment, seldom exceeding 5 per cent., was paid at first; so that a very moderate rise on the price of the shares produced a large profit on the sum actually invested. If, for instance, shares of 100*l.*, on which 5*l.* had been paid, rose to a premium of 40*l.*, this yielded on every share a profit equal to eight times the money which had been paid. This possibility of enormous profit by risking a small sum was a bait too tempting to be resisted; all the gambling propensities of human nature were consequently solicited into action; and crowds of individuals of every description hastened to venture some portion of their property in schemes of which scarcely anything was known except the name."† The wildness of speculation was not, however, confined to joint-stock projects, but reached at length to commercial produce generally. Money was abundant and circulated with rapidity; prices and profits rose higher and higher; and, in short, all went merry as a marriage bell.

At length the tide turned, and there was a fearful transition from unbounded credit and confidence to general discredit and distrust. In February, 1825, the bullion in the Bank had been reduced by some 3,000,000*l.* sterling since the commencement of the previous October, but it still amounted to 8,750,000*l.* In consequence, however, of the previous heavy demand for the produce of other countries the exchanges were unfavourable, and the drain of bullion still continued. In August the Bank treasure was diminished to 3,634,320*l.*; and thus, when the period of discredit arrived, and such a reaction was the necessary consequence of the previous madness of speculation, the Bank was ill able to sustain the violent pressure. The real panic began on the 5th of December, when a London bank failed at which the agency of above forty country banks was transacted. The effect of this single event was tremendous. Lombard Street was filled with persons hastening to the different banks to withdraw their investments or to ascertain if they had succumbed to the general shock. On the 6th several other banks failed. The Bank had ceased to issue its own notes for sums under 5*l.*; but the country bankers, whose small notes were still in circulation, were subject to a run in every part of the country, and the demands for gold through so many channels of course finally affected the Bank; but it boldly kept its course, paying away gold as soon as called for in bags of twenty-five sovereigns each.‡ Instead of contracting their issues, as the Directors

\* English's 'Complete View of the Joint-Stock Companies formed during the years 1824 and 1825.'

† 'Annual Register' for 1824.

‡ The largest amount of gold coin that could be paid during banking hours (from nine to five) in one day, by twenty-five clerks, if counted by hand to the persons demanding it, is about 50,000*l.* On the 14th of May, 1832,



of 1797 had done under a similar crisis, they resolutely extended them. On one day they discounted 4200 bills. On the 8th of December the discounts at the Bank amounted to 7,500,000*l.*; on the 15th they were 11,500,000*l.*; and on the 29th 15,000,000*l.* All mercantile paper that had any pretensions to security was freely discounted. On the 3rd the circulation of the Bank was 17,500,000*l.*, and on the 24th it was 25,500,000*l.* Mr. Jarman, one of the Directors at this period, stated to the Parliamentary Committee of 1832 the steps which the Bank took during this crisis:—"We took in stock as security; we purchased Exchequer bills; we not only discounted outright, but we made advances on deposits of bills of exchange to an immense amount; and we were not upon some occasions over nice, seeing the dreadful state in which the public were." The severest pressure was experienced during the week ending 17th December, when fortunately a pause occurred. Mr. Richards, who was Deputy-Governor of the Bank at this time, in his evidence before the same Committee, said: "Upon that Saturday night (17th December) we were actually expecting gold on the Monday; but what was much more important, whether from fatigue or whether from being satisfied, the public mind had yielded to circumstances, and the tide turned at the moment on that Saturday night." And being asked if the supplies expected on Monday would have been sufficient to have saved the Bank from being drained, he said: "During the week ending on the 24th there was a demand; but the supply that came in fully equalised it, if it did not do more; and the confidence had become as nearly as possible perfect by the evening of the 24th." In this latter week a box containing between 600,000 and 700,000 one-pound notes, which had been placed on one side as unused, was discovered, it is said by accident, and these were immediately issued. Mr. Jarman, alluding to this circumstance, said: "As far as my judgment goes, it saved the credit of the country." This, however, is probably attributing too much weight to the matter, seeing that the great pressure was over in the previous week. To use the words of another Bank Director: "Bullion came in and the mint coined; they worked double tides; in short, they were at work night and day, and we were perpetually receiving gold from abroad and coin from the mint." On the 24th of December the Bank treasure was reduced to 426,000*l.* in coin, and 601,000*l.* in bullion; together, 1,027,000*l.* On the 28th of February, 1797, when the Bank suspended cash payments, its stock of coin and bullion was rather greater, being 1,086,170*l.* The Bank, however, was only just saved from a second suspension; but the Government absolutely declined to entertain such a proposition when the Directors intimated the probability of their being run dry. The panic of 1825 hastened several changes in the constitution of banks.

On the 13th January, 1826, the Government made a communication to the Bank Directors, proposing the establishment of branch banks in some of the principal towns, and that the corporation should surrender its exclusive privilege restricting the number of partners in a bank, except within a certain distance of London, thus paving the way for the introduction of Joint-Stock Banks. In pursuance of those suggestions the Bank established branches at Gloucester, Manchester,

when 307,000*l.* in gold was paid, the tellers counted 25 sovereigns into one scale and 25 into the other, and if they balanced continued the operation until there were 200 in each scale. In this way 1000*l.* can be paid in a few minutes. The weight of 1000 sovereigns is 21 lbs. : 512 bank-notes weigh 1 lb.

and Swansea, and at several other places in the following year, much to the dissatisfaction of the country bankers: the number of branches is now nine. In 1826, also, an Act was passed permitting banks to be established beyond sixty-five miles of London with any number of partners. In 1833, on the renewal of its charter, the Bank surrendered other of its privileges, in consequence of which joint-stock banks issuing their notes might be established at a distance of sixty-five miles from London, and within that distance—that is, in the metropolis—provided they issued only the notes of the Bank of England. There are now above two hundred joint-stock banks in England, a number of which are established in London; and many private banks in the country have been thrown open to joint-stock associations. In 1835 the Directors of the Bank of England came to the resolution of refusing to discount all bills drawn or indorsed by joint-stock banks of issue, which resolution is still maintained against all opposition.

The present constitution of the Bank of England rests, as before mentioned, entirely upon the Bank Charter Act, 7 and 8 Vict. cap. 32, which received the royal sanction on the 19th of July, 1844. The most important of the changes made in the constitution of the Bank under this Charter is the separation of the issue from the banking department, and the regulation of its issue of notes. One of the clauses of the Act orders that no person commencing business as a banker after the 6th of May, 1844, shall be allowed to issue notes, and that every firm or corporation, except the Bank of England, exercising the privilege before that time, shall be restricted thenceforth to the issue of an amount equal to the average in circulation for the preceding twelve months. The Act of 1844 completely removes the issue of Bank of England notes from the control of the Bank directors, by separating the issue from the banking department; making the former, virtually, a Government office, lodged for the sake of convenience in Threadneedle Street, and working automatically like a machine. Notes to the extent of fourteen millions sterling—a limit since increased to fifteen millions—are allowed by the Act to be issued on the responsibility of the Government, but no note can be issued above this sum except in exchange for coin or bullion deposited in the Bank vaults. The Act of 1844, passed mainly through the influence of Sir Robert Peel, rests upon a basis of compromise. The credit of the nation is pledged for the payment of the specific sum of eleven millions sterling, due, says the Act, “to the Governor and Company of the Bank of England;” and it is furthermore pledged to the extent of four millions of “other securities,” namely, Consols and Exchequer Bills, upon which the Bank has the privilege of issuing notes. Lastly, there is a basis of bullion, deposited in the vaults of the Bank, in ever fluctuating amount—varying according to the rates of exchange, or the state of the trade with foreign countries. Thus, if the Bank holds fifteen millions of bullion and specie in the issue department, it may issue this additional amount in notes, making its total note circulation thirty millions. The fifteen millions of securities may be reduced and again increased, but not beyond the specified amount unless by permission of an Order in Council, in case any banker, who was issuing his own notes in May, 1844, should cease to issue. In accordance with this provision, the authorised issue of the Bank of England stands now at fifteen millions.

A notable provision of the Act of 1844 is, that the notes of the Bank of England shall always be payable in gold on demand, at the head office in Threadneedle Street



as well as the branches, at the rate of £3 17s. 9d. per ounce. Another clause of the Act prohibits the creation of any new banks of issue in any part of the United Kingdom, as well as the issue of any other than Bank of England notes within a radius of sixty-five miles around London. However, joint-stock banks in London are empowered to accept bills for any period, instead of being confined to dates of not less than six months, as was the case before the passing of the Act of 1844. Under the fourth clause of the Act, the Bank of England to render accounts weekly, and publish the same in the "London Gazette." These accounts, as most of our readers will be aware, are usually published by the daily papers on Friday, being made up to the previous Wednesday. In consequence of the privileges granted to the Bank of England by the Act of 1844, it was stipulated that the Bank was to deduct £180,000 from the annual charge for managing the national debt, and likewise pay into the exchequer the net profits arising from the note circulation beyond the sum of fourteen millions. Previous to 1844, the Bank paid to the Stamp-office £70,000 annually as a composition for the duties upon its notes and bills, but the Act absolved it from this payment.

To give a summary of the nature and position of the Bank of England, as constituted by the Charter Act of 1844, it may be said that the now existing corporation of the "Governor and Company of the Bank of England" represents a bank of issue and deposit, transacting the ordinary business of banking, and having the national Government among its customers, and also acting as agents of the Government in the management of the public debt, paying the dividends, superintending the transfers of stock, and assuming liability for frauds and all illegal transactions.

The profits of the Bank are derived from the interest on Exchequer bills and other Government securities, from mercantile bills discounted, the management of the public debt, from its permanent capital, its notes in circulation, and from the use of the deposits, on which it does not allow interest. In 1694, the proprietors divided 8 per cent., which was increased to 9 per cent. in 1695. From that year to 1746, the annual dividend fluctuated between  $5\frac{1}{2}$  and  $16\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. From 1747 to 1752, it was 5 per cent., and then fell to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., rising gradually to  $5\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. in 1781. From 1782 to 1806, the dividend fluctuated between 6 and 7 per cent., and in 1807 rose to 10 per cent., at which it continued till 1823, when it went down to 8 per cent., and in 1839 to 7 per cent., at which it remained till 1851. Between this date and 1874, the dividend fluctuated between 7 per cent. and  $11\frac{3}{4}$ ; the latter, highest dividend during the period, being earned in 1866. The price of Bank stock fluctuated in recent years between 230 and 260; it averaged 250 in 1874. The number of Bank stock holders was about 7,500 in 1874.

The Bank of England is managed by a Governor, a Deputy Governor, and twenty-four Directors, who are chosen from the body of qualified proprietors. The qualification for Governor is the possession of £4,000 of Bank stock, and that of proprietors entitled to choose the directors and to vote at the General Courts, held twice a year, the possession of £500 stock, held for at least six months. A notable provision is that no proprietor can have more than one vote.

Before 1759 the Bank issued notes for no lower sum than 20*l.*, but in that year it commenced issuing notes for 15*l.* and 10*l.*; in 1794 notes for 5*l.*; and in 1797 its whole economy was changed by the restriction of cash payments, and the issue of 1*l.* and 2*l.* notes. In 1815 it had 27,500,000*l.* in circulation in notes. In August,

1874, the total amount of its circulation was 38,000,000*l*. Its notes are a legal tender, except at the Bank and its branches, where they are convertible to gold on demand. The Bank never re-issues the same notes, even if they are returned on its hands the day they are sent out. The machinery for printing and numbering notes is very ingenious:—"The apparatus consists of a series of brass discs, of which the rim is divided by channels into projecting compartments, each containing a figure. The numbers 1 to 9 having been printed in the course of the revolution of the first disc, and this disc having returned to figure 1, the second disc comes into play, and presents a 0, and the two together therefore print 10. The first disc now remains stationary, until, in the course of the revolution of the second disc, the numbers 1 to 19 have been printed, when it presents the figure 2, and does not again move until another revolution of the second disc completes the numbers 20 to 29. Thus the two discs proceed until 99 notes have been numbered, when the third disc comes into operation, and with the two first produces 100, consequently the first disc performs one hundred revolutions to ten of the second, and one of the third."\* In 1820 an Act was passed authorizing the Directors to impress by machinery the signatures to the notes, instead of being subscribed by hand.

The first forgery of a bank-note occurred in 1758, when the person who forged it was convicted and executed. In 1781 it was decided that the Bank was not liable for the payment of forged notes. A more easily fabricated instrument was never issued, and detection only ensued when the note reached a certain department of the Bank, where its spuriousness was detected from certain *private* marks. The consequence was that forgery, which was a comparatively rare crime before 1797, became a very common offence; and every year public feeling was outraged by the execution of numerous victims to the facility with which the wretchedly-engraved notes of the Bank were imitated. In 1820 there were 101 persons convicted of forgery, and 272 for having forged notes in their possession. In 1818 the number of persons executed for forgery was 24. Two remarkable cases of forgery by which the Bank was a loser to a large amount occurred in 1803 and 1824. In the former year Mr. Astlett, one of the chief cashiers, by re-issuing Exchequer bills, defrauded the Bank to the amount of 320,000*l*. The other case was that of Mr. Fauntleroy, the acting partner of a bank in Berners Street, who, in order to keep up the credit of the house, forged powers of attorney, by which he sold out of the funds large sums of money belonging to different persons, continuing to pay the dividends upon them until his detection. A statement was found at the banking-house, in Fauntleroy's hand-writing, acknowledging his crime. It was dated May, 1816, and a postscript was added to the following effect:—"The Bank began first to refuse to discount our acceptances, and to destroy the credit of our house: the Bank shall smart for it." The total loss to the Bank from Fauntleroy's forgeries amounted to 360,000*l*.

We cannot afford much space for an account of the extensive pile of buildings in which the business of the Bank is carried on. Sir John Soane, the late architect to the Bank, fixed the fair amount of rent which he thought should be paid for the Bank at 35,000*l*., and 5000*l*. for fixtures, &c., making a total rental

\* 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'



of 40,000*l*. The business was conducted for many years at Grocers' Hall, in the Poultry. On the 3rd of August, 1732, the Governors and Directors laid the first stone of their new building in Threadneedle Street, on the site of the house and garden formerly belonging to Sir John Houblon, the first Governor of the Bank: it was from the design of Mr. George Sampson, and was opened for business on the 5th of June, 1734. At first the Bank buildings comprised only the centre of the principal or south front, the Hall, Bullion Court, and the courtyard. The east and west wings were added by Sir Robert Taylor, between the years 1766 and 1786; and the remainder of the structure was completed by Sir John Soane, who was appointed the Bank architect in 1788. He rebuilt many of those parts constructed by Sampson and Taylor, and the whole of the edifice as it now stands may be said to be from his designs. It now covers an irregular space of four acres, comprising the greater part of the parish of St. Christopher. The exterior walls of the south side measure 365 feet; the length of the west side is 440 feet; of the north side 410 feet; and of the east side 245 feet. This area comprises nine open courts—the Rotunda, committee-rooms, apartments for officers and servants, and the rooms appropriated to business. The principal suite of rooms is on the ground-floor, and, having no apartments over them, the light is admitted from above by lantern lights and domes. The number of rooms beneath this floor and below the surface of the ground is greater than of those above ground. Here are the vaults in which the Bank treasure is deposited. The material used throughout the greater part of the edifice is stone, and every means have been taken to render it indestructible by fire. Any person may walk into the Rotunda and most of the principal apartments. Speaking of the Pay Hall, where bank-notes are issued and exchanged for cash, Baron Dupin, in his 'Commercial Power of Great Britain,' says, "The administration of a French bureau, with all its *inaccessibilities*, would be startled at the view of this hall." It is 79 feet long by 40 wide, and forms a part of the original building by Sampson. A statue of King William, who is called "the founder of the Bank," was placed here when the business was transferred from Grocers' Hall. Amongst the principal apartments of the Bank is the Three per Cent. Consol Office, 90 feet long by 50 wide, designed from models of the Roman baths, and constructed without timber. The Dividend and Bank Stock Offices are designed in a similar style. The Chief Cashier's Office, simply decorated and lighted by large and lofty windows, is 45 feet by 30. The Court Room is a handsome apartment of the Composite order from Sir Robert Taylor's design. It is lighted on the south side by Venetian windows, looking out upon a pleasant area planted with trees and shrubs, which was formerly the churchyard of St. Christopher's.

The private bankers of London are the successors of the "new-fashioned bankers," who, about the middle of the seventeenth century, added the trade of money-lending to that of goldsmiths. An alteration in the state of the law relating to promissory notes, in 1705, was very favourable to the increase of private banks; but it was not until after the middle of the century that they became distinguished for their great wealth and immense business. The number of private banks in London fifty years ago was 52, of which only 20 are now in existence. The number is at present 138, including 71 colonial and foreign joint-

stock banks. Lombard Street no more maintains its ancient fame as the great centre of the dealers in money. Many old private banks have been discontinued in this street within the last thirty years; there are but 16 remaining, besides notaries and stock-brokers. Of the remaining 122 banks there are 19 west of Temple Bar and the rest are scattered over the city, the majority within a stone's throw of the Royal Exchange. The late Duchess of St. Albans and the late Countess of Jersey were partners in London banking-houses. From a publication which contains some lively remarks on the subject of banking, as well as discussions on its scientific principles, we give the following sketch of a banker of the old school:—"He bore little resemblance to his modern successor: he was a man of serious manners, plain apparel, the steadiest conduct, and a rigid observer of formalities. As you looked in his face you could read, in intelligible characters, that the ruling maxim of his life, the one to which he turned all his thoughts, and by which he shaped all his actions, was, that he who would be trusted with the money of other men, should look as if he deserved the trust, and be an ostensible pattern to society of probity, exactness, frugality, and decorum. He lived—if not the whole of the year, at least the greater part of the year—at his banking-house; was punctual to the hours of business, and always to be found at his desk. The fashionable society at the west end of the town, and the amusements of high life, he never dreamed of enjoying." \*

There are few persons of wealth or who are engaged in trade who do not find the advantage and convenience of having an account at a banker's. Ordinarily one-tenth, or even so little as one-twentieth, of the capital belonging to the firm or to its customers is sufficient for current demands. The remainder is invested in securities which are readily convertible, and in discounting mercantile bills. The London banks act also as the agents of the country banks. The annual profits of the three largest joint-stock banks in London—the "London and Westminster," the "London Joint-Stock," and the "Union Bank of London"—are represented by regular dividends of 20 per cent. per annum. These great joint-stock banks have now taken the place of the old private banks, of which, however, there exist still two good specimens in Coutts's bank and Glyn's, the former in the Strand, the latter in Lombard Street. "Coutts's," says the author of 'Banks and Banking,' writing forty years ago, "sprang from a small beginning, and owed its fortune to the sagacity and perseverance of an humble individual, who was remarkable at the outset of his career for strict economy. It is principally a bank of deposit, and can hardly be said to have a commercial character. The number of its discount accounts is small, and perhaps there is not a house in London in which fewer bills are cashed during the year. The only branch of general banking business in which it at all enters into competition with the principal firms in the City, is the agency to country banks. Everywhere in England, and particularly in London, all great things go in tides. Coutts's has for years been the bank of the moneyed portion of the nobility—of persons who are seldom without having sums of 10,000*l.*, and even 100,000*l.*, lying to their credit. Early in the reign of George III. different members of the royal family, and many of the landed aristocracy of England and Scotland, began to bank at Coutts's, and they have since increased to a multitude. Enormous balances are thus accumulated,

\* 'Banks and Banking.'



and the safest and most profitable description of business in which a banker can be engaged is steadily transacted by the firm." On the other hand, "Glyn's is a complete contrast to Coutts's: here, in addition to a large portion of the accounts of the nobility and landed gentry, is the greatest number of commercial accounts in London; and here scenes of bustle and animation take place daily of which it is not easy to convey an adequate idea. About three o'clock all is life, activity, and vigour; the place is a fair, and more like a great change than the Royal Exchange itself used to be. Though the bank is spacious, and the counters are packed with clerks as close as they can stand together, you may sometimes have to wait twenty minutes before your turn to be served arrives. Two mighty streams of money are constantly ebbing and flowing across the counters; and half a million is said to be no uncommon sum for the firm to settle at the Clearing-house of an afternoon."

We shall conclude this paper with a short notice of the Clearing establishment above alluded to, which was set on foot by the private bankers in 1770. The present Clearing-house is situated in Post-Office Court, Lombard Street. The business was formerly conducted in an apartment in the banking-house of Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smiths, and still earlier at the banking-house of Messrs. Barnetts and Co., all in Lombard Street. For many years, the Clearing-house admitted only private bankers, excluding joint-stock banks, but at present the exclusion does no more exist, and by far the largest amount of business of the establishment is that of the joint-stock banks. At this moment—end of 1874—there are thirteen private bankers and twelve joint-stock banks whose cheques pass through the Clearing-house. The list is as follows:—

## PRIVATE BANKS.

Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, Twells, and Co.  
 Barnetts, Hoares, Hanburys, and Lloyd.  
 Bosanquet, Salt, and Co.  
 Brown, Janson, and Co.  
 Dimsdale, Fowler, and Barnard.  
 Fuller, Banbury, Nix, and Mathieson.  
 Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co.  
 Martin and Co.  
 Prescottt, Grote, Cave, and Co.  
 Robarts, Lubbock, and Co.  
 Smith, Payne, and Smiths.  
 Williams, Deacon, and Co.  
 Willis, Percival, and Co.

## JOINT-STOCK BANKS.

Alliance Bank.  
 Bank of England.  
 City Bank.  
 Consolidated Bank.  
 Imperial Bank.  
 London and County Banking Company.  
 London Joint-Stock Bank.  
 London and Westminster Bank.  
 Metropolitan Bank.  
 National Bank.  
 National Provincial Bank of England.  
 Union Bank of London.

The object of the Clearing-house is to save time and money. The cheques and bills of exchange, on the authority of which a great part of the money paid and received by bankers is made, are taken from each of the clearing-bankers to the Clearing-house several times in the day, and the cheques and bills drawn on one banker are cancelled by those which he holds on others. Some of the private bankers, as well as joint-stock banks, from the nature of their business, do not require the aid which these clearances afford, and others are too distant to maintain the necessary rapidity of communication with the Clearing-house.

In 1810, when forty-six banks settled with each other at the Clearing-house, the accounts cancelled in one day have sometimes, it is said, amounted to 15,000*l*.

In the Appendix to the Second Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Banks, there is a return of the payments made through the Clearing-house for the year 1839, and, omitting all sums under 100*l.*, the total was 954,401,600*l.* The average for each day amounted consequently to rather more than 3,000,000*l.* sterling (the actual payments ranging from 1,500,000*l.* to 6,250,000*l.*), while that of the sums actually paid was about 213,000*l.* Large as are the sums here mentioned, they are vastly increased at the present time. In the course of the year 1873, the total amount of payments made through the Clearing-house was upwards of 7,000 millions, which makes the average for each working day considerably above 22 millions sterling. It appears from the weekly return of the Clearing-house, made up to every Wednesday, that there are great fluctuations in the amount of payments, corresponding with the settling days in the Stock Exchange, the requirements of the Bank of England, and the general state of trade and commerce. In some weeks during the year 1873, the payments made through the Clearing-house rose as high as 150 millions, while in others they fell to 90 millions. It is needless to say that the enormous development of British trade and commerce has only become possible through the great banking facilities represented in the gigantic sums that pass as bills and cheques, without the slightest interference of hard coin and bullion, every hour from hand to hand. The actual amount of coined money in the whole kingdom would barely suffice to cover a day's transactions, and it is thus that all our commercial progress centres in the subject of this chapter—*Banks*.



[London and Westminster Bank, Throgmorton Street, 1845.]





[Interior of the Prison, 1841.]

## LXXVIII.—THE FLEET PRISON.

THE earliest mention of this place carries us back to times as different in spirit as they are remote from those of the present day. In the first year of the reign of Richard of the Lion Heart, we find that monarch confirming to Osbert, brother to Longchamp, Chancellor of England, and to his heirs for ever, the custody of his palace at Westminster and the keeping of his gaol of the Fleet in London: so that next to their own homes the kings of England in the twelfth century thought it a matter of the highest importance to take care of the homes of their enemies. In the third year of John's reign we find a similar instance, when the Archdeacon of Wells received the custody of the palace and the prison, together with the wardship of the daughter and heir of Robert Leveland. And no doubt if the history of its narrow cells and subterranean dungeons could be opened unto us, we should perceive, in the ample use they made of it, sufficient reason for their anxiety as to its safe custody. But up to the sixteenth century that history is little better than a sealed book. The burning of the prison by the followers of Wat Tyler seems to have been the only very noticeable event prior to the period mentioned. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the records of the Fleet become suddenly filled with matters of the deepest interest in connexion with the religious martyrs of the reigns of Elizabeth and Mary, and those who might almost be called the political martyrs of the Star Chamber in the reign of Charles I.

A manuscript referred to in the account of the Fleet Prison in the 'Beauties

of England and Wales,' which is stated to be in the British Museum, but which we have not been able to find, gives the "Names of all bishops, doctors, &c., that were prisoners in the Fleet for religion, since the first year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, A.D. 1558;" and in the list are comprised the names of three bishops, six doctors, and eight priests. The same manuscript also gives the names of all such "temporal men" as were in confinement for the same crime of worshipping God according to their conscience, and among these are some persons of rank and title. In the following reign we arrive at the history of one of the most venerated of British martyrs, Bishop Hooper, whose connexion with the Fleet was altogether of an unusually curious-as well as interesting kind. On the accession of Edward VI., or at least as soon as the struggles between the ambitious nobles of his court for place and power were decided, and the extensive insurrection which marked the early part of the reign had been put down, the Protestant party, now reinforced by the incalculable amount of influence belonging to a king sympathising with their opinions, became bolder in their attacks on the old religion; and, among other measures, Bonner, Gardiner, Heath, and Day, and other distinguished Catholic bishops, were deprived of their sees, and their places filled by the most eminent of their religious opponents. One of the nominations made on the vacancy of the see of Gloucester was that of Hooper, in the year 1550. But, to the surprise of every one, Hooper, whose views may be characterised as resembling those of the Puritans of a later time, refused to wear a canonical habit during the ceremony of consecration. His friends—Cranmer and Ridley, Bucer and Peter Martyr—strenuously advised him to yield, but he would not; and hence his first commitment to the Fleet Prison, we might almost say by his own friends. For several months he persisted in his determination, but eventually a kind of compromise was made: he was to wear the obnoxious vestments during his ordination, and when he preached before the king, or in his cathedral, or any public place, but not upon less important occasions. He was then set free, ordained Bishop of Gloucester, and subsequently Bishop of Worcester: but it was not long before he returned to the Fleet, though under very different circumstances. In 1553 Mary became Queen, and before some three months had elapsed, Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Coverdale, and a host of other distinguished Protestants were in prison on various charges, and also Hooper, whose commitment was for having a wife, and other demerits. This was his second and final commitment to the Fleet, which he was only to quit for the stake and the fire, in the chief town of his first diocese, Gloucester. His relation of his sufferings at this period is a most pathetic record, and illustrates in a forcible manner the misery which these struggles to decide the truth of opinions by force have inflicted on our country, as well as the utter incompetency of such influences to achieve the object desired. He says, on "the first of September, 1553, I was committed unto the Fleet from Richmond, to have the liberty of the prison; and within five days after I paid for my liberty five pounds sterling to the warden for fees, who immediately upon the payment thereof complained unto Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and so I was committed to close prison one quarter of a year, in the lower chamber of the Fleet, and used very extremely. Then by the means of a good gentlewoman I had liberty to come down to dinner and supper; not suffered to speak



with any of my friends, but as soon as dinner and supper was done to repair to my chamber again. Notwithstanding while I came down thus to dinner and supper the warden and his wife picked quarrels with me, and complained untruly of me to their great friend the Bishop of Winchester. After one quarter of a year and somewhat more, Babington, the warden, and his wife, fell out with me for the wicked mass; and thereupon the warden resorted to the Bishop of Winchester, and obtained to put me into the ward, where I have continued a long time, having nothing appointed to me for my bed but a little pad of straw and a rotten covering, with a tick and a few feathers therein, the chamber being vile and stinking, until by God's means good people sent me bedding to lie in. Of the one side of which prison is the sink and filth of the house, and on the other side the town ditch, so that the stench of the house hath infected me with sundry diseases. During which time I have been sick, and the doors, bars, hasps, and chains being all closed and made fast upon me, I have mourned, called, and cried for help; but the warden, when he hath known me many times ready to die, and when the poor men of the wards have called to help me, hath commanded the doors to be kept fast, and charged that none of his men should come at me, saying, 'Let him alone; it were a good riddance of him.' And amongst many other times he did thus the 18th of October, 1533, as many are witness. I paid always like [the same sum as] a baron to the said warden, as well in fees as for my board, which was 20s. a-week, besides my man's table, until I was wrongfully deprived of my bishoprick, and since that time I have paid him as the best gentleman doth in his house: yet hath he used me worse and more vilely than the veriest slave that ever came to the hall commons. The said warden hath also imprisoned my man, William Downton, and stripped him out of his clothes to search for letters, and could find none, but only a little remembrance of good people's names that gave me their alms to relieve me in prison: and to undo them also the warden delivered the same bill unto the said Stephen Gardiner, God's enemy and mine. I have suffered imprisonment almost eighteen months; my goods, living, friends, and comfort taken from me; the Queen owing me by just account 80 pounds or more,—she hath put me in prison and giveth nothing to find me; neither is there any suffered to come at me, whereby I might have relief. I am with a wicked man and woman, so that I see no remedy (saving God's help), but I shall be cast away in prison before I come to judgment. But I commit my just cause to God, whose will be done, whether it be life or death."\* But it was not to be as the desponding prisoner feared; a death he esteemed a thousand times more glorious was to be his. After some months' confinement he was examined several times and required to recant, and on his refusal condemned, on the very night after John Rogers had so bravely suffered in Smithfield, to tread the same fiery path to another world. He was told that *he* was to be burnt among his own people at Gloucester, where accordingly he was brought to the stake on the 9th of February, 1555, and burnt by a *slow fire*. In reading of such transactions one can scarcely avoid pausing to ask if it is really the acts of men that we are recording. But dreadful as were the torments, the courage to endure them was fully equal: and in this, as in numerous other cases, we have reason to be thankful that whilst

\* From 'Fox's Martyrs,' folio ed. in three vols., vol. iii., p. 1369.

crimes of the deepest dye against humanity have been committed in the sacred name of religion, it is religion that has given to humanity a power to endure all extremes, to triumph in the endurance, to become, in a word, something more than human.

Turn we now from the victims of religious bigotry, to the sufferers from political oppression, as exercised through the medium of the memorable Star Chamber. The Fleet, as the King's prison, was no doubt from the earliest times the place to which this half secret and wholly irresponsible tribunal was accustomed to send the persons who fell under its displeasure; and this view is further confirmed by the circumstance that whilst during the reign of Charles I. we find it frequently used in this way, we do not perceive any intimation of the practice being then a new one. The two most interesting cases that belong to this part of the history of the Fleet, are those of Prynne and Lilburne. In a late number\* we have referred to the effect of Prynne's publication, the '*Histrio-Mastix*,' on the court, and the desire of the latter that the lawyers of the different inns might by the splendour of their Masque confute Mr. Prynne's "new learning." Pity that the King was not satisfied with that and similarly legitimate modes of confuting. In the year following that of the Masque, Laud being then Archbishop of Canterbury, Prynne was brought into the Star Chamber for the publication of his notorious book, which, be it observed, had been written four years before, and printed two years. So little dignity was there in the prosecution, that the personal offence he had given was allowed to be made conspicuous. The accusation having stated he had compiled and put in print a libellous volume, added, "although he knew well that his Majesty's royal Queen [who was rehearsing a part herself at the time the contents of Prynne's book became first known at court], the Lords of the Council, &c., were in their public festivals oftentimes present spectators of some masques and dances, and many recreations that were tolerable and in themselves sinless, and so declared to be by a book printed in the time of his Majesty's royal father," &c. He was also charged with aspersing the Queen, and with writing of the King in "terms unfit for so sacred a person." Now there was no doubt that Prynne would have made the world and all living in it a gloomy piece of business, if his views could have been carried into practice, with all their legitimate deductions, and that Lord Cottington's remark upon his trial had as much truth as satire in it,—“If Mr. Prynne should be demanded what he would have, he liketh nothing: no state or sex; music, dancing, &c., unlawful even in kings: no kind of recreation, no kind of entertainment, no, not so much as hawking; all are damned.” But what then? Such were the man's conscientious opinions; and those who thought them deserving of anything better than ridicule, whose weapons—wit and humour—have a kind of natural vocation to destroy all such ascetic philosophy, were perfectly at liberty to confute them by as big a book as that in which they had been expounded. But as Charles's ancestors had been convinced, beyond the power of anything to unsettle their conviction, that what was their religion they could also make the people's, so now did he and his counsellors act apparently on the firmest belief that they could, and therefore ought to destroy every opinion that did not harmonise with theirs on all other matters, from the greatest to the most trivial subjects, from the government of the country

\* See above, '*Ely Place*,' vol. iii. p. 372.



down to the management of a holiday. This time the mistake was to be attended with fatal consequences. The trial of Prynne in the Star Chamber should be for ever memorable, as an example of the reckless disregard of law, justice, common sense, and humanity, which can be perpetrated by irresponsible judges, even though they have among them men distinguished in their ordinary public career or in private life for qualities of an opposite nature. The following extracts will give a sufficient idea of the course of the trial, and the mode of determining the sentence:—"For the book," said Richardson, the Lord Chief Justice, "I do hold it a most scandalous, infamous libel to the King's Majesty, a most pious and religious King; to the Queen's Majesty, a most excellent and gracious Queen, such a one as this kingdom never enjoyed the like, and I think the earth never had a better," &c. Then followed quotations from the book, full of outrageous opinions on plays and players and dancing, and then the first part of the sentence: "Mr. Prynne, I must now come to my sentence; although I am very sorry, for I have known you long; but now I must utterly forsake you, for I find that you have forsaken God," [the whole tenor of Prynne's book was to lead men, *in his way*, to draw nearer to God,] "his religion, and your whole allegiance, obedience, and honour, which you owe to both their excellent Majesties, the rule of charity to all noble ladies and persons in the kingdom, and forsaken all goodness. Therefore, Mr. Prynne, I shall proceed to my censure, wherein I agree with my Lord Cottington: First, for the burning of your book in as disgraceful a manner as may be, whether in Cheapside or Paul's Churchyard. . . . And because Mr. Prynne is of Lincoln's Inn, and that his profession may not sustain disgrace by his punishment, I do think it fit, with my Lord Cottington, that he be put from the bar, and degraded in the University, and I leave it to my Lords the Lords Bishops to see that done; and for the pillory, I hold it just and equal, *though there were no statute for it*. In the case of a high crime it may be done by the discretion of the court, so I do agree to that too. I fine him 5000*l.*, and I know he is as well able to pay 5000*l.* as one-half of 1000*l.*; and perpetual imprisonment I do think fit for him, and to be restrained from writing—neither to have pen, ink, nor paper—yet let him have some pretty Prayer-Book, to pray to God to forgive him his sins; but to write, in good faith I would never have him: for, Mr. Prynne, I do judge you by your book an insolent spirit, and one that did think by this book to have got the name of a Reformer, to set up the Puritan or Separatist faction."

So much for the Lord Chief Justice of England. Coke followed; and, with that exquisite inconsistency which characterizes all the arguments on which these monstrous perversions of the powers of government were founded, spoke of the necessity of mildness and toleration to the vices of society, whilst the intolerance of himself and his colleagues was determining on a sentence almost without parallel in their country for its cruelty and injustice. If one could forget the object and occasion of Coke's speech, and of the Earl of Dorset's, who followed, there is something in them to admire: they here and there met Prynne's book with mingled ridicule and argument, which, uttered in a different place, might have convinced many minds wavering between the old and "new learning." Here, such passages were worse than thrown away. Indeed, if there was one mode more certain than another to make wit, and humour, and eloquence fail

to cause truth to be perceived as truth, and therefore to make its cause still more hopeless for the time, it was the employment of such influences in the uncongenial atmosphere of the Star Chamber. Among other passages of the Earl's speech was one capital hit:—"My Lords, when God had made all his works, he looked upon them, and saw that they were good: this gentleman, the devil having put spectacles on his nose, says that all is bad." But, immediately after this vein, comes a volley of vulgar abuse; and, lastly, from the lips of the gallant and accomplished courtier, an addition to the sentence which it would be scarcely right to attribute to the Earl on the authority of any less satisfactory voucher than his own words:—"Mr. Prynne, I do declare you to be a schism-maker in the Church, a sedition-sower in the Commonwealth, a wolf in sheep's clothing—in a word, *omnium malorum nequissimus*. I shall fine him 10,000*l.*, [the Lord Chief Justice had been too lenient it seems,] *which is more than he is worth*, yet less than he deserveth. I will not set him at liberty, no more than a plagued man or a mad dog, who, though he cannot bite, he will foam. He is so far from being a sociable soul, that he is not a rational soul; he is fit to live in dens with such beasts of prey as wolves and tigers like himself: therefore do I condemn him to perpetual imprisonment, as those monsters that are no longer fit to live among men, nor see light. Now, for corporal punishment, my Lords: I shall burn him in the forehead, and slit him in the nose; for I find that it is confessed of all that Dr. Leighton's offence\* was less than Mr. Prynne's—then why should Mr. Prynne have a less punishment? He that was guilty of murder was marked in a place where he might be seen, as Cain was." Still not satisfied, the Earl added,—“I should be loth he should escape with his ears; for he may get a periwig, which he now so much inveighs against, and so hide them, or force his conscience to make use of his unlovely love-locks on both sides. Therefore I would have him branded on the forehead, slit in the nose, and his ears cropped too.”

The whole of these almost incredible barbarities were inflicted: pillory, branding, mutilation of nose, and loss of ears; and then the unfortunate but firm unyielding man was remanded to his prison—the Fleet. Sir Simon d'Ewes, who may well say that most men were affrighted at this “censure,” visited him in prison shortly after, to comfort him. He “found in him,” he says, “the rare effects of an upright heart and a good conscience, by his serenity of spirit and cheerful patience.” It should be observed that, through the whole of the “trial,” Archbishop Laud was present. Indeed, it is said that Charles himself would not have taken that step against Prynne, but for the advice of Laud. He therefore was looked upon by the Puritans as the real author of the proceeding; and the circumstance should be borne in mind, in reading the particulars of the prelate's own fate, as having contributed, with Laud's subsequent conduct to Prynne, probably more than any other single fact, to make his judges so inexorable. Laud's second attack on Prynne, when the remainder of his ears were hacked off, and he was sent to Carnarvon (but, unfortunately for the prelate's comfort, found his journey almost a triumphal procession), took place after the removal of Prynne into the Tower, so we pass on to another Star Chamber case.

\* Writing against the Queen and the Bishops in a book entitled ‘An Appeal to the Parliament, or Sion's Plea against Prelacy.’



Scarcely six months had elapsed after the last-mentioned barbarities, when the Star Chamber, utterly reckless of the signs of the times, called before it John Lilburne (with his printer, Wharton), for the publication of libellous and seditious books, called 'News from Ipswich.' The prisoners both refused to be sworn to answer the interrogatories of the court; and the principal, Lilburne, said no free-born Englishman ought to take it, not being bound by the laws of his country to accuse himself: he became subsequently well known under a phrase borrowed from this reply, as Free-born John. They were both remanded to the Fleet for the present, but on the 13th of February (1638) were again brought up and pressed to re-consider their determination. Still inflexible, they were sent back to the Fleet under a fine of 500*l.* each, and with an addition in Lilburne's case of a remarkable punishment. Foiled in their attempt to break men's spirits by fines, imprisonments, brandings, slitting of noses, &c., another degrading punishment was now borrowed from the felon-code,—whipping. "To the end," runs the sentence, "that others may be the more deterred from daring to offend in the like manner hereafter, the court hath further ordered and decreed that the said John Lilburne shall be whipt through the street from the prison of the Fleet unto the pillory, to be erected at such time and in such place as this court shall hold fit; and that both he and Wharton shall be set in the said pillory, and from thence returned to the Fleet." The pillory was placed between Westminster Hall gate and the Star Chamber, and Lilburne was whipped from the prison thither "smartly." And how did he bear this mingled torture of the body and mind? Rushworth says, "Whilst he was whipt at the cart and stood in the pillory, he uttered many bold speeches against tyranny of bishops, &c., and when his head was in the hole of the pillory he scattered sundry copies of pamphlets (said to be seditious), and tossed them among the people, taking them out of his pocket." The Star Chamber Council was sitting at the time, and informed of this last-mentioned incident; when, consistent in their acts, they ordered him to be gagged immediately, which was done. Lilburne then stamped with his feet, and the people understood his meaning well enough, that he would speak if he were able. This was not all. At the same sitting of the Council an order was made directing that Lilburne should be "laid alone with irons on his hands and legs in the wards of the Fleet, where the basest and meanest sort of prisoners" were used to be, with other regulations in a similar spirit. This punishment also was carried into effect for a time, but ultimately brought to a summary conclusion through an accident in the prison. "Lilburne," says Rushworth, "having for some time endured close imprisonment, lying with double irons on his feet and hands, and laid in the inner wards of the prison, there happened a fire in the prison of the Fleet, near to the place where he was prisoner, which gave a jealousy that Lilburne, in his fury and anguish, was desperate, and had set the Fleet Prison on fire, not regarding himself to be burnt with it; whereupon the inhabitants without the Fleet (the street then not being five or six yards over from the prison door) and the prisoners all cried, "Release Lilburne, or we shall all be burnt!" and thereupon they ran headlong and made the Warden remove him out of his hold, and the fire was quenched, and he remained a prisoner in a place where he had some more air." He continued in prison till November the 3rd, 1640, when the Long Parliament began, and then he was released, and

immediately applied to the House of Lords for redress, who granted it in the most satisfactory manner: not merely declaring his sentence and punishment most unjust and illegal, but ordering the erasure of the proceedings from the files of all courts of justice, "as unfit to continue on record." On the breaking out of the Civil War, Lilburne fought bravely, we need not say on which side. He had a narrow escape in the war. He was taken prisoner, and would have been proceeded against as a traitor by Charles and hanged, but the Parliament arrested the act, that growing into a system would have made the war a thousand times more terrible than it was, by immediately declaring they would retaliate. But Free-born John was one of the most impracticable as well as courageous of enthusiasts; (Marten said of him, if there were none living but himself, John would be against Lilburne, and Lilburne against John;) and the Parliament pleased him little better than the King; so he wrote against them too, and was banished, upon pain of death if he returned. But Free-born John would and did return, and was immediately arraigned at the Old Bailey, where he was publicly acquitted, "which, for joy, occasioned a great acclamation of the people present." He died a Quaker, and was buried in Moorfields, four thousand citizens and other persons honouring his remains by following them to the grave. In con-



[Lilburne, the Puritan.]



cluding our notice of the cases of Prynne and Lilburne, those important links in the history of the reign of Charles, we may observe that they embody in the most striking shape the principles of arbitrary power, which the King, with Laud and his other counsellors, strove to enforce upon the people of England, and to which they received for answer—the Civil War and the scaffold.

Gloomy as our theme, we continue the course of our narration. Hitherto the sufferings and horrors we have described have had no further connexion with the Fleet Prison than that that edifice was the place of confinement of the prisoners in question during the execution of their respective sentences; now we have to deal with the horrors of the prison-house itself. And if in the process of that gradual extinction of all such places, for debt at least, which the spirit of the times promises to effect, we could be reconciled to the preservation of any one, as a kind of visible record and warning of the atrocities that were once perpetrated in them, the Fleet should be that place: it in every way deserves such a bad pre-eminence. It appears that this prison was used for the confinement of debtors from the thirteenth century at least, probably from the earliest period of its existence: a petition from John Fraunceys, a debtor in the Fleet, A.D. 1290, is still preserved.\* The first document in point of time that gives us any accurate idea of the state of the prison is a complaint of the prisoners, in 1586, to the Lords of the Council. They state therein that the warden had let the victualling and lodging of the prisoners to two “very poor men,” who, having “neither land nor any trade to live by, nor any certain wages of the said warden,” and “being also greedy of gain, lived by bribery and extortion.” The essential evils were pointed out as clearly in these few words in 1586, as they could be in the appalling facts which were discovered by the famous committee of 1727: and what a fearful amount of human suffering might not have been spared by the simplest of remedies at that earlier time—that of making the warden and all his servants perfectly independent, as to the amount of their emoluments, of those under their care. Almost every atrocity (we do not know, indeed, that an exception can be found) perpetrated in the Fleet Prison in the beginning of the eighteenth century may be traced directly to the operation of the one passion—thirst for gain. This will appear clearer as we proceed. Numerous abuses and oppressions had of course been set on foot at the period to which we have referred by these “very poor men,” and which are pointed out by the prisoners in their petition; but as we shall meet with every one of them in a much darker shape at a later period, we need not here dwell upon them. Some temporary kind of relief seems to have been granted in answer to this complaint; in the same year a commission or order having been granted, which the Recorder, Fleetwood, at the desire of the Archbishop of Canterbury, abbreviated and explained. In 1593 the prisoners again endeavoured to obtain effectual redress by a bill in parliament; and it was high time, if we may believe their allegations, for now they attribute *murders* and other misdemeanors to the deputy warden, Joachim Newton. Nothing of importance seems to have followed this application, and another century of suffering passed over the unhappy tenants, shut out from the world, and subjected, without the possibility of redress, to extortions, indignities, and privations of every kind, chequered only by bru-

\* ‘Rot. Parl.’ vol. i., p. 47.

talities of a deeper and occasionally fatal nature. Still there was moving among society a kind of uneasy consciousness that all was not as it should be behind those grim and lofty walls; the tender-hearted sighed as they passed, and dropped some piece of money into the grate, which most probably would never reach, or but partially, those for whom it was intended; the philanthropist again and again made some new effort to stimulate inquiry, which the legislature or minister perhaps promised, but forgot to instigate; but still years rolled on, generation after generation of prisoners mourned, and despaired, and died, and nothing was done. In 1696 new hopes were excited; a committee of the House of Commons was appointed, and for the first time positive evidence was acquired and made public. From the Report of that committee it appeared the custom with regard to the warden's underletting the Fleet was continued; that a Mr. Geary, who appeared before the committee, had agreed to pay 1500*l.* per annum to the warden for it, on the understanding that there were then 2000 prisoners, whose payments would bring in twice the amount of the rent. We learn from the same Report that there were then about 300 prisoners enjoying the privileges of the Rules, that is, a permission to live outside the prison, but within certain precincts adjoining.\* Three years after appeared another Report, we presume from the same committee, in which it is stated that "by the Fleet books it appeareth that 1651 prisoners had been charged from the 28th of April, 1696, to the 1st of December last," whereof but 285 were discharged by regular procedure, the rest having been allowed to escape for bribes. A resolution at the same time was unanimously agreed to, that the management had been very prejudicial to personal credit, and a great grievance to the whole kingdom. Even yet the poor prisoners seem to have had little of the parliamentary attention or sympathy; and it is not improbable that the cruelties and outrageous extortions of which we have now to speak as occurring during the period between the sitting of this committee and that of the next in 1727, were in a measure brought on by the resolution of 1699: the officers of the prison might fear from its tenor that the duration of their power was limited, and so, in their way, determine to make the best use of it while they could.

The year 1727 was a memorable one in the history of prisons; then it was that the enormity of the system of their management came first fully before the public: and indescribable was the excitement and horror it caused. The poet Thomson has given permanent record to the feelings of the time in a passage of his 'Winter,' which appears to have been written immediately on the publication of the First Report of the Parliamentary Committee:—

" And here can I forget the gen'rous band,  
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd  
Into the horrors of the gloomy gaol,  
Unpitied and unheard, where Misery moans,  
Where Sickness pines, where Thirst and Hunger burn,  
And poor Misfortune feels the lash of vice.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* The "Rules" extended from the prison entrance to Ludgate Hill, both sides of Ludgate Hill up to the Old Bailey, both sides of the Old Bailey as far as Fleet Lane, both sides of Fleet Lane, and so back along Farringdon Street to the entrance.



Oh ! great design ! if executed well,  
 With partial care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.  
 Ye sons of Mercy, yet resume the search :  
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,  
 Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,  
 And bid the cruel feel the pangs they give."

The " Sons of Mercy " did execute their task well ; the legal monsters were dragged forth into light ; nor was retribution wanting, though it came in a different shape from what might have been justly expected.

The committee, in the commencement of their Report, observe, that at the passing of the act which abolished the Star Chamber, in the sixteenth year of Charles I.'s reign, the prison became a place of confinement for debtors, and for persons committed for contempt from the Courts of Chancery, Exchequer, and Common Pleas ; and that at the same time the fees previously payable by archbishops, bishops, temporal peers, baronets, and others of lower degree, or the power of putting in irons, or of exacting fees not to do so, ought to have ceased. Instead of which, however, the Warden " hath exercised an unwarrantable and arbitrary power, not only in extorting exorbitant fees, but in oppressing prisoners for debt, by loading them with irons, worse than if the Star Chamber was still existing." The melancholy details which follow more than bear out this assertion. We shall now endeavour to show, in as clear and succinct a manner as possible, from the materials provided by the Committee, the general workings of the system. Its grand leading principle was extortion—the agents, force and cruelty ; and one can scarcely avoid a species of admiration at the ingenuity, perseverance, and unfailing energy with which—unappalled by the sight of any suffering, however great, insensible to any sense of shame, however infamous the circumstances—the object and the means were steadily developed to the utmost. Let us suppose Mr. Bambridge (the warden) and his myrmidons to have just received a prisoner, not of the poorest class, and observe his treatment of him. The prisoner, to his surprise, first discovers that, instead of being introduced into the prison, he is carried to a spunging-house attached to it on the exterior, one of three such places, all belonging to the Warden, and kept, in the present instance, by one of his tipstiffs. His first day's bill explains their proceedings, and the alarmed prisoner, who sees that a few days of such expenses will beggar him, asks to be permitted to go into the Fleet, where, at least, there are legal regulations as to moderation of price. The tipstaff has no objection, on receiving the customary fee—a heavy one—for the simple permission. Indignant at the demand, the prisoner probably refuses, and a few days more pass on, his bills growing daily in magnitude, till, in despair, he acquiesces, and is removed into the Fleet ; or, on the other hand, if his determination be very great indeed, why, he is shifted into a garret, put with a couple of other prisoners in the same bed, and perhaps ironed till the same result is obtained. Well, he is in the Fleet, or at least he will be, on payment of the prison fees : the best idea we can give of these is to transcribe his bill ; supposing that four actions or detainers are lying against him, every action being paid for separately :—

	£	s	d
For four surrenders at the judge's chambers, to his clerks	9	11	6
To the tipstaff, four fees . . . . .	2	2	0
To the warden, ditto . . . . .	16	12	0
	<hr/>		
	28	5	6
To which add the previous fee for turning into the house ;	10	10	0
Including, perhaps, some occasional "liberty" to leave the spunging-house, if he has behaved well, or, in other words, "bled freely;" but in that case he must have taken up his security-bond for the enjoyment of the Rules . . . . .	6	6	0
	<hr/>		
Making a total of . . . . .	£45	1	6*

By this time Bambridge has become quite satisfied of the prisoner's ability to bear all that, in his moderation, he wishes to enforce upon him ; so, after the enjoyment of the Rules for some time, it is intimated to the prisoner that a present will greatly help the memory of the officers as to his really having obtained the right of enjoying them : the present is given. Shortly comes a similar application ; again, again, and again, the demand is submitted to ; but at last, weary with the attempt at impossibilities—to satisfy the insatiable,—or moved by remorse at the conviction that all this money belongs to his creditors, the threat of Corbett's spunging-house ceases to avail ; he steadily and determinedly refuses. That very day he is again at Corbett's, and the entire system of extortion is once more before him, and must be passed through. But a virulent disease, enhanced by the disgraceful state of the worst apartments of the spunging-house, is raging there : the small-pox is in the house. The unhappy man, half frantic at the danger, implores the Warden to remove him into another spunging-house, or into the Fleet, for he has not had that (under such circumstances) most fatal malady, and the very dread of it will assuredly kill him. The tipstuffs, for once, forget their vocation, and second his petition ; but Bambridge, great man ! is firm : the prisoner dies, his affairs in extricable confusion, and a wife and numerous family of young children in the deepest distress. Such, with one or two slight exceptions drawn from other cases, is the history of Mr. Robert Castell, a gentleman, a scholar, and an artist,† whose misfortunes brought him into the hands of the Fleet Prison officers ! and such is a fair illustration of the principal branch of the system. We must add to it another highly profitable source of emolument. This was, keeping prisoners on the books, as being in the enjoyment of the Rules, who were actually entitled to a legal discharge. The previous Warden, Mr. Huggins, after the appointment of the committee, suddenly discharged 119 of such cases, and acknowledged to 52 more that ought to have been discharged, some of them so far back as 1718, 1719, and so on. Our readers may not, perhaps, see at once the effect of the manœuvre ; it was simply this :—Whenever the Warden, or his deputy, felt any very strong desire for money, an escape war-

\* Fees actually paid by a prisoner, as proved before the Committee.

† His profession was architecture, and he had just finished a translation of Vitruvius.



rant was issued, that is, they declared the man—who, having been in effect legally discharged, was quietly pursuing his avocations—had escaped, or run away from the Rules; accordingly he was arrested, lodged safely at Corbett's, and kept there till he had purchased another temporary freedom. We may have some notion of the profits obtained in this way from the list of 382 persons enjoying the Rules, which was obtained by the committee, who had paid in one year 282*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.*, and whilst it appeared to the committee that the prisoners for the greatest debts had not signed the book. It was also shown that the gratuity to the Warden for the Liberty of the Rules was exacted in proportion to the greatness of the debt; and if all paid, the account would be three times the before-mentioned sum.

But this was nothing to the magnificent soul of a Huggins or of a Bambridge; so they exerted themselves to make the sum total of profit a much more respectable affair; and the different irregular modes adopted show their inventive powers in a flattering light. First, there were a great many prisoners who had no chance whatever of paying their debts, from the magnitude of the amount, or who, having the means, had still an invincible disinclination to do so: and both classes agreed in a common desire to get out of the prison, and in being able and willing to pay well for their keepers' assistance. Escapes, accordingly, occurred with marvellous frequency. Huggins confessed to the Committee, that so many had occurred during his wardenship, "that it was impossible to enumerate them." There was no difficulty attending such escapes generally, as the officers would take care previously to make them pay well for Rules and everything else. But in one case, that of Boyce, a smuggler, charged at the King's suit with a demand of upwards of 30,000*l.*, it appears Bambridge, then Huggins's deputy, actually made a door through the prison-wall, dismissed the prisoner through it, and *repeated the act several times*. Large emoluments evidently must have been derived from this source. Next comes the mode illustrated in the case of Thomas Dumay. This man, a prisoner in the Fleet, was allowed to make several voyages to France, where he bought wines, some of which were delivered to Huggins, and for which he paid by drawing bills on Richard Bishop, one of the tipstiffs of the prison: these bills, on presentation, were accepted, and when due properly paid. Credit was thus established, and precaution relaxed. Dumay then drew for a further, and no doubt much larger sum (we do not find the amount stated), and obtained the goods; but, on presentation, Mr. Bishop declined accepting any more bills for Dumay. The merchants in alarm sought for Dumay—there he was, back in the Fleet, snugly ensconced as prisoner, laughing with Bishop and Huggins at the success of the trick, and settling no doubt their respective shares. Lastly, to show their condescension we presume, for no very great sums could have been thus derived, the officers laid their hands on the miserable pittances which charity had bequeathed to the poorer prisoners, or dropped into the "box" they were accustomed to send round. Whether the box at the grate, behind which prisoners were accustomed to stand till within the last few years, was similarly laid under contribution does not appear; from a curious incident mentioned in the Report, we should think it was not:—"Thomas Hogg, who had been about three years a prisoner in the Fleet Prison, and was then discharged by order of court, about eight months after such discharge, passing by the door of that prison, stopped to give charity to the prisoners at the grate,

and being seen by James Barnes, one of the said Bambridge's accomplices, the said Barnes seized and forced him into Corbett's spunging-house, where he hath been detained ever since, now upwards of nine months, without any cause or legal authority whatsoever." The only explanation we can venture to offer as to the cause of the somewhat incomprehensible rage of Barnes and his master, is, that as the poor prisoners, who were in technical phrase "on the grate," were enabled by its means better to submit to the discomforts of the Common side (that is, where the prisoners are placed who cannot pay for their lodging), and so escape the extortions of the officers, the latter felt indignant accordingly at all who aided and abetted; or else it may be that they hated the very sight of poor prisoners, and of all, and everything belonging to, assisting and comforting them. Alas! for those poor prisoners: their case was indeed deplorable. If they had a little money, they were suspected of having more, and they were tortured to make them produce it; if they had none, why even hope was denied. The subject makes one heart-sick, and our readers will no doubt feel it a relief to escape from the contemplation; but the best security against such things happening in the future will be the making indelible the memory of the past. It is that consideration makes us conclude our notice of the matters disclosed in the Report with a passage from the statement of the case of Jacob Mendez Solas, a Portuguese, and one of the poorer prisoners, who was confined for months in a filthy dungeon, manacled and schackled.

"This committee themselves saw an instance of the deep impression his sufferings had made upon him; for on his surmising, from something said, that Bambridge was to return again as Warden of the Fleet, he fainted, and the blood started out of his mouth and nose."

The result of the committee's labours was the committal of Bambridge, Huggins, and some of their servants to Newgate, an address to the crown praying for their prosecution, and the introduction of a bill to remove Bambridge and newly regulate the gaol. The prosecution was a strange affair. On reading the evidence adduced on the trial of these wretches for different murders, it seems amply sufficient in a legal sense to have insured conviction, and in a moral sense there cannot be a doubt of the guilt of the parties; yet all escaped by a verdict of Not guilty! Retribution, however, as we have before intimated, was not to be escaped. The painters, like the poets, made them immortal in their infamy. Hogarth, in the picture of which the engraving in the last page is a transcript,\* has shown us Bambridge (who is under examination, whilst a prisoner is explaining how he has been tortured) so vividly, that, whether we pass from it to his known conduct, or from the conduct to this portrait, we are equally struck by the fitness of the two to each other—there is no questioning that this is the man. Twenty years after, it is said, Bambridge cut his throat.

An act of parliament, passed in the course of the year 1843, directed the abolition of both the Fleet and the Marshalsea as prisons, and from that date no new prisoners were admitted into the former. These were subsequently sent to the Queen's Bench, or, as it came henceforth to be called, the Queen's. The last building used as the Fleet Prison was erected after the burning of the older one in the Gordon riots of 1780, when the mob were polite enough to send notice to

\* The faces are all portraits, and the entire scene, no doubt, an exact representation of the reality.



the prisoners of the period of their coming, and, on being informed it would be inconvenient on account of the lateness of the hour, to postpone their visit to the following day. Curiously enough the former building was burnt in the Great Fire of 1666. Let us suppose, however, that we are visiting it as it stood in 1840. As we enter, and pass through the porch, and its small ante-room on the left, where sits the keeper, and reach the area, we are struck by the desolate aspect of everything: a deeper melancholy than its own seems to have fallen upon the place. Few prisoners are to be seen, and these are huddled listlessly together in a corner, ruminating perhaps on the classification which is to take place in the Queen's Bench, to which, they hear a rumour, they will soon be transferred. Skittles and rackets are alike without worshippers. The coffee-room is altogether disused, and sole guest at the tables sits the tipstaff, its owner, and we can see that the promised compensation is but a poor medicine for all his ills. The romance of his life has departed; no more for him will there be

“Golden exhalations of the *Chum*!”

Fortunate they to whom that word *chum* is unknown; who have never in themselves, or through their relations and friends, had cause to investigate the mysteries involved in the words ‘chum,’ ‘chums’ ‘chummed,’ and ‘chummage.’ For their information we explain them. The prison chiefly consists of one long brick pile, parallel with Farringdon Street, and standing in an irregularly shaped area, so as to leave open spaces before and behind, connected by passages round each end. This pile is called the Master's Side. The interior arrangements are very simple:—On each of five stories, a long passage from one extremity to the other, with countless doors opening into single rooms on each side. If a prisoner did not wish to go to the Common Side (a building apart, and to the right of the Master's Side, where he was put with several other prisoners into a common room, divided within only by a kind of cabins, for which he paid nothing), he had the choice of going down into Bartholomew Fair, the lowest and sunken story, where he paid 1s. 3d. per week for the undisturbed use of a room, or up to some of the better apartments, where he paid the same rent, but was subject to the operation of the system known as ‘chummage.’ Supposing him to have obtained an empty room at first, whenever all the rooms became occupied, he had, in common with his fellow-prisoners, to submit in rotation to a new prisoner being put into his room, or ‘chummed’ upon him; and such new-comer could only be got rid of by a payment of 4s. 6d. per week, to enable him partially to provide for himself. The latter would immediately go to some of the prisoners, who made a business of letting lodgings (fitting up sometimes five or six beds in the room), and make the best bargain he could. There are prisoners who are said to have accumulated hundreds of pounds by such use of their room, in the course of a few years. We need not add, that their occupation too is now gone; and, for the first time, they are probably beginning to think it would be as well to try to get out of prison.

A volume as interesting as a romance might be written on the characters and lives of some of the chief prisoners for debt in the Fleet, at almost any period of its history; and even in its decline—we go back mentally to 1840—the place was not destitute of such interest. In conclusion, it is perhaps hardly necessary to add

that none of the horrors of the last century survived the disclosures then made, though it has been reserved for the present to get rid of the last remaining abuses and of the old walls and site. After the removal of the prisoners from "The Fleet," as above mentioned, the building was deserted, and in the end demolished; the high brick wall and parts of the gateway alone remaining for some time. Even these were pulled down many years ago, and on part of the waste piece of ground formerly occupied by the prison, a lofty stone building of Gothic architecture arose in 1873-4. This is called the Congregational Memorial Hall. It has been erected to commemorate the "ejectionment of 2,000 ministers from the Church of England in 1662," and for the use of the Congregational Union. The foundation-stone was laid in May, 1872, and the building finished in 1874. It comprises a hall capable of containing about 1,500 persons, and also a spacious library, board-room, and numerous offices.



[Interior of the Fleet Prison. From Hogarth's Picture.]





[A Fleet Marriage Party. From a print of the time.]

## LXXIX.—FLEET MARRIAGES.

IF, by any inversion of the Rip Van Winkle adventures, a quiet, respectable London citizen of the present day could be suddenly abstracted from his home and home scenes, and, without losing any of his notions derived from that period of the world's history, be again set down, as it were, in the very heart of his native city a century or so earlier, he would meet with stranger things than in his philosophy he had ever before dreamt of as belonging to a time so little removed from his own. The costume, the comparatively miserable and dingy looking shops, the streets, the houses, the public buildings, would no doubt all more or less bewilder him; but it is not to such general matters we now refer, but to one particular subject of universal interest, which would come before him with a thousand perplexing and monstrous features. Suppose him set down at St. Paul's, and wandering down Ludgate Hill towards his home by Holborn Bridge, wondering what makes the people wear such comical hats, long square coats, and endless waistcoats; and what can have become of all the cabs and omnibuses; and why the City Surveyor allows so many obstructions to exist in the street, as narrow pavements, projecting shop-windows, and overhanging great signs. But his whole attention is speedily engrossed by the novel words, "Would you like to be married, Sir?" He turns hastily, and sees that the question is put by a man in a black coat, but of very uncanonical appearance, who, like Chaucer's Sumpnour, has "a fire-red cherubines face," to a genteel young couple passing—raising the deep blush in the face of the one and something very like it in that of the other, who, however, with a smile, answers in the

negative, and they pass on: their time has not yet come. 'What in the world can this shabby-looking profligate mean?' thinks our worthy citizen; and begins to remember him of sundry street jokes, familiar in his era, among the populace, and to wonder whether this is one of the same class. But the man in the black coat pursues his vocation, and presently is seen to be not alone in it: others are busy tormenting every pair they meet with the same kind of question, varying only the words and manner. He steps aside to try if he can penetrate the mystery. A bookseller's shop is by his elbow, and in the window he sees the newspaper of the day, as unlike the double 'Times,' over the pages of which he has been accustomed to luxuriate at his breakfast of a morning, as two things of the same name and object well may be; and on its front page the first announcement that he reads runs thus:—

"Marriages with a licence, certificate, and a crown stamp, *at a guinea*, at the new chapel, next door to the china-shop, near Fleet Bridge, London, by a regular-bred clergyman, and not by a Fleet parson, as is insinuated in the public papers; and, that the town may be freed [from] mistakes, no clergyman, being a prisoner in the Rules of the Fleet, dare marry; and, to obviate all doubts, this chapel is not in the verge of the Fleet, but kept by a gentleman who was lately chaplain on board one of his Majesty's men-of-war, and likewise has gloriously distinguished himself in defence of his king and country, and is above committing those little mean actions that some men impose on people, being determined to have everything conducted with the utmost decency and regularity, such as shall all be supported in law and equity."\*

This makes our worthy citizen's confusion only more confounded; but through the mist he begins to have glimpses of a world where the only occupation is that of getting married, and where, consequently, every kind of device has been necessarily put in practice for the public convenience. Turning, with an inquiring eye, to look for the "plyer" in the black coat, that worthy notices his glance, and thinking he may have occupation for him in view, steps up to him with a hand-bill, of which the following is a fac-simile:—

G. R.

At the true Chapel,

At the Old Red Hand and Mitre, three doors from Fleet Lane,  
and next door to the White Swan,

Marriages are performed by authority by the Reverend Mr.  
Symson, educated at the University of Cambridge, and late  
Chaplain to the Earl of Rothes.

N.B. Without Imposition.

"And would you really marry me, if I had a partner ready, or get me married, just now?" inquires the more and more surprised member of the respect-

\* 'Daily Advertiser,' 1749.



able ward of Farringdon Without. "Of course we would, Sir," is the answer: "and if you are at a loss for a partner, we can find you one directly: a widow with a handsome jointure, or a blooming maid of nineteen; and" (here he comes closer, and whispers) "if you don't like her there's no harm done—tear out the entry—you understand."

Before he can express his feelings, as a husband and a father, at such an offer, or investigate whether it is really and sincerely made as one that can be fulfilled, a coach happens to pass slowly along, and instantly the pleyer starts forward. It contains a single lady, but that is far from an objectionable circumstance. "Madam, you want a parson: I am the clerk and registrar of the Fleet." By this time a second has got to the other window. "Madam, come with me: that fellow will carry you to a pedling alehouse." "Come with me," bawls a third, half out of breath: "he will carry you to a brandy-shop." And thus the lady is teased and insulted till the coach has passed so far as to show that the tenant does not intend to be married—to-day at least. Beckoning to the disappointed but indefatigable pleyer, our friend, slipping a piece of money into his hand, remarks, "I am somewhat a stranger to these customs. Could you have got that lady a husband too?" "Plenty, Sir; but I see you are a gentleman, and I'll explain. Ladies will be sometimes expensive, and get into debt; and that generally ends in some unpleasantness. Well, they come here: we have a set of men who make a business of being hired as husbands for the ceremony merely: we provide them with one of these; they are married, she gets her certificate, and they part. From that time she can plead coverture, as the lawyers say, to any action for debt. We like to meet with such persons, for they pay well. There's another coach; excuse me; perhaps that's one." And therewith he runs off.

Our citizen has no thoughts to waste on the strange aspect of the place at the bottom of Ludgate Hill—the ditch running along towards the Thames, and the bridge stretching across towards Fleet Street—for the symbols of the influences to which the whole neighbourhood seems devoted increase at every step. As he turns the corner, a board, placed within a window, stares him in the face,—

"WEDDINGS PERFORMED CHEAP HERE."

Another has,—

"THE OLD AND TRUE REGISTER."

And every few yards along the Ditch and up the adjoining Fleet Lane he meets with similar notices. If anything could now add to our citizen's astonishment, it would be to see the kind of houses where these Hymeneal invitations are put forth so prominently. The 'Rainbow Coffee-House,' at the corner of the Ditch; the 'Hand and Pen,' by the prison; the 'Bull and Garter,' a little alehouse, kept, it appears, by a turnkey of the Fleet; the 'King's Head,' kept by another turnkey; the 'Swan;' the 'Lamb;' 'Horse-Shoe and Magpie;' the 'Bishop Blaize' and the 'Two Sawyers,' in Fleet Lane; the 'Fighting Cocks,' in the same place; the 'Naked Boy,' &c. &c.,—most, if not all, of them low inns and brandy-shops. Some of these are merely a kind of house of call for the parson and his customers, but sharing in the fee of the former as the price of their favour in sending for him; whilst the owners of others, of a more ambitious character,

reply to the questions of the citizen in words something very like those used by the distinguished lady of the great razor-strop maker—

“ *We keeps a parson, Sir :*”

and they tell him truly ; the salary being generally about twenty shillings a week.

By this time our citizen's curiosity has become so much stimulated by the evidences of such novel, and, to him, unnatural practices, that he greatly desires to see a wedding performed ; and his curiosity is soon gratified. Two coaches have just stopped opposite the door of the prison itself, containing five females in each, whilst on the top and behind are several sailors ; others, who could find no room, are running with shouts and laughter by the side. In the fulness of their hearts their story is soon told to the bystanders. It appears they were all assembled that morning at a public-house at Ratcliff for the purpose of enjoying themselves with the good things of the house, fiddling, piping, jigging, eating, and drinking, and without any thought of matrimony, till one of the sailors started up, saying, “ D—— me, Jack, I'll be married just now ; I will have my partner,” &c. The joke took, and in less than two hours the ten couple before us had started for the Fleet. But they are going *into* the Fleet ! heedless of the vociferations and anxiety of the neighbouring plyers. The citizen follows them. They stop at the door of a room where stands a coalheaver, who says, “ This is the famous Lord Mayor's Chapel ; you will get married cheaper here than in any other part of the Fleet.” The party enter. The room is, on the whole, decently furnished with chairs, cushions, &c., but no parson is visible. Aware of the custom, and at the same time giving it their full approval, the sailors call for wines and brandy, which the parson deals in as a profitable appendix to his marriage-business ; and search is set on foot for the reverend gentleman. Great is the joviality, and the party for some time overlook the unaccountable length of time the parson is absent. At last the discomfited messenger returns, and in the extremity of his despair at the loss, tells the truth without any circumlocution—his master is dead drunk ! Consoling themselves with the reflection there are plenty more parsons in the Fleet, the party hurry out, but at the very door are met by a most respectable and venerable looking personage, “ exceeding well dressed in a flowered morning-gown, a band, hat and wig,” who, in a tone of the greatest suavity, informs them he is ready to perform the office, and, before they have had time to consider of the application, opens another door, which, from the apology he makes to its tenant in a whisper, and a half-heard hint about *sharing*, is evidently not his, and proceeds to work. If the worthy citizen has been surprised by all the preliminaries, the performance of the act itself is not of a character to moderate his emotions. As it goes on the drink is passed to and fro ; winks, nods, whispers, and roars of laughter form a running accompaniment to the ceremony ; practical jokes are played on the reverend functionary, whilst one knowing fellow, a philosopher, who looks “ before ” as well as “ after,” gives as his name some facetious epithet, which so tickles the fancy of his brethren, that for some time the service, such as it is, cannot proceed ; and at last the party growing tired, or perhaps other reflections beginning to work even at this late period, declare they are “ married enough,”



and are about to make a summary departure. The parson's suavity now disappears; with a volley of oaths, which the sailors return with interest, he demands his fees; and, after much squabbling, is paid at the rate of from two or three to five or six shillings per couple for himself and clerk, according to the generosity or wealth of the parties; the parson finishing the whole affair by entering the particulars of the case in a dirty memorandum-book, with the addition "went away in haste, but married." Such is a brief sketch of the practices prevailing in the Fleet, as they were witnessed daily, in effect, by our ancestors little more than a century ago.\*

Up to 1753, when the Bill passed which annihilated Fleet marriages, and substantially settled the law as it now is, marriage in England was regulated by the common law, which enjoined a religious and public form for the solemnization, but tolerated more private modes; in one sense, indeed, it recognised any mode, for the marriage once performed, no matter in what manner, was held sacred and indissoluble, although the parties aiding and abetting might be punished by the ecclesiastical authorities. One of the earliest clergymen who commenced marrying on a large scale, without licence or the publication of banns, appears to have been Adam Elliott, Rector of St. James, Duke's Place, who acted upon the claim for exemption from ecclesiastical jurisdiction put forth by the City with regard to the two churches of St. James, Duke's Place, and Trinity, Minorities. In the parish register of the former, we find 40,000 entries of marriages between the years 1664 and 1691! On some days between thirty and forty couple have been married. This mine of wealth, which the ingenious rector had discovered, was not permitted to be worked freely; he was suspended by the Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Causes, but allowed, on his petition, to return to his vocation after some delay. During his suspension, there appears every reason to suppose the Fleet marriages began, for about that period commence the Fleet Registers. These are the original books in which many of the Fleet parsons entered the marriages they performed, and which, after passing through various hands, among others of those who made a business of advertising them as open to the search of parties interested, and which were considered so valuable as to be frequently a special subject of bequest, were purchased by the Government in 1821. The immediate origin of the Fleet marriages appears to have been as follows: A set of imprudent, extravagant, or vicious clergymen, confined in the Fleet for debt, and therefore in no condition to be deterred by the penalty of 100*l.* inflicted by the law on clergymen convicted of solemnizing clandestine marriages, tempted also by the opening made through Elliott's suspension, conceived the brilliant idea of making a kind of marriage-shops, open at all times, of their rooms in the prison, and most probably under still more *liberal* arrangements than Elliott had permitted: there was but one difficulty—the suspension from ecclesiastical functions, which was pretty sure to follow—but they knew well the state of the law; their marriages would be legal even after suspension: so, casting aside every other consideration but the gain that would accrue, they commenced marrying on the easiest terms, and, as they made a point of proclaiming, without hindrance of business or the knowledge of friends. Their marriages soon became highly popular among certain classes of the com-

\* See Burn's 'Fleet Registers,' a work to the author of which we must express our great obligations.

munity, and a fearful nuisance to others. By the beginning of the eighteenth century we find the parsons here carrying on an immense trade. In 1705, on the petition of a Mr. Ashton, complaining of divers ill practices in the Fleet, a committee examined into the subject of the famous marriages, and reported the existence of many gross abuses in the Fleet, under the sanction of the Warden. From this time some little check appears to have been placed on the latter, but, on the whole, the evils went on steadily increasing up to the period of their sudden abolition. And the nature and extent of these evils would not now be believed, but for the decisive and manifold evidence furnished by those most interesting documents the registers before referred to. Two or three hundred of the registers are large books, but the remainder, a thousand or more in number, are mere pocket-books, which the parsons or their clerks were accustomed to carry about with them to their places of business: in these they entered the particulars of the marriages immediately after the ceremony, and subsequently transcribed them, if paid to do so, into the larger registers; an arrangement that by no means prevented them from taking handsome sums for not making such additional entry when parties expressed a desire to have their marriage as secret as possible. If anything unusual occurred at a wedding, a note seems to have been commonly appended; and these notes form the most valuable and complete illustration we could desire of the system. We begin with a few extracts of a somewhat irregular nature, which may be as well dismissed first:—

“1740. Geo. Grant and Ann Gordon, bachelor and spinster: stole my clothes-brush.” In the account of another marriage we find recorded, “Stole a silver spoon.”

A wedding at which “the woman ran across Ludgate Hill in her shift,” in pursuance of a vulgar error that a man was not liable to the debts of his wife, if he married her in this dress.

“1 Oct. 1747. John Ferren, gent., sen., of St. Andrew’s, Holborn, br., and Deborah Nolan, ditto, spr. The supposed John Ferren was discovered after the ceremony were over to be in person a woman.” This trick was frequently played, sometimes we presume as a joke, sometimes perhaps to endeavour to obtain the advantages before pointed out, of being supposed married in case of debt, without the danger or extreme degradation of a connexion with the low fellows who “married in common.”

“Married at a barber’s shop next Wilson’s, viz.: one Kerrils, for half a guinea, after which it was extorted out of my pocket, and for fear of my life delivered.”

“Thomas Monk Sawyer and Margaret Lawson pawned to Mr. Lilley a handkerchief and silver buttons for 2s.,” to help to pay the fee, no doubt. Another couple leave a “ring.”

“Nov. 21, 1742. Akerman, Richard, turner, of Christ Church, bat<sup>r</sup>., to Lydia Collet, (brought by) Mrs. Crooks. N.B. They behaved very vilely, and attempted to run away with Mrs. Crooks’ gold ring;” lent probably for the ceremony.

“1744. Aug. 20. John Newsam, labourer, of St. James, West<sup>r</sup>., and Ann Laycock, do., wid<sup>r</sup>. and wid<sup>r</sup>. They run away with the Scertifycate, and left a point of wine to pay for; they are a vile sort of people, and I will remember them of their vile usage.”



At a certain marriage “had a noise for four hours about the money;” another was, it appears, a “Mar<sup>e</sup>. upon Tick;” whilst at a third “A coachman came and was half married, and would give but 3s. 6d., and went off.”

We have before referred to the frauds continually practised with regard to certificates; the following extracts will place this matter in the clearest light:—“Nov. 5, 1742. Jn<sup>o</sup>. Ellis and Jane Davis, she being dead, left a house in the Market Place, Aylesbury. Two Flower Pots at the door. Wanted by y<sup>e</sup> Soror and wax work\* *a sham C. of y<sup>e</sup> nuptials, Oct. 7, 1739.*” And no doubt what was wanted was given; for whenever parties, from being unable to pay for indulgences, or from the parson being in a fit of repentance, are refused, it is beautiful to see the indignation which overflows in the comment on the circumstance. Here no result is stated, and therefore we may give a shrewd guess as to its nature. Another kind of application, which is of continual occurrence, is illustrated in the following: the cause of the application will be sufficiently clear; indeed, generally the matter is set down in terms too plain for our pages:—“November 5, 1742, was married Benjamin Richards, of the parish of St. Martin’s in the Fields, b<sup>t</sup>., and Judith Lance, do., spin., at the Bull and Garter, and gave g & † for an *ante-date* to March the 11th in the same year, which Lilley complied with and put ’em in his book accordingly, *there being a vacancy in the book suitable to the time.*” These last few significant words show even more strikingly than the numerous entries of similar cases, to what an extent the ante-dating of certificates was carried in Fleet weddings. As a fitting appendix to this part of the subject, it may be observed that even the Fleet parsons had their gradations of assurance and rascality; in the lowest deep there was still a lower. On the trial of John Miller for bigamy, it was sworn by one of the witnesses that anybody might have a certificate at a certain house for half-a-crown, without any ceremony of marriage whatever, and have their names entered in the book for as long time past as they pleased.

Another species of accommodation was that of secrecy, obtained in various ways, but chiefly by allowing parties to be married merely by their Christian names, or by names evidently fictitious:—“Sep. y<sup>e</sup> 11th, 1745. Edw<sup>d</sup>. ——— and Elizabeth ——— were married, and would not let me know their names; the man said he was a weaver, and lived in Bandyleg Walk, in the Borough.” Again: “March y<sup>e</sup> 4th, 1740. William ——— and Sarah ———, he dressed in a gold waistcoat like an officer, she a beautiful young lady, with 2 fine diamond rings, and a black high crown hat, and very well dressed—at Boyce’s.” But there was a right and a wrong way, according to Fleet morality, of obtaining secrecy: the right being to acknowledge the desire for it, and pay accordingly; the wrong, to omit these important conditions. This consideration is evidently the moving influence in the following case, although coloured over by some virtuous indignation and pretence of injured innocence:—“June 26, 1744. Nathaniel Gilbert, gent., of St. Andrew’s, Holborn, and Mary Lupton—at Oddy’s. N.B. There was 5 or 6 in company; one amongst seem’d to me by his dress and behaviour to be an Irishman. He pretended to be some grand officer in the

\* What “Soror and wax work” may mean we confess we are quite unable to divine. Probably the first word may be a contraction of survivor; but the general sense of the passage is evident enough.

† Private marks for the sum.

army. He y<sup>e</sup> said Irish gent. told me, before I saw the woman that was to be married, y<sup>t</sup> it was a poor girl a going to be married to a common soldier; but when I came to marry them I found myself imposed upon; and having a mistrust of some Irish roguery, I took upon me to ask what y<sup>e</sup> gentleman's name was, his age, &c., and likewise the lady's name and age. Answer was made me—What was that to me? D—n me! if I did not immediately marry them he would use me ill. In short, apprehending it to be a conspiracy, I found myself obliged to marry them in terrorem.” But the malicious rascal has his revenge: the notice concludes with the words, “*N.B. Some material part was omitted.*”

In other particulars respecting the performance of the ceremony, the Fleet gentry seem to have made it equally their rule, when paid for it, to suit the tastes and wishes of their customers. In one case the parties are married abroad, but registered here; in another, the lady being sick in bed, the marriage is performed in her chamber; in a third, the parties are married twice, the first time by “proxy,” for which they paid “ten and sixpence per total;” and in a fourth, a curious case, a Mrs. Hussey, a Quakeress, who “could not comply with the ceremonies of our church,” was “personated by Beck Mitchell;” whilst at the marriage of John Figg and Rebecca Woodward, in 1743, these men, to satisfy perhaps some religious scruple of the lady, dared, with their hands steeped in infamy, to administer the *sacrament*.

A class of marriages frequently performed here were the parish weddings, as they are called in the Register. “On Saturday last,” says the ‘Daily Post’ of July 4, 1741, “the Churchwardens for a certain parish in the City, in order to remove a load from their own shoulders, gave 40s., and paid the expense of a Fleet marriage, to a miserable blind youth, known by the name of Ambrose Tully, who plays on the violin in Moorfields, in order to make a settlement on the wife and future family in Shoreditch parish. To secure their point they sent a parish officer to see the ceremony performed.’ One cannot but admire the ungenerous proceedings of this City parish, as well as their unjustifiable abetting and encouraging an irregularity so much and so justly complained of as these Fleet matches. Invited and uninvited were a great number of poor wretches, in order to spend the bride’s future fortune.” But the Overseers only followed the example set them by greater men, the Justices, who were accustomed, when certain cases came before them, to send the parties to be married off hand at the Fleet: the unwilling swain consenting rather than go to prison.

Perhaps the most painfully interesting cases are those of which the Registers furnish the fewest examples; not certainly for their unfrequency, but that they were attended by more than ordinary danger of the cognizance of the law, and were therefore, no doubt, generally omitted or stated in a way that could tell nothing to the uninitiated reader. We allude to the cases of abduction of heiresses and other young ladies of rank or respectability by sharpers, who found the Fleet a wonderful auxiliary to their operations: a moment of hesitation, and the thing was done. We have extracted in a former page the entry of the marriage of a gentleman “in a gold waistcoat like an officer” with “a beautiful young lady,” who were married without declaring their surnames: added to that notice are a few words, which, in all probability, indicate a world of misery: “*N.B.—There was 4 or 5 young Irish fellows seemed to me, after the marriage was over, to have deluded the young wo-*



man." The reader will admire the parson's cautious phrasology as regards himself. In other cases there could not even be a pretence of acquiescence alleged on the part of the lady: sheer brute force was resorted to. Such a case is that mentioned in a newspaper of 1719: "One Mrs. Ann Leigh, an heiress of 200*l.* per annum, and 6000*l.* ready cash, having been decoyed away from her friends in Buckinghamshire, and married at the Fleet Chapel against her consent, we hear that the Lord-Chief-Justice Pratt hath issued out his warrant for apprehending the authors of this contrivance, who have used the young lady so barbarously that she now lies speechless."\* But the worthies of the Fleet did not always content themselves with being merely the agents of the villainy of others; occasionally they got up some profitable affairs of their own. The merit of the following scheme seems to have belonged solely to one of that indefatigable body the plyers:—"On Tuesday, one Oates, a plyer for and clerk to the weddings at the 'Bull and Garter,' by the Fleet gate, was bound over to appear at the next sessions for hiring one John Fennell, a poor boy (for half-a-guinea) that sells fruit on Fleet Bridge, to personate one John Todd, and to marry a woman in his name, which he accordingly did; and, the better to accomplish this piece of villainy, the said Oates provided a blind parson for that purpose."† Whether John Todd or the lady was to be the victim of this ingenious arrangement does not appear very clear; but we may be sure the plyer knew what he was about when he laid out half-a-guinea in the affair. A more dashing and brilliant exploit is described in an interesting letter in the same newspaper of a later year, written by a lady, who having observed that a relation of hers had already fallen a victim to some of the villainous practices of the Fleet, proceeds to point out the adventure of a lady of her acquaintance. She "had appointed to meet a gentlewoman at the old Playhouse in Drury Lane; but extraordinary business prevented her coming. Being alone when the play was done, she bade a boy call a coach for the City. One dressed like a gentleman helps her into it and jumps in after her. 'Madam,' says he, 'this coach was called for me, but since the weather is so bad, and there is no other, I beg leave to bear you company: I am going into the City, and will set you down wherever you please.' The lady begged to be excused; but he bade the coachman drive on. Being come to Ludgate Hill, he told her his sister, who waited his coming but five doors up the court, would go with her in two minutes. He went and returned with his pretended sister, who asked her to step in one minute, and she would wait upon her in the coach. Deluded with the assurance of having his sister's company, the poor lady foolishly followed her into the house, when instantly the sister vanished, and a tawny fellow in a black coat and black wig appeared. 'Madam, you are come in good time, the Doctor was just a going.' 'The Doctor!' says she, horribly frightened, fearing it was a madhouse, 'what has the Doctor to do with me?' To marry you to that gentleman: the Doctor has waited for you three hours, *and will be payed by you* or that gentleman before you go.' 'That gentleman,' says she, recovering herself, 'is worthy a better fortune than mine,' and begged hard to be gone. But Doctor Wryneck swore she should be married, or, if she would not, he would still have his fee, and register the marriage for that night. The lady, finding she could not

\* Original Weekly Journal, Sept. 26, 1719.

† Grub-Street Journal, Sept. 1732.

escape without money or a pledge, told them she liked the gentleman so well she would certainly meet him to-morrow night, and gave them a ring as a pledge, 'which,' says she, 'was my mother's gift on her death-bed, enjoining that, if ever I married, it should be my wedding-ring.' By which cunning contrivance she was delivered from the black Doctor and his tawny crew." The cunning, however, might have been spared; the knaves had obtained, no doubt, the kind of success they alone anticipated. Inferior spirits must have looked upon these exploits with envy, and have half grown ashamed of their own little trick of putting back the clocks after the regular hour when a passing sailor and his companion looked more than usually hymeneally inclined, and other manœuvres of the like kind.

From the preceding statement the general character and habits of the clergy of the Fleet will appear in tolerably vivid colours; an immense amount of additional evidence might be adduced to the same effect, showing them before the magistrates, convicted of swearing, of selling liquors, or for some of the drunken practices already described; here we find one marrying in his night-gown, there another hiccupping out the words of the service, while a third ekes out a scanty living by mendicancy: but sufficient has been given to show the operation of the general system, and we, therefore, close our view of the worst evils existing up to the middle of the last century, with a brief notice of some of the individuals who stood out most conspicuously among the actors. Dr. Gaynam, or Gainham, who is said to have been the gentleman emphatically denominated the Bishop of Hell, married here from about 1709 to 1740. He seems to have been proud of his learning, and not at all uneasy as to his vocation; for when, on a trial for bigamy, he was asked if he was not ashamed to come and own a clandestine marriage in the face of a court of justice, he answered, with a polite bow, "*Video meliora, deteriora sequor.*" The extent of his business is vaguely shown in a remark he made on another and similar trial, when it was observed that it was strange he could not remember the prisoners, whom he professed to have married. "Can I remember persons?" was the reply—"I have married 2000 since that time." Next in reputation to him, but after the Doctor's death, was Edward Ashwell, who died within the Rules of the Fleet in 1746, a "notorious rogue and impostor," and an audacious villain, who was really not in orders, but who preached when he could get a pulpit: such at least is the character given him in a letter in the Lansdowne MSS. William Wyatt appears to have practised here from 1713 to 1750. His is a curious case. In one of his pocket-book Registers, under the date 1736, we have the following memoranda of a kind of conversational argument between Mr. Wyatt's conscience and interests:—"Give to every man his due, and learn the way of Truth," says Conscience. Reply: "This advice cannot be taken by those that are concerned in the Fleet Marriages; not so much as y<sup>e</sup> priest can do y<sup>e</sup> thing y<sup>t</sup> is just and right there, unless he designs to starve. For, by lying, bullying, and swearing, to extort money from the silly and unwary people, you advance your business and gets y<sup>e</sup> pelf, which always wastes like snow in sun-shiny day." "'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,'" continues Conscience; "the marrying in the Fleet is the beginning of eternal woe." There is no denying the truth of the remark; on the contrary, Conscience's antagonist, giving up the contest, despondingly acknowledges—"If a clerk or plyer tells a lie, you must vouch it



to be as true as the Gospel; and, if disputed, you must affirm, with an oath, to y<sup>e</sup> truth of a downright d—— falsehood.” Then, after a scrap of Latin, the whole ends with the prayer—“May God forgive me what is past, and give me grace to forsake such a wicked place, where truth and virtue can’t take place unless you are resolved to starve.” The commentary on this is the fact that business went on so prosperously that, in 1748, we find poor conscience-stricken Wyatt receiving his 57*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* for a single month’s marriages, merely, no doubt, to keep him from “starving;” and that, in the same year, he set up an opposition chapel in May Fair, in the very teeth of the great man of the place, Keith. Among other parsons of the Fleet who may be summarily passed over are, William Dare, who married from 150 to 200 couple per month, and kept a curate to assist him; John Floud, who married not only at the Fleet, but also at the King’s Bench, and the Mint, in Southwark; James Lando, whose advertisement we transcribed verbatim in the commencement of our paper; Shadwell, a blind parson; and a host of others. But the greatest is yet behind; this was the far-famed Alexander Keith, the man who, in a published pamphlet against the Act of 1753, could say with some truth, “If the present Act, in the form it now stands, should (which I deem impossible) be of service to my country, I shall then have the satisfaction of having been *the occasion of it*, because the compilers thereof have done it with a pure design of suppressing my chapel, which makes me the most celebrated man in this kingdom, though,” he adds, with delightful modesty, “not the greatest.” His principal place was in May Fair, where a chapel had been built about 1730, and himself chosen to officiate; and where he added a new feature to the old system of Fleet Marriages, that of making clandestine marriages fashionable.\* He was excommunicated in 1742, and committed to the Fleet in the following year, where, like other great men, he made his very misfortunes, as he, of course, deemed them, redound to his wealth and fame. He opened a little chapel in the Fleet, and commenced a thriving trade there, in addition to his May Fair business, which he kept going on without interruption through the agency of curates. Not the less, however, did he esteem himself a martyr to the cause. His wife died whilst he was in the Fleet, and he had her embalmed, and placed in a kind of funereal state, at an apothecary’s in South Audley-street, in order, as he informed the public, to keep her till he could attend the funeral. Previously, also, one of his sons died here, and the corpse was carried on a bier by two men from the prison to Covent-garden, the procession stopping continually on the way, to enable the public to read the inscription on the coffin, “which referred to the father’s persecution.” We may add, that Keith himself died in the Fleet in 1758.

Of course, the state of things indicated in the foregoing pages did not escape all notice of the Legislature, or of the ecclesiastical authorities. The latter occasionally suspended a parson or two, and the former passed Acts equally inefficient in practice. Among these may be mentioned the Act of 1712, which ordered offenders to be removed to the County Gaol; and which, if energetically carried out, must, one would suppose, have been effectual. But no substantial remedy was made or thought of, apparently, till the growth of that feature of the system already alluded to, its becoming fashionable, alarmed the heads of the

\* See ‘Strawberry Hill,’ vol. iii., p. 110.

aristocracy for the safety of their own sons and daughters. And in 1744 the marriage of the Hon. Henry Fox with the daughter of the Duke of Richmond\* excited a great deal of comment, and a sweeping alteration of the law was talked of. But the immediate cause of the famous Marriage Bill is said, by Horace Walpole, to have been a case which came before Lord Bath, in a Scotch cause, where a man, after a marriage of thirty years, was claimed by another woman, on the ground of a (clandestine) pre-contract. But however that may be, the bill, as it was sent down to Parliament, became a complete battle-ground for party, and gave rise to some of the most curious and interesting of parliamentary debates.

In a letter from Walpole to the Honourable Henry Seymour Conway, dated Strawberry Hill, May 24, 1753, that most delightful of gossipers writes:—  
 • “It is well you are married. How would my Lady Aylesbury† have liked to be asked in a parish church for three Sundays running? I really believe she would have worn the weeds for ever, rather than have passed through so impudent a ceremony. What do *you* think? But you will want to know the interpretation of this new preamble. Why, there is a new bill, which, under the notion of Clandestine Marriages, has made such a general rummāge and reform in the office of matrimony, that every Strephon and Chloe, every dowager and H—, will have as many impediments and formalities to undergo as a treaty of peace. Lord Bath invented this bill, but had drawn it so ill that the Chancellor (Hardwicke) was forced to draw a new one; and then grew so fond of his own creature, that he has crammed it down the throats of both Houses, though they gave many a gulp before they could swallow it.” In his ‘Memoirs of the Reign of George II.,’ Walpole has given a complete history of the progress of this bill, including his own views upon it. It may be interesting at the present day to see what could make such a man so determined an opponent of a bill which in its chief features, as regards the prevention of clandestine marriages, is not only still in force, but so completely acquiesced in as to be unquestioned.

“It was amazing,” he says, “in a country where liberty gives choice, where trade and money confer equality, and where facility of marriage had always produced populousness—it was amazing to see a law promulgated that cramped inclination, that discountenanced matrimony, and that seemed to annex as sacred privileges to birth as could be devised in the proudest, poorest little Italian principality; and as if the artificer had been a Teutonic Margrave, not a little lawyer who had raised himself by his industry from the very lees of the people, and who had matched his own blood with the great house of Kent.‡ The abuse of pre-contracts had occasioned the demand of a remedy; the physician immediately prescribes medicines for every ailment to which the ceremony of marriage was or could be supposed liable. Publication of banns was already an established ordinance, but totally in disuse except amongst the inferior people, who did not blush to obey the law. Persons of quality, who proclaimed every other

\* The eminent statesman Charles James Fox was the offspring of this marriage.

† Conway had married the widow of the Earl of Aylesbury.

‡ It seems Walpole could be as slanderous as anybody when he pleased. Lord Hardwicke's father was an attorney; yet it is certainly the Chancellor to whom he refers, whose son married the daughter of the Earl of Breadalbane, the last representative in the female line of the “great house of Kent.”



step of their conjugation by the most public parade, were ashamed to have the intention of it notified, and were constantly married by special licence. Unsuitable matches, in a country where the passions are not impetuous, and where it is neither easy nor customary to tyrannize over the inclinations of children, were by no means frequent: the most disproportioned alliances, those contracted by age, by dowagers, were without the scope of this Bill. Yet the new Act set out with a falsehood, declaiming against clandestine marriages as if they had been a frequent evil. The greatest abuse were the temporary weddings clapped up in the Fleet, [we began to think the historian had altogether forgotten these,] and by one Keith, who had constructed a very bishopric for revenue in May Fair, by performing that charitable function for a trifling sum, which the poor successors of the Apostles are seldom humble enough to perform out of duty. The new Bill enjoined indispensable publication of banns, yet took away their validity, if parents, nay, if even guardians, signified their dissent where the parties should be under age—a very novel power; but guardians are a limb of Chancery! The Archbishop's (of Canterbury) licence was indeed reserved to him. A more arbitrary spirit was still behind: persons solemnizing marriages without these previous steps were sentenced to transportation, and the marriage was to be effectually null, so close did congenial law clip the wings of the prostrate priesthood. And as if such rigour did not sufficiently describe its fountain and its destination, it was expressly specified, that where a mother or a guardian should be *non compos*, resort might be had to the Chancellor himself for licence. Contracts and pre-contracts, other flowers of ecclesiastical prerogative, were to be totally invalid, and their obligations abolished: and the gentle institution was wound up with the penalty of death for all forgeries in breach of this statute of modern Draco." No consideration of the character and abilities of the writer can prevent one now from smiling at the absurdity of all these invectives against a Bill evidently admirably adapted for curing the evils we have endeavoured to point out, or from feeling something akin to indignation at the gross injustice shown to its author, the great Chancellor Hardwicke, whose very merit, that of probing the mischief to the bottom, and providing a suitable remedy, is here made his crime. But in the House of Commons some of the most distinguished members did not hesitate to give utterance to even wilder opinions upon the necessity or consequence of the measure. "I must look upon this Bill," said Mr. Charles Townshend, "as one of the most cruel enterprises against the fair sex that ever entered into the heart of man; and if I were concerned in promoting it, I should expect to have my eyes torn out by the young women of the first country town I passed through: for against such an enemy I could not surely hope for the protection of the gentlemen of our army." A Captain Saunders gave as his reason for voting against the Bill the case of sailors; which he illustrated by remarking that he had once given forty of his crew leave to go on shore, and the whole returned married! And not sailors only, it was carefully pointed out, would be hindered in their endeavours to obtain the comforts of wedlock, but the whole tribe of sailors, soldiers, waggoners, stage-coachmen, pedlars, &c. &c. Mr. Robert Nugent, who spoke with great energy, humour, and some little indecency, observed, "It is certain that proclamation of banns and a public marriage is against the genius and nature

of our people;" and that "it shocks the modesty of a young girl to have it proclaimed through the parish that she is going to be married; and a young fellow does not like to be exposed so long beforehand to the jeers of all his companions." Now there is so much force in this complaint, that the proposed Bill, by admitting of marriage by licence, to be obtained only at a considerable expense, did expose the poor, *and the poor only*, to whatever unpleasantness might be attached to banns: and we need not add that this inequality remains to the present day. One of the objections that the promoters of the Bill seem to have most dreaded was the prevalent belief in the sanctity of the marriage vow, no matter under what circumstances, legal or otherwise, it had been taken, and this plea was made some use of. Another objection was, that the Bill would increase the facilities for seduction, by giving the seducer an ever-ready excuse of the danger that might accrue to him from an immediate marriage; and certainly there is something in the objection. But the grand mischief that was pointed out was the aristocratic tendency of the whole measure. It was looked on by the opposition generally as initiated by and brought in for the especial benefit of the titled classes, enabling them to close their order, almost hermetically, against the approaches of any less privileged persons as wooers of their children—a kind of new game-law to prevent poaching on their preserves. "I may prophesy," says Mr. Nugent, "that if the Bill passes into a law, no commoner will ever marry a rich heiress unless his father be a minister of state, nor will a peer's eldest son marry the daughter of a commoner unless she be a rich heiress." And what was all this about? Simply because the law obliged both the rich heiress and the peer's son to wait till they were of age, when they might, as before, marry whomsoever they pleased! Upon the whole, the discussions on the Marriage Bill seem to us one of the most striking cases on record of the blinding and mischievous effects of party spirit.

Among the opponents in the House of Commons we must not forget to mention the Right Hon. Henry Fox, a member of the Government, and the same gentleman we have before mentioned as availing himself of the Fleet accommodations. His conduct on the present occasion made him so popular, that the mob took the horses from his carriage as he passed to and from the House, and drew it themselves. In the common sense of the term, it could hardly be said to have been party spirit that made him so inveterate; but his speeches furnish the explanation. In the debates he attacked the Chancellor personally, under a thin veil, with the greatest virulence. Some kind of intimation, it is probable, was given him from a very high quarter, that his remarks had given offence; a circumstance that will explain his half apology on the third reading, and the otherwise mysterious allusions in the Chancellor's terrible retaliation. Walpole thus describes the third reading:—"June 4th. The Marriage Bill was read for the last time. Mr. Charles Townshend again opposed it with as much argument as before with wit. Mr. Fox, with still more wit, ridiculed it for an hour and a half. Notwithstanding the Chancellor's obstinacy in maintaining it, and the care he had bestowed upon it, it was still so incorrect and so rigorous that its very body-guards (the Solicitor and Attorney Generals) had been forced to make or to submit to many amendments: these were inserted in Mr. Fox's copy in red ink: the Solicitor-General, who sat near him as he was speaking, said, 'How



bloody it looks!’ Fox took this with spirit, and said, ‘Yes, but you cannot say I did it: *look what a rent the learned Casca made* (this alluded to the Attorney); *‘through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed’*—Mr. Pelham. However, he finished with earnest declarations ‘of not having designed to abuse the Chancellor,’ and affirming that it was scandalous to pass the bill; but it was passed by 125 votes to 56. On the 6th the bill returned to the Lords, where, after some ineffectual opposition, the Chancellor rose, and after referring to the proper character of the opposition in that House, said, what ‘he had to complain of had passed without those walls, and in another place. That as to the young man (Charles Townshend), youth and parts require beauty and riches, flesh and blood inspire such thoughts, and therefore he excused him; but men of riper years and graver, had opposed; that the first (the Speaker) was a good, well-meaning man, but had been abused by words; that another (Fox), dark, gloomy, insidious genius, who was an engine of personality and faction, had been making connexions, and trying to form a party, but his designs had been seen through and defeated. That in this country you must govern by force or law; it was easy to know that person’s principles, which were, to govern by arbitrary force. That the King speaks through the Seals, and is represented by the Chancellor and the Judges in the courts, where the majesty of the King resides; that such attacks on the Chancellor and the law were flying in the face of the King; that this behaviour was not liked; that it had been taken up with dignity, and that the incendiary had been properly reproved; that this was not the way to popularity or favour, and that he could take upon him to say that person knows so by this time; a beam of light had broken in upon him; [in allusion to Fox’s late disclaimer;] but, concluded he, I despise his servility as much as his adulation and retraction.’ This philippic over, the bill passed.”\* Fox was in Vauxhall Gardens when the particulars of the attack, and the half-hinted threat that he would be turned out of the ministry, reached him; he regretted to those around him that, on account of the close of the Session on the morrow, he could not answer it in a fitting manner.

Out of doors the merits or demerits of the bill had been no less hotly debated. It is tolerably evident the great majority were decidedly opposed to the measure; they had, we presume, become so accustomed to the conveniences of the Fleet, as to have tacitly agreed to overlook its numerous evils. Hand-bills were distributed about the streets both for and against it, and among the pamphleteers who took up the cudgels was Keith himself, who published ‘Observations on the Act for preventing Clandestine Marriages,’ with a portrait of “the Rev. Mr. Keith, D.D.,” prefixed. The whole of his philosophy on the subject of Marriage is in admirable harmony with his life, and may be thus summed up in his own words—“Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing, is an old proverb and a very true one, but we shall have no occasion for it after the 25th day of March, when we are commanded to read it backwards; and from that period (fatal indeed to Old England!) we must date the declension of the numbers of the inhabitants of England.” As we have seen, however, not even Keith’s eloquence prevailed; and he was obliged to content himself with the consolations of his wit, and the independency which he was accumulating during the interval. “I shall

\* Walpole.

only tell you a *bon-mot* of Keith's, the marriage-broker," says Walpole in a letter to George Montague, Esq., "and conclude. D—— the Bishops! said he (I beg Miss Montague's pardon), so they will hinder my marrying. Well, let 'em, but I'll be revenged: I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and by G—— I'll under-bury them all." With regard to the other matter, his independency, we find in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1753, the following paragraph:—"By letters from divers parts we have advice that the reading of the Marriage Act in churches has produced a wonderful effect in the minds of the fair sex. We have been furnished with a catalogue of marriages, of an almost incredible length, and it may not be improper to inform the public that Mr. Keith (against whom the bill was levelled for illegal marriages) is at length so far reconciled to this new law as to confess it a most happy event for supplying him with an independency in a few months; having, in one day, from eight in the morning till eight at night, married 173 couple." The last day of this pleasant state of things was the 24th of March, when nearly 100 couple were married by Keith; and in one of the Fleet registers we find, under the same date, no less than 217 marriages: a fitting conclusion of the Fleet Weddings.



[Right Hon. Henry Fox.]





[Exterior View of the Abbey.]

## LXXX.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

### NO. I.—GENERAL HISTORY.

PERHAPS the highest development of art is that which, in its effect on the mind approaches the nearest to the sublimities of nature. The emotions, for instance, raised on seeing for the first time the sea, that broad expanse of waters which the skies alone seem large enough to encompass, or in gazing once in a lifetime on the hills of the Alps, towering upwards till they are lost in the clouds, and connecting, to the eye of imagination, earth with heaven, are evidently kindred in their nature to the impressions produced on walking under similar novelty of circumstance through the long-drawn aisles of a great cathedral: we have the same sense of wonder, admiration, and awe; the same elevation of spirit above the ordinary level; and the same consciousness how still inadequate are our powers to measure the spiritual heights and depths of the mysterious grandeur before us. And in whatever shape art delights to manifest itself, whether in the poem, the picture, or the oratorio, its loftiest creations may be always tested by the presence and intensity of this power; but to architecture alone is it given to exercise it with almost universal sway. In poetry, painting, and not unfrequently in music, the perception of true sublimity is perhaps, to all but highly instructed minds, the last mental operation of the reader, spectator, or listener; in architecture it is the first. It were absurd to place Prometheus or Lear—the Cartoons or the paintings of the Sistine Chapel—before an uneducated rustic, or, except in peculiar cases, to endeavour to make him appreciate suddenly the music of the Messiah; but take the same man, with no other idea of an abbey than as a something vastly bigger than his own parish church, and place him in the edifice before us, dark indeed must be his soul if, as he looks around, a divine ray does not enter into it; if he feels not, in however imperfect and transitory a manner, the influence of the sublime.

The early history of all these structures bears a strangely harmonious relation to their aspect. What we now look upon almost as miracles of human genius were in the days of their foundation really esteemed as works in or connected with which a higher than human agency was visible; and it is for that very reason perhaps that so little of their glory was attributed to the architects, and that the names of the latter have been allowed—"willingly" for aught that appears—"to die." Their antiquity, again, is so great as to take us back into the period when the boundaries of history and fable were but as yet very imperfectly understood by our historians; although the admitted facts of the former might well have been sufficient to save them from any such additions. The cathedrals of England are the great landmarks of the progress in this country of the grandest scheme of regeneration ever revealed to man; almost every step of which they illustrate. In Canterbury Cathedral you tread upon the foundations of what is maintained by some to be the first Christian church ever erected in this country, whilst the Cathedral itself dates from the time of Augustine, who may be said to have really established Christianity among us; in Worcester you behold the memorial of the extension of the new religion into another of the great kingdoms of the Heptarchy, Mercia, and its reception by the Kings; whilst in Westminster you are reminded of the activity of Dunstan and the period when the different and contentious kingdoms had all been consolidated into one, acknowledging generally the Christian faith.

From the tangled web of fact and fiction which our records of the foundation of Westminster Abbey present, it is hopeless to attempt to learn the simple truth. Sporley, a monk of the Abbey, who lived about 1450, describes it as erected at the period when King Lucius is said to have embraced Christianity, about the year 184. He adds that, in the persecution of the Christians in Britain during the reign of the Roman Emperor Diocletian (about the beginning of the fourth century), the Church was converted into a Temple of Apollo. But John Flete, the monk of the same Abbey of a much earlier date, from whom Sporley is understood to have derived his materials, seems, in the following passage, to refer the erection of the Temple of Apollo to a later era, to the fifth or, perhaps, the sixth century, when the Saxons poured in their hordes upon the devoted islanders. He says, "The British religion and justice decaying sensibly, there landed in all parts of Britain a prodigious number of Pagan Saxons and Angles, who at length overspreading the whole island, and becoming masters of it, they, according to the custom of their country, erected to their idols fanes and altars in several parts of the land, and, overthrowing the Christian churches, drove them from their worship and spread their Pagan rites all around the country. Thus was restored the old abomination wherever the Britons were expelled their place; London worships Diana, and the suburbs of Thorney offer incense to Apollo." Wren, during the rebuilding of St. Paul's, took great pains to investigate the truth of the story as respects that edifice, and ended in being very incredulous concerning both. And as to St. Paul's, his argument, no doubt, is sufficiently forcible, having "changed all the foundations" of the old church, and found no traces of any such temple, whilst satisfied that "the least fragment of cornice or capital would demonstrate their handiwork." But he had not the same opportunity of examining the foundations of Westminster Abbey, and most devoutly it is to be



hoped that no one ever will have, arising, as the opportunity must, from the destruction of the existing edifice. Under these circumstances Wren is hardly justified in taking it for granted that the story of Apollo and the Abbey was merely made up by the monks in rivalry to the traditions of Diana and St. Paul's. The matter is buried in obscurity, and, for any proof that appears, to this hour the foundations of the Pagan shrine may lie below those of the Christian. Flete adds to the statement given, that the temple was overthrown and the purer worship restored by Sebert, with whose name the more undoubted history may be said to commence. Yet even Sebert is so much a matter of question, that, whilst some old writers call him a citizen of London, others say—apparently with truth, from the care taken of his tomb through all the rebuildings—it was Sebert, King of the East Saxons in the beginning of the seventh century, and nephew of Ethelbert. Mellitus was then Bishop of London, and encouraged, if he did not instigate, Sebert to the pious work; which, indeed, has been attributed wholly to him. The place—a “terrible” one, as an old writer calls it—was overrun with thorns, and surrounded by a small branch of the Thames; hence the name Thorney Island. Malcolm, having one day mounted to the top of the northernmost of the two western towers, professes to have been able to trace clearly the old boundaries of the island. Here the Church, or *Minster*, was built, *West* of London, from which circumstance the Abbey and the district now derive their appellation. It was to be dedicated to St. Peter, and the preparations were already made for that august ceremony, when, according to the relation of several writers, whose fidelity we leave our readers to judge of, the Apostle himself appeared on the opposite bank of the Thames, and requested a fisherman to take him over. There he was desired to wait while St. Peter, accompanied with an innumerable host from heaven singing choral hymns, performed the ceremony of dedication to himself; the Church, meanwhile, being lighted up by a supernatural radiance. On the return of St. Peter to the astonished fisherman he quieted the latter's alarm, and announced himself in his proper character; bidding him, at the same time, go to Mellitus at daybreak to inform him of what had passed, and to state that, in corroboration of his story, the Bishop would find marks of the consecration on the walls of the edifice. To satisfy the fisherman he ordered him to cast his nets into the river, and present one of the fish he should take to Mellitus; he also told him that neither he nor his brethren should want fish so long as they presented a tenth to the Church just dedicated; and then suddenly disappeared. The fisherman threw his nets, and, as might have been expected, found a miraculous draught, consisting of the finest salmon. When Mellitus, in pursuance of the Apostle's mandate, went to examine the Church, he found marks of the extinguished tapers and of the chrism. Mellitus in consequence contented himself with the celebration of Mass. We may smile now at such a story; but there is no doubt whatever that for ages it obtained general credibility. Six centuries after a dispute took place between the convent and the parson of Rotherhithe, the former claiming a tenth of all the salmon caught in the latter's parish, on the express ground that St. Peter had given it to them; eventually a compromise was agreed to for a twentieth. Still later, or towards the close of the fourteenth century, it appears fishermen were accustomed to bring salmon to be offered on the high altar, the donor on such occasion having

the privilege of sitting at the convent table to dinner, and demanding ale and bread from the cellarer.

From the time of Sebert to that of the Confessor the history of the Abbey continues still uncertain. There are in existence certain charters which, could they be depended upon, would give us all the information we could reasonably desire. And, although the best authorities seem to think they are not to be so depended upon, yet their arguments apply rather to the property concerned than to any mere historical facts. For when these ingenious monks took the bold step of forging such important documents, supposing them to have done so, they would assuredly take care to be as precise as it was possible to the known incidents connected with the history of their house, and of course they were in possession of the best information. The first of the charters is one granted by King Edgar, 951, directing the reformation of the monastery by Dunstan, which had been previously destroyed or greatly injured by the Danes, and confirming privileges said to have been granted by King Offa, who, after the decay of the church consequent on the death of Sebert, and the partial relapse of the people into heathenism under the rule of his sons, had, says Sulcardus, restored and enlarged the church, collected a parcel of monks, and, having a great reverence for St. Peter, honoured it by depositing there the coronation robes and regalia. Another charter by Edgar, one of the most splendid of supposed Saxon MSS., among a variety of other particulars agreeing with the account we have given, ascribes Sebert's foundation to the year 604. This, and a charter by Dunstan, are preserved among the archives of the Abbey. Dunstan's charter names Alfred among the benefactors to Westminster. According to William of Malmesbury and another writer, the church having at this period been restored, Dunstan brought hither twelve (Benedictine) monks, and made one of his favourites, Wulsinus, a man whom he is said to have shorn a monk with his own hands, Abbot.

Still the Abbey-church and buildings were but small, and comparatively unworthy of the distinguished honour which St. Peter had so condescendingly conferred; and the monks no doubt pondered over the means by which a more magnificent structure might be obtained. An opportunity at last offered in the reign of the Confessor. Whilst Edward was in exile during the Danish usurpation, he vowed a pilgrimage to Rome, if God should please to restore him to his crown. He was restored; and then, mindful of his vow, assembled his principal nobility soon after his coronation, and declared his purpose. By them he was persuaded, however, to send an embassy to Rome to procure absolution from the vow. The embassy was successful; and the Pope merely enjoined that the King should spend the sums intended for his journey in the foundation or reparation of some religious house dedicated to St. Peter. It was precisely at the time these particulars got abroad that a monk of Westminster Abbey, named Wulsine, a man of great simplicity of manners and sanctity, had a remarkable dream. Whilst asleep one day, St. Peter appeared to him, to bid him acquaint the King that he should restore his (Wulsine's) church: and, with that noticeable minuteness which characterises unfortunately only those stories of our early times which we are most disposed to doubt, we have the very words of the Apostle recorded:—"There is," said he, "a place of mine in the west part of



London, which I chose, and love, and which I formerly consecrated with my own hands, honoured with my presence, and made illustrious by my miracles. The name of the place is Thorney; which, having, for the sins of the people, been given to the power of the barbarians, from rich is become poor, from stately low, and from honourable is made despicable. This let the King, by my command, restore and make a dwelling of monks, stately build, and amply endow: it shall be no less than the house of God and the gates of Heaven."\* The dream was no doubt just the thing for the credulous monarch, who might have been otherwise puzzled where to bestow his benefactions, and he immediately commenced his task in an earnest and magnificent spirit. Instead of confining himself to the expenditure enjoined, he ordered a tenth part of his property of every kind to be set apart for the new abbey; he enlarged the number of monks; a new and no doubt grander style of architecture was adopted—Matthew Paris says it was built *novo compositionis genere*; and, when the whole was finished, bestowed on it a set of relics which were alone sufficient in the eleventh century to make the fortune of any monastery, and which must have rendered Westminster the envy of most of the other religious houses of Britain. They comprised, says Dart, in his history of the Abbey, "part of the place and manger where Christ was born, and also of the frankincense offered to him by the Eastern Magi; of the table of our Lord; of the bread which he blessed; of the seat where he was presented in the Temple; of the wilderness where he fasted; of the gaol where he was imprisoned; of his undivided garment; of the sponge, lance, and scourge with which he was tortured; of the sepulchre, and cloth that bound his head;"†—and so on, through not only Christ's own history, but, in a lesser degree, through that of his mother, his apostles, and the most famous abbots and saints. Of the Confessor's building we have fortunately an interesting and perfect remain in the Pix Office and the adjoining parts against the east cloister and the south transept. As we may here perceive, the architecture is grand in its chief features, but strikingly plain in details, with the exception of the capitals, which are handsomely sculptured. The original edifice was built in the form of a cross, with a high central tower. When the work was finished, Edward designed its consecration under circumstances of unusual splendour. He summoned all his chief nobility and clergy to be present: but, before the time appointed, he fell ill on the evening of Christmas-day. By this time his heart was greatly set upon putting the seal to his goodly work in the manner he had designed; so he hastened his preparations; but on the day appointed, the Festival of the Innocents, he was unable to leave his chamber, consequently Queen Editha presided at the ceremony. He died almost immediately after, and was buried in the church.

From the death of the Confessor to the reign of Henry III. the history of the Abbey is chiefly confined to the lives and characters of its Abbots, of whom our space will allow us to mention only the most noticeable, and those briefly. Ger vase de Blois, a natural son of King Stephen, who had well-nigh ruined the Monastery by his mal-administration, was Abbot from 1140 to 1160, and was succeeded by Laurentius, who, to a great extent, repaired the mischiefs of De

\* Translation from Ailred of Riveaulx, in Neale's 'Westminster Abbey.'

† Dart's 'Westmonasterium.'



[Remains of the Confessor's Building—(Pix Office).]

Blois' abbacy, and who obtained the canonization of King Edward. He also obtained, what seems to have been a great object of ambition with the Abbots of his period, permission from the Pope to wear the mitre,\* ring, and gloves, which the bishops considered especially the insignia of their superior authority, but died before he could enjoy the coveted honour. His successor, Walter, obtained the additional privilege of using the dalmatica, tunic, and sandals, and was about to exercise his privilege for the first time in a Synod, when the Pope's Nuncio, then in the Abbey, where he thought he had not been received with sufficient respect, interdicted him. Walter's abbacy is remarkable for a curious and somewhat unseemly quarrel that took place in the Abbey, at the sitting of a Synod in 1176. Holinshed writes—"About Mid-Lent the King with his son and the Legate came to London, where, at Westminster, a Convocation of the Clergy was called; but when the Legate was set, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on his right hand as Primate of the realm, the Archbishop of York, coming in, and disdaining to sit on the left, where he might seem to give pre-eminence unto the Archbishop of Canterbury (unmannerly enough, indeed), swasht him down, meaning to thrust himself in betwixt the Legate and the Archbishop of Canterbury. And when belike the said Archbishop of Canterbury was loth to

\* Which subsequently entitled the abbots to sit in parliament,



remove, he set himself\* just in his lap; but he scarcely touched the Archbishop's skirt, when the Bishops and other Chaplains, with their servants, stept to him, pulled him away, and threw him to the ground; and, beginning to lay on him with bats and fists, the Archbishop of Canterbury, yielding good for evil, sought to save him from their hands. Thus was verified in him that sage sentence, *Nunquam periclam sine periculo vincitur*. The Archbishop of York, with his rent rochet, got up, and away he went to the King with a great complaint against the Archbishop of Canterbury. But when, upon examination of the matter, the truth was known, he was well laughed at for his labour, and that was all the remedy he got. As he departed so bebuffeted forth of the Convocation-house towards the King, they cried upon him, 'Go, traitor; thou diddest betray that holy man, Thomas: go, get thee hence; thy hands yet stink of blood!' " To what particular act of the Archbishop of York against his old enemy, Becket, the monks here allude, we know not; but the malignity of his feelings toward him is evident from various circumstances—among the rest, his notice of the murder. When the news reached him, he ascended the pulpit and announced it to the congregation as an act of Divine vengeance, saying Becket had perished in his guilt and pride like Pharaoh.

We now reach the reign of the King to whom we are indebted for the greater portion of the existing Cathedral, Henry III. From a boy he seems to have been interested in the place; for whilst yet but thirteen years old we find him called the Founder of the Lady Chapel (on the site of the present Henry VII.'s Chapel), and the first stone of which he laid on Whitsun Eve, 1221, in the abbacy of Humez. Twenty-five years afterwards Henry commenced more extensive works; he pulled down, according to Matthew Paris, the east end, the tower, and the transept, in order that they might be rebuilt in a more magnificent



[One of the early Abbots of Westminster, from the Cloisters.]

\* We have taken the liberty here to alter plain-speaking Holinshed's phrase.

style. The lightness, beauty, and variety, as well as the grandeur, of pointed architecture, recently introduced, was now to be exchanged for the comparatively cumbrous and simple impressiveness of the Anglo-Norman edifice. Crokesley, at first an Archdeacon only, was made one of the Treasurers, and, probably from his zeal in the prosecution of the King's object, Abbot, on the death of Berking, in 1246. During his abbacy great progress was made. The King, among other benefactions, gave, in 1246, 2591*l.* due from the widow of one David of Oxford, a Jew; and in 1254 the Barons of the Exchequer were directed to pay annually 3000 marks. Rich ornaments also were made by his own goldsmith for the use of the Church. In the twenty-eighth year of his reign he directed Fitz Odo to make a "dragon, in manner of a standard or ensign of red samit, to be embroidered with gold, and his tongue to appear as continually moving, and his eyes of sapphires, or other stones agreeable to him, to be placed in the Church against the King's coming thither." Two years later the Keeper of the Exchequer is ordered to "buy as precious a mitre as could be found in the City of London for the Abbot of Westminster's use; and also one great crown of silver to set wax candles upon in the said Church." In addition to his own direct assistance, and the assistance of his nobles, impelled by his example, the King, no doubt at the suggestion of the Monastery, adopted a curious mode of stimulating the popular excitement on the subject, and we should suppose with the most satisfactory results. In 1247, on St. Edward's Day, he set out with his nobles in splendid procession towards St. Paul's, where he received the precious relique which had been sent for him from Jerusalem by the Masters of the Temple and the Hospitallers, and which he munificently designed to deposit in the Abbey of Westminster: this was no less than a portion of the blood which issued from Christ's wounds at the Crucifixion. It was deposited in a crystal-line lens, which Henry himself bore under a canopy, supported with four staves, through the streets of London, from St. Paul's to the Abbey. His arms were supported by two nobles all the way. Holinshed says, that to "describe the whole course and order of the procession and feast kept that day would require a special treatise; but this is not to be forgotten, that the same day the Bishop of Norwich preached before the King in commendation of that relic, pronouncing six years and one hundred and sixteen days of pardon granted by the bishops there to all that came to reverence it." We need hardly add that those who did come were seldom empty-handed. To give still greater distinction to the ceremony, Henry, the same day, knighted his half-brother, William de Valence, and "divers other young bachelors." This was one mode, and, if he had faith in the essentials of the act performed, it was as cheap and efficacious as it was unobjectionable. But we cannot say so of his next act of beneficence to the Abbey. In 1248 he granted, evidently with the same object, a fair of a very extraordinary kind to the Abbot, to be held at Tut or Tot Hill, at St. Edward's tide, when all other fairs were ordered to be closed, and not only them but all the shops of London, during the several days of its continuance. The object was to draw the entire trade of London to the spot for the time; and although the citizens and merchants were much inconvenienced, the fair succeeded so well as to be repeated in 1252; "which thing, by reason of the foul weather chancing at that time, was very grievous unto them (the citizens); albeit there was such



repair of people thither, that London had not been fuller to the judgment of old ancient men never at any time in their days to their remembrance." By all these different methods, a sum of nearly 30,000*l.*—an enormous sum, if reckoned its present value—was raised, and applied to the rebuilding of the Abbey, in about fifteen years: when it was still unfinished.

The quarrels between Abbot Crokesley and the King during the latter part of the abbacy probably retarded the progress of the work. Crokesley appears to have first lost Henry's favour through a somewhat paltry act, the endeavouring to set aside an agreement made by the late Abbot to enlarge the allowance of the monks. In the course of the dispute Crokesley threatened to appeal to the Pope, whilst Henry, on his part, declared the goods of the convent to be separate from those of the Abbot, and actually caused proclamation to be made that no person should lend the Abbot money, nor take his note or seal for security. They gradually, however, became again friendly, and, in 1258, Crokesley set an example to the other religious houses of England, which, by the bye, they declined following, of assisting Henry in his struggles with De Montfort and the barons by entering into an obligation for 2500 marks. Crokesley died in 1258, and was succeeded by Philip de Lewesham, a man of such gross and corpulent body that he declined the abbacy rather than go to Rome, as usual, for confirmation, till the monks promised to send a deputation to get him excused. The deputation was sent, was successful, and returned to find the object of its labours dead. He was succeeded by Ware, who brought from Rome the materials of the beautiful mosaic pavement which lies before the altar in the choir of the Abbey. During his abbacy Henry was constrained to seek a peculiar kind of assistance from the edifice he had so enriched. Two years after the battle of Evesham, when the Earl of Gloucester seemed inclined to play by himself the game which he had helped to spoil in De Montfort's hands, the King borrowed the shrines and other jewels and relics of the Abbey, and pledged them to certain merchants. It was a dangerous act. But the King, who had so often broken faith in political matters, even when the Church had strengthened the engagement by the performance of the most solemn and awful rites, kept faith with the Church itself, and honestly redeemed and replaced the treasure.

It may be useful to see with precision how far the Abbey had now advanced, which we may easily do by an examination of the building. It will then appear that Henry erected the chapel of the Confessor, which forms the rounded end of the choir, and is properly the apsis of the building, the four chapels in the ambulatory which encompasses the latter, the choir to a spot near Newton's monument, the transepts, and probably the Chapter-house. In the reign of Edward I. a portion of the nave was completed. Edward was too busy with his Welsh and Scottish wars, we suppose, to accomplish more, though he exhibited his favour to the Abbey in a marked manner by bringing hither the most precious spoils of his warfare. In 1285, during the abbacy of Wenlock, he gave a large piece of our Saviour's cross which he had met with in Wales; and in 1296, or in 1297 as Stow has it, he offered at St. Edward's shrine the chair, containing the famous stone, sceptre, and crown of gold, of the Scottish sovereigns, which he had brought from the Abbey of Scone. In this reign two events disturbed the even tenor of the monastic life: a fire, which destroyed some of the domestic buildings,



[Front of the Northern Transept.]

in 1298, and the robbery of the King's treasure deposited in the cloisters in the care of the convent in 1303, when the Abbot and forty-eight monks were sent to the Tower, where some of them were kept for two years. In 1349 Simon Langham was elected Abbot—a man who must not be passed without brief mention. Raised by merit alone from a mean station, he enjoyed the highest honours of the State as well as of the Church; in connection with the one having held the offices of Lord Treasurer and Lord Chancellor, and with the other those of Prior and Abbot of Westminster, Bishop of London, and lastly Archbishop of Canterbury. He it was who, when Wickliff was made head of Canterbury Hall in Oxford, removed him, that the institution might be made a college of monks, and thus, it is supposed, gave the energy of personal feeling to the great Church Reformer's inquiries into religious abuses. Langham was an excellent Abbot, for he paid debts contracted by his predecessors to the amount of 2200 marks from his own purse, and in other ways so contributed to the wants and revenues of the convent, that the entire amount of his benefactions was estimated at 9,000*l.* or 10,000*l.* Part of this, we presume, was expended in carrying forward the building of the Abbey, which, in the time of his successor Litlington, received large additions; as the famous Jerusalem Chamber, the Hall of the Abbey (where now dine the boys of the Westminster School), and the Abbot's house; whilst the south and



the west sides of the great cloister were finished. The riches of the interior were also increased by this Abbot, who added many ornaments of plate and furniture. Litlington's abbacy, however, is chiefly memorable for an incident that occurred in it of no ordinary interest connected with the privilege of sanctuary,\* which is supposed to have been granted by Edward the Confessor, in one of whose disputed charters the grant is found. The story is one of those romances of history which fortunately has not yet been disputed, partly perhaps from the careless way in which later writers (Pennant for instance) have mentioned it, omitting the most interesting features.

At the battle of Najara, during the campaign of the Black Prince in Spain, two of Sir John Chandos's squires, Frank de Haule and John Schakell, had the good fortune to take prisoner a Spanish nobleman of distinction, the "Count of Denia," who, according to the custom of the time, was awarded to them as their rightful prize by Sir John Chandos and the Prince himself. They took the Count to England, who, whilst there, being greatly desirous to return to Spain in order to collect the ransom-money demanded, was allowed to do so on his placing his eldest son in their hands. Either the Count forgot his son or was unable to raise the money, for years passed without news of him, and then he was dead. About this period the Duke of Lancaster was promoting, by all the means in his power, his claim to the throne of Castile, and, knowing these two squires held prisoner the Count's son, now the Count, induced the King, Richard II., and his council, to demand him from them; expecting, no doubt, to make important use of him in the advancement of his objects. The squires refused to give him up unless the ransom to which they were justly entitled was paid; and, as the prisoner could not be found, Haule and Schakell were committed to the Tower. From thence they escaped and took sanctuary at Westminster. Determined not to be baffled, John of Gaunt ordered the Constable of the Tower, Sir Alan Boxhull, and one Sir Ralph Ferrers, to pursue them with a band of armed men even into the sacred enclosure. At first they endeavoured to get them into their power by fair promises, and, with regard to Schakell, "used the matter so with him that they drew him forth" and sent him once more to his prison. Haule, however, refused to listen, and would not allow them to come within reach. They then prepared for force, when the brave but devoted squire drew a short sword from his side and kept his enemies at bay, with great address and spirit, even whilst they drove him twice round the choir. At last they got round him, and one of the assailants clove his head by a tremendous blow from behind, when the completion of the murder was easy. At the same time they slew one of the monks who interfered. All this took place in the midst of the performance of high mass. The prisoner, however, was still concealed in spite of all the efforts made to discover the place of his confinement; and partly, perhaps, from that circumstance, and partly from the odium attached to the affair by the violation of sanctuary, the Court eventually agreed to pay Schakell, for his prisoner's ransom, 500 marks in ready money and 100 annually for his life. We give the conclusion in the words of Holinshed: "This is to be noted as very strange and wonderful, that when he should bring forth his prisoner, and deliver him to the King, it was known to be the *very groom that had served him all the time of his trouble as an hired servant,*

\* For an engraving of the Sanctuary Church, a separate building near the Abbey, see vol. iii. p. 9 of this work.

in prison and out of prison, and in danger of life when his other master was murdered. Whereas, if he would have uttered himself, he might have been entertained in such honourable state as for a prisoner of his degree had been requisite; so that the faithful love and assured constancy in this noble gentleman was highly commended and praised, and no less marvelled at of all men." The church was closed for four months in consequence of this profanation, and the subject brought by Litlington before Parliament, which granted a new confirmation of its privilege. Boxhull and Ferrers had to pay each a fine.

We have dwelt somewhat upon the early history of the Abbey, not only because it is the portion the most interesting, but more particularly on account of that harmonious connexion before alluded to which exists between it and the structure. Look at the cathedrals of England, and at the simplicity and comparative inefficiency of the mechanical aids at the disposal of their builders, and then, on the other hand, at our best modern churches, erected under circumstances admitting of every conceivable mechanical advantage; what is the meaning of the melancholy contrast presented? The answer will be found in our previous pages. It is not that we are poorer, or that we want apprehension of architectural grandeur, least of all that our faith is less pure than that of our forefathers; it is that we have less faith in our faith: we are, it must be confessed, more worldly. The miracles, and relics, and processions, and offerings, and privileges, that form so considerable a portion of the early records of Westminster Abbey, are no doubt absurd enough to the eye of reason; but it were still more foolish to think of them as evidences of the credulity only of our ancestors. When the artisan came and offered his day's labour once or twice in every week without remuneration, and his wife parted gladly with her solitary trinket; when the farmer gave his corn and the merchant his rich stuffs; when the noble felled his ancestral oaks, and the King decimated his possessions; when, in short, persons of all classes aided, each in the best way he could, the establishment of the new abbey or minster, and bishops might be seen in the position of the hewers of wood and drawers of water—circumstances all of more or less frequent occurrence in the history of such houses,—was it the mere vague sense of wonder and profitless admiration of miracles, relics, and processions, which moved the universal heart?—or was it not the fervour and entire devotion of men's spirits unto God, of which credulity was then but a natural, indeed inevitable, accompaniment?—Religion in the middle ages was of "imagination all compact;" and, although such a state of things could not, ought not to be permanent, we are experiencing the truth of *his* remark who overthrew it. As Luther propped us on the one side, we have fallen on the other: when shall we obtain the true balance and elevation? We must now pursue more rapidly our narration.

Litlington was succeeded by Colchester, during whose abbacy, which extended through the reigns of Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry V., steady progress was kept up with the west end of the church, as also during the subsequent abbacies of Harweden, Estney, in whose time the roof of the nave and the great west window were completed, and Islip, in whose abbacy the works stopped, on the completion of Henry VII.'s Chapel (the history of which will be noticed elsewhere), although the main and west towers were still unbuilt. The latter Wren supplied in a manner that, to say the least of it, does not add to his reputation;





[Abbot Colchester, from his Tomb in the Chapel of St. John the Baptist.]

the former is wanting to this hour: its square base, just appearing above the body of the building at the intersection of the transepts, provoking an unsatisfactory inquiry. Two highly-interesting incidents mark the history of the Abbey during the rule of Estney and his predecessor, Milling. On the reverse of Edward IV. in 1470, his Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, took shelter in the Sanctuary, where, "in great penury, forsaken of all her friends," she gave birth to the unfortunate Edward V. Here, again, on her husband's final success, she received him in all the flush of victory, and presented the child for the first time to his father's arms; and here, lastly, when Edward was dead, took place those melancholy scenes in which the Protector Gloucester endeavoured, and successfully at last, to induce her to give up her children to his care. On one of these occasions More describes her as sitting "alow on the rushes" in her grief, to receive the embassy. The other incident to which we allude is the residence in some part of the Abbey—Stow says in the Chapel of St. Ann's, which was pulled down during the erection of Henry VII.'s building—of the great printer, Caxton, who established here the first English printing-press during the time of Abbot Estney. In his 'Chronicles of England' we read as the place of its production "th' Abbey of Westmynstre." He subsequently moved into the Almonry, that nest of vice, disease, and filth, still allowed to exist close to the chief place of national worship; and an interesting advertisement of his for the sale of some type "good cheap" is still preserved, dated from the "reed pale" there. Bagford says he also had a place in King Street adjoining.

At the Reformation Benson was Abbot, a man who will be remembered for his remark to Sir T. More, if for nothing else. The great Chancellor was placed, for a short time, in his custody, when Benson endeavoured to turn him from his

purpose of preserving a pure conscience, by showing that he must be in error, since the Council of the realm had so determined. This little revelation of the Abbot's mind may explain the favour shown to the Abbey at the period so dangerous to all such institutions. The Abbey was changed into a Cathedral, with a Bishop Dean, and twelve Prebendaries, and a revenue of at least 586*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*,\* the old revenues amounting to 3977*l.* 6*s.* 4½*d.* according to one authority, or 3471*l.* 0*s.* 2½*d.* according to another. Benson, the late Abbot, was made Dean, the Prior and five other monks prebendaries, four more brethren became minor canons, four King's students in the universities, and the remainder were dismissed with pensions. Thirlby received the bishopric, which, however, he resigned in 1550, when it was suppressed, and the Cathedral, the following year, was included within the diocese of London.† We have not yet done with the settings-up and pullings-down of the old religion at Westminster. On Mary's accession the Abbey was restored, with Feckenham at its head, who set to work with great zeal in his new vocation. He repaired the shrine of the Confessor, provided a paschal candle, weighing three hundred pounds, which was made with great solemnity in the presence of the master and warden of the Wax-chandlers' Company; he asserted the right of sanctuary, and made the processions as magnificent as ever. It was but for a brief period. Mary died, and Elizabeth restored in effect the Cathedral foundation of her father, with the exception of the bishopric. William Bill was the new Dean. Among his successors have been Lancelot Andrews; Williams, who took so active, and to the court unpalatable, a part in the great Revolution, during which time the Abbey was several times attacked by the mob, and considerable injury done; Atterbury, the literary friend of Pope, and who was so deeply implicated in the conspiracies against George I., and in consequence deprived of his dignities and banished; Pearce, Horsley, &c.

Having devoted the present number of our publication to what we may call the General History of the Abbey, we propose to devote four others, immediately following, to the Coronations and the Burials of our Monarchs, and to the Tombs of our great men generally; in the course of which we shall have ample opportunities of noticing the chief internal features of the edifice, as well as the more remarkable events, not already mentioned, which have taken place within its walls, and which are more fitly deferred to such occasions. In the mean time let us take a short walk round the Abbey.

As we approach from Parliament Street, the exquisitely beautiful and most elaborately panelled and pinnacled architecture of the rounded end of Henry VII.'s Chapel meets the eye over the long line of St. Margaret's Church; into the burial-ground of which we step, in order to pass along the northern side of the Abbey. About the centre we pause to gaze on the blackened exterior of the front of the north transept,‡ in which, however, many of the most delicate beauties of the sculpture, as well as all the bolder outlines of the tracery and the mouldings, are distinctly and happily marked by the light colour of the project-

\* Widmore's 'History of the Abbey:' Strype says 804*l.*

† In the arrangements that now ensued, some portion of the property of the Abbey (St. Peter's) passed to St. Paul's: whence the popular remark—robbing Peter to pay Paul.

‡ See page 74.



ing edges. Time was when this front had its "statues of the twelve Apostles at full length, with a vast number of other saints and martyrs, intermixed with intaglios, devices, and abundance of fretwork," and when it was called for its extreme beauty "Solomon's Porch;" and now, even injured as it is, the whole forms a rich and beautiful façade. The rose window, thirty-two feet in diameter, was rebuilt in 1722. Beyond the transept the new appearance of a part of the exterior of the nave shows how extensive have been the reparations of recent years; and we may add the remainder shows how necessary it is to go on. As we pass round the corner towards the west front, one can hardly resist the fancy that Wren, seeing how badly the Abbey needed its deficient towers, had taken a couple from some of his City churches, and placed them here. And who could for a moment mistake the ornaments of the clock for a part of a genuine Gothic structure? At the right-hand corner of the western front, half concealing the beautiful decorations of its lower part, is the plain-looking exterior of the Jerusalem Chamber, forming, with the Hall, Dean's house, &c., a square, partly resting against the nave on the southern side of the Abbey, partly projecting beyond it. Passing along the exterior of these buildings a gateway leads into the Dean's Yard, a large quadrangle, where the modern houses contrast strangely with the ancient ones, lower portions with upper, large windows with green blinds and small rude ones scarce big enough to put one's head through, painted wooden doorways and arches so old and decayed one scarcely even ventures to guess how old they may be. From the Dean's Yard we can again approach the Abbey, the doorway in the corner at the end of the pavement on our left opening into a vaulted passage leading directly to the cloisters. From the grassy area of the latter you obtain a view, and we believe the only one, of the south transept, or rather of its upper portion. Passing along the south cloister, where the wall on your right is also the wall of the ancient refectory, to which the first doorway led, at the end you have on the right a low vaulted passage, which is considered a part of the Confessor's building, and where, in a small square called the Little Cloisters, stood the Chapel of St. Katherine, in which took place the scene between the Archbishops of York and Canterbury so dramatically described by Holinshed, and on the left the East Cloister, with the low and well-barred door leading into the chamber of the Pyx, and the exquisitely beautiful entrance to the Chapter-house. To this building, now used for the custody of records, we might devote more pages than we have words to spare, so sumptuous are its architecture and its decorations. The pavement, with its coloured tiles in heraldic and other devices, and the wall almost covered apparently with paintings, deserve closest investigation. It is also rich in its curiosities; many of the ancient grants and documents belonging to the Abbey are preserved here; the large gold seal appended to the treaty between Henry VIII. and Francis is interesting not only for its associations, but for its intrinsic merit. The sculptor was no less than Cellini. The Chapter-house stands at the north-east angle of the Abbey, and is the large octagonal structure with flying buttresses seen on the left in approaching the door leading to Poets' Corner. The building, which has recently undergone a thorough restoration, had been for many years in a sadly ruinous condition; indeed, it was the most melancholy-looking part of the Abbey. The magnificent windows had been

for many years bricked and plastered up, two or three smaller ones being formed instead in the hideous walls which filled them, and the dilapidated, neglected aspect of the whole was truly humiliating. The brickwork, however, has now been cleared away, under the auspices of Dean Stanley, and the broad arched windows are now seen in all their beauty.



[Interior of the Abbey, 1841.]





[The Coronation Chair.]

## LXXXI.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

### NO. II.—THE CORONATION CHAIR.

IN accompanying a group of visitors to the Abbey, along the usual route of inspection, one may easily see where lies the chief object of attraction. Not in Poets' Corner,—that they have had plenty of time to examine previously ;—not in the antique-looking chapels, with their interesting tombs, of the Ambulatory ;—not even in the “world's wonder,” Henry VII.'s Chapel, for the very extent and multiplicity of its attractions render any attempt to investigate them during the brief period allowed ridiculous ;—no ; but as we are whirled along from object to object, the victims apparently of some resistless destiny, in the shape of a guide which allows us nowhere to rest, and the mind, at first active, eager, and enthusiastic, endeavouring to understand and appreciate all, has at last ceased to trouble itself about any, and left the enjoyment, such as it is, to the eye, we are suddenly roused by the sight of one object, the Coronation Chair! We are at

once rebellious to our guide, or would be, but that he, with true statesmanlike craft, knows where to yield as well as where to resist: here he even submits to pause while questions are asked and answered, old memories revived, historical facts and fictions canvassed to and fro—till, in short, we achieve in this single instance the object we came for with respect to the entire Abbey. And the few and the many are alike interested: whilst the last have visions of the most gorgeous pomp and dazzling splendour rise before them in connexion with the coronation ceremony, the first are insensibly led to reflect on the varied character and influences of the many different sovereigns who have, in this place, and seated in that chair, had the mighty English sceptre intrusted to their hands. The very contrasts between one occupant and the next, through the greater part of the history of our kings, taken in connexion with their effects on the national destinies, would furnish matter for a goodly kind of biographical history, a book that should be more interesting than ninety-nine out of every hundred works of fiction. Recall but a few of these contrasts: the great warrior and greater statesman, Edward I., and the contemptible, favourite-ridden Edward II.; the conqueror of Cressy, with French and English sovereigns prisoners at his court, and the conquered, without a battle, of Bolingbroke, acknowledging allegiance to his born subject; the pitiful Henry VI. and the pitiless Richard III.; the crafty, but not cruel, Henry VII., and the cruel but scarcely crafty Henry VIII.; the gentle Edward and the bigoted Mary; the masculine-minded Elizabeth, and the effeminate-minded James; the gay irreligious Charles, and his gloomily pious brother: one could really fancy, as we look over the list of sovereigns, that there has been but one principle upon which they have been agreed, and that is, that each of them would be as little as possible like his or her immediate predecessor. If the history of the chair extended no further back than to the first of these monarchs, Edward I., who placed it here, it would be difficult to find another object so utterly uninteresting in itself, which should be so interesting from its associations; but in its history, or at least in that of the stone beneath its seat, Edward I. appears almost a modern. Without pinning our faith upon the traditions which our forefathers found it not at all difficult to believe in—traditions which make this stone the very one that Jacob laid his head upon the memorable night of his dream—or without absolutely admitting with one story, that this is “the fatal marble chair” which Gathelus, son to Cecrops, King of Athens, carried from Egypt into Spain, and which then found its way to Ireland during a Spanish invasion under Simon Brek, son of King Milo; or with another, told by some of the Irish historians, that it was brought into Ireland by a colony of Scythians, and had the property of issuing sounds resembling thunder whenever any of the royal Scythian race seated themselves upon it for inauguration, and that he only was crowned king under whom the stone groaned and spake—without admitting these difficult matters, we may acknowledge the possibility of its having been brought from Ireland to Scotland by Fergus, the first king of the latter country, and his coronation upon it some 330 years before Christ, and the certainty that from a very early period it was used in the coronation of the Scottish kings at Dunstaffnage and Scone. It was carried to Scone by Kenneth II. when he united the territories of the Picts and the Scots in the ninth century, where it remained till the thirteenth. After the weak attempt by or for



Baliol to throw off the English yoke in 1296, Edward poured once more upon the devoted territories an irresistible army of English soldiers, and so overawed the Scottish nobles by the decision and rapidity of his movements, that his progress became rather a triumph than a campaign; the entire country submitting almost without a second blow after the sanguinary defeat by Earl Warenne. It was at this period Edward committed the worst outrage perhaps it was in his power to commit on the feelings and hopes of the people of the country in the removal of the famous stone, which was strongly connected by superstitious ties with the idea of national independence; it then bore, according to Fordun, the Scottish chronicler, an inscription in Latin to the following effect:—

Except old saws do fail,  
And wizards' wits be blind,  
The Scots in place must reign  
Where they this stone shall find.

In consequence of this belief the Scotch became apparently quite as anxious for the restoration of their stone as for that of their King; indeed between the two, Baliol and the stone, we question whether they would not have willingly sacrificed the former to secure the latter. And when they were again ruled by a Scottish monarch, they did not relax in their exertions to obtain for him the true kingly seat. Special clauses were proposed in treaties, nay, a special conference was on one occasion held between the two Kings, Edward III. and David I., and ultimately mandates issued for its restoration. Some antiquarian misbelievers will have it that the stone was in consequence returned, and that the one before us is an imposture: a piece of gratuitous misgiving which our readers need feel no anxiety about, implying, as it does, imposture without object on the part of the reigning monarch, against the dignity of his own successors; and also that the Scots, when they got it back, were kind enough to destroy it, in order to keep up the respectability of our counterfeit. Failing to recover it, the people of the sister country appear to have very wisely changed or modified their views, and began to regard the prophecy as an earnest that *their* kings would reign over *us*: the accession of James I., though not exactly the kind of event anticipated by the national vanity, was still quite sufficient to establish for ever the prophetic reputation of their favourite "stone of destiny." We need not describe the general features of the chair, as they are shown in the engraving; but we may observe that the wood is very hard and solid, that the back and sides were formerly painted in various colours, and gilt, and that the stone is a kind of rough-looking sandstone, measuring twenty-six inches in length, sixteen inches and three quarters in breadth, and ten and a-half in thickness.

Our earliest records on the subject of coronations refer to the tenth century, when we find the Saxon Kings were generally crowned at Kingston-upon-Thames. Edgar was either crowned at Kingston or at Bath; the Confessor was crowned at Winchester: from that time the Abbey at Westminster has been the established place for the performance of the ceremony. From Edward's third charter to the Abbey, dated 1066, it appears that the King had expressly applied on the subject to Pope Nicholas, whose answer is inserted in the form of a rescript, making Westminster Abbey the future place of inauguration. Edward's successors, Harold and the conqueror of Harold, had strong motives to make them respect

this arrangement, each claiming a right to the throne on the strength of a professed declaration of Edward's in his favour, and which, in the Conqueror's case, was his only right. A curious picture of Harold's coronation is given in the Bayeux tapestry (here engraved), from which it appears that neither the story



[Harold's Coronation.]

of the King being crowned by Aldred, Archbishop of York, during the suspension of Stigand in consequence of a quarrel with the court of Rome, nor that of Harold having with his own hands put on the "golden round" in the absence of Stigand, are true; for there is Stigand duly labelled to prevent mistakes. Harold did not long enjoy his honours, and Stigand was again called upon to officiate at the Norman's coronation, but, according to William of Newbury, manfully refused to crown one who was "covered with the blood of men, and the invader of others' rights." Aldred was accordingly nominated. What a day must that have been for our forefathers to behold, when foreign soldiers were seen lining every part of the metropolis with a double row of horse and foot, and a foreign prince rode through them, attended by bands of foreign nobles, to the new church erected by the Confessor! Nor would their feelings be appeased by the consideration that there were men of their own blood ready to take part in the ceremony. On William's entering the church, with his train of warrior chieftains, 260 in number, a host of priests and monks, and a considerable body of recreant English, Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances, asked the Normans if they were willing to have the Duke crowned as King of England, and Aldred put a similar question to the English; of course the questions were answered by tumultuous acclamation. What follows shows the jealous, almost feverish anxiety of the Normans in the midst of the Saxon population. The Norman horsemen outside hearing the noise fancied it was the cry of alarm of their friends within, and in their agitation rushed to the neighbouring houses and set fire to



them. Others ran into the church, where they created the alarm they fancied to exist; for those within then noticed the glare of the burning houses, and almost immediately the Abbey was emptied of its previously overflowing inhabitants. William alone, with a few priests, remained; and, although it is said trembling violently, acted with calmness and determination, refusing to postpone the ceremony; and under such circumstances was the inauguration proceeded with. Something akin to a dread of driving the Saxons to utter desperation may have been aroused by this incident, and may have induced William to add to the usual vow of the Saxon Kings the solemn promise that he would treat the English people as well as the best of their Kings had done. The coronation over, William had leisure to examine into the nature of the broil which still continued—the English trying to extinguish the fires, and some at least of the Normans to pfunder—and to give directions for putting an end to it.

The coronation of William Rufus presents no features of interest; but that of his successor and brother, Henry I., is noticeable for the solemn condemnation made during the ceremony of Rufus's reign; the King, standing before the altar, promising to annul all the unrighteous acts therein committed. The coronations of Stephen, and of Henry II. and his Queen, may also be passed over, when we arrive at the first coronation of which any particulars have been recorded that can give us an idea of the pageant—the coronation of him of the lion-heart. On the 3rd of September, 1189, the archbishops of Canterbury, Rouen, Trier (in Germany), and Dublin, arrayed in silken copes, and preceded by a body of the clergy bearing the Cross, holy water, censers, and tapers, met Richard at the door of his privy chamber in the adjoining palace, and proceeded with him to the Abbey. In the midst of a numerous body of bishops and other ecclesiastics went four barons, each with a golden candlestick and taper; then in succession—Geoffrey de Lucy, with the royal cap; John, the Marshal, with the royal spurs of gold; and William, Earl of Striguil (and Pembroke), with the golden rod and dove. Then came David, brother to the King of Scotland, here present as Earl of Huntingdon, and Robert, Earl of Leicester, supporting, as we should now say, John, the King's brother; the three bearing upright swords in richly-gilded scabbards. Following them came six barons, bearing a chequered table, upon which were the King's robes and other regalia; and now was seen approaching the central object of the rich picture, Richard himself, under a gorgeous canopy stretched by four lances in the hands of as many nobles, having immediately before him the Earl of Albemarle with the crown, and a prelate on each side. The ground on which he walked was spread with cloth of the Tyrian die. At the foot of the altar Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury, administered the oath, by which Richard undertook to bear peace, honour, and reverence to God and holy Church, to exercise right, justice, and law, and to abrogate all wicked laws or perverse customs. He then put off all his garments from the middle upwards, with the exception of his shirt, which was open at the shoulder, and was anointed on the head, breast, and arms, which unctions, it appears, signified glory, fortitude, and wisdom. He then covered his head with a fine linen cloth, and set the cap thereon; he put on the surcoat and the dalmatica; he took the sword of the kingdom from the Archbishop to subdue the enemies of the Church; lastly, he put on the golden sandals and the royal mantle splen-

didly embroidered, and was led to the altar, where the Archbishop charged him on God's behalf not to presume to take this dignity upon him unless he were resolved to keep inviolably the vows he had made; to which the King replied that, by God's grace, he would faithfully perform them all. The crown was then handed to the Archbishop by Richard himself, in token that he held it only from God, when the Archbishop placed it on the King's head; he also gave the sceptre into his right hand, and the rod-royal into his left. At the close of this part of the ceremony Richard was led back to his throne, and high mass performed, during which he offered a mark of pure gold at the altar. And then, with another procession, the whole closed. Whilst such were the proceedings within, those without formed a frightful commentary. The day before, Richard, "being," says Holinshed, "of a zealous mind to Christ's religion," and therefore of necessity, according to the notions of the middle ages, abhorring that of the Jews, "and doubting some sorcery by them to be practised, issued a proclamation forbidding Jews and women to be present at Westminster, either within the church when he should receive the crown, or within the hall whilst he was at dinner," afterwards. But some of the proscribed people, venturing to think they had an "Open, Sesame," to the hearts of kings, came, and begged to be permitted to lay rich presents at Richard's feet; their prayer was heard, and all would have gone well, but for an unhappy accident. Some remarkably-zealous Christian raised an outcry against them as one of their number was trying to enter the gates of Westminster Hall among the crowd, and struck the presumptuous Israelite. The courtiers and other attendants of the King soon joined in the quarrel, and drove out the wealthy Jews who had so ingeniously purchased admission. By that time a report began to spread that the King had commanded their destruction, and the people drove them with "staves, bats, and stones to their houses and lodgings." Fresh bands of fanatics now poured forth, who scoured the streets, murdering every Jew they found, and assaulting the houses of those who fled to their homes for safety. And now London might have appeared almost in a state of siege. The Jews, who had a world of painful experience of the extremity to which bigotry will drive men, had many of them strongly-built houses; these they now made still more defensible by barricades, against which the assaults of the rioters availed little. But the fanatics, growing more and more cruel and ferocious, now set fire to the houses, and burned men, women, and children indiscriminately; whilst in other cases, where perhaps it was not convenient or practicable to burn the houses, they broke into the Jews' apartments, and hurled them from the windows, without the slightest respect for age or sex, into the fires kindled in the area below. Oh! the contrasts of the world!—all this while Richard and his nobles were banqueting in Westminster Hall; the rich wine flowing within as the warm blood was shed without; the voice of the minstrel accompanying the groans and shrieks and cries of the murdered, the rapturous applause at the bardic song finding strange echo in the distant shouts of exultation of the murderers over their victims. But the disturbance growing formidable, it became necessary to inform the King, and there was a momentary interruption; but Ranulf de Glanvil, the Justiciary, would soon quell it: he leaves the hall, and once more rises the hum of social converse and enjoyment. But for once the Justiciary has overtaken his powers;

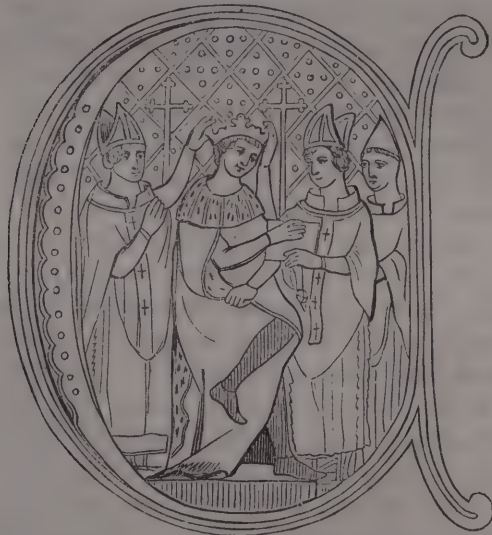


the fiends of bigotry are more easily raised than put down again; the rioters turned upon the King's officers, and drove them back to the hall. There, probably, the Justiciary told the King with a kind of significant shrug that there was no help for it; that, after all, it was only a few Jews; perhaps Glanvil himself had creditors among them, whose prolonged absence would be a very convenient thing—no doubt but the King was so situated: so the matter seems to have been left to its own course: the banquet went on, and so through all that night and part of the next day did the slaughter, the destruction, and the pillage. A day or two after, the King hanged three of the rioters, but that, as the sentence carefully pointed out, was for having burned the houses of Christians; and as Richard now began to perceive that the property of the Jews was disappearing with the owners, he thought fit to issue a proclamation declaring the Jews under his own protection, and prohibiting any further injury. And thus ended the judicial interference in this atrocious case. What a commentary, we repeat, on the oath just taken!

There is one interesting feature of our early coronations—the elective character given to the settlement of the Crown. There can be little doubt that from the very earliest periods the choice of a king partook more or less of this principle, although greatly modified by the custom of making that choice among the family of the deceased sovereign. At the coronation, again, of kings whose position was in strict accordance with hereditary right, the principle would be rather left in abeyance than brought prominently forward, whilst the reverse would be exhibited when the king had no such hereditary claim. Such was John's case; at whose coronation the elective principle was thus broadly asserted by the Archbishop Hubert in a special address, recorded by Matthew Paris:—“Hear, all ye people:—it is well known that no one can have a right to the crown of this kingdom, unless for his excellent virtues he be elected to it. . . . . If, indeed, of the family of the deceased monarch there be one thus super-eminently endowed, he should have our preference.” Accordingly, setting aside the son and daughter of the elder brother of the deceased king, John, a younger brother, was then declared elected. Whilst upon this subject, however, it must be observed that the illustrations of the elective principle, though sufficient to show its bare existence, are of a very suspicious nature. It is true that when Henry I. died, Stephen, the nephew, succeeded instead of Matilda, the daughter; that on Stephen's decease, his son was passed over for Matilda's son; that John succeeded Richard I. instead of Arthur; and Bolingbroke Richard II. instead of the next lineal heir; but in all these cases, which had the largest share—the independent working of the elective principle, or the address, ambition, and powers of the individuals who had these irregular successions most at heart? It is highly probable that in some, though scarcely in all, of the cases mentioned, no attempt to disturb the regular course would have been made but for the existence of some such elective principle; on the other hand, that principle alone, or with all the virtues of the respective monarchs to boot, would have done little for Stephen, or John, or Henry IV., if there had not been something much more tangible behind.

Henry III. was twice crowned—at Gloucester in 1216, and in Westminster Abbey in 1220; the first having been precipitated in order to ensure the crown

to him in a time of great danger, the French, under Lewis, being still in the land, and leagued with the more popular of the English barons. Henry, then but ten years old, was crowned with a plain circlet of gold, the proper crown having been lost by John, with the rest of the regalia, in the Wash between Lincolnshire and Norfolk. At the close of Henry's long reign his son Edward was in the Holy Land, from whence he sent orders for the coronation on his return, one passage of which conveys an almost ludicrous idea of the number and appetites of his coronation guests. There were to be provided 380 head of cattle, 430 sheep, 450 pigs, 18 wild boars, 278 fitches of bacon, and nearly 20,000 capons and fowls. He was received on his return with great joy by the citizens of London, who hung their streets with the richest cloths of silk, arras, and tapestry, set the conduits running with white and red wines, whilst the aldermen and burgesses threw handfuls of gold and silver out of their windows among the crowds below—a fitting preliminary to the splendours of the coronation of himself and his queen, Eleanor. It was in this reign that the chair was placed in the



[Coronation of Edward I. From an Initial Letter in the Harleian MSS.]

Abbey, and became the coronation chair of the future kings of England, as it had been previously of those of Scotland. But if Edward could have foreseen the degeneracy of him who should be the first of those kings, we question whether he would not almost have rather left the Scots their treasure than have so disgraced it in the person of his son. The father's death-bed warning had been directed against his son's evil companions and parasites; and more especially had he forbidden him, under the awful penalty of his curse, to recall the chief of them, Piers Gaveston, to England. Yet, at the coronation of that son, next to the king himself, the most conspicuous person in the Abbey, not only for the unusually splendid garb in which he had arrayed himself, but for the position in which he was placed, was the same Piers Gaveston. We may imagine the sentiments of the



haughty English barons, who had before the coronation, according to Walsingham, actually determined to stop the ceremony unless Gaveston was dismissed, but yielded on the King's promising to satisfy them in the next parliament. The coronations of the two succeeding monarchs have each some incidents of interest attached to them, though their general features present little noticeable matter. Prior to Edward the Third's coronation the youthful King was knighted by Henry Earl of Lancaster, his cousin, and then himself knighted other young aspirants. At this coronation commenced the practice of commemorating the event by the proclamation of a general pardon. Richard the Second's inauguration in 1377 was unusually magnificent, and, in consequence, slow and fatiguing to the principal actor, a boy only; who, in consequence, at the conclusion of the ceremony, had to be carried in a litter to his apartment. The physical weakness was but a type—and to the superstitious a foreshowing—of the mental. Richard sank alike beneath the demands of the ceremony and the arduous office to which it inducted him, and had to give place to the bolder genius of Bolingbroke. Froissart has given us an account of this coronation, which took place on the 13th of October, 1399, the anniversary of the day on which Richard had sent him into exile. That picturesque historian of the most picturesque of periods says, the prelates and clergy having fetched the King from the palace, "went to the church in procession, and all the lords with him in their robes of scarlet furred



[Portrait of Richard II. discovered in the Jerusalem Chamber.]

with minever, barred of (on) their shoulders, according to their degrees; and over the King was borne a cloth of estate of blue, with four bells of gold, and it was borne by four burgesses of the port at Dover, and other (of the Cinque Ports.) And on every (each) side of him he had a sword borne, the one the sword of the church, and the other the sword of justice. The sword of the church his son the Prince did bear, and the sword of justice the Earl of Northumberland;\* and the Earl of Westmoreland bore the sceptre. Thus they entered into the church about nine of the clock, and in the midst of the church there was a high scaffold all covered with red, and in the midst thereof there was a chair-royal covered with cloth of gold. Then the King sat down in the chair, and so sate in estate royal, saving he had not on the crown, but sate bareheaded. Then at four corners of the scaffold the Archbishop of Canterbury showed unto the people how God had sent unto them a man to be their king, and demanded if they were content that he should be consecrated and crowned as their king; and they all with one voice said Yea! and held up their hands, promising faith and obedience. Then the King rose and went down to the high altar to be sacred (consecrated), at which consecration there were two archbishops and ten bishops; and before the altar there he was despoiled out of all vestures of estate, and there he was anointed in six places—on the head, the breast, and on the two shoulders behind, and on the hands. Then a bonnet was set on his head, and while he was anointing the clergy sang the litany, and such service as they sing at the hallowing of the font. Then the King was apparelled like a prelate of the church, with a cope of red silk, and a pair of spurs with a point without a rowel; then the sword of justice was drawn out of the sheath and hallowed, and then it was taken to the King, who did put it again into the sheath; then the Archbishop of Canterbury did gird the sword about him; then St. Edward's crown was brought forth (which is close above) and blessed, and then the archbishop did set it on the King's head. After mass the King departed out of the church in the same estate, and went to his palace; and there was a fountain that ran by diverse branches white wine and red." From the Abbey the King passed through the Hall into the palace, and then back into the Hall to the sumptuous entertainment that there awaited him. "At the first table," continues Froissart, "sate the King, at the second the five peers of the realm, at the third the valiant men of London, at the fourth the new-made knights, at the fifth the knights and squires of honour; and by the King stood the Prince, holding the sword of the church, and on the other side the constable with the sword of justice, and a little above, the marshal with the sceptre. And at the King's board sate two archbishops and seventeen bishops; and in the midst of the dinner there came in a knight who was called Dymoke, all armed, upon a good horse, richly apparelled, and had a knight before him bearing his spear, and his sword by his side and his dagger. The knight took the King a label, the which was read; therein was contained, that if there was either knight, squire, or any other gentleman that would say that King Henry was not rightful king, he was there ready to fight with him in that quarrel. That bill was cried by a herald in six places of the Hall, and in the town. There were none that would challenge him. When the

\* To whom Bolingbroke was so much indebted for his success.



King had dined he took wine and spices in the Hall, and then went into his chamber." And where was the unfortunate Richard during all these proceedings? Forgotten in his dungeon at the Tower, and drinking to the dregs the cup of his humiliation, as he felt how completely he had proved a mere

"——— mockery king of snow,  
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke."

The foregoing descriptions of the coronations of Richard I. and of Henry IV. will suffice to present the reader with a sufficient idea of the general arrangements of the ceremony in ancient times, of which those observed to the present day are but an imitation, divested of the picturesque features attached to the old religion, and, we must now add, divested also of the accompanying banquet, with its armed and mounted representative of the family who, for so many centuries, have been accustomed on these occasions to challenge the world in arms to gainsay the rights of their liege sovereigns.\* We shall, therefore, in the remainder of our paper confine our notice to such coronations as were attended by some peculiar or interesting circumstances. In this class may be included the coronation of Richard III. Our antiquaries occasionally discover some curious matters in their gropings among our dusty records; who, for instance, but for them, would have supposed Richard III. to have been a royal exquisite of the first order? yet certainly the accounts preserved of his wardrobe do make him look marvellously like one. Among the Harleian MSS. is a mandate from Richard, then (1483) at York, to the keeper of his wardrobe in London, wherein he specifies with a minute exactness of detail, which implies a strong relish for the subject, the habits he desired to wear for the edification of the people of Yorkshire. If, on such an occasion, he took such a matter into his own hands, we may be pretty sure he had not left the choice of his coronation dress to others. It comprised two complete sets of robes, one of crimson velvet furred with minever, the other of purple velvet furred with ermine; shoes of crimson tissue cloth of gold; hose, shirt, coat, surcoat, mantle, and hood of crimson satin, &c. We have already noticed, in our account of the Tower, that Richard had apparently intended his nephew, the rightful sovereign, to be present at the coronation of the usurper, but altered his determination after issuing the order for the prince's robes. But perhaps the most striking feature of the event is Richard's exhibition of humility—he actually walked *bare-foot* into the Abbey! Altogether he hit the taste of the people in the matter so decidedly that his friends in Yorkshire could not be content without a repetition, so he and the queen, Anne, were crowned there too. Richard had well nigh given his subjects a third coronation, on the death of Anne, by his marriage with the daughter of Edward IV. and Queen Elizabeth Woodville; but his own friends stopped the match on the ground, among others, that it would confirm suspicions of ill usage towards the deceased queen, and, therefore, injure his cause;

\* The processions before the coronations have been already noticed ('Tower,' No. XXXIX.); the banquets given after may be most suitably described in connexion with the hall in which they took place. We have therefore, for the sake of completeness, given a short account of a single banquet (Henry IV.), and then only incidentally mentioned the subject in other parts of our paper. We may here add that the ceremony of the championship fell into disuse after the exceedingly splendid coronation of George IV., whilst the banquet and the procession *on foot* were first omitted at the coronation of her present Majesty.

Richard adopted their advice, and, it is barely possible, thereby lost his crown. The match he declined Richmond was but too glad to accept, and the knowledge that such an arrangement had been made to connect the rival houses must have done much to create a public opinion here in Richmond's favour. His object attained, the instrument was cast aside with contempt, till the complaints of his own subjects made him more prudent at least in his conduct; he married the Princess Elizabeth, and then once more endeavoured to stop: giving her nothing of the Queen but the name. Louder murmurs were soon heard. Henry was too politic not to listen. The man who does not seem to have had nobleness enough in his nature ever to do a good act spontaneously, having no motive but the simple love of the thing, seems to have never left any duty unperformed when—there were state reasons to impel him. So at last the people were gratified with the coronation of the famous heiress of the house of York, and a curious coronation, in one respect, it must have been. Bacon compares it to "an old christening that had stood long for godfathers;" and he, who had so long delayed it, still was not ashamed to be in the Abbey when the ceremony did take place, peeping through the latticed screen of an enclosure erected between the pulpit and the high altar, and covered with rich cloth of arras. It appears to have been the custom from an early time to allow the crowd to cut and carry off the cloth along which the sovereign had passed; on the present occasion the crowd was so great and eager that several persons were killed.



[Henry VII. From the Tomb in his Chapel at Westminster.]

Passing over the inauguration of Henry VIII. and his Queen Catherine, which was as magnificent as taste and boundless expenditure could make it, and that of



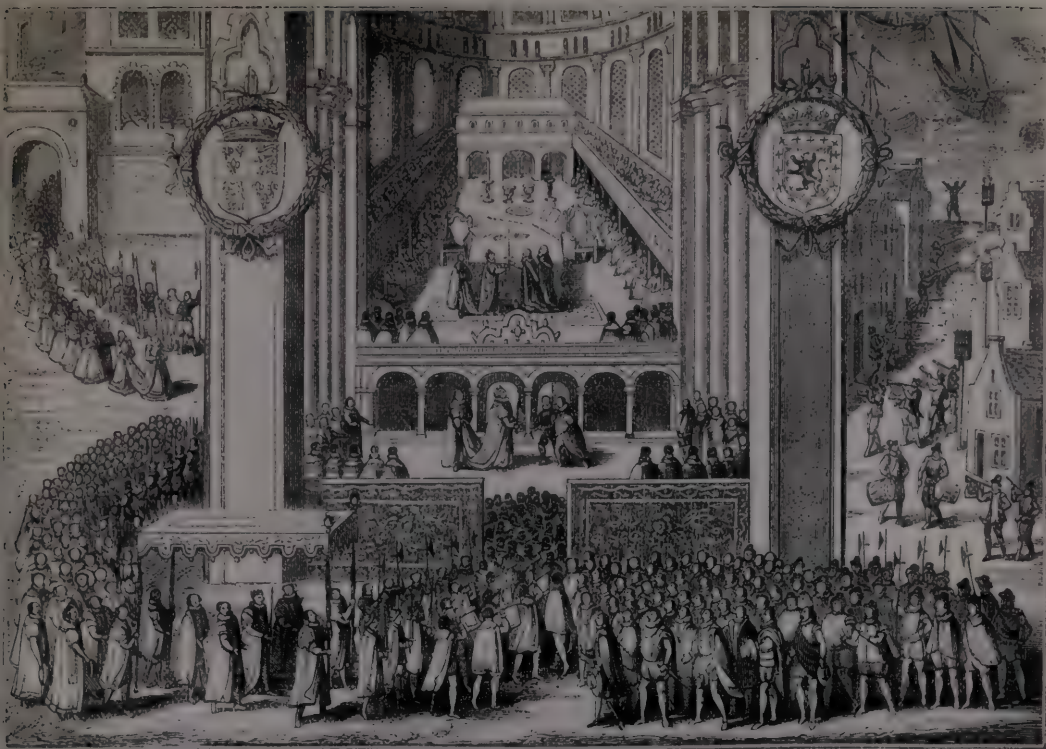
Anne Bullen, who was crowned with "as great pomp and solemnity as ever was Queen," and was the last of Henry's queens who received the honour, we reach the coronation of Edward VI., which was generally interesting, and in some respects novel. The proceedings were shortened, partly, according to the programme of the proceedings, "for the tedious length of the same, which should weary and be hurtful peradventure to the King's majesty (as in the similar case of Richard II.), being yet of tender age, fully to endure and bide out; and also for that many points of the same were such as by the laws of the realm at this present were not allowed." The allusion in these last few words was, we presume, to the alteration in religious matters consequent upon the Reformation. But the most important alteration was that of reversing the usual order of first administering the coronation oath to the King, and then presenting him to the people for acceptance. In other respects the ceremony presented many minute but interesting points of difference from the usual routine. The way from York Place to the Palace and thence into the choir of the Abbey was covered with blue cloth; in the choir was erected a stage of unusual height, ascended by a flight on one side of twenty-two steps, which with the floor at the top were covered with carpets and the sides hung with cloth of gold. Besides the general rich decorations of the altar, a splendid valance was now hung upon it enriched with precious gems, while the neighbouring tombs were covered with curtains of golden arras. On the stage stood a lofty throne ascended by seven steps. The procession commenced so early as nine in the morning; when the choir of the Abbey in their copes, with crosses borne before and after them, the gentlemen and children of the chapel royal, with surplices and copes all in scarlet, ten mitred bishops in garb of the same colour, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cranmer, received the boy-king at the Palace, and conducted him to the stage in the choir. Here he was placed in a chair of crimson velvet, which two noblemen *carried*, whilst he was properly presented to the people. Then descending to the altar, he was censed and blessed. The anointment was not the least curious part of the ceremony. "Then anon," quotes Malcolm from an authority which he does not mention, "after a goodly care, cloth of red tinsel gold was holden over his head; and my Lord of Canterbury, kneeling on his knees, his Grace lay prostrate before the altar, and anointed his back." The Archbishop then took the crown into his hands, and commenced 'Te Deum.' Whilst the choir sang, and trumpets sounded from above, the Lord Protector Somerset and the Archbishop placed the crown on the youthful head of the King; and subsequently two other crowns were also worn by him. After the enthronization he was re-conducted to the throne, when "the lords in order kneeled down and kissed his Grace's right foot, and after held their hands between his Grace's hands and kissed his Grace's left cheek, and so did their homage a pretty time. Then after this began a goodly mass by my Lord of Canterbury, and goodly singing in the choir, with the organs going. At offering time his Grace offered to the altar a pound of gold, a loaf of bread, and a chalice of wine." The parties to whom the coronation arrangements were intrusted in the sixteenth century must have been sadly puzzled with the continual changes in religious matters, and have had a difficult task to please sovereigns of so many different faiths. As new rites were introduced for the Protestant Edward, so

were the old ones restored for the Catholic Mary; then again Elizabeth adopted neither course, but steered, as it were, between them; she allowed the usual arrangements to prevail at her coronation so far as the performance of mass, but forbade the elevation of the host, in consequence (most probably) of which, the entire body of Catholic bishops, with the exception of Oglethorp, Bishop of Carlisle, refused to officiate. Bacon tells an interesting story in connexion with this event, which illustrates the peculiar posture of affairs at the moment, when the Queen appeared to be pausing before she quite made up her mind to fulfil the fears of the Catholics, and the hopes of the Protestants, by a decided demonstration in favour of the latter. He says, "Queen Elizabeth, on the morrow of her coronation, it being the custom to release prisoners at the inauguration of a prince, went to the chapel, and in the great chamber, one of her courtiers who was well known to her, either out of his own notions or by the instigation of a wiser man, presented her with a petition, and before a great number of courtiers besought her with a loud voice that now, this good time, there might be four or five more principal prisoners released; these were the four Evangelists and the apostle St. Paul, who had been long shut up in an unknown tongue, as it were in prison; so as they could not converse with the common people. The Queen answered very gravely, that it was best first to inquire of themselves whether they would be released or not." An answer that, under the circumstances, Prince Talleyrand himself might have envied, for its adroitness and wit: it left the querist pleased, but unanswered. And whether she would have answered it in the mode anticipated is uncertain if there had been more policy in the Catholic party, or less in the Protestant; but when one professed so much devotion to her interests even whilst she appeared to lean to a considerable degree towards their opponents, and the other returned the favour by declaring, through the mouth of the Pope himself, she was illegitimate, it was not very difficult to decide how the affair would end. Elizabeth soon struck into the path which had been first discovered to her father by the

"Gospel light from Bullen's eyes."

Of James I.'s coronation the most interesting account to our mind is that given in the amusing Dutch print of the period, here copied, which shows us the successive stages of the ceremony in an ingenious if not very artistical manner. The arrangements for this coronation and the preceding procession were intended to be of the most surpassingly splendid nature, but the plague was then raging, and in consequence the people were forbidden to come to Westminster to see the pageant. After this coronation political feelings and events began to mingle with the religious in affecting the successive ceremonies. Charles I. was crowned on the 2nd of February, 1626. His queen, as a Catholic, was neither a sharer in the coronation nor a spectator; and instead of accepting the place they offered to fit up for her in the Abbey, she preferred standing at a window of the palace-gate to look on, whilst, as we have been carefully informed, her foreign attendants were frisking and dancing about the room. Laud was the archbishop, and Buckingham the Lord Constable, who, in ascending the steps of the throne, offered to take the king's right hand with his left, but Charles put it by, smiling, and helped up the duke, saying, "I have as much need to help you as you to





[Coronation of James I.]

assist me." When Laud presented the King to the people, he said in an audible voice, "My masters and friends, I am here come to present unto you your king, King Charles, to whom the crown of his ancestors and predecessors is now devolved by lineal right; and therefore I desire you, by your general acclamation, to testify your consent and willingness thereunto." Strange and unaccountable as it seems, not a voice nor a cheer answered; there was a silence as of the grave. If a kind of sudden revelation, but darkly, and as it were afar off, of the future events of the reign had been suddenly made, there could not have been a more portentous hush. At last the Lord Arundel, Earl Marshal, told the spectators they should cry "God save King Charles!" and then they did so. The end of which this incident appears almost as a kind of beginning, is shown in the inauguration of Cromwell as Protector in the adjoining hall; which was performed with a simple dignity of ceremony more in accordance with Cromwell's tastes than the usual details of a coronation. Subsequent ceremonies present little worthy of remark, except in the instance of James II. and George III. James, seeing that his brother had restored the old monarchy, thought he would try his hand at a restoration of the old religion, and in the attempt lost both. His coronation presents a curious illustration of the difficulties in which he was placed in consequence of his views at the very commencement of his reign. How was he to take the coronation oath, binding him to the preservation of the Anglican church? The Pope was consulted, and a lucky quibble discovered, and

the coronation of James and his queen went on. As the crown was placed on the King's head a circumstance occurred, which we look in vain to find recorded in the splendid and elaborate work published under authority by Sandford to commemorate the ceremony—the crown tottered, and had nearly fallen, and the King was noticed to be altogether ill at ease. The last incident of a coronation ceremony that we shall relate refers to the inauguration of George III. and his queen in 1761, which was at once magnificent and impressive. There was then present, unnoticed, a young man who must have gazed on the whole proceedings with feelings and memories of a strange kind. He was one to whom the silence which greeted Charles the First's presentation to the people, and the ominous tottering of James's crown, were more than mere matters of history. He was one who could say with some show of reason—and there were, doubtless, many present whose hearts would have responded to his words—"My place should have been by that chair; my father should have been in it"—it was the Young Pretender, Charles Stuart.



[Coronation of George III.—The Enthronization and doing Homage.]





[Confessor's Chapel, Screen, &c., with the Choir and Nave of the Abbey beyond.]

## LXXXII.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

### NO. III. THE REGAL MAUSOLEUMS.

It would be hardly possible to present a more impressive lesson on the mutability of earthly glory than is afforded by the contrast between the two grand ceremonials which connect the history of our sovereigns for so many centuries with that of Westminster Abbey. The few steps upwards unto the throne, and the few downwards into the grave; the airy sweep of the beautiful pointed arches, tier above tier, and the low and narrow vault; the spirit-stirring splendours of one pageant, and the sombre and dread magnificence of the other; the new-born hopes which, binding king and people for the hour in a common sympathy, make the past appear as nothing, the future all,—and, alas! the melancholy comment provoked when all is over as to the necessity for the repetition of the process; these are but the regular and almost unchanging phenomena of the momentous ebbing and flowing of regal life which meet us in the memories of the Abbey. It were a curious question to inquire whether those

who have been the chief actors in such different ceremonials have ever, during the one, thought of the other; whether, among all the monarchs who have passed along in their gorgeous robes, and beneath the silken canopies which the proudest nobles have been most proud to bear, there has been one to whom the secret monitor has whispered, in the words of a writer \* better known as the historian than as the poet of the Cathedral—

“ While thus in state on buried kings you tread,  
And swelling robes sweep spreading o’er the dead;  
While like a god you cast your eyes around,  
Think then, Oh! think, you walk on treacherous ground;  
Though firm the checquer’d pavement seems to be,  
’T will surely open and give way to thee.”

Arousing ourselves, though reluctantly, from the train of reflection inspired by the place, and the significant juxta-position of the coronation-chair † and the tombs of the chief of those kings who have occupied it, let us look around. We are in the innermost sanctuary of the temple, in a spot made holy by a thousand associations, but, above all, by the devout aspirations of the countless multitudes who have come from all parts, not only of our own but of distant lands, to bend before the shrine by our side, in which still repose the ashes of the canonized Confessor. Edward was at first buried before the high altar, and then removed



[Funeral of Edward the Confessor.]

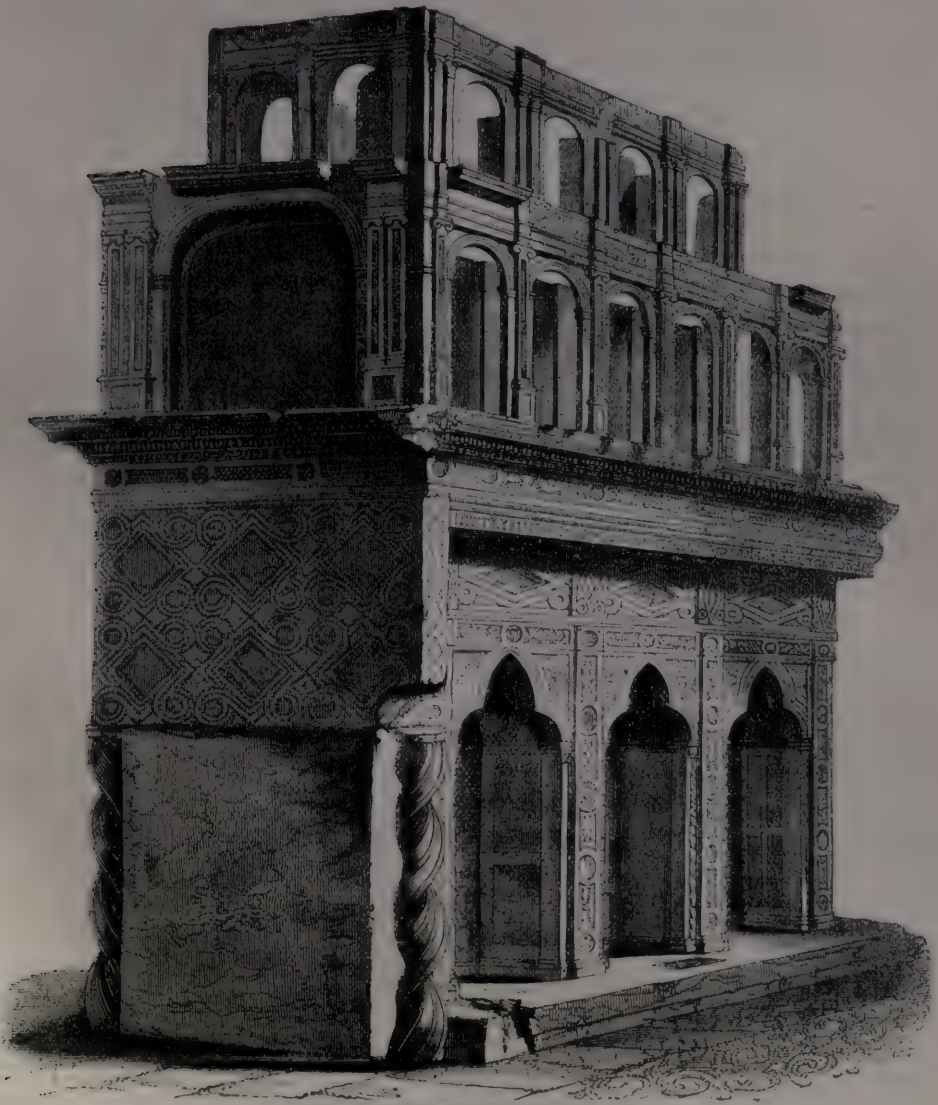
by Becket to a richer shrine in its neighbourhood, probably in consequence of his canonization by Pope Alexander III. about 1163; but after the rebuilding of the church by Henry III., that king had a shrine made to receive the treasured remains, of so sumptuous a character, that the details almost stagger belief. Among its ornaments were numerous golden statues, such as an image of St. Edmund, King, wearing a crown set with two large sapphires, a ruby, and other precious stones; an image of a king with a ruby on his breast, and two other small stones; an image of the king, holding in the right hand a flower, with sapphires and emeralds in the middle of the crown, and a great garnet in the breast, and otherwise set with pearls and small stones; two other golden images of kings set with garnets, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires;

\* Dart.

† The second chair (the one to the right) is supposed to have been first used at the coronation of William and Mary.



five golden angels; an image of the Virgin and Child, set with rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and garnets; a golden image of a king holding a shrine in his hand, set with precious stones; also, an image of a king holding in one hand a cameo with two heads, in the other a sceptre, set with rubies, onyx, and pearls; and an image of St. Peter, holding in one hand a church, in the other the keys, and trampling upon Nero, with a large sapphire in his breast. The Patent Rolls mention also a "most fair sapphire," weighing fifty-two pennyweights; one great cameo in a golden case, with a golden chain, valued alone at two hundred pounds of the money of the thirteenth century. There were, in all, fifty-five large cameos. Such parts of the shrine as were not covered with these precious ornaments were inlaid with the richest mosaic. This was the shrine which



[Shrine of Edward the Confessor.]

Henry III. prepared for the Confessor's ashes; and the ceremony of the removal was one of accordant splendour. The coffin was borne by himself, his brother the King of the Romans, and other persons of the highest rank. Nor, for the credulous, were miracles wanting to maintain the Confessor's ancient reputation; an Irishman and an Englishman, according to Matthew Paris, being dispossessed of devils on the occasion. The shrine, we need hardly add, no longer exhibits the blaze of wealth which gladdened the eyes of our forefathers, as satisfying them their revered king was worthily lodged; time, and more mischievous agencies than time, have left it but a wreck of what it was, although a sumptuous-looking piece of antiquity still. The upper portion is a mere wainscot addition, it is supposed, of the sixteenth century: why added, it is impossible to say. In connexion with this and preceding shrines of the Confessor are many interesting memories. When William the Conqueror was busy displacing the principal English ecclesiastics, in order to make room for his Norman followers, among the rest Wulstan Bishop of Worcester, an illiterate but pure and noble-minded man, was required by a synod sitting in the Abbey to deliver up his episcopal staff. Wulstan, in a few words addressed to the Archbishop Lanfranc, acknowledged his inability and unworthiness for the high duties of his vocation, and expressed his willingness to resign the pastoral staff; "Not, however, to you," he continued, "but to him by whose authority I received them." He then solemnly advanced to the shrine of the Confessor, and thus spake: "Master, thou knowest how reluctantly I assumed this charge, at thy instigation. It was thy command that, more than the wish of the people, the voice of the prelates, and the desire of the nobles, compelled me. Now we have a new king, a new primate, and new enactments. Thee they accuse of error in having so commanded, and me of presumption because I obeyed. Formerly, indeed, thou mightest err, because thou wert mortal; but now thou art with God, and canst err no longer. Not to them, therefore, who recall what they did not give, and who may deceive and be deceived, but to thee who gave them, and art now raised above all error, I resign my staff, and surrender my flock." At the breaking up of that synod Wulstan was still Bishop of Worcester, and the overjoyed people were informed, to their very great edification, that, when Wulstan had placed his crozier on the tomb, it became so fixed as to be irremovable. Here, too, at a much later period, Henry IV. "became so sick," says Fabian, "while he was making his prayers to take there his leave (of life), and so to speed him upon his journey, that such as were about him feared that he would have died right there." The attendants took him into the Jerusalem chamber, and "there upon a pallet laid him before the fire," when, inquiring the name of the place, and being told, he said, in the words of Shakspeare—

"It hath been prophesied to me many years  
I should not die but in Jerusalem,  
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:" &c.—

and here he died. Turning from the shrine in the centre of the Chapel to the screen which divides it from the Choir, we find this also has been dedicated to the memory of the Confessor. The very extraordinary and interesting frieze which decorates it contains no less than fourteen small but boldly sculptured groups or tableaux, representatives of the more remarkable events which sig-



## CURIOSITIES OF LONDON.

### ADELPHI, THE.

A SERIES of streets in the rear of the houses on the south side of the Strand, reaching east and west from Adam-street to Buckingham-street, and facing the Thames on the south—a grand commencement of the architectural embankment of the river, in 1768. It is named Adelphi (*ἀδελφός*, *brother*) from its architects, the four brothers Adam, who built vast arches over the court-yard of old Durham House, and upon these erected, level with the Strand, *Adam-street*, leading to *John, Robert, James, and William-streets*; the noble line of houses fronting the Thames being the Adelphi-terrace. The view from this spot is almost unrivalled in the metropolis for variety and architectural beauty: from Waterloo Bridge on the east, with the majestic dome and picturesque *campanili* of St. Paul's, to Westminster Bridge on the west, above which rise the towers of Lambeth Palace and Westminster Abbey; the massive entrance and lofty clock-tower, and pinnacled and bristling roofs of the Houses of Parliament: beneath lies the river, spanned with manifold bridges. The prospect is, however, partially disfigured with huge and shapeless railway buildings.

In passing through Parliament the Bill for the Embankment of part of the Thames adjoining Durlam-yard, a violent contest arose between the City and the Court. The Lord Mayor, as Conservator of the river, considering the rights of the citizens exposed to encroachment, they were heard by counsel in Parliament. They produced a grant of Henry VII. of all the soil and bed of the river, from Staines Bridge to a place in Kent, near the Medway; and showed a lease granted by them, sixty-six years before this period, of a nook of the river at Vauxhall, under which they still continued to receive rent. On the other side a charter of Charles II. to the City was produced, in which he reserved the bed of the river; and it was contended that the City, by receiving the latter grant, abandoned the former; that the charter of Henry VII. extended only to the soil of the river within the City and suburbs. The lease of Vauxhall was said to be a mere encroachment, and the right of the City was utterly denied. These arguments prevailed: the Bill passed both Houses: and the magnificent pile of buildings called the Adelphi was erected on the site. The brothers Adam were chosen the Court architects, through the influence of the Earl of Bute, and did not escape the satire of the day:—

“Four Scotchmen, by the name of Adam,  
Who keep their coaches and their madam,”  
Quoth John, in sulky mood, to Thomas,  
“Have stole the very river from us.”

*Foundling Hospital for Wit*, vol. iv.

In the centre house of the Terrace, No. 4, David Garrick lived from 1772 till his death, Jan. 20, 1779: the ceiling of the front drawing-room was painted by Antonio Zucchi, A.R.A.; the white marble chimney-piece cost 300*l*. Garrick died in the back drawing-room; and here his remains lay in state, previous to their interment in Westminster Abbey, Feb. 1. Johnson says: “His death eclipsed the gaiety of nations;” but Walpole, “Garrick is dead; not a public loss; for he had quitted the stage.” There were not at Lord Chatham’s funeral half the noble coaches that attended Garrick’s; Burke was one of the mourners, and came expressly from Portsmouth to follow the great actor’s remains; and Lord Ossory was one of the pall-bearers. Walpole writes to the Countess of Ossory:—

“Yes, madam, I do think the pomp of Garrick’s funeral perfectly ridiculous. It is confounding the immense space between pleasing talents and national services. What distinctions remain for a patriot hero, when the most solemn have been showered on a player? . . . Shakspeare, who *wrote* when Burleigh counselled and Nottingham fought, was not rewarded and honoured like Garrick, who only *acted*.”—*Letter*, Feb. 1, 1779.

Garrick's widow also died in the front drawing-room of the same house, in 1822, at the Adelphi-terrace. The floor is now the chambers of the Royal Literary Fund Society. In another of the Terrace houses lived Sir Edward Banks, one of the builders of Waterloo, Southwark, London, and Staines bridges, over the Thames. He was one of the earliest railway "navvies," and worked on the Merstham Railway, in Surrey, about the year 1801: by natural abilities and the strictest integrity, he raised himself to wealth and station: he died July 5, 1835.

At the north-east corner of Adam-street, No. 73, Strand, Becket, the bookseller, kept shop,—the rendezvous of Garrick, who never went to taverns, seldom to coffee-houses. At No. 1, Adam-street, lived Dr. Vicesimus Knox, one of "the British Essayists." In the first floor of the same house resided, for twenty years, in almost total seclusion, George Blamire, barrister-at-law, of very eccentric habits, but sound mind. No person was allowed to enter his chamber, his meals and all communications being left by his housekeeper at the door of his ante-room. He was found dead in an arm-chair, in which he had been accustomed to sleep for twenty years. He died of exhaustion, from low fever and neglect; at which time his rooms were filled with furniture, books, plate, paintings, and other valuable property.

At Osborne's Hotel, John-street, in 1824, sojourned Kamehameha II., King of the Sandwich Islands, and his sister the Queen, with their suites: at this time was written the song of "The King of the Cannibal Islands." The Queen died here of measles, July 8; and the King died of the same disease at the Caledonian Hotel on the 14th. Their remains lay in native pomp at Osborne's, and were then deposited in the vaults of St. Martin's Church, prior to their being conveyed in the *Blonde* frigate to the Sandwich Islands for interment. The poor King and Queen were wantonly charged with gluttony and drunkenness while here; but they lived chiefly on fish, poultry, and fruit, and their favourite drink was some cider presented to them by Mr. Canning.

In John-street also, on the north side, is the house built for the Society of Arts by the Adams, and extending over part of the site of the New Exchange, Strand. In the second-floor chambers at No. 2, James-street, lived, for nearly thirty years, Mr. Thomas Hill, the "Hull" of Theodore Hook's novel of *Gilbert Gurney*. Hill died here December 20, 1841, in his eighty-first year, and left a large collection of curiosities, including a cup and a small vase formed from the mulberry-tree planted by Shakspeare at Stratford-upon-Avon. Neither of these, however, is the Shakspeare Cup presented to Garrick by the Mayor and Corporation of Stratford at the time of the Jubilee. This celebrated relic was bought on May 5, 1825, for 121 guineas, by Mr. J. Johnson; and by him sold, July 4, 1846, for 40*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, to Mr. Isaacs, of Upper Gower-street.

The Adelphi vaults, in part occupied as wine-cellars and coal-wharfs, in their grim vastness, remind one of the Etruscan Cloaca of old Rome. Beneath the "dry arches," the most abandoned characters have often passed the night, nestling upon foul straw; and many a street-thief escaped from his pursuers in these dismal haunts, before the introduction of gas-light and a vigilant police.

#### ADMIRALTY OFFICE, THE,

**F**ORMS the left flank of the detachment of Government Offices on the north side of Whitehall. It occupies the site of Wallingford House, from the roof of which Archbishop Usher saw King Charles I. led out to execution in the front of Whitehall Palace, and swooned at the sad scene.

Wallingford House was sold to the Crown in 1680, and thither the business of the Admiralty was removed from Crutched Friars, and Duke-street, Westminster. The street front was rebuilt by Thomas Ripley, about 1726.

"See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall."

*The Dunciad*, B. iii.

The Admiralty is a most ugly edifice. To conceal its ugliness, the court-yard was fronted with a stone screen, by Adam, in the reign of George III. This screen is a very characteristic composition; its sculptured hippocampi, and prows of ancient vessels, combining with an anchor in the pediment of the portico of the main building,



to denote the purposes of the office—the administration of the affairs of the Royal Navy. In one of the large rooms the body of Lord Nelson lay in state, January 8, 1806; and next day took place the solemn funeral procession, with a military force of nearly 8000 men, from this spot to St. Paul's Cathedral.

The office of Lord High Admiral was, in 1827, revived, after the sleep of a century, and was conferred by patent (similar to that of Prince George of Denmark), upon the Duke of Clarence, who resided at the Admiralty. His Royal Highness was thought by the Duke of Wellington, then Premier, to have mixed up with the business of the office too much jaunting and cruising about, presenting of colours, and shows, on sea and land, "more expensive and foolish than in any way serviceable." On a long account for travelling expenses being sent in to the Treasury by the Duke of Clarence, the Premier endorsed the paper, "No travelling expenses allowed to the Lord High Admiral," and dismissed it; when His Royal Highness retired; the salary was 5000*l.* a year.

On the roof of the Admiralty Office, many years since, was placed a Semaphore (the invention of Sir Home Popham); the arms of which, extending laterally at right angles, communicated orders and intelligence to and from the sea-ports; previous to which was used the shuttle telegraph, invented by R. L. Edgeworth. The Semaphore has, however, been superseded by the Electric Telegraph, of which wires are laid from the office in Whitehall to the Dockyard at Portsmouth, &c.

## ALCHEMISTS.

SOME sixty years since, there died in his chamber, in Barnard's Inn, Holborn, Peter Woulfe, the eminent chemist, a Fellow of the Royal Society. According to Mr. Brande, Woulfe was "the last true believer in alchemy." He was a tall, thin man; and his last moments were remarkable. In a long journey by coach, he took cold; inflammation of the lungs followed, but he strenuously resisted all medical advice. By his desire, his laundress shut up his chamber, and left him. She returned at midnight when Woulfe was still alive; next morning, however, she found him dead; his countenance was calm and serene, and apparently he had not moved from the position in which she had last seen him. These particulars of Woulfe's end were received by the writer from the Treasurer of Barnard's Inn, who was one of the executors of Woulfe's last will and testament. Little is known of Woulfe's life. Sir Humphry Davy tells us that he used to affix written prayers, and inscriptions of recommendations of his processes to Providence. His chambers were so filled with furnaces and apparatus, that it was difficult to reach the fireside. Dr. Babington told Mr. Brande that he once put down his hat, and could never find it again, such was the confusion of boxes, packages, and parcels, that lay about the room. His breakfast-hour was four in the morning: a few of his friends were occasionally invited, and gained entrance by a secret signal, knocking a certain number of times at the inner-door of the chamber. He had long vainly searched for the Elixir, and attributed his repeated failure to the want of due preparation by pious and charitable acts. Whenever he wished to break an acquaintance, or felt himself offended, he resented the supposed injuries by sending a present to the offender, and never seeing him afterwards. These presents sometimes consisted of an expensive chemical product, or preparation. He had an heroic remedy for illness, which was a journey to Edinburgh and back by the mail-coach; and a cold taken on one of these expeditions terminated in inflammation of the lungs, of which he died.—*A Century of Anecdote*, vol. ii., pp. 315, 316.

"About 1801, an adept lived, or rather starved, in the metropolis, in the person of an Editor of an evening journal, who expected to compound the alkahest if he could only keep his materials digested in a lamp-furnace for the space of seven years. The lamp burnt brightly during six years, eleven months, and some odd days besides, and then, unluckily, it went out. Why it went the adept never could guess; but he was certain that if the flame could only have burnt to the end of the septenary cycle his experiment must have succeeded."—*Paper on Astrology and Alchemy*, by Sir Walter Scott; *Quarterly Review*, 1821.

In Catherine-street, Strand, lived for many years, one John Denley, a bookseller, who amassed here a notable collection of the works of alchemist, cabalist, and astrologer. He is the individual so characteristically portrayed by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, in the introduction to his *Zanoni*,

Within the last fifteen years, there has been printed in England, a volume of considerable extent, entitled, *A Suggestive Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*: London, T. Saunders, 1850. This work, which a Correspondent of *Notes and Queries* describes as "a learned and valuable book," is by a lady (anonymous), and has been suppressed by the author. By this circumstance we are reminded of a concealment of alchemical practices and opinions, some thirty years since, when it came to our knowledge that a man of wealth and position in the metropolis, an adept of Alchemy, was held *in terrorem* by an unprincipled person, who extorted from him considerable sums of money under a threat of exposure, which would have affected his mercantile credit.

#### ALMACK'S

ASSEMBLY-ROOMS, on the south side of King-street, St. James's, were built by Robert Mylne, architect, for Almack, a Scotchman, and were opened Feb. 12, 1765, with an Assembly, at which the Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, was present. Gilly Williams writes to George Selwyn:—

"There is now opened at Almack's, in three very elegant new-built rooms, a ten-guinea subscription, for which you have a ball and supper once a week, for twelve weeks. You may imagine by the sum the company is chosen; though, refined as it is, it will be scarce able to put old Soho (Mrs. Cornelys') out of countenance. The men's tickets are not transferable, so, if the ladies do not like us, they have no opportunity of changing us, but must see the same persons for ever." . . . "Our female Almack's flourishes beyond description. Almack's Scotch face, in a bag-wig, waiting at supper, would divert you, as would his lady, in a sack, making tea and curtsying to the duchesses."

The large ball-room is about one hundred feet in length, by forty feet in width; it is chastely decorated with gilt columns and pilasters, classic medallions, mirrors, &c., and is lit with gas, in cut-glass lustres. The largest number of persons ever present in this room at one ball was 1700.

The rooms are let for public meetings, dramatic readings, lectures, concerts, balls, and dinners. Here Mrs. Billington, Mr. Braham, and Signor Naldi, gave concerts, from 1808 to 1810, in rivalry with Madame Catalani, at Hanover-square Rooms; and here Mr. Charles Kemble gave, in 1844, his Readings from Shakespeare. Almack's Rooms are often called "Willis's," from the name of their present proprietor. Many public dinners now take place here.

Almack's has declined of late years; "a clear proof that the palmy days of exclusiveness are gone by in England; and though it is obviously impossible to prevent any given number of persons from congregating and re-establishing an oligarchy, we are quite sure that the attempt would be ineffectual, and that the sense of their importance would extend little beyond the set."—*Quarterly Review*, 1840.

Many years ago was published *Almack's*, a novel, in which the leaders of fashion were sketched with much freedom: they were identified in *A Key to Almack's*, by Benjamin Disraeli.

#### ALDERMAN.

THE oldest office in the Corporation of London, and derived from the title of the superior Saxon noble. The more aged were so called; for *alde* in Saxon means "old," and *alder* is our word "older:" hence, as the judgment is most vigorous in persons of more mature years, the dignitary who, among the Romans, was known as "*Consul*" or "*Senator*," among us is called "Alderman." And yet, in the case of aldermen, maturity of mind is to be considered rather than of body, and gravity of manners in preference to length of years: hence it is that in the ancient laws of King Cnut, and other kings in Saxon times, the person was styled "Alderman" who is now called "Judge" and "Justiciar," as set forth in the *Liber Custumarum*. These aldermen, too, in respect of name as well as dignity, were anciently called "Barones," and were buried with baronial honours; a person appearing in the church upon a caparisoned horse in the armour of the deceased, with his banner in his hand, and carrying upon him his shield, helmet, and the rest of his arms.\* This gorgeous ceremonial was gradually discontinued; but the alderman still retained great state, and enjoyed special immunities. He could not be placed on inquests; he was exempt from fees on the enrolment of deeds or charters relating to himself; and any person who assaulted

\* See *Liber Albus*; the *White Book*, B. 1, Pt. 1, translated by Riley, 1861.



or slandered him was liable to be imprisoned, to be put in the pillory, or to have his hand struck off. The aldermen were privileged to be arrayed, on particular occasions, in certain grand suits, lined with silk. But if a mayor or alderman gave away, or in any manner parted with, his robe within his year of office, he was mulcted in a forfeiture of one hundred shillings for the benefit of the community, without remission; or if he wore his cloak single, or not trimmed with fur, he was subjected to a penalty. Madox says: "Alderman was a name for a chief governor of a secular guild, and in time it became also a name for a chief officer in a gildated city or town;" and he quotes, in illustration, the circumstance of the Prior of Holy Trinity, Aldgate, becoming an Alderman of London, in consequence of the grant to that priory of the "English Knightengild." According to Norton's *Commentaries on London*, "there is no trace when the name of Alderman was first applied to the presidents of the London wards or guilds: the probability is it was introduced after the Conquest; and there is reason to believe that the appellation was not used in that sense until the time of Henry II.," when Aldermen are first mentioned as presiding over guilds, some of which were territorial and others mercantile. Each has his title from his ward, as "Alderman of Cheap," "Alderman of Queenhithe," &c.; but, anciently, the Ward was styled after the name of its alderman; as Tower Ward was called "the Ward of William de Hadestok." The present ward of Farringdon was bought by William Faryngdon in 1279, and remained in his family upwards of eighty years; it was held by the tenure of presenting at Easter a gillyflower, then of great rarity.

Among the early Aldermen we find, in the reign of Henry III., Arnald Fitz-Thedmar, who compiled a Chronicle of the Mayors and Sheriffs of London, from 1188 to 1274, in the *Liber de Antiquis Legibus*, translated in 1846 and 1863. Somewhat later, we find William de Leyre, Alderman of the Ward of Castle Baynard: he had once acted as gaoler to the heroic William Wallace; for it was in his house, situate in the parish of All Saints, Fenchurch-street, that the patriot was confined (22nd August, 1305), the day and night before his barbarous execution at the Elms in Smithfield.

Aldermen have, at various times, suffered by the caprice of sovereigns. In 1545, when Henry VIII. demanded a "benevolence" from his subjects, to defray the charges of his war with France and Scotland, Richard Read, an Alderman of London, refused to pay the sum required from him. For this offence, Henry compelled the recusant Alderman to serve as a foot-soldier with the army in Scotland, where he was made prisoner; and after enduring great hardships, he purchased his discharge by a considerable ransom. (See *Lord Herbert's Life of Henry VIII.*)

Alderman Barber, the first printer Lord Mayor (1733), was the friend of Bolingbroke, Swift, and Pope; and in 1721 erected a tablet to Samuel Butler, in Westminster Abbey, with an eulogistic Latin inscription, notwithstanding Butler's satiric "Character of an Alderman:"—

"He does no public business without eating and drinking; and when he comes to be a lord-mayor, he does not keep a great house, but a very great house-warming for a whole year; for though he invites all the Companies in the City, he does not treat them, but they club to entertain him and pay the reckoning before the meal. His fur gown makes him look a great deal bigger than he is, like the feathers of an owl; and when he pulls it off, he looks as if he were fallen away, or like a rabbit, had his skin pulled off."

The notorious Alderman Wilkes was a man of talent, though profligate and unprincipled. Alderman Boydell was a generous and discriminating promoter of the fine arts, and was honoured with a public funeral. Alderman Birch was an accomplished scholar, and wrote dramatic pieces. Alderman Salomons, who joined the Court in 1847, was the first Jew admitted to that privilege. The Aldermen form the bench of magistrates for the City: each, on his election by Wardmote, receives a present of law-books; and in the absence of any prisoners for examination at the Police Court in which the Alderman sits, he receives a pair of white kid gloves. The Aldermen receive no salary, but exercise many influential privileges; their duties are onerous. Probably the history of the Court presents a greater number of instances of self-advancement than any other records of personal history. Pensions or allowances are paid annually by the Court to the widows or descendants of their less fortunate brethren.

Each of the twenty-six City Wards elects one Alderman for life, or "during good behaviour." The fine for the rejection of the office is 500*l.*; but it is generally sought

as a stepping-stone to the Mayoralty, each Alderman being *in rotâ* Lord Mayor, he having previously served as Sheriff of London and Middlesex. The Aldermen form a court, the Lord Mayor presiding; and sit in a superb apartment of the Guildhall, which has a rich stucco ceiling, painted mostly by Sir James Thornhill; in the cornice are carved and emblazoned the arms of all the Mayors since 1780; each Alderman's chair bears his name and arms: he wears a scarlet cloth gown, hooded and furred; and a gold chain, *if he hath served as Mayor*. Upon state visits of sovereigns to the City, the several Aldermen ride in procession on horseback. At the opening of the New Royal Exchange, October 28, 1844, the Aldermen rode thus, wearing their scarlet gowns and chains, and cocked hats, carrying wands, and preceding the Queen's procession from Temple Bar to the Exchange.

#### ALMONRY, THE,

OR Eleemosynary, corruptly, in Stow's time, and later, the Ambry, was named from its being the place where the alms collected in the Abbey Church at Westminster were distributed to poor persons. It was situated at the east end of the Sanctuary, and was divided into two parts: the Great Almonry, consisting of two oblong portions, parallel to the two Tothill streets, and connected by a narrow lane (the entrance being from Dean's-yard); and the Little Almonry, running southward, at the eastern end of the other Almonry.

In the Almonry the first printing-press ever known in England was set up by William Caxton: according to Stow, in an old chapel near the entrance of the Abbey; but a very curious placard, in Caxton's largest type, and now preserved in the library of Brasenose College, Oxford, shows that he printed in the Almonry; for in this placard he invites customers to "come to Westmonester in to the Almonestrye at the Reed Pale," the name by which was known a house wherein Caxton is said to have lived. It stood on the north side of the Almonry, with its back against that of a house on the south side of Tothill-street. Bagford describes this house as of brick, with the sign of the King's Head: it is said to have partly fallen down in November, 1845, before the removal of the remainder of the other dwellings in the Almonry, to form a new line (Victoria-street) from Broad Sanctuary to Pimlico, when wooden types were said to have been found here. A beam of wood was saved from the materials of the house, and from it have been made a chess-board and two sets of chessmen, as appropriate memorials of Caxton's first labour in England, namely, *The Game and Playe of the Chesse*, 1474, folio, the first book printed in England.

According to a view of Caxton's house, nicely engraved by G. Cooke, in 1827, it was three-storied, and had an outer gallery, or balcony, to the upper floor, with a window in its bold gable: its precise site was immediately adjoining the spot now occupied by the principal entrance to the Westminster Palace Hotel, in digging for the foundation of which was found, at twelve feet from the surface, a statuette of the Virgin and Child, eleven inches high, carved in sandstone, and bearing traces of rich gilding.

In the Little Almonry lived James Harrington, author of *Oceana*, in a "faire house," which, according to Aubrey, "in the upper story, had a pretty gallery, which looked into the yard (cover . . . court), where he commonly dined and meditated, and took his tobacco." This "gallery" corresponds with that in Caxton's house, which we well remember: its identity has been questioned; and in one of the appendices to Mr. Gilbert Scott's *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*, Mr. Burges suggests, not altogether without probability, that it was in the spacious triforium of Westminster Abbey that Caxton first set up his printing-press. Walcott states his "place of trade near a little chapel of St. Catherine. It is not, however, wholly improbable that at first he erected his press near one of the little chapels attached to the aisles of the Abbey, or in the ancient Scriptorium."

"There is an old brick house in Tothill-street, opposite Dartmouth-street, which was probably at one time connected with the Almonry. It has upon its front, sunken in the brickwork, the letters E. (Eleemosynaria?) T. A. (perhaps the initials of the almoner's name), with, however, a late date, 1571. A heart, which is above the inscription, was the symbol used in the old Clog Almanacks for the Annunciation, the Purification, and all other Feast-days of Our Lady."—*Walcott's Westminster*, 1849.



## ALMONRY, ROYAL.

THIS Office, in Middle Scotland-yard, Whitehall, is maintained expressly for the distribution of the Royal Alms, or Bounty, to the poor. The duties of the Hereditary Grand Almoner, first instituted in the reign of Richard I., are confined to the distribution of alms at a Coronation. The office of the High Almoner is of a more general description. In the reign of Edward I. his office was to collect the fragments from the royal table, and distribute them daily to the poor; to visit the sick, poor widows, prisoners, and other persons in distress; to remind the King about the bestowal of his alms, especially on Saints' days; and to see that the cast-off robes were sold, to increase the King's charity.

Chamberlayne describes the Great Almoner's office, in 1755, to have included the disposal of the King's alms, for which use he received moneys, besides all deadands and *bona felonum de se*. He had the privilege to give the King's dish to whatsoever poor men he pleased; that is, the first dish at dinner, set upon the King's table, or instead, *4d. per diem*. Next, he distributed every morning, at the court-gate, money, bread, and beer, each poor recipient first repeating the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, in the presence of one of the King's chaplains, the Sub-Almoner; who had also to scatter newly-coined twopences, in the towns and places visited by the King, to a certain sum by the year. Besides these, there were many poor pensioners to the King and Queen below stairs.

For more than a century the office of Lord High Almoner was held by the Archbishops of York; but on the death of Archbishop Harcourt, in November, 1847, the office was conferred upon Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, Lord Bishop of Oxford.

The distribution of Alms on the Thursday before Easter, or *Maundy Thursday*, takes place in Whitehall Chapel; that at Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, at the Office in Middle Scotland-yard.

Thus, the Royal Maundy was distributed on Maundy Thursday, 1866, in Whitehall Chapel, with the customary formalities, to 47 aged men and 47 aged women, the number of each sex corresponding with the age of her Majesty.

The procession is formed in the following order:—Boys of the Chapel Royal, Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, Priests of the Chapel Royal, Sergeant-Major of the Yeomen of the Guard, the Sergeant of the Vestry, the Lord High Almoner, the Sub-Almoner, and the Sub-Dean, six children of the National Schools, the Yeoman of the Almonry and his assistants, the Yeomen of the Guard, one carrying the Royal Alms on a gold salver, of the reign of King William and Queen Mary.

A special service is then read, and after the first Anthem, 1*l.* 15*s.* is distributed to each woman, and to each man shoes and stockings. After the second Anthem woollen and linen clothes are distributed. After the third Anthem, purses. And after the fourth Anthem, two prayers composed for the occasion are read, and the prayer for the Queen, when the sermon is ended.

Each red purse contained the usual gold sovereign, and a further sum of 1*l.* 10*s.* as a commutation in lieu of provisions formerly issued from the Lord Steward's department of the Queen's Household. Each white purse contained the Maundy coin, consisting of silver fourpenny, threepenny, twopenny, and penny pieces, amounting to 47, the age of Her Majesty.

On Friday and Saturday in the previous week, and on Monday and Tuesday in the current week, Her Majesty's Royal Bounty of 5*s.*, and the Royal alms, in ancient times distributed at the gate of the Royal Palace, were paid to aged and deserving poor who had been previously selected by the Lord High Almoner and the Sub-Almoner, from those who had been recommended by various clergymen and by other persons in London and its vicinity. The number relieved exceeded 1000 persons, among whom very many were blind, paralyzed, and disabled, some exceeding 90 years of age. Formerly bread, meat, and fish were distributed in large wooden bowls, and the officers carried bouquets of flowers and wore white scarves and sashes; but the earliest custom was the King washing with his own hands the feet of as many poor men as he was old, in imitation of the humility of the Saviour. The last monarch who performed this act was James II.

The pious Queen Adelaide, who died in 1849, and is known to have expended one-third of her large income in private and public charity, maintained in her household an Almoner, whose duty it was to investigate all applications for the royal benevolence.

## ALMSHOUSES,

BUILT by Public Companies, Benevolent Societies, and private individuals, for aged and infirm persons, were formerly numerous in the metropolis and its suburbs. The Companies' Almshouses were originally erected next their Halls, that the almspeople might be handy to attend pageants and processions; but these almshouses have mostly been rebuilt elsewhere, owing to decay, or the increased value of ground in the City.

Almshouses succeeded the incorporated Hospitals dissolved by King Henry VIII. Among the earliest erected were the Almshouses founded in Westminster by Lady Margaret, mother of King Henry VII., for poor women; in one of these houses lived Thomas Barker, who aided Izaak Walton in writing his *Complete Angler*. They were con-

verted into lodgings for the singing-men of the Abbey, and called Choristers' Rents : they were taken down about 1800.

Westminster contains several of these munificent foundations : as the Red Lion Almshouses, in York-street, founded in 1577, for eight poor women, by Cornelius Van Dun, of Brabant, a soldier who served under King Henry VIII., at Tournay. Next are, in the same neighbourhood, the Almshouses for twelve poor housekeepers of St. Margaret's, with a school and chapel—the boys clad in black : these were founded in 1566, by the Rev. Edward Palmer, B.D., many years preacher at St. Bride's, Fleet-street, and who used to sleep in the church-tower. Emmanuel Hospital, James-street, was founded by the will of Lady Ann Dacre, in 1601, for aged parishioners of St. Margaret's ; and in one of its almshouses, on January 22, 1772, died Mrs. Windimore, cousin of Mary (consort of William III.) and of Queen Anne.

The Drapers' Company, in 1720, maintained Almshouses at Crutched-friars, Beach-lane, Greenwich, Stratford-le-Bow, Shoreditch, St. George's-fields, St. Mary Newington, and Mile End. The Almshouses at Crutched-friars were erected and endowed by Sir John Milborn, Mayor of London, in 1521, for thirteen decayed members of the Drapers' Company (of which Sir John was several years Master), or *bedemen*, who daily prayed at the tomb of their benefactor, in the adjoining church. The stone carving of the Assumption of the Virgin, over the Tudor gateway leading towards the pleasant little garden,—the shields with heraldic devices,—the old-fashioned roof, and dark, rich, red-coloured brickwork,—formed a picture well remembered ; taken down 1862.

The Almshouses and School-house at Mile End were built in 1735, with the ill-gotten fortune bequeathed by Francis Bancroft, grandson of Archbishop Bancroft, and an officer of the Lord Mayor's Court ; and so hated for his mercenary and oppressive practices, that at his funeral, a mob, for very joy, rang the church-bells of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, where a monument to his memory had been erected in his life-time. The almsmen are twenty-four poor old members of the Drapers' Company ; and the School boards, clothes, educates, and apprentices 100 boys.

The Trinity Almshouses, in the Mile End-road, were erected by the Corporation of the Trinity House, in 1695, for decayed masters and commanders of ships, mates, and pilots, and their wives or widows. The thirty houses have characteristic shipping on their roofs ; there is a chapel, and on the green is a statue of Captain Robert Sandes, a benefactor to the establishment ; he died 1721.

The Salters' Company had Almshouses for their decayed brethren in Monkwell-street and Bow-lane ; in 1864, they were rebuilt, at Watford, Herts, at a cost of 8000*l.*, besides that of the site and adjacent grounds.

Traditionally, we owe the foundation of Dame Owen's School and Almshouses, at Islington, to Archery. In 1610, this rich brewer's widow, in passing along St. John-street-road, then Hermitage-fields, was struck by a truant arrow, and narrowly escaped "braining ;" and the grateful lady, thinking such close shooting dangerous, in commemoration of her providential escape, built, in 1613, a Free School and ten Almshouses upon the scene of her adventure. Since 1839 they have been handsomely rebuilt by the Brewers' Company, trustees for the Charity.

Whittington's College, or Almshouses, founded in 1621, on College-hill, were rebuilt by the Mercers' Company, at the foot of Highgate-hill, about 1826 ; cost 20,000*l.* Upon the old site, College-hill, was built the Mercers' Schools.

The Fishmongers' Company's Almshouses, or St. Peter's Hospital, Newington Butts, founded 1618, consisted of three courts, dining-hall, and chapel : they were rebuilt on Wandsworth Common, in 1850 ; cost 25,000*l.*

Edward Alleyn, the distinguished actor, and friend of Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, besides founding Dulwich College, built and endowed three sets of Almshouses in the metropolis : in Lamb-alley, Bishopsgate-street ; in Bath-street, St. Luke's ; and in Soap-yard, Southwark. Of the Bath-street Almshouses, the first brick was laid by Alleyn himself, July 13, 1620 ; they were rebuilt in 1707.

Cure's College, in Deadman's-place, Southwark, was founded in 1584, by Thomas Cure, saddler to King Edward VI. and the Queens Mary and Elizabeth, for 16 poor pensioners, with 20*d.* a week ; president, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas for the time being. The College has been rebuilt.



The East India Almshouses, Poplar, were established at the granting of the first charter, in the 17th century, for widows of mates and seamen dying in the Company's service. There are also houses, with gardens, for the widows of captains, receiving pensions of from 30*l.* to 80*l.* yearly.

In Bath-street, City-road, are Almshouses for poor descendants of French Protestant Refugees, founded in 1708, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

The Goldsmiths' Company have Almshouses at Woolwich, Acton, and Hackney; each house has its little garden.

The Clock and Watchmakers' Asylum was founded in 1857 at Colney Hatch.

At Hoxton, are the Haberdashers' Company's Almshouses, founded by Robert Aske, in 1692, for poor men of the Company, and boys; here is a statue of the founder.

Morden College, Blackheath, was founded by Sir John Morden, in 1695, for decayed merchants, each 72*l.* a year, with coals, candles, washing-bath, medical and clerical attendance. The chapel has some fine carvings, reputed to be by Gibbons.

Norfolk Almshouses, or Trinity Hospital, Greenwich, is an Elizabethan building, founded by Henry, Earl of Northampton, 1613. The Trustees were the Mercers' Company; revenue, 12,000*l.* a year.

Surrey Chapel Almshouses, erected 1811, were founded and principally endowed by the Rev. Rowland Hill, for twenty-three destitute females.

The Marylebone Almshouses, built in St. John's-wood-terrace, Regent's-park, in 1836, originated in a legacy of 500*l.* from Count Woronzow; the site being leased for ninety-nine years, at a pepper-corn rent, by Colonel Eyre, who is also entitled to two presentations to the Charity.

The London Almshouses were erected by subscription, at Brixton, in 1833, to commemorate the passing of the Reform Bill, instead of by illumination.

The King William Naval Asylum, at Penge, opened 1849, for the widows of Commanders, Lieutenants, Masters and Purser in the Royal Navy, was founded by Queen Adelaide, to the memory of King William IV.

The Dramatic College has its retreat "for poor players," a central hall, residences, and external cloisters, in the Tudor style, at Maybury, in Surrey.

Recently also have been erected Almshouses for the parishes of St. Pancras, St. Martin, and Shoreditch. For Bootmakers, Mortlake; Pawnbrokers, Forest-gate; Booksellers, King's Langley; Aged Pilgrims, Edgware-road; Butchers, Walham-green; Bookbinders, Ball's-pond; Printers, Wood-green; Tailors (journeymen), Haverstock-hill; and Poulterers and Fishmongers, Southgate; besides many others provided by Companies; and Provident, Trades, and other societies, for decayed members.

The Almshouses erected of late years are mostly picturesque buildings, in the old English style, with gables, turrets, and twisted chimney-shafts, of red brick, with handsome stone dressings. In Weale's *London Exhibited* in 1851 will be found a more copious List of Almshouses (pp. 214—219) than the above.

#### AMUSEMENTS.

ARCHERY is mentioned among the summer pastimes of the London youth by Fitzstephen, who wrote in the reign of Henry II.; and the repeated statutes from the 13th to the 16th centuries, enforcing the use of the Bow, invariably ordered the holidays to be passed in its exercise. Finsbury appears to have been a very early locality for Archery; for in the reign of Edward I. there was formed a society entitled the Archers of Finsbury. Here, in the reign of Henry VII., all the gardens were destroyed by law, "and of them was made a plain field for archers to shoot in;" this being the early appropriation of what is now called "the Artillery Ground." There is also preserved a MS. enumeration of the Archers' Marks in Finsbury Fields, compiled in 1601: it gives, in flight shooting, nineteen score as the distance between Allhollows and Daie's Deed marks. Indeed, Miss Banks, Sir Joseph's daughter, an enthusiastic lover of the bow, has left a MS. note that a friend, Mr. Bates, often shot eighteen score in Finsbury Fields; the length of the plain being about one mile, and the breadth three-quarters. Among the curious books on Archery are the *Ayme for Finsburie Archers*, 1628; and the *Ayme for the Archers of St. George's Fields*, 1664.

Henry VIII. shot with the longbow as well as any of his guards: he chartered a society for shooting; and jocosely dignified a successful archer as Duke of Shoreditch, at which place his Grace resided. This title was long preserved by the Captain of the London Archers, who used to summon the officers of his several divisions under the titles of Marquis of Barlo, of Clerkenwell, of Islington, of Hoxton, of Shacklewell, &c., Earl of Pancras, &c. We read of a grand pageant in this reign, of three thousand archers, guarded by whiffers and billmen, pages and footmen, proceeding from Merchant Taylors' Hall, through Broad-street, the residence of their captain; thence into Moorfields by Finsbury, and so on to Smithfield, where they performed evolutions, and shot at a target for honour.

Edward VI. was fond of Archery; in his reign the scholars of St. Bartholomew, who held their disputations in cloisters, were rewarded with a bow and silver arrows.

Stow (who died in 1605) informs us, that before his time it had been customary at Bartholomew-tide for the Lord Mayor, with the sheriffs and aldermen, to go into the fields at Finsbury, where the citizens were assembled, and shoot at the standard with broad and flight arrows for games, which were continued for several days.

Charles I. was an excellent archer, and forbade by proclamation the inclosure of shooting-grounds near London. Archery, however, seems then to have soon fallen into disrepute. Sir William Davenant, in a mock poem, entitled *The Long Vacation in London*, describes idle attorneys and proctors making matches in Finsbury Fields:—

"With loynes in canvas bow-case tied,  
Where arrows stick with mickle pride;  
Like ghosts of Adam Bell and Clymme,  
Sol sets—for fear they'll shoot at him?"

Pepys records, in his *Diary*, that, when a boy, he used to shoot with his bow and arrows in the fields of Kingsland.

In the reign of Henry VIII., a shout through the City of "Shovels and spades! Shovels and spades!" assembled a band of 'prentice lads, who speedily levelled the hedges, dykes, and garden-louises, by which trespassers had encroached on the shooting-fields. Even as late as 1786, the Artillery Company, preceded by a detachment of their pioneers, marched over Finsbury, pulling down the fences again illegally erected. The brick wall enclosing a lead-mill was also attacked; but, on the entreaty of the proprietor, the Hon. Company ordered it to be spared, contenting themselves with directing one of their archers to shoot an arrow over it, in token of their prescriptive right. —*Proc. Soc. Antiquaries, London*, vol. iv. No. 47.

In 1781, the remains of the "Old Finsbury Archers" established the Toxophilite Society, at Leicester House, then in Leicester Fields. They held their meetings in Bloomsbury Fields, behind the present site of Gower-street; here, in 1794, the Turkish Ambassador's secretary shot, with a bow and arrow, 482 yards. In about twenty-five years they removed on "target days" to Highbury Barn; from thence to Bayswater; and in 1834, to the Inner Circle, Regent's Park, where they have a rustic lodge, and between five and six acres of ground. The Society consisted in 1850 of 100 members; terms, 5*l.* annually, entrance-fee 5*l.*, and other expenses: they possess the original silver badge of the old Finsbury Archers. They meet every Friday during the Spring and Summer; the shooting is at 60, 80, and 100 yards; and many prizes are shot for during the season; Prince Albert was patron.

The most numerous Society of the kind now existing is, however, "The Royal Company of Archers, the Queen's body-guard of Scotland," whose captain-general, the Duke of Buccleuch, rode in the coronation procession of Queen Victoria.

In 1849, the Society of Cantelows Archers was established; their shooting-ground is at Camden-square, Camden New Town; the prize, a large silver medal. There was a fine display of Archery at the Fête of the Scottish Society of London, in Holland Park, Kensington, June 20, 21, 1849, when 300*l.*-worth of prize plate was shot for.

BALLAD-SINGING, the vestige of the minstrelsy which Cromwell, in 1656, silenced for a time, was common in the last century. "The Blind Beggar" had conferred poetic celebrity upon Bethnal Green; "Black-eyed Susan," and "Twas when the seas were roaring," were the lyrics that landmen delighted to sing of the sea; and "Jemmy Dawson" (set to music by Dr. Arne) grew into historic fame elsewhere than



on the scene of the tragedy, Kennington Common. To these succeeded the sea-songs of Charles Dibdin, which were commonly sung about the streets by the very tars who had first felt their patriotic inspiration: a sailor, who wore a model of the brig Nelson upon his hat, long maintained his vocal celebrity upon Tower-hill. Hogarth, in his "Wedding of the Industrious Apprentice," has painted the famous ballad-singer "Philip in the Tub;" and Gravelot, a portrait-painter in the Strand, had several sittings from ballad-singers. The great factory of the ballads was long Seven Dials, where Pitts employed Corcoran, and was the patron of "slender Ben" and "over-head-and-ears Nic." Among its earlier lyrists were "Tottenham Court Meg," the "Ballad-singing Cobler," and "ould Guy, the poet." Mr. Catnach, another noted printer of ballads, lived in Seven Dials; and at his death, left a considerable fortune. He was the first ballad-printer who published *yards of songs for one penny*, in former days the price of a single ballad; and here he accumulated the largest stock on record of whole sheets, last-dying speeches, ballads, and other wares of the flying stationers. Another noted ballad-printer and ballad-monger kept shop in Long-lane, Smithfield.

BEAR AND BULL BAITING.—A map of London, three centuries ago, gives the "Spitel Field" for archers; "Fynsburie Fyeld," with "Dogge's House," for the citizens to hunt in; "Moore Fyeld," with marks, as if used by clothiers; "the Banck" by the side of the river; "the Bolle Bating Theatre," near the "Beare Baitynge House," nigh where London Bridge now commences. Pepys describes a visit to the "beare-garden" in 1666, where he saw "some good sport of the bull's tossing of the dogs, one into the very boxes. But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure." Hockley-in-the-hole, Clerkenwell, was styled "His Majesty's Bear-Garden" in 1700, and was the scene of bull and bear-baiting, wrestling, and boxing; but it was neglected for Figg's Amphitheatre, in Oxford-road:

"Long liv'd the great Figg, by the prize-fighting swains  
Sole monarch acknowledged of Marybone plains."

At Tothill Fields, Westminster, was in 1793, a noted bear-garden, a portion of which now forms Vincent-square; and bear-baiting and rat-hunting lingered in their Westminster haunts longer than elsewhere.

BOWLS was formerly a popular game in the metropolis: it succeeded archery before Stow's time, when many gardens of the City and its suburbs were converted into bowling-alleys; our author, in 1579, wrote:—"Common bowling-alleyes are privy mothes that eat up the credit of many idle citizens, whose gaynes at home are not able to weigh downe theyr losses abroad;" elsewhere he says:—"Our bowes are turned into bowls." The game of bowls, however, is as old as the 13th century, and in the country was played upon greens; but the alleys required less room, and were covered over, so that the game could be played therein all weathers, whence they became greatly multiplied in London. Bowls was played by Henry VIII., who added to Whitehall "tennis-courtes, *bowling-alleyes*, and a cock-pit."

Spring Garden, Charing-cross, had its ordinary and bowling-green kept by a servant of Charles the First's Court; and Piccadilly Hall, at the corner of Windmill-street and Coventry-street, had its upper and lower bowling-greens.

The grave John Locke, in one of his private journals (1679), records "bowling at Marebone and Putney by persons of quality; wrestling in Lincoln's Inn Fields on summer evenings; bear and bull baiting at the Bear-Garden; shooting in the long-bow and stob-ball in Tothill Fields."

In the last century, Bowls was much played in the suburbs, especially at Marybone Gardens, mentioned by Pepys in 1668 as "a pretty place." Its bowling-greens were frequented by the nobility, among whom was Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, to whose partiality for the game Lady Mary Wortley Montague refers in the oft-quoted line—

"Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away."

The place grew into disrepute, and was closed in 1777; it is made by Gay a scene of Macheath's debauchery in the *Beggar's Opera*.

Greens remain attached to a few old taverns round London. In the town, bowling alleys were abolished in the last century, and gave rise to long-bowling, or bowling in

a narrow inclosure at nine-pins upon a square frame. They have been succeeded by the American bowling alley, sometimes in the cellar of the tavern.

Bowling-street, Westminster, commemorates the spot where the members of the Convent of St. Peter amused themselves at bowls. We have also Bowling-street in Marylebone and Turnmill-street; Bowling-green-lane in Clerkenwell and Southwark; Bowling-green-buildings, Bryanston-square; and Bowling-green-walk at Hoxton.

CARD-PLAYING would appear to have become early a favourite pastime with the Londoners; for in 1643 a law was passed on a petition of the cardmakers of the City, prohibiting the importation of playing-cards. It was a very fashionable Court amusement in the reign of Henry VII.; and so general, that it became necessary to prohibit by law apprentices from using cards, except in the Christmas holidays, and then only in their masters' houses. Agreeable to this privilege, Stow, speaking of the customs at London, says: "From Allhallow-eve to the day following Candlemas-day, there was, among other sports, playing at cards, for counters, nails, and points, in every house, more for pastime than for gayne." Basset was a fashionable card-game at the end of the 17th century; and Basset-tokens are preserved:—

"Who the bowl or rattling dice compares  
To Basset's heavenly joys and pleasing cares?"—*Pope's Eclogue—Basset-table.*

Whist, in its present state, was not played till about 1730, when it was much studied by a set of gentlemen at the Crown Coffee-house in Bedford-row. Gaming in public was formerly a royal pastime at Christmas: George I. and George II. played, on certain days, at hazard, at the Groom-porter's, in St. James's Palace; and this was continued some time in the reign of George III. The name of "hells," applied in our day to gambling-houses, originated in the room in St. James's Palace formerly appropriated to hazard being remarkably dark, and on that account called "hell." (*Theodore Hook.*) A few years ago there were more of those infamous places of resort in London than in any other city in the world. The handsome gas-lamp and the green or red baize door at the end of the passage were conspicuous in the vicinity of St. James's; and of St. George's, Hanover-square; and the moral nuisances still linger about St. James's parish and Leicester-square.

COCK-FIGHTING was a London pastime 1190, and very fashionable from the reign of Edward III. almost to our time. Henry VIII. added a cock-pit to Whitehall Palace, where James I. went to see the sport twice a week; this pit being upon the site of the present Privy Council Office: hence the Cockpit Gate, built by Holbein, across the road at Whitehall. Besides this Royal Cockpit, there was formerly a Cockpit in Drury-lane, now corrupted to Pitt-place, and there was the Cockpit or Phoenix Theatre. There were other Cockpits, in Jewin-street, Cripplegate, Tufton-street, whence the Cock-pit Yards there; another in Shoe-lane, *temp.* James I., whence Cockpit-court in that neighbourhood; and another noted Cockpit was "behind Gray's Inn." Hogarth's print best illustrates the brutal refinement of the Cock-fighting of the last century; and the barbarous sport was, we believe, last encouraged at Westminster, not far distant from the spot, where in kindred pastime, Royalty relieved the weighty cares of State. The famous Westminster cock-pit was in Park-street. Cock-fighting is now forbidden and punishable by statute.

CRICKET is stated to have been played at Finsbury, in the Royal Artillery Ground, before the year 1746. Some thirty years later, in 1774, a committee of noblemen and gentlemen was formed, under the presidency of Sir William Draper; they met at the Star and Garter in Pall Mall, and laid down the first rules of Cricket, which rules form the basis of the laws of Cricket to this day. The next great step was the establishment of the White Conduit Club, in the year 1799; and among its members, in addition to the before-named patron of the game, we find the names of Lord Winchelsea, Lord Strathaven, and Sir P. Burrell. Their place of meeting was still the Star and Garter, and their Ground was in White Conduit-fields. One of the attendants, Thomas Lord, was persuaded to take a ground; and under the patronage of the old White Conduit Club, a new club, called the Marylebone Club, was formed at "Lord's Cricket Ground," which was the site of the present Dorset-square. Lord's Ground is now in St. John's-



wood-road, and is about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  acres in extent, and devoted almost exclusively, in May, June, and July, to the matches and practice of the Marylebone Club; at the annual meeting, early in May, the Laws of Cricket are revised, and matches for the season arranged. Attached to Lord's Ground are a Tennis Court and Baths. Here is an old painting of the game, in which the bat has the *bend* of the club, which, it is thought, denotes Cricket to have been a gradual improvement of the *Club and Ball*. Amongst the other principal Cricket-grounds are the Oval (larger than Lord's) at Kennington: the Royal Artillery Ground, Finsbury, is, perhaps, the oldest ground in London; for here a match was played between Kent and All England in 1746. There was formerly a ground in Copenhagen-fields; there is one at the Brecknock Arms, Camden-town; at Brixton, near the church; the Middlesex County, Islington Cattle Market, Tufnell Park, Highbury; Victoria Park, Battersea Park; Rosemary Branch, Peckham; Crystal Palace, Sydenham; Sluice House, Hornsey; Primrose Hill; Vincent-square, Westminster; and at Bow, Millwall, and Putney. Of the younger London clubs is the Civil Service, consisting exclusively of members of the Civil Service.

DUCK-HUNTING with dogs was a barbarous pastime of the last century in the neighbourhood of London, happily put an end to by the want of ponds of water. St. George's Fields was a notorious place for this sport; hence the infamous Dog and Duck Tavern and Tea Gardens, from a noted dog which hunted ducks on a sheet of water there: Hannah More makes it a favourite resort of her Cheapside Apprentice. The premises were afterwards let to the School for the Indigent Blind, and were taken down in 1812, when Bethlehem Hospital was built upon the site; in its front wall is preserved the original sign-stone of the tavern—a dog with a duck thrown across its back. Ingenious lesson this—in setting up a memorial of profligacy and cruelty upon a site devoted to the restoration of reason! Duck-hunting was also one of the low sports of the butchers of Shepherd's Market, at May Fair, where, to this day, is a spot known as the “duck-hunting pond;” and within memory, on the site of Hertford-street, was the Dog and Duck publichouse, with its ducking-pond, boarded up knee-high and shaded by willows.

EQUESTRIANISM appears to have been a favourite amusement with the Londoners for more than a century past. One of the first performers was Thomas Johnson, who exhibited in a field behind the Three Hats, at Islington, in 1758; he was succeeded by one Sampson, in 1767, whose wife was the first female equestrian performer in England. In the same year, rode one Price at D'Aubigny's, or Dobney's Gardens, nearly opposite the Belvedere Tavern, Pentonville, and where Wildman exhibited his docile bees, in 1772; the site is at this day marked by Dobney's-place.

About this time Hughes established himself in St. George's Fields, and Astley in Westminster-bridge-road; the latter was succeeded by Duerow and Batty. Horses in England were taught dancing as early as the 13th century; but the first mention of feats on horseback occurs in the Privy Purse expenses of Henry VIII.

FAIRS.—The three great Fairs of old London belonged, in Catholic times, to the heads of religious houses: Westminster to its abbot; and St. Bartholomew and Southwark (or St. Mary Overie, as it is oftener called), to the Priors of those monasteries.

Westminster, or St. Edward's Fair (held on that Saint's Day), was commanded by proclamation of Edward III., in 1248; it was first held in St. Margaret's churchyard, and then was removed to Tothill-fields, where the Fair continued to be held, but of considerably less extent, so lately as 1823.

Two Fairs were held in Smithfield at Bartholomew-tide: that within the Priory precincts was one of the great Cloth Fairs of England: the other, Bartholomew Fair, was held in the Field, and granted to the City of London, for cattle and goods. The latter was proclaimed, for the last time, in the year 1855.

Southwark Fair was held on St. Margaret's-hill, on the day after Bartholomew Fair; and was by charter limited to three days, but usually lasted fourteen. Evelyn records among its wonders, monkeys and asses dancing on the tight rope; and the tricks of an Italian wench, whom all the Court went to see. Pepys tells of its puppet-shows, especially that of Whittington; and of Jacob Hall's dancing on the ropes. The Fair was suppressed in 1762; but it lives in one of Hogarth's prints.

St. James's Fair, held in the month of May, in Brook Field, acquired the name of "May Fair." It was abolished in 1709; but was revived, and was not finally suppressed until late in the reign of George III. It gave the fashionable quarter in which it was held the name of May Fair; and the Brook to Brook-street.

FIREWORKS, for pastime, are rarely spoken of previous to the reign of Elizabeth; when the foyste, or galley, with a great red dragon, and "wilde men casting of fire," accompanied the Lord Mayor's barge upon the Thames. A writer in the reign of James I. assures us there were then "abiding in the City of London men very skilful in the art of pyrotechnie, or of fireworks;" which were principally displayed by persons fantastically dressed, and called Green Men. In the last century, the train of Artillery displayed annually a grand firework upon Tower-hill on the evening of his Majesty's birthday. Fireworks were exhibited regularly at Marybone Gardens and at Ranelagh; not at Vauxhall until 1798, and then but occasionally. At Bermondsey Spa, and various tea-gardens, they were also displayed, but in inferior style. Fireworks were first exhibited at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, in illustration of picture-models; and similar galas at Cremorne Gardens, Chelsea, have been very successful.

There have been some grand Firework displays at the Government expense: as in the Green Park at the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748; and on August 1, 1814, in celebration of the general Peace, and the Centenary of the accession of the Brunswick family to the British throne, these fireworks being by Sir William Congreve, of rocket celebrity. There have been similar firework galas in Hyde Park at coronations and Peace celebrations. At the coronation of King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, Sept. 1831, the amount expended for fireworks, and for keeping open the public theatres, was 3034*l.* 18*s.* 7*d.*

FOOTBALL was played in the twelfth century by the youth of the City in the fields; and five centuries later, we find football players in Cheapside, Covent Garden, and the Strand; Moorfields and Lincoln's Inn Fields. There is an old print of football play in Fleet-street.

HUNTING.—"The Common Hunt" dates from a charter granted by Henry I. to the citizens to "have chaces, and hunts:" and Strype, so late as the reign of George I., reckons among the modern amusements of the Londoners "riding on horseback, and hunting with my Lord Mayor's hounds, when the Common Hunt goes out." The Epping Hunt was appointed from a similar charter granted to the citizens. Strype describes a visitation of the Lord Mayor Harper, and other civic authorities, to the Tyburn Conduits, in 1562, when "afore dinner they hunted the hare and killed her," at the end of St. Giles's, with great hallooing and blowing of horns. Much later, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen enjoyed this sport on Easter Monday, when a stag was turned out. The kennel for the hounds, and a house adjoining, was rebuilt about 1800. The officer of the Common Hunt has not long been abolished in the Lord Mayor's household; the "hunt" exists but in the verse of Tom D'Urfey, or Thomas Hood.

Poaching was common in the metropolis three centuries since; for, in a proclamation of Henry VIII., 1546 (preserved in the library of the Society of Antiquaries), the King is desirous to have the "Games of Hare, Partridge, Pheasant, and Heron," preserved from Westminster palace to St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, &c.

MASQUERADES were introduced into England from Italy in 1512-13, by Henry VIII. They were frequent among the citizens at the Restoration. In 1717-18, a very splendid masquerade was given at the Opera House by Heidegger, at which there was high play with heaps of guineas. Soon after the bishops preached against these amusements, which led to their suppression, 9 George I., 1723. They were, however, revived, and carried to shameful excess by connivance of the Government, and in direct violation of the laws. During the food-riots, in 1772, there was given at the Pantheon, Oxford-street, a masquerade, in which 10,000 guineas were expended by the revellers in dress and other luxuries: Oliver Goldsmith masqueraded there in "an old English dress." At the Pantheon, in 1783, a masquerade was got up by Delpini, the famous clown, in celebration of the Prince of Wales attaining his majority; tickets, three



guineas each. In the same year Garrick attended a masked fête at the Pantheon as King of the Gipsies. But the most eccentric *entrepreneur* was Madame Teresa Cornelys, "the Heidegger of the age," who, at Carlisle House, Soho-square, gave masquerades in extravagant style, and was soon ruined. These entertainments were never encouraged by George III., at whose request Foote abstained from giving a masquerade at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. At Ranelagh they were given occasionally. At the Opera House and Argyle Rooms, masquerades were given; and at Drury-lane and Covent Garden Theatres: towards the close of a masquerade, or masked ball, May 5, 1856, the latter theatre was entirely destroyed by fire.

MAYINGS AND MAY-GAMES were celebrated by "the citizens of London of all estates" with Maypoles and warlike shows, "with good archers, morrice-dancers, and other devices for pastime, all day long; and towards evening they had stage-plays and bonfires in the streets." The games were presided over by the Lord and Lady of the May, decorated with scarves, ribbons, and other finery; to which were added Robin Hood and Maid Marian. May-poles were regularly erected in many parts of London on Mayday morning; as in Leadenhall-street, before the south door of St. Andrew's Church, therefore called *Under Shaft*; this pole being referred to by Chaucer as "the great Shaft of Cornhill;" it was higher than the church-steeple (91 feet). After Evil Mayday, 1517, this pole was, in 1549, sawn into pieces, and burnt as "an idol." Another celebrated Maypole was that placed in the Strand, upon the site of the present church of St. Mary: this pole was 134 feet high, and was set up with great pomp and festivity in 1661; it was broken with a high wind a few years after. Opposite is Maypole-alley, at the top of which and over against the gate of Craven House, were the lodgings of Nell Gwyn; and Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his piquant *Story of Nell*, says:—"This Maypole, long a conspicuous ornament to the West-end of London, rose to a great height above the surrounding houses, and was surmounted by a crown and vane, and the royal arms richly gilded." Stow tells us that this pole was put up by the farrier, Clarges, to commemorate his daughter's good fortune of arriving to the dignity of Duchess of Albemarle, by being married to General Monk, when he was a private gentleman. The Maypole being grown old and damaged, was, in 1717, obtained by Sir Isaac Newton (who then lived in St. Martin's-street, Leicester-fields), and being taken down was carried away to Wanstead, in Essex; there it was placed in Sir Richard Child's park, for raising a telescope, the largest in the world, stated to have belonged to Newton's friend, Mr. Pound, rector of Wanstead, to whom it had been presented by M. Hugon, a French member of the Royal Society. Another famous Maypole stood in Basing-lane: Stow described it as a large fir-pole, which reached to the roof of Gerard's Hall Inn, and was fabled to be the justice-staff of Gerard the giant, of whom a carved wood figure stood by the gate until the demolition of the inn in 1852. There are other places in London which indicate the site of Maypoles: as Maypole-alley, St. Margaret's-hill, Southwark; and Maypole-alley, from the north side of Wych-street into Stanhope-street. In the Beaufoy Collection are two tokens: one Nat. Child, "near y<sup>e</sup> May poal, in y<sup>e</sup> Strand, Grocer;" and Philip Complin, "at the Maypole in the Strand, Distiller;" and the Maypole, with some small building attached.

THE PARKS had their pastimes upwards of two centuries ago. The French game of Paille-mail (striking a ball with a wooden mallet through an iron ring) was introduced in the reign of Charles I. Skating was first brought into vogue in England on the new canal in St. James's Park: Evelyn enters it, 1st Dec., 1662, "with sleet after the manner of the Hollanders." Pepys records, 10th Aug. 1664, Lords Castlehaven and Arran running down and killing a stout buck in St. James's Park, for a wager, before the King; and Evelyn enters, 19th Feb. 1666-67, a wrestling-match for 1000*l.* in St. James's Park, before his Majesty, a world of lords, and other spectators, 'twixt the western and northern men, when the former won. At this time there were in the park flocks of wild-fowl breeding about the Decoy, antelopes, an elk, red-deer, roe-bucks, stags, Guinea fowls, Arabian sheep, &c.: and here Charles II. might be seen playing with his dogs and feeding his ducks. Birdcage Walk was named from the aviary established there in the reign of James I., and the decoy made there in the reign of Charles II.

Hyde Park was formerly much celebrated for its deer-hunts, foot and horse races, musters and coach-races, boxing-matches, and Mayings.

PRISON BARS, OR BASE, is as old as the reign of Edward III., when it was, by proclamation, prohibited to be played in the avenues of the Palace at Westminster during the session of Parliament, from its interruption of the members and others in passing to and fro. About 1780, a grand match at base was played in the fields behind Montagu House, by twelve gentlemen of Cheshire against twelve of Derbyshire, for a considerable stake.

"PUNCH" has for nearly two centuries delighted the Londoner; there being entries of Punchinello's Booth at Charing-cross, 1666, in the Overseers' Books of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. (*Cunningham's Handbook*, 2nd edit.) Punch's costume closely resembles the Elizabethan peasecod-bellied doublets. Covent Garden was another of Punch's early "pitches," where Powell's performances thinned the congregation in St. Paul's Church, as we learn from No. 14 of the *Spectator*; and in 1711-12, he lessened the receipts at the Opera and the national theatres: the showman worked the wires, and "by a thread in one of Punch's chops, gave to him the appearance of animation." Such was the olden contrivance: at present the puppets are played by putting the hand under the dress, and making the middle finger and thumb serve for the arms, while the forefinger works the head. Mr. Windham, when one of the Secretaries of State, on his way from Downing-street to the House of Commons, was seen to stop and enjoy the whimsicalities of Punch.

"We are never ashamed of being caught gazing at Punch," wrote Albert Smith. In 1828, George Cruikshank produced his grotesque etchings of Punch, to illustrate Mr. Payne Collier's very agreeable volume, *Punch and Judy*. Haydon painted Punch, with Hogarthian humour, in 1829; and Webster, R.A., painted with equal humour "Punch in the Country," in 1840.

Street Shows and Performers have become very numerous in the present day. Such are Punch, Fantoccini, Chinese Shades, and Galantee Shows; jugglers, conjurors, balancers, posturers, stiff tumblers, pole-balancers, salamanders or fire-eaters, and sword and snake followers; street dancers; and performances of trained animals, as dancing dogs, acting birds, and mice. The street musicians include brass and other bands, Ethiopians, farm-yard fiddlers, horse organs, Italian organ-boys, hurdy-gurdy players, blind and crippled fiddlers, and violoncello and clarinet players. Next are the peep-showmen and the proprietors of giants, dwarves, industrious fleas, alligators, "happy families," and glass ships; together with street telescopes, microscopes, thaumascopes, and weighing, lifting, and measuring machines. Porsini and Pike were celebrated Punch exhibitors; the former is said to have frequently taken 10*l.* a day; but he died in St. Giles' workhouse. A set of Punch figures costs about 15*l.*, and the show about 3*l.* The speaking is done by a "call," made of two curved pieces of metal about the size of a knee-buckle, bound together with black thread, and between them is a thin metal plate. Porsini used a trumpet. The present artists maintain that "Punch is exempt from the Police Act." The most profitable performance is that in houses; and Punch's best season is in the spring, and at Christmas and Midsummer: the best "pitches" in London are Leicester-square, Regent-street (corner of New Burlington-street), Oxford Market, and Belgrave-square. There are sixteen Punch and Judy frames in England, eight of which work in London. *Fantoccini* are puppets, which, with frame, cost about 10*l.* *Chinese Shades* consist of a frame like Punch's, with a transparent curtain and movable figures; shown only at night, with much dialogue.—*Selected from a Letter by Henry Mayhew; Morning Chronicle*, May 16, 1850.

Punch has not, however, been always a mere puppet: for we read of a farce called "Punch turned Schoolmaster;" and in 1841, was commenced "Punch; or, the London Charivari," which under excellent editorship has effected considerable moral service.\*

PUPPET-SHOWS were common at the suburban fairs in the early part of the last century; they also competed with the larger theatres, until they were superseded by the revival of Pantomimes. But the Italian Fantoccini was popular early in the present century. The puppet-showman, with his box upon his back, is now rarely seen in the street, but we have the artist of Punch, with his theatre. Clockwork figures appeared early in the last century. In the reign of Queen Anne, a celebrated show of this kind was exhibited at the great house in the Strand over against the Globe Tavern, near Hungerford Market. A saraband, danced with castanets, and throwing balls and knives alternately into the air and catching them as they fall, with catching oranges upon forks, formed part of the puppet-showman's exhibition.

\* In a 14th-century manuscript of the French romance of *Alexander*, in the Bodleian Library, is an illumination of Punch's show, the figures closely resembling the modern Punch and Judy.



Men and monkeys dancing upon ropes, or walking upon wires; dogs dancing minuets, pigs arranging letters so as to form words at their master's command, hares beating drums, or birds firing off cannons—these were favourite exhibitions early in the last century. Raree-shows, ladder-dancing, and posturing, are also of this date.

RACKETS is nearly coeval with Tennis, which it so much resembles; Rackets being striking a ball against a wall, and Tennis dropping a ball over a central net. There are Racket-grounds at the Belvedere, Pentonville; at the Tennis Court, Haymarket; and at Prince's Club Racquets Courts, Chelsea. Rackets was also much played in the Fleet Prison, taken down in 1844; in the Queen's Bench Prison; and at Copenhagen House, St. Pancras.

SALT-BOX MUSIC will be remembered by the middle-aged reader. It was played with a rolling-pin and salt-box beaten together, the noise being modulated so as to resemble a sort of music. It was formerly played by Merry Andrews, at country fairs. Bonnel Thornton composed a burlesque *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, which Dr. Burney, in 1769, set for Smart and Newbury. It was performed at Ranelagh, by masks: Beard sang the salt-box song, which was admirably accompanied on that instrument by Brent, the fencing-master; Skeggs, on the broomstick, as bassoon; and a remarkable performance on the Jew's harp. Cleavers were cast in bell-metal for this entertainment. All the performers of the *Old Woman's Oratory*, employed by Foote, were engaged at Ranelagh on this occasion. Price, landlord of the Green Man, formerly the Farthing Pye-house, was a famous salt-box player.

SKITTLES, corrupted from kayles of the fourteenth century, and afterwards kettle, or kettle-pins, was much played in and near London until 1780, when the magistrates abolished all Skittle-grounds. To this succeeded Nine-holes, or "Bubble-the-justice," on the supposition that it could not be set aside by the justices, as it was not named in the prohibitory statutes: it is now called "Bumble-puppy," and the vulgarity of the term is characteristic of the company who play it. Nine-pins, Dutch-pins, and Four-corners are but variations of Skittles; which games originated in the covering of open grounds in London and its neighbourhood with houses.

TEA GARDENS were the favourite resorts of the middle classes in the last century; and, in most cases, they succeeded the promenade at mineral springs. Such was Bagnigge Wells, Battle Bridge-road, taken down a few years since: we remember its concert-room and organ, its grottoes and fountains, and grotesque figures, and bust of Nell Gwynne, who is traditionally stated to have resided here. Next were Sadler's Wells Music House, before it became a theatre; Tunbridge Wells, or Islington Spa; and the Three Hats, at Islington, mentioned in Bickerstaff's comedy of the *Hypocrite*: the house remained a tavern until 1839, when it was taken down. White Conduit House, Pentonville, was originally a small ale and cake house, built in the fields, in the reign of Charles I., and named from a conduit in an adjoining meadow. An association of Protestant Dissenters, formed in the reign of Queen Anne, met at this house: the Wheal Pond, close by, was a famous place for duck-hunting; Sir William Davenant describes a city wife going to the fields to "sop her cake in milk;" and Goldsmith speaks of tea-drinking parties, with hot rolls and butter, at White Conduit House. A description of the place in 1774 presents a general picture of the Tea Garden of that period: "The garden is formed into walks, prettily disposed. At the end of the principal one is a painting, which seems to render it (the walk) longer in appearance than it really is. In the centre of the garden is a fish pond. There are boxes for company, curiously cut into hedges, adorned with Flemish and other paintings. There are two handsome tea-rooms, one over the other, and several inferior ones in the house." The fish-pond was soon after filled up, and its site planted, the paintings removed, and a new dancing and tea saloon, called the Apollo-room, built. In 1826, the gardens were opened as a "Minor Vauxhall;" and here Mrs. Bland, the charming vocalist, last sang in public. In 1829, the small house, the original tavern, was taken down, and rebuilt upon a more extensive plan, so as to dine upwards of 2000 persons in its largest room. But in 1849 these premises were also taken down; the tavern was re-erected on a smaller scale, and the garden-ground let on building leases, for White Conduit-street, &c;

Next we reach Highbury, where originally stood the *Barn* of the Monks of Clerkenwell: hence the old name of the Tavern, Highbury Barn. In the fields, opposite Pentonville Prison, was Copenhagen House (Coopen Hagen, in Camden's *Britannia*, 1695), first opened by a Dane. In Islington there remain the Canonbury Tea Gardens, a very old resort (the tavern has been rebuilt); and in Barnsbury remains an old tea-garden. Hoxton had also several tea-gardens.

Toten Hall, at the north-west extremity of Tottenham-court-road, was the ancient court-house of that manor, and subsequently a place of public entertainment. In the parish books of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, year 1645, is an entry of Mrs. Stacey's maid and others being fined "for drinking at Tottenhall Court on the Sabbath daie, xij*d*. a-piece." The premises next became the Adam and Eve Tea Gardens: before the house is laid the scene of Hogarth's *March to Finchley*; and in the grounds, May 16, 1785, Lunardi fell with his burst balloon, and was but slightly injured. The Gardens were much frequented; but the place falling into disrepute, the music-house was taken down, and upon the site of the Skittle-grounds and Gardens was built Eden-street, Hampstead-road, the public-house being rebuilt.

Chalk Farm, corrupted from the old village of Chalcot, shown in Camden's map, was another noted tea-garden. This was "the White House," to which, in 1678, the body of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey was carried, after it had been found, about two fields distant, upon the south side of Primrose Hill. Several duels have been fought here: here John Scott (of the *London Magazine*), was shot by Mr. Christie, Feb. 16, 1821; and the poet Moore, and Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*, met in 1806. Chalk Farm now gives name to the railway station here.

The above were the most celebrated Tea-gardens north and north-west of London. Westward lay Marybone Gardens, open for public breakfasts and evening concerts to high-class company; fireworks being added. In 1777-8 these gardens were shut up, and the site let to builders; the ground being now occupied by Beaumont and Devonshire streets, and part of Devonshire-place. Next were the Bayswater Gardens, once the "Physic Garden" of Sir John Hill; and Ranelagh, the costly rival of Vauxhall, as well as a Tea-garden in the present century. Mulberry Garden, upon the present site of Buckingham Palace and its gardens, dated from *temp.* Charles I. Pimlico was noted for its tea-gardens and ale to our day: the Gun Tea Gardens, Queen's-row, with its arbours and grotesque figures, were the last to disappear: here, were the Dwarf Tavern and Gardens; the Star and Garter, Five-fields-row, famous for its equestrianism, fireworks, and dancing; and the Orange, upon the site of St. Barnabas Church. Here, too, was New Ranelagh; and Jenny's Whim, Bowling-green, and gardens, the site now covered by St. George's-row: it was opened *temp.* George I. for fireworks; and it had its duck-hunting pond, alcoves, and character figures, and was much frequented for bull-baiting in the adjoining fields. Knightsbridge was noted for its Spring Gardens, and houses of entertainment. Southward were Cumberland Gardens and Assembly Rooms, the site now occupied by Price's Candle Company's Works, Vauxhall Bridge; Spring Garden, Vauxhall; the Dog and Duck, and Apollo Gardens, St. George's Fields; and Cuper's Gardens, through the site of which runs Waterloo-bridge-road. Bermondsey had its Spa Gardens in the Grange-road; and Cupid's Gardens upon Jacob's Island, the ill-fated locality in which the cholera (1848-9) first broke out in the metropolis, and where it lingered last.

Few of these old Tea Gardens remain. In the increase of London within the last half-century, the environs have lost their suburban character, and have become part of the great town itself; and steamboats and railways now, for very small sums, convey the over-worked artisan out of its murky atmosphere into pure air and rural scenery.

TENNIS, from the French Hand-ball or Palm-play, was played in London in the sixteenth century, in covered courts erected for the purpose. Henry VII. and VIII. were fond of Tennis; and the latter added to the palace of Whitehall "tennis-courts." James I. recommended Tennis to his son, as becoming a prince. Charles II. was an accomplished Tennis-player, and had particular dresses for playing in. We have a relic of these times in the Tennis-court in James-street, Haymarket, which bears the date 1676, and was formerly attached to the gaming-house, or Shavers' Hall. In



Windmill-street was another Tennis-court, which belonged to Piccadilly Hall, also a gaming-house. Another famous Tennis-court was Gibbon's, in Clare Market, where Killigrew's comedians performed for some time. There are in Holborn, Blackfriars, and Southwark thoroughfares known as "Tennis-courts," denoting the game to have been formerly played there.

**THAMES SPORTS.**—Fitzstephen relates of the ancient Londoners fighting "battles on Easter holidays on the water, by striking a shield with a lance." There was also a kind of water tournament, in which the two combatants, standing in two wherries, rowed and ran against each other, and fought with staves and shields. In the game of the Water Quintain the shield was fixed upon a post in the river, and the champion, stationed in a boat, struck the shield with a lance. Jousting upon the ice was likewise practised by the young Londoners. Each mansion upon the Thames bank had its private retinue of barge and wherry, and the sovereign a gilded and tapestried barge. There were also public boats, with gay awnings, for tea-parties. All this gay water-pageantry has disappeared, including the state barges of the Sovereign and the Admiralty, the Lord Mayor, and a few of the wealthier of the City companies. In 1850, the old Barge of the Goldsmiths' Company was let at Richmond, "for Pic-nic, Wedding, and Birthday Parties," at 5*l.* 5*s.* per day. The great civic barge, the *Maria Wood*, is likewise let for similar occasions.

Of Boat-races, the oldest is that for Dogget's Coat and Badge, on August 1: the prizes are distributed by the Fishmongers' Company. We have also Regattas and Sailing Matches, to aid in the enjoyment of which steamers are employed.

**THEATRES** originated in Miracle Plays, such as were acted in fields and open places and inn-yards. The playhouse dates from the age of Elizabeth; and between 1570 and 1629, London had seventeen theatres. (*See THEATRES.*)

### APOLLONICON, THE.

**A** CHAMBER-ORGAN of vast power, supplied with both keys and barrels, was built by Messrs. Flight and Robson, of 101, St. Martin's-lane, and first exhibited by them at their manufactory in 1817. The denomination is formed from *Apollon*, and the Greek termination *icon*.

"The Apollonicon," says a contemporary description, "is either self-acting, by means of machinery, or may be played on by keys. The music, when the organ is worked by machinery, is pinned on three cylinders or barrels, each acting on a distinct division of the instrument; and these, in their revolution, not only admit air to the pipes, but actually regulate and work the stops, forming, by an instantaneous action, all the necessary combinations. The key-boards are five in number; the central and largest comprising five octaves, and the smaller ones, of which two are placed on each side the larger, two octaves each. To the central key-board are attached a swell and some compound pedals, enabling the performer to produce all the changes and variety of effect that the music may require. There is also a key-board, comprising two octaves of other pedals, operating on the largest pipes of the instrument. There are 1900 pipes, the largest twenty-four feet in length, and one foot eleven inches in aperture, being eight feet longer than the corresponding pipe in the great organ at Haarlem. The number of stops is forty-five, and these in their combinations afford very good imitations of the various wind instruments used in an orchestra. Two kettle-drums, struck by a curious contrivance in the machinery, are, with the other mechanism, inclosed in a case twenty-four feet high, embellished with pilasters, and paintings of Apollo, Clio, and Erato."

This magnificent instrument performed Mozart's overtures to the *Zauberflöte*, *Figaro*, and *Idomeneo*; Beethoven's *Prometheus*; Weber's to the *Freischütz* and *Oberon*; Cherubini's to *Anacreon*, &c., without omitting a single note of the score, and with all the fortes and pianos, the crescendos and diminuendos, as directed by the composers, with an accuracy that no band can possibly exceed, and very few can reasonably hope to rival. The Apollonicon was five years in building, and at an expense of about 10,000*l.*, under the patronage of George IV. Its performances were popular for many years.

### ARCADES.

**O**NLY a few of these covered passages (series of arches on insulated piers) have been constructed in London; although Paris contains upwards of twenty *passages* or *galeries* of similar design.

**BURLINGTON ARCADE.**—When, in 1815, Burlington House was purchased of the Duke of Devonshire by his uncle, Lord George Cavendish, that nobleman converted a narrow slip of ground on the west side of the house and garden into a passage, with a range of shops on each side, called Burlington Arcade, making a covered communication for foot passengers from Piccadilly to Burlington Gardens, Cork-street, and New Bond-street. This Arcade was built by Samuel Ware, in 1819. It consists of a double row of shops, with apartments over them, a roof of skylights, and a triple arch at each end; it is about 210 yards long, and the shops, seventy-two in number, produce to the noble family of Cavendish 4000*l.* a year; though the property, by sub-letting and otherwise, is stated to yield double that amount a year.

**EXETER CHANGE** (the second building of the name, but on a different site from the first) was an Arcade built in 1844, on the estate of the Marquis of Exeter, and ran obliquely from Catherine-street to Wellington-street North, Strand. It was designed by Sydney Smirke; and consisted of a polygonal compartment at each extremity, the intermediate passage being coved and groined, and lighted from above; it contained ten neat shops with dwellings over. The cove, fascia, piers, &c., had polychromic arabesque decorations: at each entrance to the Arcade was an imitative bronze gate; and the fronts in Catherine-street and Wellington-street, were of fine red brick, with stone dressings, in the Jacobean style. The “Change,” however, proved unprofitable; it was taken down in 1863, and upon its site was erected a portion of the Strand Music Hall, externally and internally, of elaborate design.

**LOWTHER ARCADE** (named from Lord Lowther, Chief Commissioner of the Woods and Forests when it was built) leads from the triangle of the West Strand to Adelaide-street, north of St. Martin’s Church. It was designed by Witherden Young, and far surpasses the Burlington Arcade in architectural character: the ceiling vista of small pendentive domes is very beautiful, and the caducei in the angles are well executed. The length is 245 feet, breadth 20 feet, and height 35 feet. The sides consist of twenty-five dwellings and shops, principally kept by dealers in foreign goods, who, by mutual consent, hold in the avenue a sort of fair for German and French toys, cheap glass and jewellery, &c. At the north end of the Arcade is the Adelaide Gallery, where Mr. Jacob Perkins exhibited his Steam Gun. A living electrical eel was shown here from August, 1838, to March 14, 1843, when it died; and in 1832 was formed here a Society for the Exhibition of Models of Inventions, &c. The rooms were subsequently let for concerts, dancing, and exhibitions.

**THE ARCADE OF COVENT GARDEN**, miscalled *piazza*, was designed about 1631 for Francis, Earl of Bedford, but only the north and east sides were built, and half of the latter was destroyed by fire about the middle of the last century. The northern was called the Great Piazza, the eastern the Little Piazza: Inigo Jones, the architect, probably took his idea from an Italian city, Bologna, for instance. “The proportions of the arcades and piers, crossed with elliptical and semicircular arches into groins, are exquisitely beautiful, and are masterpieces of architecture.” (*Elmes*.) The elevation was originally built with stone pilasters on red brick, which have for many years been covered with *compo* and white paint; at the north-east corner two arcades and piers have been removed for the intrusion of the Covent Garden Floral Hall. Had Inigo Jones’s picturesque square been completed, its entirety would probably have been preserved.

#### ARCHES.

**LONDON** differs essentially from many other European capitals in the paucity of its Arches, or ornamental gateways. It has only three triumphal Arches, whereas Paris, not half the size of our metropolis, has four magnificent Arches, and the principal entrances are graced with trophied gateways and storied columns. The Parisian *Arc de l’Etoile* is without exception the most gigantic work of its kind either in ancient or modern times; within its centre arch would stand eight such structures as Temple Bar, that is, four in depth, and as many above them. The Paris Arch cost 417,666*l.*



THE GREEN PARK ARCH, at Hyde Park Corner, was built by Decimus Burton in 1828. It is Corinthian, and each face has six fluted pilasters, with two fluted columns flanking the single archway, raised upon a lofty stylobate, and supporting a richly decorated entablature, in which are sculptured alternately G. R. IV. and the imperial crown, within wreaths of laurel. The soffite of the arch is sculptured in sunk panels. The gates, by Bramah, are of massive iron scroll-work, bronzed, with the royal arms in a circular centre. Within the pier of the arch are the porter's apartments, and stairs ascending to the platform, where, upon a vast slab, laid upon a brick arch, the colossal equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington was placed, September 30, 1846. The height of the arch, its attic, and platform is about 90 feet; of the statue, 30 feet. (*See STATUES.*)

Opposite the above Arch is the elegant entrance to Hyde Park, by three carriage archways and sides, in a Screen of fluted Ionic columns, of 107 feet frontage, designed and built by Decimus Burton, in 1828. The blocking of the central archway has a beautiful frieze (Grecian naval and military triumphal processions), designed by the son of Mr. Henning, known for his successful models of the Elgin marbles. The gates, by Bramah, are a beautiful arrangement of the Grecian honeysuckle in bronzed iron; the hanging, by rings of gun metal, is very ingenious.

Altogether, these two Park entrances, with St. George's Hospital north, and the Duke of Wellington's palatial mansion south, form one of the finest architectural groups in the metropolis, and its most embellished entrance. Sir John Soane, however, proposed two triumphal arches, connected by a colonnade and arches, stretching across the main road—a design of superb grandeur.

The third Arch was one originally designed and constructed in St. James's Park for the especial entrance of the Sovereign and the Royal Family to Buckingham Palace. In 1851 it was removed to Cumberland Gate, Hyde Park Corner. This was the largest work of mere ornament ever attempted in Great Britain. It was adapted by Nash from the Arch of Constantine, at Rome; but it is by no means so richly embellished. The sculpture is omitted in the attic, and in place of the reversed trusses above the columns were to have been figures of Dacian warriors, and panels of sculpture intervening. The fascia was to have been more highly enriched; the attic carried considerably higher, and surmounted with an equestrian statue of George the Fourth, flanked with groups of military trophies, vases at the angles, &c. The Arch has a centre and two side openings; the sculpture is confined to a pair of figures, and a key-stone on each face of the central archway; with panels above the side openings and wreaths at the end. These sculptures are by Flaxman, Westmacott, and Rossi. The statue of George the Fourth was executed by Chantrey for 9000 guineas; it was not placed upon the Arch at the Palace, but at the north-east angle of Trafalgar-square. Upon the Arch was hoisted the Royal Standard to denote the presence of the Sovereign. The central entrance-gates were designed and cast by Samuel Parker, of Argyll-street, they are the largest and most superb in Europe, and cost 3000 guineas. They are of a beautiful alloy, the base refined copper, and are bronzed: design, scroll-work with six circular openings, two filled with St. George and the Dragon, two with G. R., and above, two lions *passant-gardant*; height to the top of Arch, 21 feet; width, 15 feet; extreme thickness, 3 inches; weight, 5 tons and 6 cwt. Although cast, their enriched foliage and scroll-work have the elaborate finish of fine chasing. They terminate at the springing of the Arch; but Mr. Parker had designed and cast for the semicircular heading a rich frieze and the royal arms in a circle, flanked by state crowns. This portion, however, was irreparably broken in removal from the foundry. The face of the Arch is Carrara marble, altogether unfitted for the sooty atmosphere of London. When it was resolved to enlarge Buckingham Palace by the erection of the present front towards the Park, the Arch could not be made to form part of the design, and it was removed and rebuilt at Hyde Park Corner, at the cost of 4,340*l*. The original cost of the Arch was 75,000*l*.

Of the two arches, ST. JOHN'S GATE and TEMPLE BAR, separate histories will be given.

## ARGYLL ROOMS.

THIS place was originally a large house purchased by Col. Greville, of sporting notoriety, and converted into a place of public entertainment, where balls, concerts, masquerades, and amateur plays were much patronized by the *haut ton*. In 1818, the Rooms were rebuilt in handsome style, by Nash, at the north corner of Little Argyll-street, Regent-street, and contained a splendid suite for the above purposes: they were burnt down in February, 1830, when Mr. Braithwaite first publicly applied steam-power to the working of a fire-engine; it required eighteen minutes to raise the water in the boiler to 212°, when the engine threw up from thirty to forty tons of water per hour to a height of ninety feet. The premises were rebuilt, but not upon the same scale as heretofore.

At the Argyll Rooms, June 9, 1829, Signor Velluti, the *contralto* singer, gave a concert. In the same year, M. Chabert, "the Fire-King," exhibited here his power of resisting the effects of poisons, and withstanding extreme heat. He swallowed 40 grains of phosphorus, sipped oil at 333° with impunity, and rubbed a red-hot fire-shovel over his tongue, hair, and face unharmed. Sept. 23, on a challenge of 50*l.*, Chabert repeated these feats, and won the wager; he next swallowed a piece of burning torch; and then, dressed in coarse woollen, entered an oven heated to 380°, sang a song, and cooked two dishes of beef-steak! Still, the performances were suspected, and in fact proved, to be a chemical juggle.

## ART-UNION OF LONDON,

A SOCIETY established 1836, and incorporated by 9th and 10th Vict., c. 48, "to aid in extending the love of the Arts of Design within the United Kingdom, and to give encouragement to artists beyond that afforded by the patronage of individuals." The annual subscription is one guinea, which entitles the subscriber to one chance for a prize in the scheme, ranging from 10*l.* to 200*l.*, to be selected from one of the London exhibitions of the year. There are also prize medals, bronze casts, porcelain statuettes, works in cast-iron; line engravings, outlines, and mezzotints; lithographs and chromo-lithographs; etchings and photographs and wood engravings; and bas-reliefs in fictile ivory; and every subscriber is entitled to a print or prints.

The Art-Union has, unquestionably, fostered a taste for art; and the increased means of art-education has benefited the country in increased exports of articles of taste,—such as plate, silk manufactures, pottery, and paper-hangings.

The demand in England at this time for pictures is very great, and the prices paid for the works of our best painters are larger than has ever been the case before. Money judiciously spent in this way is well invested. The first purchaser of "The Strawberry Girl" gave Reynolds fifty guineas for it; the last, the Marquis of Hertford, was delighted in obtaining it for 2100 guineas.—*Art Union Report*, 1864.

Few who assisted at our first meeting, in the little gallery in Regent-street, now the Gallery of Illustration, were sanguine enough to expect a course of such continuing success as that through which the institution has run; or ventured to prognosticate that it would by this time have raised (mainly from the classes at that date spending little on art), and would have distributed in aid of art and artists, the sum of 324,000*l.*; producing during that period 35 engravings of high class, 15 volumes of illustrative outlines, etchings, and wood-engravings; 16 bronzes, 12 statues and statuettes, with figures and vases in iron, and a series of medals commemorative of British artists—to say nothing of the main operation of the Association, the distribution throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies, of some thousands of pictures by native modern artists, and some hundreds of thousands of impressions from the engravings referred to. Such, however, has been the case, notwithstanding the difficulty with which the subscriptions for the first year were made to mount to 489*l.* For the present year the sum of 11,743*l.* has been subscribed. The subscriptions for the year amount to the sum of 13,649*l.*, showing an increase of 1941*l.* on last year.—*Report*, 1866.

Mr. Noel Paton's Illustrations of "The Ancient Mariner," given in 1864, with the text, was then allowed to be the greatest work offered to the subscribers. The Society has about 600 honorary secretaries in the provinces, in the British Colonies, in America, &c., including Canton; it has expended about 150,000*l.* in the purchase and production of works of art; and in one morning the honorary secretaries paid to artists of the metropolis no less than 10,000*l.* The drawing of the prizes is usually held in



one of the metropolitan theatres, in April, and the subscribers are admitted by tickets: office, 445, West Strand.

## ARTESIAN WELLS\*

HAVE been sunk or bored in various parts of the metropolis, the London Basin being thought well adapted for them, there being on it a thick lining of sand, and a deep bed of "London blue clay," on boring which, into the chalk formation, the water rises to various heights: hence it was thought that an abundant and unfailing supply might be obtained. The first boring was made at Tottenham, Middlesex. To test the practicability of this method of procuring water in sufficient quantity for the use of the metropolis, the New River Company sank a vast well at the foot of their reservoir in the Hampstead-road: the excavation was steined with brick, 12ft. 6 in. in diameter, and then reduced and continued with iron cylinders (like those of a telescope), to 240 feet. The expense was 12,412*l*. The operations, which occupied three years, were detailed by Mr. Mylne, engineer of the company, to the Institution of Civil Engineers, 1839.

It is remarkable that chalk should have been reached at so small a depth as in the Hampstead-road. Water was found at 170 feet, but so mixed with sand as not to be easily separable, which is the chief difficulty in forming wells in the London clay; hence the workmen passed through the quicksand with the cylinders at an expense of 4000*l*., independent of the 8000*l*. which the well cost, hoping to obtain water in the chalk below; but this was found too inconsiderable for the purpose.

Artesian Wells are mostly formed by boring and driving pipes, varying from 6 to 10 inches or more in diameter; but many of these only enter the sand immediately below the clay, instead of obtaining the supply of water from the chalk. Thus, an Artesian Well sunk in Covent Garden, for more than fourteen years failed to supply the ordinary wants of the market; but having been deepened and carried ninety feet into the chalk, it yielded an abundant supply, and is constantly worked, without materially reducing the level of the water, or lowering it in neighbouring wells, as in cases where the chalk is not reached. It has been long known that the well in the Thames-street Brewery, late Calvert's, 240 feet, and Barclay's well, 367 feet, at the Southwark Brewery, affect each other so much—even though the Thames lies between them—that the two firms agreed not to pump at the same time.

The following are the depths of a few of the Wells bored in London: Berkeley-square, 320 feet; Menx and Co.'s Brewery, 435 feet; Norwood, Middlesex, 414 feet, unsuccessful at this depth; West India Export Dock, 360 feet; Zoological Gardens, Regent's-park, 227 feet, cost 1957*l*.; Barclay and Perkins' Brewery, 367 feet; Combe and Delafield's Brewery, 523 feet; North Western Railway Station, 400 feet; Nicholson's Distillery, 160 feet; Truman, Hanbury, and Co.'s Brewery, 390 feet, cost 444*l*.; Reid and Co.'s Brewery, shaft sunk the whole depth, 250 feet, cost 7700*l*.; Blackwall Railway, depth not given, cost 8000*l*.; Pentonville Prison, 370 feet, cost 1800*l*.; St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard-street, 252 feet, cost 200*l*.; Whitbread and Co.'s Brewery, 160 feet; Combe and Co.'s Brewery, 190 feet; Covent-garden Market, 340 feet; Piccadilly (St. James's Church), 240 feet; Elliott's Brewery, 390 feet; Royal Mint, Tower-hill, 400 feet. At Kentish Town, in 1856, an Artesian Well was abandoned when the borings had reached 1302 feet, no water having been met with, though a copious supply had been predicted from the lower greensands naturally expected to occur immediately below the gault; but the gault was found to be succeeded by 176 feet of a series of red clays, with intercalated sandstones and grits—a fact which set geologists pondering. The two Wells for the Government Water-works, Trafalgar-square, by C. E. Amos, C.E., were sunk in 1844, 300 feet and 400 feet deep; cost nearly 8000*l*.; these works will be further described. At Kensington there has been sunk and bored, for the supply of the Horticultural Gardens, a well 401 feet deep, and 5 feet clear in diameter, the bore-hole being 201 feet deep from the bottom of the well; water rises 73 feet in the shaft, the pumps lifting 144,000 gallons daily, of excellent chalk spring-water.

The question of supply from these wells is beset with so many difficulties, the alterations in the London strata being so great, that no one experienced in wells will venture to infer from one place what will occur in another.

Dr. Buckland, the eminent geologist, one of the first to show the fallacy, states that although there are from 250 to 300 so-called Artesian Wells in the metropolis, there is not one *real Artesian Well* within three miles of St. Paul's: such being a well that is

\* The term Artesian has been applied from the supposed fact of these wells having been originally constructed in the county of Artois (the ancient *Artesium*), in the north of France. They were, however, rather found than originated in Artois, for they had long existed in Italy and a few other parts of Europe, and appear to have been common generally in the East at a very early period.

always overflowing, either from its natural source or from an artificial tube: and when the overflowing ceases, it is no longer an Artesian Well. The wells which are now made by boring through the London clay are merely common wells. It has been said that a supply of water, if bored for, will rise of its own accord; but the water obtained for the fountains in Trafalgar-square does not rise within forty feet of the surface, and is pumped up by means of a steam-engine—the same water over and over again. Dr. Buckland maintains that the supply of water formerly obtained from the so-called Artesian Wells in London has been greatly diminished by the sinking of new wells; of the more than 250 wells, one-half have broken down, and others are only kept in action at an enormous expense. The average depth at which water can be obtained from these defective wells is 60 feet below the Trinity House water-mark. In 1856, it was stated that the level of the London wells, since 1822, had sunk fifty feet; and falls at the rate of 18 or 24 inches in a year. The rapid increase in the number of these wells, of late years, has been attended with so constant a reduction of the quantity of water they respectively furnish, that it is now generally considered that any additional supply for public purposes cannot be expected from this source, as it seems already overtaxed by private work.

Mr. Prestwich, jun., F.G.S., in his *Geological Inquiry*, considers "it would be difficult to account for the generally unfavourable opinion entertained regarding Artesian Wells as a means of public supply, were it not that the annually decreasing yield of water from the tertiary sands and the chalk beneath London has produced an impression of uncertainty as to all such sources of supply; which, with the constantly increasing expense caused by the depth from which the water has to be pumped, and the proportion of saline ingredients being so much greater in them than in the river waters, have been taken as sufficient grounds of objection. But it is to be observed, in explanation of the diminished supply from the present source, that the tertiary sands are of very limited dimensions; that the chalk is not a freely permeable deposit; and that the peculiarities of the saline ingredients depend upon the chemical composition of these formations. All these causes, however, are local, and can by no means be considered as grounds of objection against the system of Artesian Wells generally." Mr. Prestwich suggests a fresh system of Artesian Wells, especially as none have as yet been carried *through the chalk*; though it is shown that the conditions in this country are more favourable than in France.

#### ARTILLERY COMPANY.

THIS ancient body of Civic Volunteers, the oldest armed force in the kingdom, originated in the Guild of St. George, in the reign of Edward I. They were also known as the Archers of Finsbury, and were incorporated by Henry VIII., whose signature is on the great book of the Company. We next trace it as the old City Trained Band, raised, or rather augmented in 1585, at the period of the menaced Popish invasion. Within two years there were enrolled nearly 300 merchants and others, "very sufficient and skilful to train and teach common soldiers the management of their pieces, pikes, and halberds; to march, countermarch, and ring. Some of them, in the dangerous year of 1588, had charge of men in the great camp at Tilbury, and were generally called Captains of the Artillery Garden, the place where they exercised" (*Stow, by Howell*) in "the Old Artillery Ground," demised to them out of the ancient manor of Finsbury, or Fensbury, originally a field called Tassel (or Teasel, from teasels being grown here for cloth-workers) Close; then let for archery practice; and next enclosed with a wall for the Gunners of the Tower to exercise in. After 1588, the City Artillery neglected their discipline; but in 1610 they formed anew, and in a few years numbered nearly 6000. In 1622, they removed to a larger ground without Moorgate, the present Artillery ground, west of Finsbury-square.

In the Civil War, the Company marched with Essex to raise the siege of Gloucester, which was the distinguishing crisis of the contest; and in the second battle of Newbury their steady valour repulsed the fiercest charges of Rupert's cavalry, and proved the main safeguard of the Parliamentary Army. The reluctant testimony of Clarendon to these "Londoners" is very remarkable:—



"The London Trained Bands and Auxiliary Regiments (of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service, by the easy practice of their postures in the Artillery Garden, men held till then, too cheap in estimation) behaved themselves to wonder, and were in truth the preservation of that army that day, for they stood as a bulwark and rampire to defend the rest; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily, that though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them, and endured their storm of small shot, he could make no impression upon their stand of pikes, but was forced to wheel about; of so sovereign benefit and use is that readiness, order, and dexterity in the use of their arms, which hath been so much neglected."—*Hist. Rebellion*, edit. 1826, iv. 236.

Howell, in his *Londonopolis*, 1657, tells us that London had then "12,000 Trained Band Citizens perpetually in readiness, excellently armed;" and in the unlucky wars with the Long Parliament, the London firelocks did the King most mischief. Cromwell knew the value of this force, and for some years its strength was 18,000 foot and 600 horse. They were, however, disbanded at the Restoration, but continued their evolutions, the King and the Duke of York becoming members, and dining in public with the new Company. When Queen Anne went to St. Paul's, the City Train Bands lined the streets from Temple Bar to the Cathedral. The last time they were in active service was at the riots of 1780, when they aided in saving the Bank of England from the pillage of the rioters.

The Artillery Company have always been the only military body in the kingdom which bears arms under the direct authority of the reigning Sovereign, and which is wholly free from the control of Parliament. From time immemorial the post of Captain-General and Colonel, which is the ancient title of the officer in supreme command of the corps, has been held, sometimes by the reigning Sovereign, by a Prince Consort, and by a Prince of Wales or heir-apparent of the throne. Its roll of Captains-General and Colonels includes the names of Charles I., James II., the Prince of Orange, Prince George of Denmark, George I. (who gave the Company 500*l.*), George II., George IV., William IV., the Duke of Sussex, and Albert, Prince Consort, who was succeeded by the Prince of Wales: on its muster-roll are the names of Prince Rupert, the Duke of Buckingham, General Monk, and the Duke of Monmouth.

Upon royal visits to the City, the Artillery Company attend as a guard of honour to the Sovereign. In cases of apprehended civil disturbance the Company muster at their head-quarters, the Artillery Ground, Finsbury, granted to them in trust, in 1641, at the rent of 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum. This ground, with the houses adjoining, realizes to the Company a yearly income of 2000*l.*, which is expended for the benefit of the members, and in payment of managerial officers. Strype describes the ground as "the third great field from Moorgate, next the Six Windmills." Here is the spacious Armoury House, finished in 1735; the collection of arms, &c., includes some fine pieces of ordnance, among which is a pair of handsome brass field-pieces, presented by Sir William Curtis, Bart., President; besides portions of the ancient uniforms and arms of the corps, as caps and helmets, pikes and banners. A new set of colours was formally presented to the regiment, in 1864, by the Princess of Wales.

The corps comprises six companies of Infantry, besides Artillery, Grenadiers, Light Infantry, and Yagers. They exercise on occasional field-days in the Artillery Ground, and meet for rifle practice in the vicinity of the metropolis, the prize being a large gold medal. Besides the Armoury, here is a workshop for cleaning guns, a long shooting gallery, &c. Each member, for a subscription, has the use of arms and accoutrements from the Company's stores, but finds his uniform according to regulations.

The musters and marchings of the City Trained Band have not escaped the whipping of dramatists and humorists. Fletcher ridicules them in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*; as does Steele in the *Tatler*, more especially in No. 41, with the Company's way of giving out orders for "an exercise of arms," when the greatest achievements were happily performed near Grub-street, where a faithful historian, being eye-witness of these wonders, should transmit them to posterity, &c. The Company were then (1709) mercilessly quizzed, and we may judge of the reason from Hatton's observation, in 1708:—"They do by prescription march over all the ground from the Artillery Ground to Islington, and Sir George Whitmore's at Hoxton, *breaking down gates, &c.*, that obstructed them in such marches." Hatton tells of their former splendid public feasts, when four of the nobility and as many citizens were stewards, and to which the

principal nobility and foreign ministers were invited. The Company's armorial ensigns are very characteristic:—

The Shield and Cross of St. George, charged with a lion of England; on a chief azure, a portcullis furnished or; between two ostrich feathers, argent. Crest, a dexter-arm armed, holding a leading staff, or, fringed gules. Supporters, two military men equipped according to the laws of the Militia, the dexter with a pike, the sinister with a musket proper. Motto—*Arma Facis Fulera*.

The Barracks in Artillery-place, designed by Jennings, in the style of the early castellated mansion, and erected of stone in 1857, are the head-quarters of the London Militia.

#### BALLOON ASCENTS.

THE following are the more memorable Balloon Ascents made from the metropolis since the introduction of *aërostation* into England. In most cases the *aéronauts* were accompanied by friends, or persons who paid for the trip various sums.

Nov. 25, 1783, the first Balloon (filled with hydrogen) launched in England, from the Artillery Ground, Finsbury, by Count Zambecari. The Balloon was found 48 miles from London, near Petworth.

Sept. 15, 1784, Lunardi ascended from the Artillery Ground, Moorfields; being the first voyage made in England; he was accompanied by a cat, a dog, and a pigeon.

March 23, 1785, Admiral Sir Edward Vernon, accompanied by Count Zambecari.

June 29, 1785, ascent of Mrs. Sage, the first Englishwoman *aéronaut*.

July 5, 1802, M. Garnerin made his second ascent in England, from Lord's Cricket Ground. The same year he ascended three times from Ranelagh Gardens; and descended successfully from a Balloon by a Parachute, near the Small-pox Hospital, St. Pancras.

1811, James Sadler, ascended from Hackney; his two sons, John and Windham, were also *aéronauts*; the latter killed, Sept. 29, 1824, by falling from a Balloon.

July 19, 1821, Mr. Charles Green first ascended in a Balloon inflated with coal gas, substituted for hydrogen, on the coronation day of George IV. Cost of inflation, from 25*l.* to 50*l.*: this was Mr. Green's first *aërial* voyage. Up to May, 1850, he had made 142 ascents from London only. Ten persons named Green have ascended in Balloons.\*

Sept. 11, 1823, Mr. Graham ascended from White Conduit House.

May 25, 1824, Lieutenant Harris, R.N., ascended from the Eagle Tavern, City Road, with Miss Stocks; the former killed by the too rapid descent of the Balloon.

July, 1833, Mr. Graham ascended from Hungerford Market; day of opening. One of Mr. Graham's companions, on this occasion, shortly after made a second ascent, which caused a derangement of intellect, from which he never entirely recovered.

Sept. 17, 1835, Mr. Green ascended from Vauxhall Gardens, and remained up during the whole of the night.

August 22, 1836, the Duke of Brunswick ascended.

Sept. 9, 1836, Mr. Green's first ascent in his great Vauxhall Balloon.

Nov. 7, 1836, Mr. Green, Mr. Monck Mason, and Mr. Holland ascended in the great Vauxhall Balloon, and descended, in eighteen hours, at Weilburg, in Nassau. Of this ascent, Mr. Mason published a detailed account.

July 24, 1837, Mr. Green ascended from Vauxhall Gardens, in his great Balloon, with Mr. Cocking in a parachute, in which the latter was killed in descending.

May 24, 1838, unsuccessful attempt to ascend with a large Montgolfier Balloon from the Surrey Zoological Gardens. The Balloon was destroyed by the spectators; it was the height of the York Column, and half the circumference of the dome of St. Paul's, and would contain, when fully inflated, 170,000 cubic feet of air.

Sept. 10, 1838, Mr. Green and Mr. Rush ascended from Vauxhall Gardens in the Nassau Balloon, and descended at Lewes, Sussex; having reached the then greatest altitude ever attained—27,146 feet, or 5 miles 746 feet.

July 17, 1840, the Vauxhall, or great Nassau Balloon, sold to Mr. Green for 500*l.*; in 1836 it cost 2100*l.*

August 19, 1844, perilous night ascent with Mr. Gypson's Balloon from Vauxhall

\* Mr. Green has made, altogether, a larger number of ascents than any other *aéronaut*; they exceed 600. Of this veteran a fine portrait (private plate) has been engraved.



Gardens, with fireworks. Mr. Albert Smith and Mr. Coxwell accompanied the *aéronaut*. At 7000 feet high the Balloon burst, but, by Mr. Coxwell cutting some lines, the Balloon assumed a parachute form, and descended safely.

Aug. 7, 1850, Mrs. Graham's Balloon destroyed by fire, after her descent, near Edmonton.

Sept. 7, 1854, ascent of Mr. Coxwell's War Balloon, from the Surrey Zoological Gardens, with telegraphic signals.

June 15, 1857, night voyage from Woolwich to Tavistock, 250 miles, made by Mr. Coxwell, in five hours.

July 17, 1862, Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell first ascended in a large Balloon made by the latter for the experiments of the British Association: ascent from Wolverhampton; elevation attained, 26,177 feet above the sea-level.

Sept. 5, 1862, the highest and most memorable ascent on record. Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell attained an elevation of 37,000 feet, or 7 miles. Mr. Glaisher became insensible; and Mr. Coxwell, his hands being frozen, had to pull the valve-cord with his mouth, and thus escaped death.

Jan. 12, 1864, Mr. Glaisher's seventeenth scientific ascent in Mr. Coxwell's large Balloon; the only ascent made in England during the month of January.

Aug. 3, 1864, M. Godard ascended from Cremorne Gardens, in his huge Montgolfier Balloon, and made a perilous descent at Walthamstow!

Mr. Glaisher, by his scientific ascents, has proved that the Balloon does afford a means of solving with advantage many delicate questions in physics; and the Committee of the British Association report that Science and the Association owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Glaisher for the ability, perseverance, and courage with which he has voluntarily undertaken the hazardous labour of recording meteorological phenomena in the several ascents. The following survey of London, Oct. 9, 1863, sixteenth ascent, as the Balloon passed over London Bridge, at the height of 7000 feet, in an unusually clear atmosphere, is picturesquely descriptive.

"The scene around," says Mr. Glaisher, "was probably one that cannot be equalled in the world at one glance—the homes of 3,000,000 of people were seen, and so distinctly that every large building at every part was easily distinguished; while those almost under us—viz., the Bank and Newgate, the Docks and surrounding buildings, &c., in such detail that their inner courts were visible, and their ground-plans could have been drawn. Cannon-street was easily traced; but it was difficult to believe at first sight that small building to be St. Paul's. Looking onward, Oxford-street was visible; the Parks, the Houses of Parliament, and Millbank Prison, with its radiating lines from the centre, at once attracted notice. In fact, the whole of London was visible, and some parts of it very clearly. Then all around there were lines of detached villas, imbedded as it were in shrubs; and beyond, the country, like a garden, with its fields well marked, but becoming smaller and smaller as the eye wandered further away.

"Again looking down, there was the Thames, without the slightest mist, winding throughout its whole length, with innumerable ships, apparently very long and narrow, and steamboats like moving toys. Gravesend was visible, as were the mouth of the Thames and the coast leading on to Norfolk. The southern boundary of the mouth of the Thames was not quite so clear, but the sea beyond was discernible for many miles; and when higher up I looked for the coast of France, but I could not see it. On withdrawing the eye it was arrested by the garden-like appearance of the county of Kent, till again London claimed attention. Smoke, thin and blue, was curling above it and slowly moving away in beautiful curves, from all but south of the Thames; here the smoke was less blue and became apparently more dense, till the cause was evident, it being mixed with mist rising from the ground, the southern limits of which were bounded by an even line, doubtless indicating the meeting of the subsoils of gravel and clay.

"The whole scene was surmounted by a canopy of blue, the sky being quite clear and free from cloud everywhere except near the horizon, where a circular band of cumuli and strata clouds, extending all round, formed a fitting boundary for such a scene. The sun was seen setting, but was not itself visible, except a small part seen through a break in a dark stratus cloud—like an eye overseeing all. Sunset, as seen from the earth, is described as fine, the air being clear and shadows sharply defined. As we rose the golden hues decreased in intensity and richness both right and left of the place of the sun; but their effects extended to fully one-fourth part of the circle, where rose-coloured clouds limited the scene. The remainder of the circle was completed partly by pure white cumulus of very rounded and symmetrical forms. I have seen London from above by night, and I have seen it by day when four miles high, but nothing could exceed the view on this occasion at the height of one mile, varying to one mile and three-quarters, with a clear atmosphere. The roar of London even at the greatest height, was one unceasing rich and deep sound, and added impressive interest to the general circumstances in which we were placed."

#### BANK OF ENGLAND, THE,

IS an insulated assemblage of buildings and courts, occupying three acres, minus nine or ten yards, north of the Royal Exchange, Cornhill; bounded by Prince's-street, west;

Lothbury, north; Bartholomew-lane, east; and Threadneedle-street, south. Its exterior measurements are 365 feet south, 410 feet north, 245 feet east, and 440 feet west. Within this area are nine open courts; a spacious rotunda, numerous public offices, court and committee-rooms, an armoury, engraving and printing-offices, a library, and apartments for officers, servants, &c.

The Bank, "the greatest monetary establishment in the world," was projected in 1691, by Mr. William Paterson, a Scotsman; was established by a company of Whig merchants, and incorporated by William III., July 27, 1694, Paterson being placed on the list of Directors for this year only; the then capital, 1,200,000*l.*, being lent to Government. The first chest used was somewhat larger than a seaman's.

The first Governor was Sir John Houblon, whose house and garden were on part of the site of the present Bank; and the first Deputy-Governor was Michael Godfrey, who, July 17, 1695, was shot at the siege of Namur, while attending King William with a communication relating to the Bank affairs.

The Bank commenced business at Mercers' Hall, and next removed to Grocers' Hall, then in the Poultry; at this time the secretaries and clerks numbered but 54, and their united salaries amounted to 4350*l.* In 1734 they removed to the premises built for the Bank, the earliest portion of which part is still remaining—the back of the Threadneedle-street front, towards the court—was designed by an architect named Sampson. To this building Sir Robert Taylor\* added two wings of columns, with projections surmounted by pediments, and other parts. On Jan. 1, 1785, was set up the marble statue of William III., amid the firing of three volleys, by the servants of the establishment, Cheere, sculptor, in the Pay Hall, 79 feet by 40 feet, which, in the words of Baron Dupin, would "startle the administration of a French bureau, with all its inaccessibilities."

In 1757, the Bank premises were small, and surrounded by St. Christopher-le-Stocks Church (since pulled down), three taverns, and several private houses. Between 1766 and 1786 east and west wings were added by Taylor: some of his work is to be seen in the architecture of the garden court. Upon Sir Robert Taylor's death, in 1788, Mr. John Soane was appointed Architect to the Bank; and, without any interruption to the business, he completed the present Bank of brick and Portland stone, of incombustible materials, insulated, one-storied, and without external windows. The general architecture is Corinthian, from the Temple of the Sibyl at Tivoli, of which the southwest angle exhibits a fac-simile portion. The Lothbury court is fine; and the chief Cashier's office is from the Temple of the Sun and Moon at Rome. The embellishments throughout are very beautiful; and the whole well planned for business—high architectural merit. The Rotunda has a dome 57 feet diameter; and the Bank Parlour, where the Governor and Company meet, is a noble room by Taylor. Here the Dividends are declared; and here the Directors are *baited* half-yearly by every Proprietor who has had 500*l.* Bank-stock in his possession for six months. In the Parlour lobby is a portrait of Daniel Race, who was in the Bank service for more than half a century, and thus amassed upwards of 200,000*l.* In the ante-chamber to the Governor's room are fine busts of Pitt and Fox, by Nollekens. The ante-room to the Discount Office is adapted from Adrian's Villa at Tivoli. The private Drawing Office, designed in 1836, by Cockerell (Soane's successor), is original and scenic; and the Drawing Office, completed by the same architect in 1849, is 138 feet 6 inches long, and lit by four large circular lanterns. In 1850, the Cornhill front was heightened by an attic; and a large room fitted up as a Library for the clerks.

The entrance to the Bullion Yard is copied from Constantine's Arch at Rome, and has allegories of the Thames and Ganges, by T. Banks, R.A. The Bullion Office, on the northern side of the Bank, consists of a public chamber and two vaults—one for the public deposit of bullion, free of charge, unless weighed; the other for the private stock of the Bank. The duties are discharged by a Principal, Deputy-Principal, Clerk, Assistant-Clerk, and porters. The public are on no account allowed to enter the Bullion Vaults. Here the gold is kept in bars (each weighing 16 lbs. and worth about

\* The late Professor Cockerell, in his earlier lectures, used to exhibit, as a specimen of clever arrangement, a plan of the triangular block of buildings, by Sir Robert Taylor, that formerly stood between the Bank and the Mansion House, where the Wellington Statue is now.



800*l.*), and the silver in pigs and bars, and dollars in bags. The value of the Bank bullion in May, 1850, was sixteen millions. This constitutes, with their securities, the assets which the Bank possess against their liabilities, on account of circulation and deposits: and the difference between the several amounts is called "the Rest," or balance in favour of the Bank. For weighing, admirably-constructed machines are used: the larger one, invented by Mr. Bate, for weighing silver in bars from 50 lbs. to 80 lbs. troy; second, a balance, by Sir John Barton, for gold; and a third, by Mr. Bate, for dollars, to amounts not exceeding 72 lbs. 2 oz. troy. Gold is almost exclusively obtained by the Bank in the *bar* form; although no form of deposit would be refused. A bar of gold is a small slab, weighing 16 lbs., and worth about 800*l.*

In the Weighing Office, established in 1842, to detect light gold, is the ingenious machine invented by Mr. William Cotton, then Deputy-Governor of the Bank. About 80 or 100 light and heavy sovereigns are placed indiscriminately in a round tube; as they descend on the machinery beneath, those which are light receive a slight touch, which moves them into their proper receptacle; and those which are of legitimate weight pass into their appointed place. The light coins are then defaced by a machine, 200 in a minute; and by the weighing-machinery 35,000 may be weighed in one day. There are six of these machines, which from 1844 to 1849 weighed upwards of 48,000,000 pieces without any inaccuracy. The average amount of gold tendered in one year is nine millions, of which more than a quarter is *light*. The silver is put up into bags, each of one hundred pounds value, and the gold into bags of a thousand; and then these bagfuls of bullion are sent through a strongly-guarded door, or rather window, into the Treasury, a dark gloomy apartment, fitted up with iron presses, and made secure with huge locks and bolts.

The Bank-note machinery, invented by the Oldhams, father and son, exerts, by the steam-engine, the power formerly employed by the mechanic in pulling a note. The Bank-notes are numbered on the dexter and sinister halves, each bearing the same figures, by Bramah's machines: as soon as a note is printed, and the handle reversed to take it out and put another in its place, a steel spring attached to the handle alters the number to that which should follow.

The Clock in the roof is a marvel of mechanism, as it is connected with all the clocks in the Stock offices: the hands of the several dials indicate precisely the same hour and second, by means of connecting brass-rods (700 feet long, and weighing 6 cwt.), and 200 wheels; the principal weight being 350 lbs.

The Bank has passed through many perils: it has been attacked by rioters, its notes have been at a heavy discount, it has been threatened with impeachment, and its credit has been assailed by treachery. In 1696 (the great re-coinage) the Directors were compelled to suspend the payment of their notes. They then increased their capital to 2,201,271*l.* The Charter has been renewed from 1697 to the present time.

The earliest panic, or *run*, was in 1707, upon the threatened invasion of the Pretender. In the run of 1745, the Corporation was saved by their agents demanding payment for notes in sixpences, and who, paying in the same, thus prevented the *bond fide* holders of notes presenting them. Another memorable run was on February 26, 1797, upon an alarm of invasion by the French, when the Privy Council Order and the Restriction Act prohibited the Bank from paying cash, except for sums under 20*s.* During the panic of 1825, from the evidence of Mr. Harman before Parliament, it appears that the quantity of gold in the treasury, in December, was under 1,300,000*l.* It has since transpired that there was not 100,000*l.*, probably not 50,000*l.*! The Bank then issued one-pound notes, to protect its remaining treasure; which worked wonders, though by sheer good luck: "because one box containing a quantity of one-pound notes had been overlooked, and they were forthcoming at the lucky moment."

Panics have been produced sometimes by extraordinary means. In May, 1832, a "run upon the Bank of England" was produced by the walls of London being placarded with the emphatic words, "To stop the Duke, go for Gold!" advice which was followed, as soon as given, to a prodigious extent. The Duke of Wellington was then very unpopular; and on Monday, the 14th of May, it being currently believed that the Duke had formed a Cabinet, the panic became universal, and the run upon the Bank of England for coin was so incessant, that in a few hours upwards of half a million was carried off. Mr. Doubleday, in his *Life of Sir Robert Peel*, states it to be well known that the above placards were "the device of four gentlemen, two of whom were elected members of the reformed Parliament. Each put down 20*l.*: and the sum thus clubbed was expended in printing thousands of these terrible missives,

which were eagerly circulated, and were speedily seen upon every wall in London. The effect is hardly to be described. It was electric."

The Bank is the banker of the Government; for here are received the taxes, the interest of the National Debt paid, the Exchequer business transacted, &c. The amount paid by the Government to the Bank for the management of the National Debt is at the rate of 340*l.* per million for the first 600,000,000*l.*, and 300*l.* per million for the remainder. This amounts to about 250,000*l.* a year. "The Old Lady of Threadneedle-street," applied to the Bank, is a political *sobriquet* now almost forgotten.

The forgeries upon the Bank supply a melancholy chapter in its history. The first forger of a note was a Stafford linendraper, who, in 1758, was convicted and executed. Through the forgeries of one person, Robert Aslett, the Bank lost 320,000*l.*; and by another, Fauntleroy, 360,000*l.* In 1862, there were forgeries to a large amount, by paper expressly manufactured for the Bank, which had been stolen, for which four persons suffered penal imprisonment.

The Committee of Treasury sit weekly, and is composed of all the Directors who have passed the chair. The Accountant, the Secretary, and the Cashier reside within the Bank; and a certain number of Clerks sit up nightly to go the round of the building, in addition to the military guard.

The Bank possesses a very fine collection of ancient coins. Visitors are shown in the old Note Office, paid notes for ten years; and some bank-notes for large amounts which have passed between the Bank and the Government, including a single note for one million sterling, kept in a frame.

Madox, who wrote the *History of the Exchequer*, was first Cashier; but more popularly known was Abraham Newland, Chief-Cashier from 1778 to 1807, who had slept twenty-five years within the Bank, without absenting himself a single night. He signed every note: his name was long remembered in a popular song, "as one that is wrote upon every bank-note," to forge which, in street slang, was to "sham Abraham."

In 1852 was placed in the Garden Court a fountain, constructed by the then Governor, Mr. Thomas Hankey. The water is thrown by a single jet, 30 feet high, amongst the branches of two of the finest lime-trees in London, and is part of the Bank system of waterworks. An Artesian well sunk 330 feet—100 in the chalk—yields soft water, free from lime, and without a trace of organic matter. The water is pumped into the tanks at the top of the building, which contain 50,000 gallons, and the fountain is connected with these tanks; the pumping being by the steam-engine employed also in printing the bank-notes. The fountain is placed on the site of St. Christopher's churchyard. The last person buried there was Jenkins, a Bank clerk, 7½ feet in height, and who was allowed to be buried within the walls of the Bank, to prevent disinterment, on account of his unusual height.

There are in the Bank upwards of eight hundred clerks, at salaries ranging from 65*l.* per annum to 800*l.*; the patronage is in the hands of the directors, of whom there are twenty-four, each having a nomination to admit one clerk, provided he be found qualified on examination. The vacancies are not, as in most public offices, filled up as they occur by deaths, resignations, &c., but by electing from twenty-five to thirty junior clerks every four or five months; it is also usual to admit one-fifth of this number from the sons of clerks already in the service. The scale of pensions for length of service is the same as in the Government offices.

Among the *Curiosities* are the bank-note autograph-books—two splendidly-bound folio volumes, each leaf embellished with an illuminated border, exactly surrounding the space required to attach a bank-note. When any distinguished visitor arrives he is requested to place his autograph to an unsigned note, which is immediately pasted over one of the open spaces. They are thus illustrated by the signatures of various royal and noble personages. That of Napoleon III., Henry V., the Kings of Sweden, Portugal, and Prussia, a whole brigade of German Princes, Ambassadors from Siam, Persia, Turkey—the latter in Oriental characters—and some of our higher nobility. There are some scientific names, but few literary celebrities; among them those of Lady Sale; and Mehemet Ali, the Pasha of Egypt.



"The circulation of the Bank of England has been stationary or slightly retrogressive for some years past, notwithstanding the increase of trade, wealth, and population. The authorities even of the Currency principle no longer insist upon the variations of the bank-note circulation as the symptoms to be chiefly regarded. They, with the rest of the world, have discovered that the state of the banking reserve at the Bank of England, the condition of credit, and the effects of a high or low rate of interest, are the circumstances which really control the financial phenomena of the country from week to week and month to month."—*Economist*.

Upwards of a million is paid into the Bank daily, in the shape of notes. When cashed a corner is torn off, and this now valueless piece of paper, after being duly entered in the books, is deposited in chambers beneath the sorting-room, where it is kept ten years, in case it may be required as testimony at some future trial, or to settle any other legal difficulties. In one of the court-yards of the building is a large circular cage, within which is an octagonal furnace constructed of bricks, laid only half over each other, so as to afford ample ventilation. In this furnace, once a month, all the notes that were received during the month previous ten years back are consumed. The furnace is five feet high, by at least ten in diameter; yet we are assured that it is completely filled by the number returned during one month.

Notes of the Bank, at its establishment, 20 per cent. discount; in 1745 under par. Bank Bills paid in silver, in 1745. Bank Post Bills first issued, 1754. Small Notes issued, 1759. Cash payments discontinued, Feb. 25, 1797, and Notes of 1*l.* and 2*l.* put into circulation. Cash payments partially resumed, Sept. 22, 1817. Restriction altogether ceased, 1821. May 14, 1832, upwards of 300,000*l.* weighed and paid to bankers and others. Quakers and Hebrews not eligible as Directors. Qualification for Director, 2000*l.* Bank Stock; Deputy-Governor, 3000*l.*; Governor, 4000*l.* Highest price of Bank Stock, 299; lowest 91. The Bank has paid Dividends at the rate of 21 per cent., and as low as 4½ per cent. per annum. Silver Tokens issued, Jan., 1798. Issue on paper securities not permitted to exceed 14,000,000*l.* Capital punishment for forgery, excepting only forgeries of wills and powers of attorney, abandoned in 1832.—(See Francis's popular *History of the Bank of England*, 3rd edit. 1848.)

1852, Oct. 1, West-end Branch opened at Uxbridge House, Burlington Gardens.

The total of deposits held ten years ago by the Bank of England was about 14,300,000*l.*; it is now (1866) 20,140,000*l.*

In the Riots of 1780, the Bank was defended by military, the City volunteers, and the officers of the establishment, when the old inkstands were cast into bullets. It was attacked by the mob, when Wilkes rushed out and seized some of the ringleaders. Since this date a military force has been stationed nightly within the Bank; a dinner is provided for the officer on guard and two friends. (See a clever sketch in *Melibeus in London*.) In the political tumult of November, 1830, provisions were made at the Bank for a state of siege. At the Chartist Demonstration of April 10, 1848, the roof of the Bank was fortified by Sappers and Miners, and a strong garrison within. The Bank has now its own company of Rifles, 150 strong, with two subdivisions each, having a lieutenant and ensign, and fully armed and equipped.

#### BANKSIDE.

THAT part of the *Liberty* of Paris Garden called by old writers the "Bank" simply, and afterwards Bankside, bordering on the Thames, was the site of several early theatres, namely, the Globe, the Hope, the Rose, and the Swan; and superseded the circus for "Bull-baiting" and "Bear-baiting," shown in Aggas's Map, about 1560. (See THEATRES.) The stews here were as old as the reign of Henry II., and in the time of Richard II. belonged to Sir William Walworth who slew Wat Tyler, who had several stew-houses on the Bankside. They had signs painted on the walls; as a Boar's Head, the Cross Keys, the Gun, the Castle, the Cranes, the Cardinal's Hat, the Bell, the Swan, &c. These stews, which were regulated by Parliament, were put down by sound of trumpet in 1546; about 1506 this part was known as Stews-bank. Bears were baited here from a very early period, but the bear-garden was removed to Clerkenwell about 1686; the site at Bankside is now occupied by the Eagle iron foundry and Bear-garden wharf. In 1720, the Bank was chiefly inhabited by dyers, "for the convenience of the water." In the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I., Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, kept the garden on the Bankside, in conjunction with his father-in-law, Philip Henslowe, who was originally a dyer here. Here were the Bishop of Winchester's park and garden and palace: of the latter a fragment remains; and here is "Cardinal's Cap-alley," and "Pike-garden."

## BARBICAN.

THIS old street, which is a portion of the line of thoroughfare, eastward from West Smithfield to Finsbury-square, is named from its proximity to a *barbican*, or watch-tower, attached to the City wall, the remains of which were visible within the last eighty years. It was the advanced post of Cripplegate; and, like the others that surrounded the City, was intrusted to some person of consequence in the State. This tower was granted by Edward III. to the Earl of Suffolk, and he made it his town residence. After the removal of the City gates all vestiges of the Barbican disappeared, except its name; this became applied to the street, which R. B., in Strype, describes as "a good broad street, well inhabited by tradesmen, especially by salesmen for apparel both new and old; and, fronting Redcross-street, is the watchhouse, where formerly stood a watch-tower called *Burgh*, and Ken, a place to view or ken from," which is the derivation given by Sir Henry Spelman, the antiquary, who resided in this street at the time of his death in 1640.

Camden, in his *Britannia* (published 1586), says: "The suburb also which runs out on the north-west side of London is large, and had formerly a watch-tower or military fence, from whence it came to be called by an *Arabick* name—*Barbacan*."

The tower is described as built on high ground, and of some good height: from thence "a man," says Stow, "might behold and view the whole city towards the south, and also into Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, and likewise every other way, east, north, or west." Mr. Godwin, F.S.A., in 1850 read to the British Archaeological Association an ingenious paper illustrative of the term Barbican.

Milton lived here, 1646-7, in a house, No. 17, on the north side of the street: it was taken down in 1864. In Barbican was the mansion of the poet's early patrons, the Bridgewater family; and here lived Sir Thomas Wriothesley, Garter King-at-arms; whence Bridgewater-square, Brackley-street, and Garter-court. Beech-street, the east continuation of Barbican, was, peradventure, named from Nicholas de la Beech, Lieutenant of the Tower of London, *temp.* Edward III. Here, in Drury House, lived Prince Rupert. Its remains in 1766 were engraved by J. T. Smith. Barbican was, in 1865-6, in part taken down, to make room for the Metropolitan (Extension to Finsbury) Railway.

## BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

THIS ancient Fair presents, through its seven centuries' existence, many phases of our social history with such graphic force, that "he may run that readeth it." The Fair originated in two Fairs, or Markets, one begun by a grant of land from Henry I. to his jester, Rayer, or Rahere, who founded a Priory to St. Bartholomew, in West Smithfield, previous to which, however, a market called "the King's Market," had been held near Smithfield. Out of the two elements, the concourse of pilgrims to the Miraculous Shrine of St. Bartholomew, and the concourse of traders to the King's Market, Bartholomew Fair grew up. Rayer's miracles were most ingenious, for he cured a woman who could not keep her tongue in her mouth: if the wind went down, as sailors far at sea were praying to the denuded saint, they called it a miracle, and presented, in procession, a silver ship at the Smithfield shrine. The forged miracles gave way to the imitative jugglers and mystery players; and these three elements—the religious, the dramatic, and the commercial—flowed on till the Reformation.

The Priory Fair, which was proclaimed on the Eve of St. Bartholomew, and continued during the next day, and the next morrow, was granted for the clothiers of England and the drapers of London, who had their booths and standings within the Priory churchyard (the site now Cloth Fair), the gates of which were locked every night, and watched, for the safety of the goods and wares. Within its limits was held a court of justice, named *Pie Poudre*, from *pieds poudreux*—dusty feet—by which, persons infringing upon the laws of the Fair, its disputes, debts, and legal obligations, &c., were tried the same day, and the punishment of the stocks, or whipping-post,



summarily inflicted; and this court was held, to the last, at the Hand and Shears, Cloth Fair, by the Steward of the Lord of the Manor.

"Thus we have in the most ancient times of the Fair, a church full of worshippers, among whom were the sick and maimed, praying for health about its altar; a graveyard full of traders, and a place of jostling and edification, where women and men caroused in the midst of the throng; where the minstrel and the story-teller and the tumbler gathered knots about them; where the sheriff caused new laws to be published by loud proclamation in the gathering places of the people; where the young men bowled at nine-pins, while the clerks and friars peeped at the young maids; where mounted knights and ladies curvetted and ambled, pedlars loudly magnified their wares, the scholars met for public wrangle, oxen lowed, horses neighed, and sheep bleated among their buyers; where great shouts of laughter answered to the 'Ho! ho!' of the devil on the stage, above which flags were flying, and below which a band of pipers and guitar bearers added music to the din. That stage also, if ever there was presented on it the story of the Creation, was the first Wild Beast Show in the Fair; for one of the dramatic effects connected with this play, as we read in an ancient stage direction, was to represent the creation of beasts by unloosing and sending among the excited crowd as great a variety of strange animals as could be brought together, and to create the birds by sending up a flight of pigeons. Under foot was mud and filth, but the wall that pent the city in shone sunlit among the trees, a fresh breeze came over the surrounding fields and brooks, whispering among the elms that overhung the moor glittering with pools, or from the Fair's neighbour, the gallows. Shaven heads looked down on the scene from the adjacent windows of the buildings bordering the Priory inclosure, and the poor people whom the friars cherished in their hospital, made holiday among the rest. The curfew bell of St. Martin's-le-Grand, the religious house to which William the Conqueror had given with its charter the adjacent moorland, and within whose walls there was a sanctuary for loose people, stilled the hum of the crowd at nightfall, and the Fair lay dark under the starlight."—*Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair*. By Henry Morley. 1853.

After the Reformation, Bartholomew Fair flourished with unabated vigour, the clergy having no longer any interest in veiling its debaucheries. The Priory, together with the rights formerly exercised by the monks, had been granted to the founder of the Rich family, who was Solicitor-General to Henry VIII., and afterwards Lord Chancellor; they were enjoyed by his descendants till the year 1830, when they were purchased from Lord Kensington by the Corporation of London. The Fair greatly declined, as a cloth fair, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and the mysteries and moralities being succeeded by productions more nearly resembling the regular drama, the Corporation granted licences to mountebanks, conjurors, &c., and allowed the Fair to be extended to fourteen days, the Sword-bearer and other City officers being paid out of the emoluments. Hentzner, in 1578, describes a tent pitched for the proclamation of the Fair, and wrestling after the ceremony, with the crowd hunting wild rabbits, for the sport of the Mayor and Aldermen. Here was also formerly a burlesque proclamation on the night before, by the drapers of Cloth Fair snapping their shears and loudly shouting all through Smithfield.

Ben Jonson, in his play of *Bartholomew Fair*, tell us of its motions, or puppet-shows, of Jerusalem, Nineveh, and Norwich; and the "Gunpowder Plot, presented to an eighteen or twenty pence audience nine times in an afternoon." The showman paid three shillings for his ground; and a penny was charged for every burden of goods and little bundle brought in or carried out. A rare tract, of the year 1641, describes the "variety of Fancies, the Faire of Wares, and the several enormities and misdemeanours" of the Fair of that period. At these, the sober-minded Evelyn was shocked. Pepys (Aug. 30, 1667) found at the Fair "my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-show," her coach waiting, "and the street full of people expecting her." The sights and shows included wild beasts, dwarfs, and other monstrosities; operas, and tight-rope dancing, and sarabands; dogs dancing the Morrice, and the hare beating the tabor; a tiger pulling the feathers from live fowls; the humours of Punchinello, and drolls of every degree. An ox roasted whole, and piping-hot roast pig, sold in savoury lots, were among the Fair luxuries: the latter, called Bartholomew Pigs, were railed at by the Puritans, and eating them was "a species of idolatry." The pig-market was at Pye Corner, and pig was not out of fashion in Queen Anne's time.

Among the celebrities of the Fair was Tom Dogget, the old comic actor, who "wore a farce in his face," and was famous for dancing the Cheshire Round. One Ben Jonson, the actor, was celebrated as the grave-digger in *Hamlet*, in which he introduced a song preserved in Dufey's *Pills*. Tom Walker, the original Macheath, was another Bartholomew hero. William Bullock, from York, is alluded to by Steele, in *The Father*, and is censured for "gagging:" in 1739 he had the largest booth in the Fair. Theophilus Cibber was of the Fair, but there is no evidence that Colley Cibber ever appeared there. Cadman, the famous flyer on the rope, immortalized by Hogarth,

was a constant exhibitor at Bartholomew, as well as Southwark Fair. William Phillips was a famous Merry Andrew, and some time fiddler to a puppet-show, in which he held many a dialogue with Punch. Edward Phillips wrote *Britons Strike Home* for the Fair; and Kitty Clive played at the booth of Fawkes, Winchbeck, &c., in that very farce. Harlequin Phillips was in Mrs. Lee's company, and afterwards became the celebrated Harlequin at Drury-lane, under Fleetwood. Penkethman and Dogget, though of very unequal reputation, are noticed in the *Spectator*. The first in that humorous account of the *Projector*, in the 31st number, where it is proposed that "Penkethman should personate King Porus upon an elephant, and be encountered by Powell, representing Alexander the Great, upon a dromedary, which, nevertheless, Mr. Powell is desired to call by the name of Bucephalus." Dogget is commended (No. 502) as an admirable and genuine actor.

The public theatres were invariably closed at Bartholomew Fair time; drolls, like Estcourt and Penkethman, finding Bartholomew Fair a more profitable arena for their talents than the boards of Dorset-garden or old Drury-lane. Here Elkanah Settle, the rival for years of Dryden, was reduced at last to string speeches and contrive machinery; and here, in the droll of St. George for England, he made his last appearance, hissing in a green leather dragon of his own invention.

Here we may mention another class of sights,—“a large and beautiful young camel from Grand Cairo, in Egypt,” says the advertisement: “this creature is twenty-three years old; his head and neck are like that of a deer,” and he “was to be seen or sold at the first house on the pavement from the end of Hosier-lane, during Bartholomew Fair.” And we read that later, Sir Hans Sloane employed a draughtsman to sketch the wonderful foreign animals in the Fair.

There are scores of other Bartholomew celebrities—actors, mummers, tumblers, conjurors, and exhibitors of various grades, as Burling and his famous monkey; William Joy, the English Samson; Francis Battalia, the Stone Eater; Topham, the Strong Man; Hale, the Piper; the Auctioneer of Moorfields, who regularly, for a series of years, transferred his book-stall to Smithfields Rounds; James Spiller, the original *Mat o' the Mint* of the *Beggar's Opera*, at one time the “glory of the Fair:” this piece was played at Smithfield in 1728. Punchinello was another Bartholomew attraction:—

“’Twas then, when August near was spent,  
That Bat, the griliado'd saint,  
Had ushered in his Smithfield revels,  
Where *Punchinello*s, popes and devils,  
Are by authority allowed,  
To please the giddy, gaping crowd.”  
*Hudibras Redivivus*, 1707.

Powell, too, the Puppet-show man, was a great card at the Fair, especially when his puppets played such incomparable dramas as *Whittington and his Cat*, *The Children in the Wood*, *Dr. Faustus*, *Friar Bacon*, *Robin Hood* and *Little John*, *Mother Shipton*, “together with the pleasant and comical humours of Valentini, Nicolini, and the tuneful warbling pig of Italian race.” No wonder that such attractions thinned the theatres, and kept the churches empty. Steele makes mention of “Powell's books:” if they were books of his performances, what a treasure they would be in our day! The two great characters of Jewish history—*Judith* and *Holophernes*—long kept in popular favour; for Setchel's fan-print of 1728 depicts Lee and Harper's great theatrical booth, with an announcement of the play of *Judith's Adventures* as its chief attraction: elevated from puppet performers to regular living actors, *Judith* herself being seated on the platform of the show in a magnificent dress, and the high head-dress and false jewellery that captivated the wicked *Holophernes*, who strides towards her in the full costume of a Roman general.

Among Bagford's collection in the British Museum, is a Bartholomew Fair bill of the time of Queen Anne, of the playing at Heatly's booth, of “a little opera, called the *Old Creation of the World newly revived*, with the addition of the *Glorious battle obtained over the French and Spaniards by his Grace the Duke of Marlborough!*” Between the acts, jigs, sarabands, and antics were performed, and the whole entertainment concluded with *The Merry Humours of Sir John Spendall and Punchinello*;



with several other things not yet exposed." Hently is supposed to have had no better scenery than the pasteboard properties of our early theatres :—

"The chaos, too, he had descried  
And seen quite through, or else he lied;  
Not that of pasteboard which men shew  
For groats at Fair of Barthol'mew."—*Hudibras*, canto i.

Henry Fielding had his booth here, Dr. Rimbault tells us, after his admission into the Middle Temple. That Fielding should have turned "strolling actor," and have the audacity to appear at Bartholomew at the very moment when the whole town was ringing with Pope's savage ridicule of the "Smithfield Muses," would of course be an unpardonable offence. Fielding's last appearance at Bartholomew Fair was in 1736, as usual, in the George Inn Yard, at "Fielding and Hippisley's Booth." *Don Carlos* and the *Cheats of Scapin*, adapted from Molière, were the two plays; and Mrs. Pritchard played the part of *Loveit*, in which she had made her first lit at Bartholomew. Other celebrities, who kept up the character of the Fair for another quarter of a century, were Yates, Lee, Woodward, and Shuter, the two last well known for their connexion with Goldsmith's comedies. Shuter played *Croaker* in the *Good-natured Man*, and *Hardcastle* in *She Stoops to Conquer*. Woodward played *Lofty* in the former piece. With Shuter, "the history of the English stage" (says Mr. Morley) "parted entirely from the story of the Fair." Garrick's name is connected only with the Fair by stories which regard him as a visitor: although Edmund Kean is stated to have played here when a boy.

Among the notorieties of the Fair was Lady Holland's Mob (Lord Rich having been ancestor of the Earl of Warwick and Holland),—hundreds of loose fellows, principally journeyman tailors, who used to assemble at the Hand and Shears, in Cloth Fair. They were accustomed to sally forth knocking at the doors and ringing the bells of the peaceable inhabitants, and assaulting and ill-treating passengers. These ruffians frequently united in such strength as to defy the civil power. As late as 1822, a number of them exceeding 5000 rioted in Skinner-street, and were for hours too powerful for the police.

The Fair was annually proclaimed by the Lord Mayor, on the 2nd of September, his lordship proceeding thither in his gilt coach, "with City Officers and trumpets;" and the proclamation for the purpose read before the entrance to Cloth Fair. It was the custom for the Lord Mayor, on this occasion, to call upon the keeper of Newgate, and partake, on his way to Smithfield, of "a cool tankard of wine, nutmeg, and sugar." This custom, which ceased in the second mayoralty of Sir Matthew Wood in 1818, was the cause of the death of Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor in 1688. In holding the tankard, he let the lid slip down with so much force, that his horse started, and he was thrown to the ground with great violence. He died the next day.

The Fair dwindled year by year: the writer remembers it at midnight, before gas had become common: viewed from Richardson's, the shows, booths, and stalls, with their flaring oil-lamps and torches, shed a strange glare over the vast sea of heads which filled the area of Smithfield and the adjacent streets. As lately as 1830, upwards of 200 booths for toys and gingerbread crowded the pavement around the Fair, and overflowed into the adjacent streets. Richardson, Saunders, and Wombwell were late in the ascendant as showmen. Among the latest "larks" was that of young men of *caste* disguising themselves in working clothes, to enjoy the loose delights of "Bartlemy" Fair, in September.

For 300 years the Lord Mayor and Aldermen had in vain attempted to suppress the Fair; when, in 1840, upon the recommendation of the City Solicitor, Mr. Charles Pearson, having purchased Lord Kensington's interest, they refused to let the ground for the shows and booths but upon exorbitant prices, and limited the Fair to one day; and the State proclamation of the Lord Mayor was given up. In 1849, the Fair was reduced to one or two stalls for gingerbread, gambling-tables for nuts, a few fruit-barrows and toy-stalls, and one puppet-show. In 1852, the number was still less.

"The Mayors had withdrawn the formality as much as possible from public observation, until in the year 1850, and in the mayoralty of Alderman Musgrove, his lordship having walked quietly to the appointed gateway, with the necessary attendants, found that there was not any Fair left worth a Mayor's proclaiming. After that year, therefore, no Mayor accompanied the gentleman whose duty it

was to read a certain form of words out of a certain parchment scroll, under a quiet gateway. After five years this form also was dispensed with, and Bartholomew Fair was proclaimed for the last time in the year 1855. The sole existing vestige of it is the old fee of three and sixpence still paid by the City to the Rector of St. Bartholomew the Great, for a proclamation in his parish."—*Morley*.

It was held that the proclamation was part of the charter for holding the market, on which account it continued to be read, until the Act of Parliament for removing the market to Copenhagen-fields at length relieved the Corporation of going through the useless ceremony.

Hone, in his *Every-day Book*, describes the Bartholomew Fair of 1825, with the minuteness of Dutch painting: Hone visited the several sights and shows, accompanied by Samuel Williams, by whom the wood-cut illustrations were cleverly drawn and engraved. Mr. Morley's History of the Fair, which has been referred to, is a laborious work, with some original views.

#### BARTHOLOMEW'S (ST.) HOSPITAL,

IN West Smithfield, is one of the five Royal Hospitals of the City, and the first institution of the kind established in the metropolis. It was originally a portion of the Priory of St. Bartholomew, founded by Rahere, in 1102, who obtained from Henry I. a piece of waste ground, upon which he built an hospital for a master, brethren and sisters, sick persons, and pregnant women. Both the Priory and the Hospital were surrendered to Henry VIII., who, at the petition of Sir Richard Gresham, Lord Mayor, and father of Sir Thomas Gresham, re-founded the latter, and endowed it with an annual revenue of 500 marks, the City agreeing to pay an equal sum; since which time the Hospital has received princely benefactions from charitable persons. It was first placed under the superintendence of Thomas Vicary, sergeant-surgeon to Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth; Harvey was physician to the Hospital for thirty-four years; and here, in 1619, he first lectured on the discovery of the Circulation of the Blood.

The Hospital buildings escaped the Great Fire in 1666; but becoming ruinous, were taken down in 1730, and the great quadrangle rebuilt by Gibbs; over the entrance next Smithfield is a statue of Henry VIII., and under it, "St. Bartholomew's Hospital, founded by Rahere, A.D. 1102, re-founded by Henry VIII., 1546;" on the pediment are two reclining figures of Lameness and Sickness. The cost of these buildings was defrayed by public subscription, to which the munificent Dr. Radcliffe contributed largely; besides leaving 500*l.* a year for the improvement of the diet, and 100*l.* a year to buy linen. The principal entrance, next Smithfield, was erected in 1702; it is of poor architectural character.

The Museums, Theatres, and Library of the Hospital are very extensive; as is also the New Surgery, built in 1842. The Lectures of the present day were established by Mr. Abernethy, elected Assistant-Surgeon in 1787. Prizes and honorary distinctions for proficiency in medical science were first established in 1834; and their annual distribution in May is an interesting scene. In 1843 was founded a Collegiate Establishment for the pupils' residence within the Hospital walls. A spacious Casualty Room has since been added.

The interior of the Hospital, besides its cleanly and well-regulated wards, has a grand staircase; the latter painted by Hogarth, for which he was made a life-governor. The subjects are—the Good Samaritan; the Pool of Bethesda; Rahere, the founder, laying the first stone; and a sick man carried on a bier, attended by monks. In the Court Room is a picture of St. Bartholomew holding a knife, as the symbol of his martyrdom; a portrait of Henry VIII. in Holbein's manner; of Dr. Radcliffe, by Kneller; Perceval Pott, by Reynolds; and of Abernethy, by Lawrence.

In January, 1846, the election of Prince Albert to a Governorship of the Hospital was commemorated by the president and treasurer presenting to the foundation three costly silver-gilt dishes, each nearly twenty-four inches in diameter, and richly chased with a bold relief of—1. The Election of the Prince; 2. The Good Samaritan; 3. The Plague of London.

The Charity is ably managed by the Corporation: the president must have served as Lord Mayor; the qualification of a Governor is a donation of 100 guineas,



"From a search made in the official records of the City, it appears that for more than three hundred years, namely, since 1549, an alderman of London had always been elected president of St. Bartholomew's Hospital; until 1854, whenever a vacancy occurred in the presidency of the Royal Hospitals (St. Bartholomew's, Bethlehem, Bridewell, St. Thomas's, or Christ's Hospitals), it was customary to elect the Lord Mayor for the time being, or an alderman who had passed the chair. This rule was first broken when the Duke of Cambridge was chosen President of Christ's Hospital over the head of Alderman Sidney, the then Lord Mayor; and again when Mr. Cubitt, then no longer an alderman, was elected President of St. Bartholomew's in preference to the then Lord Mayor. It has since been decided that the entire body of Governors may elect their Presidents.

It has been shown that King Henry VIII. in 1546 vested the Hospital of St. Bartholomew in the mayor, commonalty, and citizens of London, and their successors, for ever, in consideration of a payment by them of 500 marks a year towards its maintenance, and with it the nomination and appointment of all the officers. In September, 1557, at a general court of the Governors of all the Hospitals, it was ordered that St. Bartholomew's should henceforth be united to the rest of the Hospitals, and be made one body with them, and on the following day ordinances were made by the Corporation for the general government of all the Hospitals. The 500 marks a year have been paid by the Corporation since 1546, besides the profit of many valuable leases.

This charity has an existence of nearly seven centuries and a half. The Hospital receives, upon petition, cases of all kinds free of fees; and accidents, or cases of urgent disease, without letter, at the Surgery, at any hour of the day or night. There is also a "Samaritan Fund," for relieving distressed patients. The present buildings contain 25 wards, consisting of 650 beds, 400 being for surgical cases, and 250 for medical cases and the diseases of women. Each ward is presided over by a "sister" and nurses, to the number of nearly 180 persons. In addition to a very extensive medical staff, there are four resident surgeons and two resident apothecaries, who are always on duty, day and night, throughout the year, to attend to whatever may be brought in at any hour of the twenty-four. It further possesses a College within itself, a priceless museum; and a first-class Medical School, conducted by thirty-six professors and assistants. The "View-day," for this and the other Royal Hospitals of the City, is a day specially set apart by the authorities to examine, in their official collective capacity, every portion of the establishment; when the public are admitted.

#### BATHS, OLDEN.

THE most ancient Bath in the metropolis is "*the old Roman Spring Bath*" in Strand-lane; but evidently unknown to Stow, though he mentions the locality as "*a lane or way down to the landing-place on the banks of the Thames.*" This Bath is in a vaulted chamber, and is formed of thin tile-like brick, layers of cement and rubble-stones, all corresponding with the materials of the Roman wall of London; the water is beautifully clear and extremely cold. The property can be traced to the Danvers, or D'Anvers, family, of Swithland Hall, Leicestershire, whose mansion stood upon the spot.

*St. Agnes-le-Clair Baths*, Tabernacle-square, Finsbury, are supposed originally to have been of the above age, from finding the Roman tiles through which the water was once conveyed. Stow mentions them as "*Dame Anne's the clear.*" The date assigned to these Baths is 1502. This famous spring was dedicated to St. Agnes; and, from the transparency and salubrity of its waters, denominated St. Agnes-le-Clair. It has claims to antiquity, for it appears that in the reign of Henry VIII. it was thus named:—"*Fons voc' Dame Agnes a Clere.*" It is described as belonging to Charles Stuart, late king of England. This spring was said to be of great efficacy in all rheumatic and nervous cases, headache, &c.

*Peerless Pool*, Baldwin-street, City-road, is referred to by Stow as near St. Agnes-le-Clair, and "*one other clear water, called Perilous Pond, because divers youths, by swimming therein, have been drowned;*" but this ominous name was changed to Peerless Pool; in 1743, it was enclosed, and converted into a bathing-place.

*The Cold Bath, Clerkenwell*, was originally the property of one Walter Baynes, who purchased a moiety of the estate, in 1696; when it comprised Windmill-hill, or Sir John Oldcastle's Field, extending westward from Sir John Oldcastle's to the River

Fleet, or, as it was then called, Turnmill-brook; and southward, by Coppice-row, to the same brook, near the Clerks' Wells: while Gardiner's Farm was the plot on which stands the Middlesex House of Correction. Baynes's attention was first directed to the *Cold Spring*, which, in 1697, he converted into a *Bath*, spoken of, eleven years afterwards, in Hatton's *New View*, as "the most noted and *first* about London," which assertion, written so near the time at which it states the origin of our Cold Bath, disproves the story of its having been the bath of Nell Gwynn, whom a *nude* figure, on porcelain, preserved by the proprietor, is said to represent. In Mr. Baynes's time, the charge for bathing was 2s. : or, in the case of patients who, from weakness, required the "chair," 2s. 6d. The chair was suspended from the ceiling, in such a manner that a person placed in it could be thereby lowered into the water, and drawn up again in the same way. The spring was at the acmé of its reputation in 1700. Of its utility, in cases of weakness more especially, there can be no question. Besides which, its efficacy is stated in the cure of scorbutic complaints, nervous affections, rheumatism, chronic disorders, &c. It is a chalybeate, and deposits a saline incrustation. The spring is said to supply 20,000 gallons daily. The height to which it rises in the marble receptacles prepared for it, is four feet seven inches. Until the sale of the estate in 1811, the Bath House, with the garden in which it stood, comprised an area of 103 feet by 60, enclosed by a brick wall, with a summer-house (resembling a little tower) at each angle: the house had several gables. The garden was let on building-leases, and the whole is now covered with houses, the Bath remaining in the midst. In 1815, the exterior of the Bath House was nearly all taken down, leaving only a small portion of its frontage, which it still retains.



*The Duke's Bath, or Bagnio*, is minutely described by Samuel Haworth, in 1683, as "erected near the west end of Long Acre, in that spot of ground called Salisbury Stables." Here dwelt Sir William Jennings, who obtained the royal patent for making all public bagnios or baths, either for sweating, bathing, or washing. "In one of the ante-rooms hangs a pair of scales, to weigh such as out of curiosity would know how much they lose in weight while they are in the bagnio. The bagnio itself is a stately oval edifice, with a cupola roof, in which are round glasses to let in light. The cupola is supported by eight columns, between which and the sides is a 'sumptuous walk,' arched over with brick. The bagnio is paved with marble, and has a marble table; the sides are covered with white gully-tiles, and within the wall were ten seats, such as are in the baths at Bath. There are also fourteen niches in the walls, in which are placed so many fonts or basins, with cocks over them of hot or cold water. On one side of the bagnio hangs a very handsome pendulum-clock, which is kept to give an exact account how time passeth away. Adjoining to the bagnio there are four little round rooms, about eight feet over, which are made for degrees of heat, some being hotter, others colder, as persons can best bear and are pleased to use. These rooms are also covered with cupolas, and their walls with gully-tiles." We refer the reader to Haworth's account for the details of "the entertainment," as the bath is termed.

On the east side of the Bagnio fronting the street, is "The Duke's Bagnio Coffee-house." A great gate opens into a courtyard, for coaches. In this courtyard is visible the front of the Bagnio, having this inscription upon it in golden letters, upon a carved stone:—"The Duke's Bagnio." On the left of the yard is a building for the accommodation required for the bath, on the outside of which is inscribed in like manner—"The Duke's Bath." The building is about 42 feet broad, 21 feet deep, and three stories high. There is on the lower story a room for a laboratory, in which are chemic furnaces, glasses, and other instruments necessary for making the bath waters. On the accession of the Duke of York to the throne, the Baths were improved, and reopened, under the name of the "King's Bagnio," in 1686, by Leonard Cunditt, who, in his advertisement, says—"There is no other Bagnio in or about London besides this and the Royal Bagnio in the City." This, Malcolm supposes, was in allusion to the Bagnio we shall next describe, which seems to have been the first we had in the capital.

*The Bagnio*, in Bagnio-court (altered to Bath-street in 1843), Newgate-street, was built by Turkish merchants, and first opened in December, 1679, for sweating, hot bathing, and cupping. It has a cupola roof, marble steps, and Dutch tile walls, and was latterly used as a cold Bath.



*Queen Anne's Bath* was at the back of the house No. 3, Endell-street, Long-acre, on the west side of the street. It has been converted into a wareroom by an ironmonger whose shop is in the front of the premises. The part occupied by the water has been boarded over, leaving some of the Dutch tiles which line the sides of the Bath visible. The water, which flows from a copious spring, is a powerful tonic, and contains a considerable trace of iron. Thirty years ago it was much used in the neighbourhood, when it was considered good for rheumatism and other disorders. The house in which the Bath is situate was formerly No. 3, Old Belton-street: it was newly-fronted in 1845; the exterior had originally red brick pilasters, and a cornice, in the style of Inigo Jones. It does not seem clear how this place obtained the name of Queen Anne's Bath. It might be supposed that this had been a portion of the King's Bagnio. Old maps of London, however, show this could scarcely be correct, for the Duke's, afterwards the King's Bagnio was on the south side of Long-acre, and the above Bath is about a hundred yards to the north of that thoroughfare. "*Queen Anne's Bath*" is engraved from a recent sketch in the *Builder*, Oct. 12, 1861; whence the preceding details of the three Baths are abridged.

*The Hummums*, in Covent-garden, now an hotel, with baths, was formerly "a Bagnio, or Place for Sweating;" in Arabic "*Hammam*." Malcolm says: "The Arabic root *hama*, , signifies *calescere*, to grow warm: hence by the usual process of deriving nouns from verbs in that language, *hummum*, , a warm bath. They are known by that name all over the East." The Bagnio at the hot Baths at Sophia, in Turkey, is thus described by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in her *Letters*, vol. i., and probably her description suggested the name of the Old and New Hummums:—

"It is built of stone, in the shape of a dome, with no window but in the roof, which gives light enough. There are five of these domes joined together; the outermost being less than the rest, and serving as a hall, where the portress stood at the door. Ladies of quality generally gave this woman a crown or ten shillings. The next room was a large one, paved with marble, and all round it are two raised sofas of marble, one above the other. There were four fountains of cold water in this room, falling first into marble basins, and then running on the floor in little channels cut for that purpose, which carried the streams into the next room, which is something less, and fitted with the same sort of marble sofas; but from the streams of sulphur proceeding from the bath adjoining to it, it is impossible to stay with one's clothes on. Through the other two doors were the hot baths; one of which had cocks of cold water turned into it—tempering it to what degree of warmth the bather please to have."

*Queen Elizabeth's Bath* formerly stood among a cluster of old buildings adjoining the King's Mews, at Charing Cross, and was removed in 1831. Of this Bath a plan and view were presented to the Society of Antiquaries, Feb. 9, 1832, and are engraved in the *Archæologia*, xxv. 588-90. The building was nearly square on the plan, and was constructed of fine red brick. Its chief merit consisted in its groined roof, which was of very neat workmanship, and formed by angular ribs springing from corbels. The form of the arch denoted the date of this building to be the fifteenth century.

*The Floating Baths* (of which there were two in our day) upon the Thames, in plan remind one of the Folly described by Tom Brown as a "musical summer-house," usually anchored opposite Somerset House Gardens. The Queen of William III. and her court once visited it; but it became a scene of low debauchery, and the bath building was left to decay, and be taken away for firewood.

*The Turkish Bath*, which closely resembles the Bath of the old Romans, was introduced into Ireland and England in 1856: and in London handsome baths were erected in Victoria-street, Westminster; these were taken down in 1855-6. The most extensive establishment of this class in London is the Hammam, or hot-air Bath, opened in 1862, No. 76, Jermyn-street, St. James's, and formed under the superintendence of Mr. David Urquhart; its cost is stated at 6000*l.*; the architecture is from Eastern sources.

BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES, for the working classes, originated in 1844, with an "Association for Promoting Cleanliness among the Poor," who fitted up a Bath-house and a Laundry in Glass-house Yard, East Smithfield; where, in the year ending June 1847, the bathers, washers, and ironers amounted to 84,584; the bathers and washers costing about one penny each, and the ironers about one farthing. The Association also gave whitewash, and lent pails and brushes, to those willing to cleanse their own wretched dwellings. And so strong was the love of cleanliness thus encouraged, that

women often toiled to wash their own and their children's clothing, who had been compelled to *sell their hair* to purchase food to satisfy the cravings of hunger. This successful experiment led to the passing of an Act of Parliament (9 and 10 Vict. c. 74), "To Encourage the Establishment of Baths and Wash-houses." A Committee sat at Exeter Hall for the same object; a Model Establishment was built in Goulston-square, Whitechapel; and Baths and Wash-houses were established in St. Pancras, Marylebone, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and other large metropolitan parishes.

#### BAYNARD'S CASTLE.

A STRONGHOLD, "built with walls and rampires," on the banks of the Thames below St. Paul's, by Bainiardus, a follower of William the Conqueror. In 1111 it was forfeited, and granted by Henry I. to Robert Fitzgerald, son of Gilbert, Earl of Clare; from whom it passed, by several descents, to the Fitzwalters (the chief bannerets of London, probably in fee for this castle), one of whom, at the commencement of a war, was bound to appear at the west door of St. Paul's, armed and mounted, with twenty attendants, and there receive from the Mayor the banner of the City, a horse worth 20*l.*, and 20*l.* in money. In 1428, the castle became, probably by another forfeiture, crown property; it was almost entirely burnt, but was granted to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, by whom it was rebuilt; upon his attainder, it again reverted to the Crown. Here Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, presented to Richard, Duke of Gloucester, a parchment purporting to be a declaration of the three estates in favour of Richard; and in the "Court of Baynard's Castle" Shakspeare has laid scenes 3 and 7, act iii., of *King Richard III.*; the latter between Buckingham, the Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens, and Gloucester. Baynard's Castle was repaired by Henry VII., and used as a royal palace until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when it was let to the Earls of Pembroke; and here, in 1553, the Privy Council, "changing their mind from Lady Jane," proclaimed Queen Mary. The castle subsequently became the residence of the Earls of Shrewsbury. Pepys records King Charles II. supping here, 19th June, 1660; and six years after the castle was destroyed in the Great Fire. The buildings surrounded two court-yards, with the south front to the Thames, and the north in Thames-street, where was the principal entrance. Two of the towers, incorporated with other buildings, remained till the present century, when they were pulled down to make way for the Carron Iron Company's premises. The ward in which stood the fortress-palace is named Castle-Baynard, as is also a wharf upon the site; and a public-house in the neighbourhood long bore the sign of "Duke Humphrey's Head."

In *Notes and Queries*, No. 11, it is shown that Bainiardus, who gave his name to Baynard's Castle, held land here of the Abbot of Westminster; and in a grant of 1653 is described "the common field at Paddington" (now Bayswater Field), as being "near to a place commonly called *Baynard's Watering*." Hence it is concluded "that this portion of ground, always remarkable for its springs of excellent water, once supplied water to Baynard, his household, or his castle; that the memory of his name was preserved in the neighbourhood for six centuries;" and that this watering-place is now Bayswater.

#### BAZAARS.

THE Bazaar is an adaptation from the East, the true principle of which is the classification of trades. Thus, Paternoster-row, with its books; Newport Market, with its butchers' shops; and Monmouth-street with its shoes; are more properly Bazaars than the miscellaneous stalls assembled under cover, which are in London designated by this name. Exeter 'Change was a great cutlery bazaar; and the row of attorneys' shops in the Lord Mayor's Court Office, in the second Royal Exchange, were a kind of legal Bazaar, the name of each attorney being inscribed upon a projecting signboard. The Crystal Palace of 1851, and the Great Exhibition of 1862, were vast assemblages of Bazaars. The Crystal Palace at Sydenham partakes of this character.

The introduction of the Bazaar into the metropolis dates from 1816, when was opened the SOHO BAZAAR, at 4, 5, and 6, Soho-square. It was planned solely by Mr.



John Trotter, with a truly benevolent motive. At the termination of the War, when a great number of widows, orphans, and relatives of those who had lost their lives on foreign service were in distress and without employment, Mr. Trotter conceived that an establishment in the hands of Government would promote the views of the respectable and industrious (possessing but small means) by affording them advantages to begin business without great risk and outlay of capital. Mr. Trotter having at that time an extensive range of premises unoccupied, without any idea of personal emolument, offered them to Government, free of expense, for several years, engaging also to undertake their direction and management on the same disinterested terms. His scheme was, however, considered visionary, and his offer rejected. Mr. Trotter then undertook the responsibility himself; the Bazaar was opened 1st February, 1816, and by excellent management, the establishment has since flourished; this success being mainly attributable to the selection of persons of respectability as its inmates, for whose protection an efficient superintendence of several matrons is provided. The counters are mostly for fancy goods, and to obtain a tenancy requires a testimonial respectably signed. The success of the Soho Bazaar led to establishments formed by private individuals, but with only temporary success.

The WESTERN EXCHANGE, Old Bond-street (with an entrance from the Burlington Arcade), was burnt down, and not re-established.

The QUEEN'S BAZAAR, on the north side of Oxford-street, the rear in Castle-street, was destroyed, May 28, 1829, by a fire which commenced at a dioramic exhibition of "the Destruction of York Minster by fire." The Bazaar was rebuilt; but proving unsuccessful, was taken down, and upon the site was built the Princess' Theatre.

The PANTHEON BAZAAR, on the south side of Oxford-street, with an entrance in Great Marlborough-street, was constructed in 1834, from the designs of Sydney Smirke, A.R.A., within the walls of the Pantheon Theatre, built in 1812; the fronts to Oxford-street and Poland-street being the only remains of the original structure. The magnificent staircase leads to a suite of rooms, in which pictures are placed for sale; and thence to the great Basilical Hall or Bazaar, which is 116 feet long, 88 feet wide, and 60 feet high; it is mostly lighted from curved windows in the roof, which is richly decorated, as are the piers of the arcades, with arabesque scrolls of flowers, fruit, and birds; the ornaments of *papier-mâché* by Bielefield. The style of decoration is from the loggias of the Vatican. The galleries and the floor are laid out with counters, and promenades between. From the southern end of the hall is the entrance to an elegant conservatory and aviary, mostly of glass, ornamented in Saracenic style. It was closed in 1867, and the building converted into a wine dépôt.

The BAZAAR in Baker-street, Portman-square, was originally established for the sale of horses; but carriages, harness, furniture, stoves, and glass are the commodities now sold here. Madame Tussaud's Wax-work Exhibition occupies the greater part; and here, annually, in December, the Smithfield Club Cattle Show formerly took place.

The PANTECHNICON, Halkin-street, Belgrave-square, is a Bazaar chiefly for carriages and furniture. Here, too, you may warehouse furniture, wine, pictures, and carriages, for any period, at a light charge compared with house-rent.

The LOWTHER BAZAAR, nearly opposite the Lowther Arcade, Strand, was a repository of fancy goods, besides a "Magic Cave," and other exhibitions. The establishment was frequently visited by Louis Philippe from 1848 to 1850. The Magic Cave, with its cosmoramic pictures, realized 1500*l.* per annum, at 6*d.* for each admission. This and the house adjoining, eastward, have fronts of tasteful architectural design.

ST. JAMES'S BAZAAR, King-street, St. James's-street, was built for Mr. Crockford, in 1832, and has a saloon nearly 200 feet long by 40 wide. Here were exhibited, in 1841, three dioramic *tableaux* of the second obsequies of Napoleon, in Paris, at December, 1841. And in 1844 took place here the first exhibition of Decorative Works for the New Houses of Parliament.

The COSMORAMA, No. 207-209, Regent-street, originally an exhibition of views of

places through large convex lenses, was altered into a Bazaar, subsequently, the Prince of Wales's Bazaar.

THE ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE BAZAAR was held in the spring of 1845, when the auditory and stage of Covent-garden Theatre were fitted up for this purpose, and in six weeks 25,000*l.* was cleared by the speculation, partly by admission-money. The Theatre was painted as a vast Tudor Hall, by Messrs. Grieve, and illuminated with gas in the day-time; the goods being exhibited for sale on stalls, appropriated to the great manufacturing localities of the United Kingdom. At this time the Theatre was let to the League at 3000 guineas for the term of holding the Bazaar, and one night per week for public meetings throughout one year.

THE PORTLAND BAZAAR, 19, Langham-place, is noted for its "German Fair," and its display of cleverly-modelled toy figures of animals.

### BEGGARS.

BEGGING, although illegal, and forbidden by one of our latest statutes, is followed as a trade in the metropolis, perhaps more systematically than in any other European capital. It has been stated that the number of professional Beggars in and about London amounts to 15,000, more than two-thirds of whom are Irish.

The vigilance of the Police, and the exposure of Beggars' frauds by the press and upon the stage (from the *Beggar's Opera* to *Tom and Jerry*), have done much towards the suppression of Begging. The Mendicity Society, in Red Lion-square, Holborn, established in 1818, has also moderated the evil by exposing and punishing impostors, and relieving deserving persons. The receipts of this institution are upwards of 4000*l.* a year. In one day it has distributed 3300 meals. The Society has a mill, stone-yard, and oakum-room, in which, during one day, there have been employed 763 persons, who would otherwise have been begging in the streets. A record is kept of all begging-letter cases, from which police-magistrates obtain information as to the character of persons brought before them. There are other societies for similar objects.

Sir John Fielding, in his "Cautions," published in 1776, gives a curious picture of the *Sky Farmers* who imposed upon the benevolent, as "good old charitable ladies," with dreadful stories of losses by fire, inundations, &c., for which the cheats collected subscriptions entered in a book, setting out with false names. Sir John says:—

There are persons in this town who get a very good livelihood by writing letters and petitions of this stamp. A woman stuffed up as if she was ready to lie in, with two or three borrowed children and a letter, giving an account of her husband's falling off a scaffold and breaking his limbs, by being drowned at sea, is an irresistible object.

Many years ago, there died in Broad-street Buildings, aged 81, John Yardley Vernon, who wore in the streets the garb of a beggar, though he possessed 100,000*l.*, which he realized as a stockbroker.

Mr. Henry Mayhew has given us the fullest report of the Beggar-life of our time: which has been supplemented by Mr. Halliday: all tending to prove that indiscriminate relief of street-beggars is most delusive and dangerous.

With the ordinary types of "disaster beggars," such as shipwrecked mariners, blown-up miners—"those having real or pretended sores vulgarly known as the scaldman dodge," we are all familiar. But there are oddities and niceties even in this humble department of the Begging art. There are, for instance, the lucifer droppers. The business of these persons is to take a box or two of lucifers, and offer them for sale at a crowded and dirty corner. They choose a victim, and contrive to get in his way. Down go the lucifers in the mud, and the professional sets up a piteous howl. The gentleman is ashamed of having done so much mischief, and to quiet the complainant, who is generally of the softer sex, he gives her many times the worth of her dropped lucifers. "Famished Beggars" seem highly successful in their own line, but their success demands the natural advantages of a corpse-like face, an emaciated frame, and a power of enduring the winter's cold in rags. Among those endowed with these requisites, the more accomplished performers have invented many ingenious subtleties. One device is the "choking dodge." The famished beggar seizes on a crust and eagerly devours it; but he has been too long without food—he tries in vain to swallow it, and it sticks in his throat. Another device is that of the "offal-caters." These people decline absolutely to eat anything but what they find in the gutters. When we hear of all the trouble and ingenuity that is expended in deceiving us, we may well feel inclined to ask, as a beggar was once asked, "Don't you think you would have found it more profitable had you taken to labour or to some honest calling than your present one?" But the candid answer returned is suggestive. "Well, sir, p'raps I might," he replied; "but going on the square is so dreadfully convincing."—*Saturday Review*, 1862.



## BELGRAVIA

WAS originally applied as a *sobriquet* to Belgrave and Eaton Squares and the radiating streets, but is now received as the legitimate name of this aristocratic quarter. In 1824, its site was "the Five Fields," intersected by mud-banks, and occupied by a few sheds. The clayey swamp retained so much water, that no one would build there; and the "Fields" were the terror of foot-passengers proceeding from London to Chelsea after nightfall. At length, Mr. Thomas Cubitt found the strata to consist of gravel and clay, of considerable depth: *the clay he removed, and burned into bricks; and by building upon the substratum of gravel, he converted this spot from the most unhealthy to one of the most healthy*, to the immense advantage of the ground-landlord and the whole metropolis. This is one of the most perfect adaptations of the means to the end to be found in the records of the building art. In 1829, the same land, consisting of about 140 acres, was nearly covered with first and second class houses, the nucleus being Belgrave-square, designed by George Basevi; the detached mansions, at the angles, by Hardwick, Kendall, and others; the area, originally a nursery garden, about ten acres. The level is low; for it has been ascertained that the ground-floor of Westbourne-terrace, Hyde Park Gardens, 70 feet above the Thames high-water mark, is on a level with the attics of Eaton and Belgrave Squares. Yet Chelsea acquired a proverbial salubrity in the last century by Doctors Arbuthnot, Sloane, Mead, and Cadogan residing there.

Mr. Thomas Cubitt, who died in 1856, was, in his nineteenth year, working as a journeyman carpenter; he then took one voyage to India and back as captain's joiner, and on his return to London with his savings, commenced business in the metropolis as a carpenter. In about six years, upon a tract of ground in Gray's Inn-road, he erected large workshops. About 1824, he engaged with the Duke of Bedford and Lord Southampton for the ground on which Tavistock-square and Gordon-square, with Woburn-place, and adjoining streets, now stand. In the same year he engaged with the Marquis of Westminster and Mr. Lowndes, to cover large portions of "the Five Fields," and ground adjacent: the results are Belgrave-square, Lowndes-square, Chesham-place, and other ranges of houses. He subsequently engaged to cover the vast open district lying between Eaton-square and the Thames, now South Belgravia. His works and establishment were at Thames Bank: they were destroyed by fire, by which Mr. Cubitt lost 30,000*l.*; when he was apprised of the calamity, his noble reply was, "Tell the men they shall be at work within a week, and I will subscribe 600*l.* towards buying them new tools." His large engagements as to Belgrave-square, begun in 1825, had just been completed in the year of his death; and his own dwelling-house at Denbies, in which he died, had only been just finished, as the future residence of his family. His portrait has been painted and engraved. He had two brothers, Alderman Cubitt, twice Lord Mayor; and Lewis Cubitt, the eminent engineer, architect of the Great Northern Railway Terminus.—*Memoir in the Builder*, 1856.

## BELLS AND CHIMES.

THE histories of the various peals of Bells in the metropolis, and the Societies by which their ringing has been reduced to scientific standards are interesting. Commencing from the Conquest, we have

THE CURFEW.—Although the *Couvre-feu* law was abolished by Henry I., who restored the use of lamps and candles at night after the ringing of the Curfew-bell, which had been prohibited by his predecessors (*Will. Malmesb.*, fol. 88), yet the custom of ringing the bell long continued; and in certain parishes of the metropolis, and in some parts of the country, to the present time,

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,"

Among the charges directed for the wardnote inquests of London, in the second mayoralty of Sir Henry Colet (A.D. 1495), it is said: "Also yf there be anye paryshe clerke that ryngeth curfewe after the curfewe be ronge at Bowe Chyrche, or Saint Brydes Chyrche, or Saint Gyles without Cripelgat, all suche to be presented." (Knight's *Life of Dean Colet*). The same charge is in the wardnote inquest 1619.

"The church of St. Martin's-le-Grand, with those of Bow, St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and Barkin, had its Curfew-bell long after the servile injunction laid on the Londoners had ceased. These were sounded to give notice to the inhabitants of those districts to keep within, and not to wander in the streets; which were infested by a set of ruffians, who made a practice of insulting, wounding, robbing, and murdering the people whom they happened to meet abroad during the night."—*Styrie's Slow*, v. i. book iii. p. 106.

"The *Couvre-feu* is still rung, at eight o'clock, at St. Edmund the King, Lombard-street. At Bishopsgate (St. Botolph's); St. Leonard's, Shoreditch; Christchurch, Spitalfields; St. Michael's, Queenhithe; St. Mildred's, Bread-street; St. Antholin's, Budge-row; and in some other City churches,

- \* The bell at this church was silenced by order of vestry, December, 1847.

there are bells, which are popularly known as the *couvre-feu*, but some of which are really, I believe prayer-bells.

"On the southern side of the Thames, the *couvre-feu* was, till within these six or seven years, nightly rung at St. George's Church, Borough."—Mr. Syer Cuming: *Proceedings of the British Archaeological Association*, April 12, 1848.

Mr. Cuming also states that at St. Peter's Hospital, Newington (the Fishmongers' Almshouses, taken down in 1851), there was "a bell rung every evening from eight o'clock till nine, which the old parishioners were wont to denominate the *couvre-feu*; but it is now said that this was rung to warn all strangers from the premises, and the almspeople to their several apartments."

The Curfew was not always rung at eight o'clock, for the sexton in the old play of the *Merry Devil of Edmonton* (Ato. 1631) says:—

"Well, 'tis nine a cloke, 'tis time to ring curfew."

The Curfew-bell, strictly as such, had probably fallen into disuse previous to the time of Shakspeare, who, in *Romeo and Juliet*, applies the term to the morning bell:—

"The second cock hath crow'd,  
The curfew-bell has rung, 'tis three o'clock."

At Charterhouse, the Chapel-bell (which bears the arms and initials of Thomas Sutton, the founder, and the date 1631) is rung at eight and nine to warn the absent pensioner of the approaching hour; and this practice is, we think, erroneously adduced as a relic of Curfew-ringing.

"There is one peculiarity attached to the ringing, which is calculated to serve the office of the ordinary passing-bell; and that is the number of strokes, which must correspond with the number of pensioners. So that when a brother-pensioner has deceased, his companions are informed of their loss by one stroke of the bell less than on the preceding evening."—*Chronicles of Charterhouse*, p. 180.

The *Couvre-feu* formerly in the collection of the Rev. Mr. Gostling, and so often engraved, passed into the possession of Horace Walpole, and was sold at Strawberry Hill, in 1842, to Mr. William Knight. It is of copper, riveted together, and in general form resembles the "Dutch-oven" of the present day. It is stated to have been used for extinguishing a fire, by raking the wood and embers to the back of the hearth, and then placing the open part of the *couvre-feu* close against the back of the chimney. In February, 1842, Mr. Syer Cuming purchased of a curiosity-dealer in Chancery-lane a *couvre-feu* closely resembling Mr. Gostling's; and Mr. Cuming considers both specimens to be of the same age, of the close of the 15th or early part of the 16th century; whereas Mr. Gostling's specimen was stated to be of the Norman period. A third example of the *couvre-feu* exists in the Canterbury Museum. Another *Couvre-feu* was sold by Messrs. Foster, in Pall Mall, April 11, 1866; reputed date 1068.

THE BELL OF THE CLOCHARD, or Bell-tower, of the ancient Palace at Westminster had a curious destination. Although we find the details of building the tower, by King Edward III., we find nothing respecting the construction or even placing of the clock, or the casting of not one, but three bells; but bell-ropes and a vice or engine are mentioned. In later accounts (Henry VI.) we, however, have the expense of maintaining the clock and bells, for the superintendence of which Thomas Clockmaker received 13s. 4d. a year as his salary; he was but a subordinate officer; the account being rendered by Agnes de la Van, the wife of Jeffrey de la Van, who was himself the deputy of John Lenham, who is designated "Custos orologii domini Regis infra palatium suum Westmonasterio."—Rev. J. Hunter, F.S.A.: *Archæologia*, xxxvii. 23.

Aubrey, in his *Natural History of Wiltshire*, ed. Britton, p. 102, has this note: "The great bell at Westminster, in the Clockiar at the New Palace Yard, 36,000 *lib.* weight. \* \* It was given by Jo. Montacute, Earle of (Salisbury, I think). Part of the inscription is thus, *sc. . . . . annis ab acuto monte Johannis.*" The three clock-bells when taken down, however, weighed less than 20,000 lb. The metal of the largest bell is now part of the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE GREAT BELL for the Westminster Palace Clock was cast at Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees, from the design of E. B. Denison, Q.C., in 1856, by Warner and Sons, Cripplegate; its metal was nearly as hard as spring-steel, and it cracked in the sounding at Westminster, before it was attempted to be raised. It was then broken into pieces, and carted away to Mears's Foundry, Whitechapel, and there re-cast, with 2½ tons less metal; the clapper weighs about 6 cwt.: the former weighed 12 cwt. It was raised Nov. 18, 1858; weight of bell, 11½ tons: name, "St. Stephen;" note, nearer the true E natural than that of the first bell. This great bell having cracked, the clock for a time struck the quarters on the four quarter-bells, and the hour also on the largest of them, which is smaller, but more powerful, as well as sweeter in tone, than the great bell of St. Paul's: its weight is 4 tons. The great or hour bell has been repaired, and is now in use.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL has four bells,—one in the northern, and three in the southern or clock-tower: the former is tolled for prayer three times a day, and has a clapper; but neither of the four can be raised upon end and rung, as other church-bells. In the clock-tower are hung two bells for the quarters, and above them is hung the Great Bell, on gudgeons or axles, on which it moves when struck by the hammer of the clock. It was cast principally from the metal of a bell in the clock-tower opposite Westminster Hall Gate, which, before the Reformation, was named "Edward;" subsequently to the time of Henry VIII., as appears by two lines in *Eccles's Glee*, it was called "Great Tom," as Gough conjectures, by a corruption of *grand ton*, from its deep, sonorous tone. On August 1, 1698, the clochard, or tower, was granted by William III. to St. Margaret's parish, and was taken down: when the bell was found to weigh 82 cwt. 2 qrs. 21 lbs., and was bought at 10*d.* per lb., producing 385*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, for St. Paul's. While being conveyed over the boundary of Westminster, under Temple Bar, it fell from the carriage; it stood under a shed in the Cathedral Yard for some years, and was at length re-cast, with additional metal, the inscription stating it to have been "brought from the ruins of Westminster." It was cast in 1709, by Richard Phelps, of Whitechapel, whose successors in the foundry, Charles and George Mears, state the dimensions, &c., as follows:—"Diameter, 6 feet 9½ inches; height to top of crown, 6 feet 4½ inches; thickness at sound bow, 5¼ inches; weight, 5 tons 4 cwt. We have a portion of the agreement made between the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's and Mr. Phelps, dated July 8th, 1709, in which it is stipulated that the hour-bell and quarters should be delivered at the Cathedral by the 1st of October in the same year."

"The key-note (tonic) or sound of this bell is A flat (perhaps it was A natural, agreeably to the pitch at the time it was cast), but the sound heard at the greatest distance is that of E flat, or a fifth above the key-note; and a musical ear, when close by, can perceive several harmonic sounds."—*W. Parry.*

The Great Bell is never used, except for the striking of the hour, and for tolling at the deaths and funerals of any of the Royal Family, the Bishop of London, the Dean of the Cathedral; and the Lord Mayor, should he die in his mayoralty. The same hammer which strikes the hours has always been used to toll the bell, on the occasion of a demise; but the sound then produced is not so loud as when the hour is struck, in consequence of the heavy clock-weight not being attached when the bell is tolled, and causing the hammer to strike with greater force than by manual strength.

It was the Westminster "Great Tom" which the sentinel on duty at Windsor Castle, during the reign of William III., declared to have struck thirteen instead of twelve times at midnight, and thus cleared himself of the accusation by the relief-guard of sleeping upon his post. The story is told of St. Paul's Bell; but the Cathedral had no heavy bell until the above grant by King William, who died in 1702; the circumstance is thus recorded in the *Public Advertiser*, Friday, June 22, 1770:—

"Mr. John Hatfield, who died last Monday at his house in Glasshouse Yard, Aldersgate, aged 102 years, was a soldier in the reign of William and Mary, and the person who was tried and condemned by a court-martial for falling asleep on his duty upon the Terrace at Windsor. He absolutely denied the charge against him, and solemnly declared that he heard St. Paul's clock strike thirteen; the truth of which was much doubted by the court, because of the great distance. But whilst he was under sentence of death, an affidavit was made by several persons, that the clock actually did strike thirteen instead of twelve; whereupon he received his Majesty's pardon."

This striking thirteen, instead of twelve, is mechanically possible, and was caused by the *lifting-piece holding on too long.*

The ancient Societies of Bell-ringers in London, called "College Youths," "Cumberland Youths," &c., it is very probable, are relics of the ancient Guilds; for, as early as the time of Edward the Confessor, there was in Westminster a guild of ringers. They were re-organized by Henry III.; and by a patent roll in the 39th year of his reign, the brethren of the Guild of Westminster, who were appointed to ring the great bells there, were to receive annually out of the exchequer 100 shillings—50 at Easter and 50 at Michaelmas—until was provided the like sum for them payable out of lands for the said ringing. And "that the brethren and their successors for ever enjoy all the privileges and free customs which they have enjoyed from the time of Edward the Confessor, to the date of these presents."

In the library of All Souls', Oxon, is a manuscript of "The orders agreed upon by

the company exercising the arte of ringing, knowne and called by the name of the Schollers of Cheapseyde, in London, begun 2nd February, 1603." This MS. contains the names of all the members down to the year 1634. After this date, in 1637, the Society of College Youths was established by Lord Brereton, Sir Cliff Clifton, and several other gentlemen, for the practice of ringing. They used to ring at St. Martin's Vintry, on College-hill, near Doctors' Commons, upon a peal of six bells. This church was burnt in the Great Fire of London, and never rebuilt; but the Society still retains the name derived from College-hill, and has in its possession a massive silver bell, which formed the top of the staff which used to be carried by the beadle of the Society when the members attended divine service at Bow Church, on the anniversary of its foundation, and other occasions; also an old book, in which the names of its members are entered. This book was lost at the time of the Great Fire, but was subsequently recovered. The names in it are sufficient to show that ringing was considered an amusement worthy of nobles, divines, and scholars. Among the notables who have been elected members are the Hon. Robert Cecil (Marquis of Salisbury), Sir John Bolles and Sir Watkin W. Wynne, baronets; Sirs Francis Withins, Martin Lomly; Richard Everard, Henry Tulse, aldermen, Richard Atkins, Henry Chauncey, Thomas Samnell, Gilbert Dolbin, William Culpeper; John Tash, alderman; Henry Hicks, and Watkin Lewis, knights.

About 1700, another Society was formed, which was called "The London Scholars." In 1746, the name was changed to the present title, "The Cumberland Youths," in consequence of the great victory under the Duke of Cumberland, at the battle of Culloden in that year. The London Scholars rang the bells of Shoreditch Church as the victorious Duke passed by on his return from the battle; for which a medal of the Duke and his chargers was presented to the Society, and is still worn by the master of the Society of Cumberland Youths, at their general meetings. The St. James's Youths, another society, was established on St. James's-day, 25th July, 1824, at St. James's Church, Clerkenwell. The grandsire ringing principally belongs to this society, as it is the first rudiment of the half-pull ringing. About 1841, the Society rang a peal of 12,000 changes of grandsire quatres at All Saints' Church, Fulham; also 7325 of grandsire cinquies at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, in 1837; and many other peals besides, as recorded in London church-belfries. The head-quarters of the society are at St. Clement Danes, Strand. The parochial ringing churches are St. Andrew's, St. Sepulchre's, St. Dunstan's in the West, St. Clement's, Westminster Abbey, St. John's, Waterloo-road; and St. Mary's, Lambeth:—

There are certain Bells still remaining in London, notwithstanding the Great Fire, which have historical notes. That, for instance, at the top of the Bell-tower which adjoins the Governor's lodgings in the Tower, which was probably tolled at the execution of Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn, and other State prisoners, and probably sounded alarms of fire and other calamities in early days. This bell seems to have been more particularly used by the Tower authorities than that in St. Peter's Church, which stands near the spot where the scaffold was usually erected. The bells of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, are old, and were probably rung when the Court has come to the tournaments and jousting at Smithfield. With the exception of Westminster Abbey, St. Saviour's, All Hallows Barking, Cripple-gate, and Old St. Pancras, there are few of the ancient bell-towers of the metropolis remaining. Several of the bells, however, may have been saved from the ruins of the Great Fire. There is also the bell of the Charter-house, which has tolled at the departure of a brother from soon after the death of Thomas Sutton. Many will still remember that, while the fire of the second Royal Exchange was raging, the self-acting bells played merrily the tune of "There is nae luck about the house," and eventually fell with a crash amidst the blazing ruins.—*Communications to the Builder.*

The curious custom of a new rector tolling himself into his new benefice, is observed in the City churches. Before the Reformation, no layman was allowed to be a "ringer," and the ecclesiastics had to perform their office in surplice. The "tolling-in" is as follows:—"The rector is met at the door of the church by the trustees of the church property belonging to the parish, and the churchwardens. Having obtained possession of the keys of the church, the new rector unlocks the doors: then, having closed them, he proceeds alone to the belfry, and for a few minutes tolls one of the bells, thus complying with the custom imposed by the ordinances of the Church, by announcing to the parishioners at large his acceptance of the rectorship, and his possession of the church property.

BOW BELLS are of ancient celebrity; and it was from the extreme fondness of the citizens for them in old times that a genuine Cockney has been supposed to be born



within the sound of Bow Bells. According to Fynes Morison, the Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow Bells, are, in reproach, called Cockneys, and eaters of "battered toasts." Beaumont and Fletcher speak of "Bow Bell suckers," *i.e.*, as Mr. Dyce properly explains it, "children born within the sound of Bow Bells."

From a book of ordinances of the City of Worcester, Mr. Burtt quotes certain annual payments, dating from very early times, for ringing "day-bell" and "bow-bell," the latter being doubtless the same as the curfew, although now rung at eight instead of at nine, as at the time of the ordinances. There is no local explanation of the term bow-bell, but Mr. Burtt considers Mr. Wolf's suggestion feasible—that as the curfew bell of London was rung at Bow Church, the name of that church was adopted in other places, and applied to the bell.—*Proceedings of the British Archaeological Association*, April, 1866.

In 1469, by an Order of Common Council, Bow bell was to be rung nightly at nine o'clock, and lights were to be exhibited in the steeple to direct the traveller. When the church was rebuilt, the belfry was prepared for twelve bells, but only eight were placed: these got out of order, and in 1758 the citizens petitioned the vestry, that the tenor bell being the completest in Europe, and the other seven very inferior, they requested to be allowed, at their own expense, to recast the seven smaller bells, and to add two trebles. This was permitted, after Dance and Chambers, the architects, had reported that "neither such additional weight, nor any weight that can be put upon the steeple, will have any greater effect than the bells now placed there." Accordingly, the set of ten bells was completed by subscription, and was first rung June 4, 1762, the anniversary of the birth of King George III. In the year 1822, some fear was expressed that the use of the bells would endanger the steeple, when, by order of vestry, the bells were rung for trial; and from a subsequent examination, there did not appear to be any cause for alarm. The present set is much heavier, and much more powerful in tone, than the first peal of bells: it requires two men to ring the largest (the tenor, 53 cwt., key C), in consequence of its not having been properly hung. In 1837, the College Youths rang a grand peal of Stedman quattrons on Bow Bells; also, in 1840, a peal of triple ten, at the same church. Mr. W. H. Burwash, the sexton of St. James's, Clerkenwell, rang the triple to both peals, and conducted them; and Mr. A. C. Frost rang the tenor to both: weight, 2 tons 13 cwt. 22 lb., stated to be the greatest bell rung by a single man in England.

ST. BRIDE'S has a fine peal. A century ago, the College Youths, at their own expense, placed the two small bells in St. Bride's tower, to make the present peal of twelve bells; and, about 1730, twelve members of the Society rang the first peal of triple-bob maximus that was ever known to be rung on twelve bells. Rear-Admiral Sir Francis Grey and Lord Chief-Justice Hale were members of this Society, and rang in the peal. There is still a record of this feat in St. Bride's ringing-room. On Monday evening, March 13, 1843, the Cumberland Society rang a complete peal of cinquos on Stedman's principle, consisting of 5146 changes, in four hours two minutes, at St. Bride's; it being the first peal in that scientific method ever performed on the bells.

CHRISTCHURCH, Spitalfields'. Bells are scarcely inferior to any in the kingdom; the tenor weighs 44 cwt., or 4928 lbs. In the spring of 1836, by a fire which broke out in the belfry, and reached the loft, the tenor fell upon the other bells, and the whole were shivered to pieces, or fused by the heat of the conflagration; the clock and chimes were also destroyed: they have all been replaced.

ST. LEONARD'S, Shoreditch.—Here the London Society of Cumberland accomplished their greatest achievement in olden times—a peal of 12,000 changes of triple-bob royals, which took nine hours and five minutes on 10 bells, March 27th, 1784, of which there is a record in the tower, written on copper. The Society, in 1820, added two new small bells to St. Leonard's, to make a peal of 12 bells, at their own cost—over 100% ; but it is to be regretted that the great bell of the peal has been cracked.

ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS.—The peal of 12 bells has been put in good ringing order, and all the bells made to strike true, to the satisfaction of the parochial ringers and the Cumberland Society, who regard the ringing as now more easy and more

merry, as well as more musically true. The hammer of the church-clock, too, has been altered so as to strike downwards instead of upwards, thus giving greater force and clearness to the tone. The ringing-room itself has also been improved; boxes have been placed to the bells, and the place lit with gas, as well as the staircase and bell-chamber. On Nov. 19, 1862, the Cumberland Society rang here a peal of 5050 changes of Stedman's quattres, in three hours and twenty-eight minutes, in honour of the Prince of Wales attaining his majority.

ST. MICHAEL'S, Cornhill, had in Stow's time, six bells, the sixth being "rung by one man by the space of 160 yeares"; (?) Upon one St. James's night, on the ringing of a peal, during a storm, the lightning entered at the north window, which so terrified the ringers that "they lay down as dead." The present tower, rebuilt 1723, has a fine peal of 12 bells, with which, in March, 1866, twelve members of the College Youths rang a fine and good peal of treble-bob maximus, consisting of 5088 changes, occupying three hours and fifty-two minutes; this being the first peal on treble-bobs, on twelve bells ever rung, when the tenor man conducted the peal.

ST. SAVIOUR'S, Southwark, has a beautiful tenor and 12 large bells; a spacious ringing-room with great marble tablet, put up at the expense of the various societies of ringers in London: a record of a grand peal by the Cumberland Society cost 20 guineas. The 12 bells of St. Saviour's, were not rung at the opening of New London Bridge, in 1831, on account of the alleged insecurity it would occasion to the tower. The tenor of this peal weighs  $52\frac{1}{2}$  cwt.; that of Bow, 53 cwt.

ST. SEPULCHRE'S BELL has a melancholy history. In 1605, Mr. R. Dowe left 50*l.* to this parish, on condition that a person should go to Newgate in the still of the night before every execution-day, and, standing as near as possible to the cells of the condemned, should, with a hand-bell (which he also left), give twelve solemn tolls, with double strokes, and then deliver this impressive exhortation:—

" All you that in the condemned hole do lie,  
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die;  
Watch, all, and pray, the hour is drawing near  
That you before the Almighty must appear;  
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,  
That you may not t' eternal flames be sent.  
And when St. Sepulchre's Bell to-morrow tolls,  
The Lord have mercy on your souls!  
Past twelve o'clock!"

Dowe likewise ordered that the great bell of the church should toll on the morning; and that, as the criminals passed the wall to Tyburn, the bellman or sexton should look over it and say, "All good people, pray heartily unto God for these poor sinners, who are now going to their death;" for which he who says it is to receive 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; let us hope that the gift ere long will be a free one.

ST. STEPHEN'S, Rochester-row, Westminster.—Miss Burdett Coutts has given to this church, built at her cost, a fine peal of eight bells, with a tenor of 1 ton 5 cwt.; and to St. Ann's, Highgate-rise, a peal of eight bells.

CHIMES.—The only church chimes now existing in the metropolis are those of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand; St. Giles's, Cripplegate; St. Dionis, Fenchurch-street; and St. Bride's, Fleet-street. The Cripplegate chimes are the finest in London; they were constructed by a poor working man. Formerly, several churches in London, including those of St. Margaret and St. Sepulchre, had chime-hammers annexed to their bells.

In each Royal Exchange, the business has been regulated by a bell: in Gresham's original edifice was a tower "containing the bell, which twice a day summoned merchants to the spot—at twelve o'clock at noon, and at six o'clock in the evening." (*Burgon's Life and Times of Sir T. Gresham*, ii. 345).

The Chimes at the Royal Exchange, destroyed by fire in 1838, played, at intervals of three hours, "God save the Queen," "Life let us cherish," "The Old 104th Psalm (on Sundays), and "There's nae luck about the house," which last air they played at twelve o'clock on the night of the fire, just as the flames reached the chime-loft.

In the new Exchange, chimes have not been forgotten. The airs have been arranged



by Mr. E. Taylor, the Gresham Professor of Music; which Mr. Dent has applied on the chime-barrel. The airs are:—

1. A Psalm tune, by Henry Lawes, the friend of Milton; it is in the key of B flat, so as to exhibit the capability of the chimes to play in different keys.

2. God save the Queen, in E flat.

3. Rule Britannia.

4. An air selected by Professor Taylor to exhibit the power of the bells. The key in which the bells are set is E flat. There are fifteen bells, and two hammers to several, so as to play rapid passages. There are frequently three hammers striking different bells simultaneously, and sometimes five. The notes of the bells are as follows:—B flat, A natural, A flat, G, F, E flat, D natural, D flat, C, B flat, A natural, A flat, G, F, and E flat. The first bell, B flat, weighs 4 cwt. 26 lbs., and its cord, 8 cwt. 2 qrs. 5 lbs.; the four bells, A flat, G, F, and E flat, weigh severally, 10 cwt. 1 qr. 9 lbs., 12 cwt. 2 qrs. 27 lbs., 15 cwt. 2 qrs. 11 lbs., and 23 cwt. 2 qrs. 24 lbs. The united weight of them is 131 cwt. 1 qr. They were cast by Messrs. Mears, of Whitechapel.

### BERMONDSEY

IS a large parish in Surrey, adjoining the borough of Southwark; and named *Beor-mund's eye*, or island, from its having been the property of some Saxon or Danish Thane, and the land being insulated by watercourses connected with the Thames. In 1082, a wealthy citizen built here a convent, wherein some Cluniac Monks settled in 1089, to whom William Rufus gave the manor of Bermondsey; and numerous donations and grants followed, until this became one of the most considerable alien priories in England. From its vicinity to London, the monastery occasionally became the residence of royal personages. Katherine of France, widow of Henry V., retired to this sanctuary, and died here, Jan. 3, 1437; and Elizabeth Widvile, relict of Edward IV., was committed to the custody of the monks by her son-in-law, Henry VII., and ended her days here, in penury and sorrow, in 1492. Among the persons of note interred here is said to have been Margaret de la Pole, wife of Edmund de la Pole, afterwards Earl of Suffolk, who was executed by Henry VIII., in 1513. The Abbey occupied the ground between Grange-walk (where was a farm) and Long-walk, which was a passage between the monastic buildings and the conventual church; the latter a little south of the present parish church of St. Mary Magdalene, originally founded by the Priors of Bermondsey for their tenantry; rebuilt in 1680, and since repaired. Among the communion-plate is an ancient silver alms-dish, supposed to have belonged to the abbey.

A drawing formerly in Mr. Upeott's collection shows the monastery as rebuilt early in the reign of Edward III., and the cloisters and refectory in 1380. After the surrender of the establishment to Henry VIII., he granted it to Sir Robert Southwell, Master of the Rolls: it was by him sold to Sir Thomas Hope, who, in 1545, pulled down the ancient Priory Church, and with the materials built Bermondsey House, where died Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex (Lord Chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth), in 1583. The east gate of the monastery was taken down about 1760; the great gate-house was nearly entire in 1806, shortly after which all the ancient buildings were removed, and Abbey-street built on their site. Bermondsey-square now occupies the great close of the Abbey, and Grange-road was its pasture-ground, extending to the farm; the ancient watercourse, Neckinger, was once navigable from the Thames to the Abbey. Adjoining was an Almonry, or Hospital, for "indigent children and necessitous converts," erected by Prior Richard in 1213, but not to be traced after the Reformation.

There is, in the Spa-road, St. James's Chapel, a Grecian edifice, opened in 1829; the altar-piece is a large picture of "the Ascension," painted by John Wood, in 1844, and the prize picture selected from among eighty competitors for 500*l.* bequeathed for this purpose by Mr. Harcourt, a parishioner, and awarded by Eastlake and Haydon. St. Paul's Gothic Church and Schools were opened in 1818; and Christ Church and Schools, Neckinger-road (Romanesque), in 1849.

The Roman Catholic population of Bermondsey exceeds 5000 persons; they have a large church near Dockhead, opened in 1835. Precisely three centuries after the Dissolution of the Monasteries, was founded here, in 1538, a Convent for the "Sisters of Mercy." The inmates are mostly ladies of fortune, and support a school for 200 children. Sister Mary, the Lady Barbara Eyre, second daughter of the sixth Earl of Newburgh, took the vows December 12, 1839; with Miss Ponsonby, Sister Vincent.

At Bermondsey, perhaps, is carried on a greater variety of trades and manufactures

than in any other parish of the kingdom. It has been the seat of the Leather Market for nearly two centuries; its series of tidal streams from the Thames twice in twenty-four hours supplying water for the tanners and leather-dressers. At the Neckinger Mills here, nearly half a million of hides and skins are converted into leather yearly; and in the great Skin Market are sold the skins from nearly all the sheep slaughtered in London. Steam-machinery is much employed in the manufactories; and in Long-lane is an engine chimney-shaft 175 feet high. Here is Christy's Hat Manufactory, employing 500 persons, and considered the largest establishment of the kind in the world. Here, too, abound paper and lead mills, chemical works, boat and ship builders, mast and block makers, rope and sail makers, coopers, turpentine works, &c. The tidal ditches, with their filthy dwellings, produced cholera in 1832 and 1848-49; in the latter year 189 deaths occurred in 1000 inhabitants. Here is Jacob's Island, so powerfully pictured in Dickens's novel of *Oliver Twist*.

Bermondsey Spa, a chalybeate spring, discovered about 1770, was opened in 1780, as a minor Vauxhall, with fireworks, and a picture-model of the siege of Gibraltar, painted by Keyse, and occupying about four acres. He died in 1800, and the garden was shut up about 1805. There are *tokens* of the place extant; the *Spa-road* is named from it.

In the parish was born Mary Johns, the daughter of a cooper, in 1752, who wrote the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver penny.

In the Registers, 1604, is the "forme of a solemne *Vowe* made betwixt a Man and his Wife, having been longe absent, through which occasion the Woman being married to another Man, took her again."

Viewed from the Greenwich Railway, which crosses its north-eastern side, Bermondsey presents a curious picture of busy life, amid its streams and tan-pits, its narrow streets, close rents and lanes, by no means tributary to the public health. Yet the district has long been noted for longevity; and from 90 to 105 years are not uncommon in the burial registers.

#### BETHNAL GREEN,

A VILLAGE or large green, formerly a hamlet of Stepney, but made a parish (St. Matthew) in 1743. The old English ballad of *The Blind Beggar of Bednall Green* has given the district a long celebrity; the story "decorates not only the sign-posts of the publicans, but the staff of the parish beadle."—(*Lysons*.) The incidents have been poetically wrought into a drama by Sheridan Knowles. The mansion traditionally pointed to as "the Blind Beggar's House" was, however, built by John Thorpe, in 1570, for a citizen of London, and called after him, "Kirby's Castle." Pepys describes his visits to this house, then Sir W. Rider's, to dinner: his "fine merry walk with the ladies alone after dinner, in the garden; the greatest quantity of strawberries he ever saw, and good." It was then said that only some of the outhouses, and not the mansion, were built by the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green.

Robert Ainsworth, author of the Latin Dictionary which bears his name, kept an academy at Bethnal Green.

Here was a large house said to have been a palace of Bishop Bonner's, and taken down in 1849, in forming Victoria Park. Between 1839 and 1849, there were built here ten district churches, principally through the exertions of Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London: the tenth of these churches (St. Thomas's) was erected at the sole cost of a private individual. Silk-weavers live in great numbers at Bethnal Green.

Nichol-street, New Nichol-street, Half Nichol-street, Nichol-row, Turvil-street, comprising within the same area numerous blind courts and alleys, form a densely-crowded district in Bethnal Green. Among its inhabitants may be found street vendors of every kind of produce, travellers to fairs, tramps, dog-fanciers, dog-stealers, men and women sharpers, shoplifters and pickpockets. It abounds with the young Arabs of the streets, and its outward moral degradation is at once apparent to any one who passes that way. Here the police are *certain* to be found, day and night, their presence being required to quell riots and to preserve decency. Sunday is a day much devoted to pet pigeons and to bird-singing clubs: prizes are given to such as excel in note, and a ready sale follows each award. Time thus employed was formerly devoted to cock-fighting. In this locality, twenty-five years ago, an employer of labour, Mr. Jonathan Duthoit, made an attempt to influence the people for good by the hire of a room for meeting purposes. The first attendance consisted of one person. Persistent efforts were, however, made; other rooms have from time to time been taken and enlarged; here is a Hall for Christian instruction; and another for Educational purposes; Illustrated Lectures are delivered; a Loan Library has been established, also a Clothing Club and Penny Bank, and Training Classes for industrial purposes.—*Athenæum*, 1862.



## BETHLEM OR BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.

THE history of the word *Bedlam*, by which this Hospital was called, within recollection, has been the subject of much curious inquiry. Our lexicographers commonly refer its introduction into our language to the conversion of a religious house of this name into a lunatic asylum, or about 320 years ago. The word *Bedlem*, however, occurs in Tyndale's quarto testament, twenty or two-and-twenty years before the above date; and Mr. Gairdner has proved it to have been so applied still earlier:—

It is quite true, says Mr. Gairdner, that the Hospital was granted to the City of London for the purpose to which it is still applied, either by Henry the Eighth or Edward the Sixth; but it is a mistake to suppose it had never been so used before. The royal grant changed the government of the hospital, not its use. Monastic institutions, whatever evils they may have been answerable for, were undoubtedly the medium of much practical good that we seldom give them credit for, and to mental and bodily disease they offered such assistance as the skill and science of the age afforded. I have myself met with a passage in the works of Tyndale's great opponent, Sir Thomas More, who died even before (a martyr, too, though for a different cause), which proves beyond a doubt that Bethlehem Hospital was a place for lunatics before the dissolution of the religious houses. "Think not," he says, in his treatise *De Quatuor Novissimis* (page 73 of his English works),—"Think not that every thing is pleasant that men for madness laugh at. For thou shalt in Bedlem see one laugh at the knocking of his own head against a post, and yet there is little pleasure therein."

Bethlem Hospital originated in an establishment founded as a "Priory of Canons, with brethren and sisters," in 1246, by Simon Fitz-Mary, a sheriff of London; towards which he gave all his lands in St. Botolph without Bishopsgate, being the spot afterwards known as Old Bethlem, now Liverpool-street. This priory stood on the east side of Moorfields, from which it was divided by a deep ditch. It is described as "an Hospital" in 1330; in 1346 it was received under the protection of the City of London, who purchased the patronage, lands, and tenements in 1546; and in the same year, Henry VIII. gave the Hospital to the City, though not before he had endeavoured to sell it to them: it was united to Bridewell Hospital in 1557.

Bethlem is, however, first mentioned as an hospital for lunatics in 1402. The earliest establishment of the kind in the metropolis appears, from Stow, to have been "by Charing Cross," though when founded is unknown; "but it was said that some time a king of England, not liking distraught and lunatic people to remain so near his palace caused them to be removed farther off to Bethlem;" to which Hospital the site of the house in question belonged till 1830, when it was exchanged with the Crown to make way for the improvements at Charing Cross.

The priory buildings becoming dilapidated, another Hospital was built in 1675-76, on the south side of Moorfields, north of the London Wall, on ground leased to the Governors by the Corporation for 999 years, at 1s. annual rent, if demanded. This, the centre of Old Bethlem Hospital, cost 17,000*l.*, raised by subscription: it was designed by Robert Hooke; but there is no foundation for the traditional story of its so closely resembling the palace of the Tuileries, that Louis XIV., in retaliation, ordered a copy of our King's palace at St. James's to be built for his offices.

This second Bethlem was 540 feet in length and 40 feet in breadth; it was surrounded by gardens, in one of which the convalescent lunatics were allowed to walk; the whole was enclosed by a high wall and gates; the posterns of the latter were surmounted with two finely-sculptured figures of Raving and Melancholy Madness, by Caius Gabriel Cibber, the father of Colley.

In 1733, two wings were added for incurable patients. In 1754, the Hospital is described as consisting chiefly of two galleries, one over the other, divided in the middle by two iron gates, so that all the men were placed at one end of the house and all the women at the other; there was also "a bathing-place for the patients, so contrived as to be a hot or cold bath." The Hospital then held 150 patients. The favourite resort of the poor inmates was the Fore-street end of the building, from the windows of which we have seen them look out upon the unafflicted passengers in the streets below. Here Nat Lee, the tragic poet, was confined four years; he did not live long after his release. Here too was confined Oliver Cromwell's gigantic porter,

who is traditionally said to have been the original of one of Cibber's figures. Hannah Snell, the female soldier, who received a pension for wounds received at the siege of Pondicherry, died a patient of Bethlem, in 1792. "Tom o' Bedlam" was the name given to certain out-door patients, for whom room could not be found in the Hospital. They wore upon their arms metal plates, licensing them to go a-begging, which many cunning impostors adopted, until a caution from the Governor put a stop to the fraud.

In 1799, the Hospital was reported by a committee to be in a very bad condition: it had been built in sixteen months, upon part of the City ditch filled in with rubbish, so that it was requisite to shore-up and underpin the walls. At length it was resolved to rebuild the Hospital; and in 1810 its site,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  acres, was exchanged for about 11 acres in St. George's Fields, including the gardens of the infamous Dog and Duck. The building fund was increased by grants of public money, and benefactions, from the Corporation, City companies, and private individuals. The first stone of the new edifice, for 200 patients, was laid in April 1812, and completed in August 1815, at a cost of 122,572*l.* 8*s.*, the exact sum raised for the purpose. It was built from three prize designs, superintended by the late Mr. Lewis: it consists of a centre and two wings, the entrance being beneath a hexastyle Ionic portico of six columns, with the royal arms in the pediment, and underneath the motto:—HEN. VIII. REGE · FUNDATVM · CIVIVM · LARGITAS · PERFECIT. Two wings, for which the Government advanced 25,144*l.*, were appropriated to criminal lunatics. Other buildings have since been added, for 166 patients, by Sydney Smirke, A.R.A., the first stone of which was laid July 26, 1838, when a public breakfast was given at a cost of 464*l.* 8*s.* to the Hospital, and a narrative of the proceedings was printed at a charge to the charity of 140*l.* The entire building is three stories in height, and 897 feet in length. To the centre was added a large and lofty dome in 1815; the diameter is 37 feet, and it is about 150 feet in height from the ground. The Hospital and grounds extend to eight acres; the adjoining three acres being devoted to the House of Occupation, a branch of Bridewell Hospital.

In the entrance-hall are placed Cibber's two statues, from the old Hospital: they are of Portland stone, and were restored by the younger Bacon in 1814; they are screened by curtains, which are only withdrawn upon public occasions: some of the irons formerly used are also shown as *curiosities*. The basement and three floors are divided into galleries. The improved management was introduced about 1816. The patients employ themselves in knitting and tailoring, in laundry-work, at the needle, and in embroidery; the women have pianos and occasionally dance in the evening; the men have billiards and bagatelle tables, newspapers, and periodicals; and they play in the grounds at trap-ball, cricket, fives, leap-frog, &c. Others work at their trades, in which, though dangerous weapons have been entrusted to them, no mischief has ensued, and the employment often induces speedy cure. The railed-in fire-places and the bone knives are almost the only visible peculiarities; there are cells lined and floored with cork and india-rubber for refractory patients. The building is fire-proof throughout, and warmed by hot air and water.

From the first reception of lunatics into Bethlem, their condition and treatment was wretched in the extreme. In a visitation of 1403 are mentioned iron chains with locks and keys, and manacles and stocks. In 1598, the house was reported so loathsome and so filthily kept, as not fit to be entered; and the inmates were termed prisoners. In a record of 1619 are expenses of straw and fetters. Up to the year 1770, the public were admitted to see the lunatics at 1*d.* each, by which the Hospital derived a revenue of at least 400*l.* a year: hence Bethlem became one of "the sights of London;" and such was the mischief occasioned by this brutal and degrading practice, that, to prevent disturbances, the porter was annually sworn a constable, and attended with other servants to keep order. So late as 1814, the rooms resembled dog-kennels; the female patients chained by one arm or leg to the wall, were covered by a blanket-gown only, the feet being naked; and they lay upon straw. The male patients were chained, handcuffed, or locked to the wall; and chains were universally substituted for the strait-waistcoat. One Norris, stated to be refractory, was chained by a strong iron ring, riveted round his neck, his arms pinioned by an iron bar, and his waist similarly secured, so that he could only advance twelve inches from the wall,



the length of his chain; and thus he had been "engaged and chained more than twelve years;" yet he read books of various kinds, the newspapers daily, and conversed rationally: a drawing was made of Norris in his irons, and he was visited by several members of Parliament, shortly after which he died, doubtless from the cruel treatment he had received. This case led to a Parliamentary inquiry, in 1815, which brought about the adoption of a new method of treatment in Bethlem; although, in two years, 860*l.* were expended from the Hospital funds in opposing the bill requisite for the beneficial change.

The last female lunatic released from her fetters was a most violent patient, who had been chained to her bed eight years, her irons riveted, she being so dangerous that the matron feared being murdered if she released her; in May 1838, she was still in the New Hospital, and was the only patient permitted to sleep at night with her door unlocked; the slightest appearance of restraint exasperated her; but on her release she became tranquil, and happy in nursing two dolls given to her, which she imagined to be her children.

The criminal lunatics were formerly maintained and clothed here at the expense of Government, and cost nearly 4000*l.* a year. Most of the criminals were confined for murder, committed or attempted. Amongst them was Margaret Nicholson for attempting to stab George III.; she died here in 1828, having been confined forty-two years. In 1841, died James Hadfield, who had been confined here since 1802, for shooting at George III., at Drury Lane Theatre. He was a gallant dragoon, and his face was seamed with scars got in battle before his crime: he employed himself with writing verses on the death of his birds and cats, his only society in his long and wearying imprisonment. Many, including Edward Oxford, who so nearly assassinated the Queen, in 1840; Macnaughten, who murdered Sir Robert Peel's secretary, at Charing Cross; and the celebrated Captain Johnstone, who under such terrible circumstances killed all the crew of his ship, the *Tory*; were kept at Bethlehem, but have been removed to the great Broadmoor Asylum, built by Government near the Wellington College Station of the South Eastern Railway.

Bethlem stands in eleven acres of ground, which is judiciously laid out. It was placed under the jurisdiction of the Commissioners in Lunacy in 1853. In 1841 only 23·69 per cent. of the patients attended chapel on Sunday, and there was a weekly average of 2·64 per cent. under restraint; in 1862, 55 per cent. attended chapel, and restraint had been for several years unknown. Of the 115 curable patients in the hospital in 1862 only eight were unemployed, and of the 61 incurables 24. The annual cost of maintenance, furniture, and clothing was about 36*l.* in 1862. The following cases are inadmissible lunatics: those who have been insane for more than twelve months; who have been discharged uncured from other hospitals; afflicted with idiocy, palsy, or epileptic or convulsive fits, or any dangerous disease. The patients are not allowed to remain more than one year: preference is given to patients of the educated classes, to secure accommodation for whom no one will be received who is a proper object for admission into a county lunatic asylum.

Although Bethlem receives only those cases of madness which it deems most likely to terminate in recovery; of these simple and select cases nearly 40 per cent. (including deaths) are eventually discharged from Bedlam unrelieved. "The annual rate of mortality in Bethlem is 7 per cent.; in other asylums, from 13 to 22 per cent."—(*Registrar-General's Report, 1850.*)

The income of Bethlem and Bridewell Hospitals amounts to about 33,000*l.* per annum, mostly the accumulation of private benevolence.

From November 22, 1841, Bethlem Hospital, with its purlieus and approaches, was considered to be within the rules of the Queen's Bench, by an order of that Court, until their abolition.

Patients are admitted by petition to the Governors from a near relation or friend; forms to be obtained at the Hospital. The visiting days are two Mondays in each month; for taking in and discharging patients, every Friday.

Strangers are admitted, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, to view the Hospital by Governors' orders; and foreigners and Members of Parliament by orders from the president, treasurer, or Secretary of State; but the average yearly

number of visitors does not exceed 550. Still, few sights can be more interesting than the present condition of the interior of Bethlem. The scrupulous cleanliness of the house, the decent attire of the patients, and the unexpectedly small number of those under restraint, (sometimes not one person throughout the building), lead the visitors, not unnaturally, to conclude that the management of lunatics has here attained perfection; while the quiet and decent demeanour of the inmates might almost make him doubt that he is really in a madhouse. The arrangements, however, are comparatively, in some instances, defective: the building being partly on the plan of the old Hospital in Moorfields, in long galleries, with a view to the coercive system there pursued, is, consequently, ill adapted to the present improved treatment.

Above the door of the entrance-lodge are sculptured the arms of the Hospital,—*Argent, two bars sable, a file of five points gules, on a chief azure an étoile of sixteen rays or, charged with a plate, thereon a cross of the third, between a human skull placed on a cup, on the dexter side, and a basket of Wastell bread, all of the fifth, on the sinister.*

Bishop Tanner observes, however, that he was informed by John Anstis, Garter King of Arms, that the ensigns were, *Argent, two bars sable, a label of three points gules, on a chief azure a comet with ten rays or, oppressed with a torteau charged with a plain cross of the field, between a chalice or, with an hosty of the first, and a basket of the same.* With respect to any signification to be assigned to these bearings, there is, probably, no positive information extant; but, supposing them to be really ancient, it may be observed, that the bars and file in the principal part of the shield were, most likely, the arms of Simon Fitz-Mary, the founder, which would account for their very prominent situation. The étoile, or blazing star, on the blue chief, evidently refers to the star seen in the sky at the birth of Christ, which led the wise men to Bethlehem, and, therefore, properly became its peculiar badge; whilst the cross in the centre indicates the crucifixion of the Saviour for all mankind. The basket of bread has, probably, also an allusion to Bethlehem; since the best translation of that word is considered to be "the house of bread," as implying a fertile soil in the production of barley and wheat, noticed in the book of Ruth, chapter ii.; but, as wastell cakes were, anciently, especially used in Christian ceremonies and festivals, they might be designed as the English emblem of the birth-place of the Lord. Perhaps, no satisfactory signification can be assigned to the present bearing of a cup containing a skull; but if the blazon of these arms, given by Anstis to Bishop Tanner, be accepted, the chalice, surmounted by the consecrated wafer, will then be intended for the usual ecclesiastical figure of the sacrament; and, perhaps, also expresses that the Saviour, born at Bethlehem, the house of bread, was "the living bread which came down from heaven." Upon the same principle of interpretation, however, if the star be regarded as indicating Christ and his passion, the cup with the skull might be meant to designate, the "death which he tasted for every man," in the cup of his own sufferings at Gethsemane, and at Golgotha, "the place of a skull." Another armorial ensign, assigned to the ancient hospital of Bethlehem, is, *Azure, an étoile of eight points or; and the connexion between this foundation and that of Bridewell, which is under the same governor, is indicated by the latter bearing the star of Bethlehem, on a chief azure, between two fleurs-de-lis.*—*Pamphlet by Peter Laurie, Esq., LL.B.; privately printed.*

#### BILLINGSGATE

IS stated to take its name from having been the gate of Belin, a king of the Britons, about 400 B.C. But this rests upon no better authority than Geoffrey of Monmouth, and is doubted by Stow, who suggests that the gate was called from some owner named Beling or Billing: Stow describes it as "a large water-gate, port, or harbourough for ships and boats, commonly arriving there with fish, both fresh and salt, shell-fishes, salt, oranges, onions, and other fruits and roots, wheat, rye, and grain of divers sorts, for the service of the City. It has been a quay, if not a market, for nearly nine centuries—since the customs were paid here under Ethelred II., A.D. 979; and fishing-boats paid toll here, according to the laws of Athelstan, who died 940. Its present appropriation dates from 1699, when, by an Act of William III., it was made "a free and open market for all sorts of fish;" and was fixed at the western extremity of the Custom House, a short distance below London Bridge.

The Market, for many years, consisted of a collection of wooden pent-houses, rude sheds, and benches: it commenced at three o'clock A.M. in the summer and five in the winter: in the latter season it was a strange scene, its large flaring oil-lamps showing a crowd struggling amidst a Babel din of vulgar tongues, such as rendered "Billingsgate" a byword for low abuse: "opprobrious, foul-mouth language is called Billingsgate discourse."—(Martin's *Dictionary*, 1754, second edit.) In Bailey's *Dictionary* we have "a Billingsgate, a scolding, impudent slut." Tom Brown gives a very coarse picture of her character; and Addison refers to "debates which frequently arise among the ladies of the British fishery." She wore a strong stuff gown, tucked up, and showing a large quilted petticoat; her hair, cap, and bonnet flattened into a mass by carrying a basket upon her head; her coarse, cracked cry, and brawny limbs, and red, bloated face, completing a portrait of the "fish-fag" of other days.



Not only has the virago disappeared, but the market-place has been rebuilt, and its business regulated by the City authorities, with especial reference to the condition of the fish; and in 1849 was commenced the further extension of the market. There is no crowding, elbowing, screaming, or fighting, as heretofore; coffee has greatly superseded spirits; and a more orderly scene of business can scarcely be imagined. The market is daily, except Sundays, at five A.M., summer and winter, announced by ringing a bell, the only relic of the olden rule. The fishing-vessels reach the quay during the night, and are moored alongside a floating wharf, which rises and falls with the tide. The oyster-boats are berthed by themselves, the name of the oyster cargo is painted upon a board, where they are measured out to purchasers. The other fish are carried ashore in baskets, and there sold, by Dutch auction, to fishmongers, whose carts are waiting in the adjoining streets. The wholesale market is now over; the *bummarees* supply the costermongers, &c.

All fish is sold by tale, except oysters and shell-fish, which are sold by measure, and salmon by weight. In February and March, about thirty boxes of salmon, each one cwt., arrive at Billingsgate per day; the quantity gradually increases, until it amounts in July and August, to 1000 boxes (during one season it reached to 2500 tons)—the fish being finest when it is lowest in price. Of lobsters, Mr. Yarrell states a twelve-months' supply to be 1,904,000; of turbot, 87,958. The speculation in lobsters is very great: in 1816, one Billingsgate salesman is known to have lost 1200*l.* per week, for six weeks, by lobsters! Periwinkles are shipped from Glasgow, fifty or sixty tons at a time, to Liverpool, and sent thence by railway to London, where better profits are obtained, even after paying so much sea and land carriage. Sometimes there is a marvellous glut of fish: thus, in two days from 90 to 100 tons of plaice, soles, and sprats have been landed at Billingsgate, and sold at two and three lbs. a penny; soles, 2*d.*; large plaice, 1*d.* each.

A full season and scarce supply, however, occasionally raise the price enormously; as in the case of four guineas being paid for a lobster for sauce, which, being the only one in the market, was divided for two London epicures! During very rough weather, scarcely an oyster can be procured in the metropolis. In the *Times*, Nov. 9, 1859, we read: "In consequence of the gales which have recently prevailed, the price of fish has risen so much, that cod-fish fetched the enormous sum of 1*l.* 15*s.*, yesterday morning in Billingsgate market."

Mackerel were, in 1698, first allowed to be cried through the streets on a Sunday; but, by the 9 and 10 Victoria, passed August 3, 1846, the sale of mackerel on a Sunday was declared illegal.

The wholesale fish-trade of Billingsgate having greatly increased in 1854, Mr. Bunning, the City architect, completed a sub-market on the site of Billingsgate Dock; the carriage of fish by railway to London having greatly superseded the use of sailing vessels for that purpose. A new granite wharf-wall extends the entire river frontage of the market; and the foundations of the fish-market were constructed on the blue clay beneath the bed of the river, without the aid of a coffer-dam.

Few persons are aware of the great consumption of fish in the metropolis. In the Parliamentary Report on the Sea Fisheries, 1866, is a calculation showing that nearly as much fish as beef is consumed in London. About 90,000 tons of fish are brought yearly, of which some 80,000 tons are large fish, the remainder being whiting and small fish.

### BLACKFRIARS

**I**S the district between Ludgate Hill and the river Thames; where anciently a monastery of Black or Dominican Friars, removed from Holborn in 1276, to a piece of ground given them by Gregory Rocksley, Mayor. The monastery, church, and a mansion were erected with the stone from the tower of Montfichet, and from part of the City wall. Edward I. and his Queen Eleanor were great benefactors to the new convent. Here the King kept his charters and records; and great numbers of the nobility dwelt in the precinct. In the church, divers parliaments and other great meetings were held. In 1522 the Emperor Charles V. of Spain was lodged here by Henry VIII.; and here, 1524, was begun the sitting of a parliament, adjourned to the

Black Monks at Westminster, and therefore called the Black Parliament. Henry's divorce from Katherine of Arragon was decided there; and the parliament which condemned Wolsey, assembled at Blackfriars. The precinct was very extensive, was walled in, had four gates, and contained many shops, the occupiers of which were allowed to carry on their trades, although not free of the City, privileges maintained even after the dissolution of the monasteries. Part of the church was altered and fitted up for parochial use; it was destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666, and the church of St. Andrew by the Wardrobe erected in its place. Beneath the *Times* office, upon the site of the King's Printing-house, is a fragment of the Roman wall, upon which is a Norman or early English reparation; and upon that are the remains of a passage and window, which probably belonged to the Blackfriars monastery.

Taking advantage of the sanctuary privilege, Richard Burbage and his fellows, when ejected from the City, built a playhouse in the Blackfriars precinct, and here maintained their ground against the powerful opposition of the City and the Puritans. Shakspeare had a share in this theatre.

In the volume of the *Calendar of State Papers*, edited by Mr. Bruce, F.S.A., we get some interesting information of the Blackfriars theatre, part of the site of which is still called Playhouse-yard, where was a piece of ground "to turne coaches in." Under the date of Nov. 16, 1633, we find—"Notes by Sec. Windebank, of business transacted at the council this day.—Blackfriars Playhouse. The players demand 21,000*l*. The commissioners valued it at near 3000*l*. The parishioners offer towards the removing of them 100*l*. An order of the board to remove the coaches from thence, and to lay the coachmen of whomsoever by the heels. That no coaches stay between Paul's Chain and the Fleet Conduit. The officers to be punished if they do not their duties. The Lord Mayor to have his commandment directed to him, and every ward to be answerable."

Hard by is another Shakspearean locality of note, the town property of the poet, first pointed out by Mr. Halliwell—viz., the site of the house purchased by Shakspeare of Henry Walker, in March, 1612-13, the counterpart of the conveyance of which is preserved in the Guildhall Library (bought in 1841, for 165*l*. 15*s*.), with Shakspeare's signature attached, and which is there described as "abutting upon a streete leading doune to Pudle Wharfe (Blackfriars), in the east part, right against the Kinge's Majesties Wardrobe." The *very house* was, most probably, destroyed in the Great Fire; but the present one stands upon its exact site; and, until these few years, it had been tenanted by the Robinson family, to whom Shakspeare leased it. The house was bequeathed by the poet to his daughter, Susannah Hall.

Three eminent painters resided in Blackfriars: Isaac Oliver, the celebrated miniature-painter, who died in 1617, and is buried in St. Anne's; Cornelius Jansen, the portrait-painter, employed by King James I., and who painted Milton at ten years old. And here Vandyck was lodged amongst the King's artists, in 1631, when he arrived a second time in London; thither His Majesty Charles I. frequently went by water, and viewed his paintings. The painter kept here a splendid establishment and a sumptuous table; but his luxurious and sedentary life brought on gout; he died here in the Blackfriars, in 1641, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, with great funeral pomp.

In 1735, the right of the City to the jurisdiction of the precinct was decided in their favour in an action against a shalloon and druggot seller, tried in the Court of King's Bench; since which Blackfriars has been one of the precincts of Farringdon Ward.

At Hunsdon House, in the Friary, occurred the catastrophe long remembered as the "Fatal Vespers." It was on the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot that some 300 persons had assembled in a small gallery over the gateway of the lodgings of the French ambassador, to hear a sermon from the Jesuit, Father Drury, when the whole congregation were precipitated, with the timber, plaster, and rubbish, into the vacant apartments some 20 feet below. Drury was killed, and with him about 100 persons of his congregation; the bodies were buried, coffinless, in two large pits.

In a "Note of Liberties," in the State Paper Office, we find in a list of persons "as well honourable as worshipful, inhabiting the Precincts of the Blacke and White



Friers," in the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or about the year 1581, the following:—

"The Earl of Lincoln, Lord Admirall of England; the Bishop of Wigorne; the Lord Cobham; the Lord Cheynde; the Lord Laware; the Lord Russell; the Lord Clinton; Sir Ambrose Jernyn; Sir Nicholas Poynes; Sir Thomas Gorrarde; Sir William Morgan; the Lord Puckhurst; the Lord Chief Justice of England; the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; the Master of the Rolles; the Queene's Sollicitour; Mr. Thomas Fanshawe; Peter Osborne; Mr. Powle, of the Chancery."

In Earl-street was the house of the British and Foreign Bible Society, upon the exact site of the premises in which the Committee of six of the forty-seven "distinguished scholars" ordered by James I. to furnish our present translation of the Bible used to meet in the early part of the seventeenth century, to review the whole work; and which was finally revised there by Dr. Smith and Dr. Bilson, Bishop of Winchester, then approved of by the King, and printed in the year 1611. When the Bible Society purchased the above house of Mr. Enderby, there was in it a curious fourpost bedstead, carved and painted, and the following inscription in capitals at the head:—"Henri, by the Grace of God, Kyng of Englonde and of Fraunce, Lorde of Irelande, Defendour of the Faythe, and Supreme Heade of the Churche of all Englonde. An. Dmi. MCCCCXXXIX." Below the inscription, on each side, is the King's motto, with the initials of Henry and his Royal Consort, Anne Boleyn: "Dieu et mon droit." "H. A." A new house for the Bible Society was founded in June, 1866.

In the operations necessary for carrying the London, Dover, and Chatham Railway from the viaduct across the Thames at Blackfriars, great part of the east side of Bridge-street was removed in 1863-4; the railway being carried on brick arches parallel with the street line; and a large passenger-station, 150 feet in width, was erected. In the requisite clearances was removed the York Hotel, the house which Mylne, the architect of Blackfriars Bridge, built for his private residence. On its southern face, in Little Bridge-street, was a medallion, with the initials, "R. M.," surmounted by his crest and the date MDCLXXX.; the walls of the principal rooms bore several medallions of classic figures. Mylne also planned the noble approach to Blackfriars Bridge, and superintended the covering of the Fleet ditch. He planned well his houses in Blackfriars, although many of them were altered or rebuilt for insurance offices. In the house No. 5, opposite the York Hotel, lived Sir Richard Phillips: in the rear, Bride-court, he published his *Monthly Magazine*; and here, as became an author-publisher, he formed a considerable collection of pictures, mostly portraits of eminent men of letters.

### BLACKWALL,

ON the north bank of the Thames, and at the eastern extremity of the West India Docks, is said to have been originally called Bleakwall, from its exposed situation on the artificial bank or *wall* of the river, through the winding of which it is nearly eight miles from the City, though less than half that distance by land. Here, on the Brunswick Wharf or Pier, is the handsome Italianized terminus (by Tite) of the Blackwall Railway from Fenchurch-street,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length.

To the large taverns at Blackwall and Greenwich *gourmets* flock to eat whitebait, a delicious little fish caught in the Reach, and directly netted out of the river into the frying-pan. They appear about the end of March or early in April, and are taken every flood-tide until September. Whitebait are caught by a net in a wooden frame, the hose having a very small mesh. The boat is moored in the tideway, and the net fixed to its side, when the tail of the hose, swimming loose, is from time to time handed in to the boat, the end untied, and its contents shaken out. Whitebait were thought to be the young of the shad, and were named from their being used as bait in fishing for whittings. By aid of comparative anatomy, Mr. Yarrell, however, proved whitebait to be a distinct species, *Clupea alba*.

Pennant describes whitebait as esteemed by the *lower order of epicures*. If this account be correct, there must have been a strange change in the grade of the epicures frequenting Greenwich and Blackwall since Pennant's days; for at present the fashion of eating whitebait is sanctioned by the highest authorities, from the Court of St. James's in the West to the Lord Mayor and *his* court in the East; besides the philo-

sophers of the Royal Society; and her Majesty's Cabinet Ministers, who wind up the Parliamentary session with their "annual fish dinner," the origin of which is stated to be as follows:—

On the banks of Dagenham Lake or Reach, in Essex, many years since, there stood a cottage, occupied by a princely merchant named Preston, a baronet of Scotland and Nova Scotia, and sometime M.P. for Dover. He called it his "fishing cottage," and often in the spring he went thither, with a friend or two, as a relief to the toils of parliamentary and mercantile duties. His most frequent guest was the Right Hon. George Rose, Secretary of the Treasury, and an Elder Brother of the Trinity House. Many a day did these two worthies enjoy at Dagenham Reach; and Mr. Rose once intimated to Sir Robert, that Mr. Pitt, of whose friendship they were both justly proud, would, no doubt, delight in the comfort of such a retreat. A day was named, and the Premier was invited; and he was so well pleased with his reception at the "fishing cottage"—they were all two if not three bottle men—that, on taking leave, Mr. Pitt readily accepted an invitation for the following year. For a few years the Premier continued a visitor, always accompanied by Mr. George Rose. But the distance was considerable; the going and coming were somewhat inconvenient for the First Minister of the Crown. Sir Robert Preston, however, had his remedy, and he proposed that they should in future dine nearer London. Greenwich was suggested: we do not hear of Whitebait in the Dagenham dinners; and its introduction, probably, dates from the removal to Greenwich. The party of three was now increased to four; Mr. Pitt being permitted to bring Lord Camden. Soon after a fifth guest was invited—Mr. Charles Long, afterwards Lord Farnborough. All were still the guests of Sir Robert Preston; but, one by one, other notables were invited—all Tories—and, at last, Lord Camden considerably remarked, that, as they were all dining at a tavern, it was but fair that Sir Robert Preston should be relieved from the expense. It was then arranged that the dinner should be given, as usual, by Sir Robert Preston, that is to say, at his invitation; and he insisted on still contributing a buck and champagne: the rest of the charges were thenceforth defrayed by the several guests, and, on this plan, the meeting continued to take place annually till the death of Mr. Pitt.

Sir Robert was requested, next year, to summon the several guests, the list of whom, by this time, included most of the Cabinet Ministers. The time for meeting was usually after Trinity Monday, a short period before the end of the Session. By degrees the meeting, which was originally purely gastronomic, appears to have assumed, in consequence of the long reign of the Tories, a political, or semi-political character. Sir Robert Preston died; but Mr. Long, now Lord Farnborough, undertook to summon the several guests, the list of whom was furnished by Sir Robert Preston's private secretary. Hitherto, the invitations had been sent privately: now they were despatched in Cabinet boxes, and the party was, certainly for some time, limited to the members of the Cabinet.—*Communicated to the Times.*

An important thing to be noticed is the vast extent of iron shipbuilding carried on here, an art of construction but of thirty years' growth. A great portion of Blackwall and the Isle of Dogs is occupied in this building trade, with its clanking boiler-works, and its Cyclopean foundries and engineering shops, in which steam is the *primum mobile*.

In the East India Docks, at Blackwall, arrived, April, 1848, a large Chinese Junk, the first ever seen in England.

#### BLIND-SCHOOL (THE),

OR the School for the Indigent Blind, was established in 1799, at the Dog and Duck premises, St. George's Fields; and for some time received only fifteen blind persons. The site being required by the City of London for the building of Bethlem Hospital, about two acres of ground were allotted opposite the Obelisk, and there a plain school-house for the blind was built. In 1826, the School was incorporated; and in the two following years three legacies of 500*l.* each, and one of 10,000*l.*, were bequeathed to the establishment. In 1834, additional ground was purchased, and the school-house remodelled, so as to form a portion of a more extensive edifice in the Tudor or domestic Gothic style, designed by John Newman, F.S.A. The tower and gateway in the north front are very picturesque; the School will now accommodate 220 inmates. The pupils are clothed, lodged, and boarded, and receive a religious and industrial education; so that many of them have been returned to their families able to earn from 6*s.* to 8*s.* per week. Applicants are not received under twelve, nor above thirty, years of age; nor if they have a greater degree of sight than will enable them to distinguish light from darkness. The admission is by votes of the subscribers; and persons between the ages of twelve and eighteen have been found to receive the greatest benefit from the instruction.

The pupils may be seen at work between ten and twelve A.M., and two and five P.M., daily, except Saturdays and Sundays. The women and girls are employed in knitting stockings and needlework; in spinning, and making household and body linen, netting silk, and in fine basket-making; besides working baby-hoods, bags, purses, watch-pockets, &c., of tasteful design, both in colour and form. The women are remarkably quick in superintending the pupils. The men and boys make wicker baskets, cradles,



and hampers; rope door-mats and worsted rugs; and they make all the shoes for the inmates of the School. Reading is mostly taught by Alston's raised or embossed letters, in which have been printed the Old and New Testament, and the Liturgy. Both males and females are remarkably cheerful in their employment: they have great taste and aptness for music, and they are instructed in it, not as a mere amusement, but with a view to engagements as organists and teachers of psalmody; and once a year they perform a concert of sacred music in the chapel or music-room: the public are admitted by tickets, the proceeds from the sale being added to the funds of the institution. An organ and pianoforte are provided for teaching; and above each of the inmates of the males' working-room usually hangs a fiddle. They receive, as pocket-money, part of their earnings, and on leaving the school, a sum of money and a set of tools, for their respective trades, are given to them.

Among the other Charities for the Blind is the munificent bequest of Mr. Charles Day (of the firm of Day and Martin, High Holborn), who died in 1836, leaving 100,000*l.* for the benefit of persons afflicted, like himself, with *loss of sight*; the dividends and interest to be disbursed in sums, of not less than 10*l.*, or more than 20*l.*, per year, to each blind person, the selection being left to Trustees: the Charity is named "The Blind Man's Fund."

### BREWERIES.

THE great Breweries of London are described by Stow, in 1598, as for the most part remaining "near to the friendly water of Thames," which was long thought to be superior to any other for brewing; but Richardson, an experienced authority, alleges this to be a mistake, as some of the principal brewers find the New River water equally good; they have also been at great expense in sinking wells upon their own premises. In the *Annual Register* for 1760 the London beer trade is traced from the Revolution down to the accession of George the Third. The great increase in the trade appears to date from the origin of Porter.

"Prior to the year 1730, publicans were in the habit of selling ale, beer, and two-penny, and the 'thirsty souls' of that day were accustomed to combine either of these in a drink called half-and-half. From this they proceeded to spin 'three threads,' as they called it, or to have their glasses filled from each of the three taps. In the year 1730, however, a certain publican, named Horwood, to save himself the trouble of making this triune mixture, brewed a liquor intended to imitate the taste of the 'three threads,' and to this he applied the term 'entire.' This concoction was approved, and being puffed as good porter's drink, it speedily came to be called Porter itself."—*Quarterly Review*, 1854.

By Act of Parliament, beer and porter can only be made of malt and hops, the great council of the nation having omitted all mention of the water, which the brewers have added as a necessary ingredient. It has been well said that all nations know that London is the place where porter was invented; and Jews, Turks, Germans, Negroes, Persians, Chinese, New Zealanders, Esquimaux, Copper Indians, Yankees, and Spanish Americans, are united in one feeling of respect for the native city of the most universally favourite liquor the world has ever known.

The increase of brewers has kept pace with London's increase in other respects. Whitbread's Brewery, in Chiswell-street, Finsbury, dates more than two centuries back: we find it at the head of the list in 1787; and so it continued until 1806 in the *Picture of London*, for which year *Whitbread's* is described as the largest Brewery in the metropolis, the year's brewing of Porter being above 200,000 barrels.

"There is one stone cistern," says the account, "that contains 3600 barrels; and there are 40 large oak vats, some of which contain 3500 barrels; one is 27 feet in height and 22 feet in diameter. There are three boilers, each of which holds about 5000 barrels. One of Mr. Watt's steam-engines works the machinery. It pumps the water, wort, and beer; grinds the malt, stirs the mash-tub, and raises the casks out of the cellars. It is able to do the work of seventy horses, though it is of a small size, being only a twenty-four inch cylinder, and does not make more noise than a spinning-wheel. Whether the magnitude or ingenuity of contrivance is considered, this Brewery is one of the greatest curiosities that is to be anywhere seen; and little less than half a million sterling is employed in machinery, buildings, and materials."

To the Brewery of *Barclay, Perkins and Co.*, in Park-street, Southwark, has, however, attached a greater celebrity, from its great extent. It may be inspected by a letter of introduction to the proprietors; and a great number of the foreigners of distinction who visit the metropolis avail themselves of such permission. The Brewery and its appurtenances occupy about twelve acres of ground, immediately

adjoining Bankside, and extending from the land-arches of Southwark Bridge nearly half of the distance to those of London Bridge. Within the Brewery walls is said to be included *the site of the famous Globe Theatre*, "which Shakspeare has bound so closely up with his own history." In an account of the neighbourhood, dated 1795, it is stated that "the passage which led to the Globe Tavern, of which the playhouse formed a part, was, till within these few years, known by the name of Globe-alley, and upon its site now stands a large storehouse for Porter." We are inclined to regard this evidence merely as traditional. However, the last Globe Theatre was taken down about the time of the Commonwealth; and so late as 1720, Maid-lane (now called New Park-street), of which Globe-alley was an offshoot, was a long, straggling place, with ditches on each side, the passage to the houses being over little bridges with little garden-plots before them (*Strype's Stow*).

Early in the last century there was a Brewery here, comparatively very small; it then belonged to a Mr. Halsey, who, on retiring from it with a large fortune, sold it to the elder Mr. Thrale; he became Sheriff of Surrey and M.P. for Southwark, and died in 1758. About this time the produce of the Brewery was 30,000 barrels a year. Mr. Thrale's son succeeded him, and found the Brewery so profitable and secure an income, that, although educated to other tastes and habits, he did not part with it; yet the Brewery, through Thrale's unfortunate speculation elsewhere, was at one time, according to Mrs. Thrale, 130,000*l.* in debt, besides borrowed money; but in nine years every shilling was paid. Thrale was the warm friend of Dr. Johnson, who, from 1765 to the brewer's death, lived partly in a house near the Brewery, and at his villa at Streatham. Before the fire at the Brewery, in 1832, a room was pointed out, near the entrance gateway, which the Doctor used as a study. In 1781 Mr. Thrale died, and his executors, of whom Johnson was one, sold the Brewery to David Barclay, junior, then the head of the banking firm of Barclay and Co., for the sum of 135,000*l.* "We are not here," said Johnson, on the day of the sale, "to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." While on his tour to the Hebrides, Johnson mentioned that Thrale paid 20,000*l.* a year to the revenue, and that he had *four* vats, each of which held 1600 barrels, above 1000 hogsheads. David Barclay placed in the brewing firm his nephew from America, Robert Barclay, who became of Bury Hill; and Mr. Perkins, who had been in Mr. Thrale's establishment—hence the firm of "Barclay and Perkins." Robert Barclay was succeeded by his son, Charles Barclay, who sat in Parliament for Southwark; and by his sons and grandsons. Forty years since, the Brewery was of great extent; in 1832 a great portion of the old premises was destroyed by fire, but was rebuilt, mostly of iron, stone, and brick. The premises extend from New Park-street, southward, through Park-street, both sides of which are the Brewery buildings, connected by a light suspension bridge; to the right is the vast brewhouse and principal entrance. There are extensive ranges of malt-houses extending northward, with a wharf to Bankside. From the roof of nearly the middle of the premises may be had a bird's-eye view of the whole.

The water used for brewing is pumped up by a steam-engine through a large iron main, which passes under the malt warehouses, and leads to the "liquor-backs," two cast-iron cisterns, on columns, reaching an elevation of some 40 feet. By this means the establishment may be supplied with water for brewing to the extent of a hundred thousand gallons daily. There is on the premises an Artesian well 367 feet deep; but its water, on account of its low temperature, is principally used for cooling the beer in hot weather.

The machinery is worked throughout the Brewery by steam. The furnace-shaft is 19 feet below the surface, and 110 feet above; and, by its great height, denotes the situation of this gigantic establishment among the forest of Southwark chimneys.

The malt is deposited in enormous bins, each of the height or depth of an ordinary three-storied house. The rats are kept in check by a standing army of cats, who are regularly fed and maintained.

The malt is conveyed to be ground in tin buckets upon an endless leather band ("Jacob's Ladder"); and thus carried to the height of 60 or 70 feet, in the middle of the Great Brewhouse, built entirely of iron and brick, and lighted by eight large and



lofty windows. The Brewhouse is 225 feet long by 60 in width, and of prodigious height, with an elaborate iron roof, the proportions reminding us of Westminster Hall. Within this compass are complete sets of brewing apparatus, perfectly distinct in themselves, but connected with the great supply of malt from above, of water from below, and of motive force from the steam-engine behind, vast coolers, fermenting vats, &c. Each of the copper boilers cost nearly 5000*l.*, and consists of a furnace, a globular copper holding 320 barrels, and a cylindrical cistern to contain 120 barrels, an arrangement equally beautiful and useful from its compactness and the economy of heat. There is no continuous floor; but looking upwards, whenever the steamy vapour permits, there may be seen at various heights, stages, platforms, and flights of stairs, all subsidiary to the Cyclopean piles of brewing vessels. The coals, many tons per day, are drawn up from below by tackle, and wheeled along a railway.

"The hot water is drawn from one of the copper boilers to the corresponding mash-vat below; and machinery working from a centre on a cog-rail that extends over the circumference of the vat, stirs the malt. The mash-vat has a false bottom, which in due time lets off the wort through small holes to an under-pan, whence it is pumped back to the emptied copper, from whence it receives the hot water, and there, mixed with hops, it is boiled, and again run off into a vast cistern, where passing through a perforated bottom, it leaves the hops, and is pumped through the cooling tubes or refrigerators into the open cooler, and thence to the fermenting cases; whence, in a few days, it is drawn off into casks, again fermented, and when clearer put into the large vat."

The surface of one of the fermenting cases nearly filled is a strange sight: the yeast rises in rock-like masses, which yield to the least wind, and the gas hovers in pungent mistiness over the ocean of beer. The largest vat will contain about 3500 barrels of porter, which, at the retail price, would yield 9000*l.* The "Great Tun of Heidelberg" would hold but half this quantity.

Nearly every portion of the heavy toil is accomplished by the steam-engine. The malt is conveyed from one building to another, even across the street, by machinery, and again to the crushing rollers and mash vat. The cold and hot water, the wort and beer, are pumped in various directions, almost to the exclusion of human exertions. With so much machinery and order, few men comparatively are required for the enormous brewing of 3000 bushels of malt a day. The stables are a pattern of order. The name of each horse is painted upon a board over the rack of each stall. The horses are mostly from Flanders, are about 200 in number, and cost from 70*l.* to 80*l.* each.

*Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, & Co.'s* Brewery is situated in Brick-lane, Spitalfields, and covers nearly six acres of ground. Here are two mash tuns, each to contain 800 barrels, the mashing being performed by a revolving spindle with huge arms, like a chocolate-mill. The wort is then pumped into large coppers, of which there are five, containing from 300 to 400 barrels each; it is then boiled with the hops, of which often two tons are used in a day. The boiling beer is now pumped up to the cooler on the roof of the brewery, which presents a black sea of 32,000 square feet, partly open to the air. There are sixteen large furnace-chimneys connected with this brewery, the smoke of which is consumed by Juckes's apparatus. There is a vast cooperage for the 80,000 barrels; a farrier's, millwright's, carpenter's and wheelwright's shop; a painter's shop for sign-boards; all which surround the central gear or beer-barrel depôt. The malt bins are 20 feet across and 35 deep. The stables are of great extent, and there are a score of farriers. The drayman is *sui generis*; there are some 80 in number, taller than the Guardsmen, and heavier by two stone.

*Meux's* Brewery (now *Reid & Co.'s*), in Liquorpond-street, Gray's Inn-lane, was described by Pennant, in 1795, as "of magnificence unspeakable." In this year Meux built a vessel 60 feet in diameter, and 23 feet in height, which cost 5000*l.* building, and would contain from 10,000 to 12,000 barrels of beer, valued at 20,000*l.* Their vats then held 100,000 barrels. Messrs. Meux removed from Liquorpond-street to their great brewery at the end of Tottenham Court-road. The head of the firm, Sir Henry Meux was created a baronet in 1831, when he had a fortune of 200,000*l.*, which by his income from the brewery, increased in after years to between 500,000*l.* and 600,000*l.*

The handsomest edifice of this class in the metropolis is the Lion Brewery, built for Goding, in 1836, in Belvedere-road, next Waterloo-bridge, and surmounted with a colossal stone lion. The top of the building is a tank to contain 1000 barrels of water, pumped up from a well 230 feet deep, or from the Thames; this supplies the floor

below, where the boiled liquor is cooled—200 barrels in less than an hour; when cooled it is received on the floor beneath into the fermenting tuns; next it descends to the floor for fining; and lastly, to the cellars or store-vats. The steam-engine passes the beer under the Belvedere-road; loads or unloads barges; conveys malt by the Archimedes Screw or Jacob's Ladder; and pumps water and beer to every height and extreme position, displaying the advantage of mechanic power, by its steady, quiet regularity.

The Metropolitan Breweries have their signs, which figure upon the harness of their dray-horses; thus, Barclay and Perkins, the *Anchor*; Calvert's (now the City of London), the *Hour-glass*; Meux, *Horseshoe*, &c.

#### BRIDEWELL HOSPITAL.

UPON one of the oldest historic sites in the City of London stood the ancient palace of Bridewell, which extended nearly from Fleet-street to the Thames at Blackfriars. It was founded upon the remains of a building supposed to be Roman, and inhabited by the Kings of England previous to the Conquest. Here our Norman Kings held their Courts. Henry I. gave stone towards rebuilding the palace; and in 1847, in excavating the site of Cogers Hall, in Bride-lane, was discovered a vault, with Norman pellet-moulding, and other remains of the same date. The palace was much neglected until, upon the site of the old Tower of Mountfiquit, Henry VIII. built "a stately and beautiful house thereupon, giving it to name Bridewell, of the parish and well there."—(*Stow*.) This house was erected for the reception of Charles V. of Spain, though only his nobles were lodged here, "a gallery being made out of the house over the water [the Fleet], and through the wall of the City into the Emperor's lodgings in the Blackfriars."—(*Stow*.) The whole third act of Shakspeare's Henry VIII. is laid in "the palace at Bridewell," which is historically correct. Subsequently the King, taking a dislike to the palace, let it fall to decay. The "wide, large, empty house" was next presented to the City of London by King Edward VI., after a sermon by Bishop Ridley, who begged it of the King as a workhouse for the poor and a house of correction; the gift was made for "sturdy rogues," and as "the fittest hospital for those cripples whose legs are lame through their own laziness." It was endowed with lands and furniture from the Savoy. All this history is, by a curious licence, transferred to Milan, by Decker, in the second part of the old play of the *Honest Whore*. The account is very exact, compared with Entick's *History of London*, iv. 284. (Nares's *Glossary*, new edit. 1859.) The gift was confirmed by charter only ten days before the death of the King. Nearly two years elapsed before Queen Mary confirmed her brother's gift; and in February, 1555, the Mayor and Aldermen entered Bridewell and took possession, with seven hundred marks land, and all the bedding and other furniture of the house of the Savoy. But the gift soon proved costly and inconvenient to the citizens by attracting thither idle and abandoned people from the outskirts of London, when the Common Council issued acts against "the resort of masterless men." In 1608, the City erected here twelve large granaries for corn and two storehouses for coals. In Aggas's plan of London, the buildings and gardens of the hospital extend from the present site to the Thames, on the bank of which a large castellated mansion is represented; as also in Van der Wyngcrde's (1542) view, in the Bodleian Library; but in Hollar's view, after the Great Fire, most of the buildings are consumed.

The Hospital was rebuilt as we see it in Kip's view, 1720, in two quadrangles, the principal of which fronted the Fleet River, now a vast sewer under the middle of Bridge-street. Within the present century were built the committee-room and prisons; the chapel was rebuilt and the whole latterly formed only one large quadrangle, with a handsome entrance from Bridge-street; the keystone of the archway is sculptured with the head of King Edward VI. Hatton thus minutely describes the hospital in 1708:—

It is a prison and house of correction for idle vagrants, loose and disorderly servants, night-walkers, strumpets, &c. These are set to hard labour, and have correction according to their deserts; but have their clothes and diet during their imprisonment at the charge of the house.

It is also an hospital for indigent persons, and where twenty art-masters (as they are called), being decayed traders—as shoemakers, taylors, flax-drapers, &c. have houses, and their servants or appren-



tices (being about 140 in all) have clothes at the house charge, and their masters having the profit of their work, do often advance by this means their own fortunes. And these boys, having served their time faithfully, have not only their freedom, but also £10 each towards carrying on their respective trades, and many have even arrived from nothing to be governors.

The Bridewell boys were distinguished by a particular dress, and were very active at fires with an engine belonging to the hospital. In 1755 they had, however, grown unruly, and so turbulent in the streets as to be a great annoyance to peaceable citizens. Their peculiar costume was then laid aside, and they became more peaceable. The flogging at Bridewell for offences committed without the prison is described by Ward in his *London Spy*; both men and women were whipped on their naked backs, before the Court of Governors. The president sat with his hammer in his hand, and the culprit was taken from the post when the hammer fell. Hogarth, in his "Harlot's Progress," gives the peculiar features of the place. In the Fourth Plate men and women are beating hemp under the eye of a savage taskmaster; and a lad, too idle to work, is seen standing on tiptoe to reach the stocks, in which his hands are fixed, while over his head is written, "Better to work than stand thus."\* When Howard visited Bridewell he found the building damp and unhealthy, and the rooms, cells, and corridors confined and dark, and altogether a bad specimen of a prison.

"Lob's Pound" was a cant name for Bridewell, the origin of which so puzzled Archdeacon Nares, that he said: "Who Lob was, is as little known as the site of Lipsbury Pinfold." In *Hudibras* the term is employed as a name for the stocks into which the Knight put Crowdero:—

Crowdero, whom, in irons bound,  
Thou basely threw'st into Lob's Pound.

Miss Baker suggests, in her *Northamptonshire Glossary*, that the name originated from "lob," a looby or clown, rather than any specific individual—Bridewell being the place of correction for the petty offences of that class.

Bridewell is named from the famous well in the vicinity of St. Bride's Church; and this prison being the first of its kind, all other houses of correction, upon the same plan, were called Bridewells. In the *Nomenclator*, 1585, occurs "a workhouse where servants be tied to their work at *Bridewell*; a house of correction; a prison." We read of a treadmill at work at Bridewell in 1570.

Bridewell was, until lately, used as a receptacle for vagrants committed by the Lord Mayor and sitting Aldermen; as a temporary lodging for persons previous to their being sent home to their respective parishes; and a certain number of boys were brought up to different trades; and it is still used for apprentices committed by the City Chamberlain. The male prisoners sentenced to and fit for hard labour were employed on the treadmill, by which corn was ground for the supply of Bridewell, Bethlehem, and the House of Occupation; the younger prisoners, or those not sentenced to hard labour, were employed in picking junk and cleaning the wards; the females were employed in washing, mending, and getting up the linen and bedding of the prisoners, or in picking junk and cleaning the prison. The punishments for breaches of prison rules were diminution of food, solitary confinement, and irons, as the case might be. In 1842 were confined here 1324 persons, of whom 233 were under seventeen, and 466 were known or reputed thieves. In 1818 no employment was furnished to the prisoners. The seventh Report of the Inspectors of Prisons returned Bridewell as answering no one object of improvement except that of safe custody; it does not correct, deter, or reform; and nothing could be worse than the association to which all but the City apprentices were subjected. However, in 1829, there was built, adjoining Bethlehem Hospital, in Lambeth, a "House of Occupation," whither young prisoners were thenceforth sent from Bridewell to be taught useful trades.

The prison of Bridewell was taken down in 1863; and the committals are now made to the City Prison, at Holloway. Meanwhile a portion of Bridewell Hospital will be reserved for the detention and reformation of incorrigible City apprentices committed here by the Chamberlain from time to time; this jurisdiction being preserved by the Court of Chancery in dealing with the matters which concern the

\* This background is, however, incorrect; since the harlot, being sentenced by a Westminster magistrate, would not have been flogged in the City Bridewell.

disposal of the building and the estates of the governors of the Hospital. Reformatory schools are also to be built from the revenue of Bridewell, stated at 12,000*l.* per annum. At the Social Science Congress, in 1862, the worthy Chamberlain read a paper on the peculiar jurisdiction of his Court. In the prison, special care was taken to prevent the apprentices making the acquaintance of the low vagrants and misdemeanants who ordinarily occupied the building. The apprentices were placed in small cells, closed in with double doors, which shut out sound as effectually as sight; communication was, therefore, nearly impossible. Hereafter, only the apprentices will be confined here. The number of committals rarely exceeds twenty-five annually. At the date of our last visit there was but one apprentice confined here. Although the number is so small, the power of committal, which the Chamberlain has most praiseworthy asserted and successfully maintains, acts as a terror to evildoers, keeping in restraint about 3000 of these lads of the City.

In a piece of ground, leased for the burial-place of Bridewell Precinct, Robert Levett, the old and faithful friend of Dr. Johnson, and an inmate of his house, was buried, in 1732. Not a vestige of the ancient Bridewell remains. The noblest feature of the later buildings was the court-room—85 ft. 4 in. by 29 ft. 8 in., wainscoted, and hung with the great picture of Edward VI. granting the Royal Charter of Endowment to the Mayor. Beneath was a cartoon of "The Good Samaritan," by the youthful artist Dadd. The other pictures are a fine full-length of Charles II., by Sir Peter Lely; and portraits of the Presidents, including Sir William Withers, 1708, a very large equestrian portrait, with St. Paul's in the background. But the most valuable embellishments were the tables of benefactions, ranging from 500*l.* to 50*l.*, "depensilled in gold characters." In this hall the governors dined annually, each steward contributing 15*l.* towards the expenses, the dinner being dressed in the spacious kitchen beneath, only used for this purpose. This hall and kitchen were taken down at the close of the year 1862—the official buildings facing Bridge-street remain. The great picture of Edward VI. transferring Bridewell Palace to the City of London, which was engraved by Vertue in 1750, and afterwards adopted into the series of historical prints published by the Society of Antiquaries, was long accredited as painted by Holbein, whereas, it represents an occurrence which took place in 1553, ten years after Holbein's death. Consequently, it is simply impossible that he could have painted it, notwithstanding that one of the figures in the background was asserted by Vertue and by Walpole to be Holbein's own portrait. Upon this picture, Mr. J. Gough Nichols, F.S.A., remarked, in 1859, that "it is not now regarded as Holbein's work, as it bears no comparison with his capital picture at Barber-Surgeons' Hall of King Henry VIII. granting his charter to that Company." "But," adds Mr. Nichols, "after all, though not a masterly work of art, it is a valuable item among a very few historical pictures, and it would be desirable to recover its real history, of which we literally know nothing."—*Archæologia* xxxix. 21.

A very interesting historical fact in connexion with Bridewell remains to be noticed. Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, has discovered in that depository a manuscript showing that in the old Bridewell were imprisoned the members of the Congregational Church first formed after the accession of Elizabeth. On the evening of the 20th of June, 1567, the gates of the old prison were opened to receive a company of Christian men and women, who were committed to the custody of the gaoler for an indefinite term, at the pleasure of the authorities, who consigned them to his care. The Lord Mayor, in pity for their condition, urged them to make the required acknowledgment; but they conscientiously refused. Then were led to their cells, men unknown to fame, but who discovered the long-neglected principles of Church Government in the New Testament, which have wrought in silence much mighty and beneficial changes. It is, no doubt, to this company that Bishop Grindal refers, in his letter to Bullinger, July 11, 1568: "Some London citizens," he says, "with four or five ministers, have openly separated from us, and sometimes in private houses, sometimes in fields, and occasionally, even in ships, they have held meetings and administered the Sacraments. Besides this, they have ordained ministers, elders, and deacons after their own way. The number of the sect is about two hundred, but consisting of more women than men. The Privy Council have lately committed the heads of this faction to prison, and are now using means to put a timely stop to the sect."



Dr. Waddington has also discovered some papers written by the members of this Church in the Bridewell, signed chiefly by Christian women; together with a document containing a brief statement of their principles, by Richard Fitz, their pastor. It appears from these records—which have been kept for nearly three hundred years—that Richard Fitz, their minister; Thomas Rowland, deacon; Partridge, and Giles Fowler; died in prison. From the enlarged proportions the congregational denomination has since reached in Great Britain and America, considerable interest is attached to Bridewell because of these associations. Dr. Waddington, following the current of history from this hidden source, shows, by indisputable evidence from original papers in the public archives, that the succession of Congregational Churches from this period is continuous: the Bridewell may thus be regarded as the starting-point of Congregationalism after the Reformation.\*

These touching and simple memorials have been preserved by the Metropolitan Bishop, and finally transferred to the royal archives. The name of Fitz was known to the Christian exiles in Holland associated with the Pilgrim Fathers. Henry Ainsworth speaks of "that separated Church, whereof Mr. Fitz was pastor, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign." It was reserved for us to identify him in his relation to the "Flock of Slaughter," suffering bonds and imprisonment in the Bridewell. These original papers enable us with certainty to trace the origin of the first voluntary Church in England after the Marian persecution, as contemporaneous with the Anglican movement.—See *Historical Papers: No. 1, Richard Fitz*.

## BRIDGES.

THERE is no feature of the metropolis calculated to convey so enlarged an idea of the wealth, enterprise, and skill of its population, as the *Eight Bridges*, which have been thrown across the Thames within the present century. Until the year 1750, the long narrow defile of Old London Bridge formed the sole land communication between the City and the suburbs on the Surrey bank of the Thames; whereas now, westward of the structure built to replace the ancient Bridge, are Southwark, Blackfriars, Waterloo, Lambeth Suspension, Westminster, Vauxhall, and Chelsea Bridges, besides the Railway Bridges to be described elsewhere.

LONDON BRIDGE, the first Bridge across the Thames at the metropolis, was of wood, erected in the year 994, opposite the site of the present St. Botolph's Wharf: it is mentioned in a statute of Ethelred II., fixing the tolls to be paid by boats bringing fish to "Bylinsgate."

The first wooden bridge is stated to have been built by the pious Brothers of St. Mary's monastery, on the Bankside; which house was originally a convent of sisters, founded and endowed with the profits of a ferry at this spot, by Mary, the only daughter of the ferryman, who is traditionally said to be represented by an antique monumental figure in St. Saviour's Church. This bridge is described with turrets and roofed bulwarks in the narrative of the invasion of the fleet of Sweyn, King of Denmark, in 994; and it was nearly destroyed by the Norwegian Prince Olaf in 1008. It was rebuilt before the invasion of Canute in 1016, who is said to have sunk a deep ditch on the south side, and dragged his ships to the west side of the bridge. It was easily passed by Earl Godwin in 1052; but it was swept away by flood in 1091; rebuilt in 1097; burnt in 1136; and a new bridge erected of elm-timber in 1163, by Peter, chaplain of St. Mary Colechurch, Poultry.

The same pious architect began to build a *stone* bridge, a little to the west of the wooden one, in 1176; when Henry II. gave towards the expenses the proceeds of a tax on wool, which gave rise to the popular saying that "London Bridge was built upon woolpacks." Peter of Colechurch died in 1205, having, it would appear, left the bridge unfinished four years previously; since the Patent Roll of the third year of the reign of King John informs us that the King was anxious to bring the Bridge to perfection, and in 1201 took upon himself to recommend to the Mayor and citizens of London for that purpose, Isenbert, Master of the Schools of Xainctes, who had already constructed a bridge there, and at Rochelle. A translation of this Royal Writ is given in the

\* See *Walks and Talks about London*, 1865, pp. 31-38.

*Chronicles of Old London Bridge* (pp. 70, 71). In it the King states that, by the advice of Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and others, he had entreated Isenbert to undertake the building (or rather completion) of the bridge, and that he had granted the profits of the edifices Isenbert was to build on the bridge to be for ever applied to its repair and sustentation; in another document mention is made of the houses built upon the bridge, as well as to a plan of lighting the bridge by night, according to Isenbert's plan. (See Mr. Hardy's *Introduction to the Patent Rolls*, and Mr. W. Sidney Gibson's communication to *Notes and Queries*, 2nd s., ix., 119.) The bridge was, accordingly, finished in 1209. It consisted of a stone platform, 926 feet long and 40 in width, standing about 60 feet above the level of the water; and of a drawbridge and 19 broad-pointed arches, with massive piers. It had a gate-house at each end; and towards the centre, on the east side, a Gothic chapel, dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury; in the crypt of which, within a pier of the bridge, was deposited, in a stone tomb, the body of Peter of Colechurch. Up to the year 1250, a toll of twelve pence, a considerable sum at that time, had been levied upon every ship passing under London Bridge, *i.e.* through the drawbridge in the middle. The many edicts about the nets used upon the Thames show how carefully the fisheries were watched, and how productive they must have been.

Norden describes the bridge, in the reign of Elizabeth, as "adorned with sumptuous buildings and statelie and beautiful houses on either syde," like one continuous street, "except certain voyd places for the retyre of passengers from the danger of cars, carts, and droves of cattle, usually passing that way," through which vacancies only could the river be seen over the parapet-walls or palings. Some of the houses had platform roofs, with pretty little gardens and arbours. Near the drawbridge, and overhanging the river side, was the famed Nonsuch House, of the Elizabethan age: it was constructed in Holland, entirely of timber, put together with wooden pegs only, and was four stories high, richly carved and gilt.

There is a view of London Bridge by Norden, which is a pearl of great price among print collectors. One impression, in the Sutherland Clarendon, in the Bodleian Library, is in the *second state*, and differs materially from the view published by Norden, in the reign of Elizabeth, twenty-seven years earlier than the Sutherland impression. Of the first named view, an early impression was discovered in Germany in 1863, by Mr. J. Holbert Wilson; the old houses upon the bridge are neatly engraved; and a cluster of traitors' heads is placed upon poles on the top of the bridge gate. The print in the *second state* has lost five inches in depth, and the dedication states that Norden had described it in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but the plate had been "neare these twenty years, embezzled and detained by a person till of late unknown;" it was, therefore, not published until late in the reign of James I., then in a mutilated state; though the above is evidence of impressions of the first state. This is, therefore, the *oldest known view of London Bridge*.

We may here mention another old view of London Bridge—one of a series published by Boydell and Co., in 1818, with a note stating it to have been copied from a print engraved in 1754, from a "very antient picture; but the plate (which was a private one) was afterwards mislaid." This view is bird-eye, reaching from the bridge to St. Katharine's; in it appears St. Paul's, *with the spire*, which was burnt in 1561. Beneath the view this is stated to be "the oldest view of London extant;" but we have Van den Wyngreder's (1543) view, in the Sutherland Collection. In neither of these views, however, is London Bridge so distinctly shown as in Norden's horizontal view: the detail of the houses on the bridge is surprisingly minute.

The chronicles of this stone bridge through nearly six centuries and a quarter form, perhaps, the most interesting episode in the history of London. The scenes of fire and siege, insurrection and popular vengeance, of national rejoicing and of the pageant victories of man and of death, of fame or funeral—it were vain for us to attempt to recite. In 1212, within four years after the bridge being finished, there was a terrific conflagration at each end, when nearly 3000 persons perished; in 1264, Henry III. was repulsed here by De Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and the populace attacked the Queen in her barge as it was preparing to shoot the Bridge; in 1381, the rebel Wat Tyler entered the City by this road; in 1392, Richard II. was received here with great pomp by the citizens; in 1415, it was the scene of a grand triumph of Henry V., and in 1422 of his funeral procession; in 1428, the Duke of Norfolk's barge was lost by upsetting at the bridge, and his Grace narrowly escaped; in 1450—

"Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge; the citizens  
Fly and forsake their houses:"

but the rebel was defeated, and his head placed upon the Gate-house: in 1477, Falcon-bridge attacked the Bridge, and fired several houses; in 1554, it was one of the daring scenes of Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion; in 1632 more than one-third of the houses



were consumed in an accidental conflagration; and in 1666 the labyrinth of dwellings was swept away by the Great Fire: the whole street was rebuilt within twenty years; but, in 1757, the houses were entirely removed, and parapets and balustrades erected on each side; in this state the Bridge remained till its demolition in 1832.

In 1582, at the west side of the City end of the Bridge, Waterworks were commenced by Morice, with water-wheels turned by the flood and ebb current of the Thames passing through the purposely contracted arches, and working pumps for the supply of water to the metropolis; this being the earliest example of public water service by pumps and mechanical powers which enabled water to be distributed in pipes to dwelling-houses. Previously, water had only been supplied to public cisterns, from whence it was conveyed at great expense and inconvenience in buckets and carts. These Waterworks were not removed until 1822, when the proprietors received for their interest 10,000*l.* from the New River Company.

The Bridge shops had signs, and were "furnished with all manner of trades." Holbein is said to have lived here; as did also Herbert, the printseller, and editor of Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, at the time the houses were taken down. On the first night Herbert spent here, a dreadful fire took place on the banks of the Thames, which suggested to him the plan of a floating fire-engine, soon after adopted. Tradesmen's Tokens furnish but few records of the Bridge shopkeepers. "As fine as London Bridge" was formerly a proverb in the City; and many a serious, sensible tradesman used to believe that heap of enormities to be one of the Seven Wonders of the World, and, next to Solomon's Temple, the finest thing that ever art produced. Pin-makers, the first of whom was a negro, kept shops in considerable numbers here, as attested by their printed shop-bills.

The Bridge was also the abode of many artists: here lived Peter Monamy, the marine painter, who was taught drawing by a sign and house painter on London Bridge. Dominic Serres once kept shop here; and Hogarth lived here when he engraved for old John Bowles, in Cornhill. Swift and Pope have left accounts of their visits to Crispin Tucker, a waggish bookseller and author-of-all-work, who lived under the southern gate. One Baldwin, haberdasher, born in the house over the Chapel, at seventy-one could not sleep in the country for want of the noise of the roaring and rushing tide beneath, which "he had been always used to hear."

A most terrific historic garniture of the Bridge was the setting up of heads on its gate-houses: among these ghastly spectacles were the head of Sir William Wallace, 1305; Simon Frisel, 1306; four traitor knights, 1397; Lord Bardolf, 1408; Bolingbroke, 1440; Jack Cade and his rebels, 1451; the Cornish traitors of 1497; and of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, 1535, displaced in fourteen days by the head of Sir Thomas More. In 1577, the several heads were removed from the north end of the Drawbridge to the Southwark entrance, thence called Traitors' Gate. In 1578, the head of a recusant priest was added to the sickening sight; and in 1605, that of Garnet the Jesuit, as well as those of the Romish priests executed under the statutes of Elizabeth and James I. Hentzner counted above thirty heads on the Bridge in 1598. The display was transferred to Temple Bar in the reign of Charles II.

The narrowness of the Bridge arches so contracted the channel of the river as to cause a rapid; and to pass through them was termed to "shoot the bridge," a peril taken advantage of by suicides. Thus, in 1689, Sir William Temple's only son, lately made Secretary at War, leaped into the river from a boat as it darted through an arch: he had filled his pockets with stones, and was drowned, leaving in the boat this note: "My folly in undertaking what I could not perform, whereby some misfortunes have befallen the King's service, is the cause of my putting myself to this sudden end; I wish him success in all his undertakings, and a better servant." Pennant adds to the anecdote that Sir William Temple's false and profane reflection on the occasion was, that "a wise man might dispose of himself, and make his life as short as he pleased!" In 1737, Eustace Budgell, a *soi-disant* cousin of Addison, and who wrote in the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, when broken down in character and reduced to poverty, took a boat at Somerset Stairs; and ordering the waterman to row down the river, Budgell threw himself into the stream as they shot London Bridge. He, too, had filled his pockets with stones, and rose no more: he left in his secretary a slip of paper,

on which was written a broken distich : "What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong." This is a wicked sophism ; there being as little resemblance between the cases of Budgell and Cato as there is reason for considering Addison's *Cato* written in defence of suicide.

Of a healthier complexion is the anecdote of Edward Osborne, in 1536, leaping into the Thames from the window of one of the Bridge houses, and saving his master's infant daughter, dropped by a nurse-maid into the stream. The father, Sir William Hewet, was Lord Mayor in 1559, and gave this daughter in marriage to Osborne, whose great-grandson became the first Duke of Leeds.

In 1716, a very remarkable phenomenon occurred at London Bridge. The Thames, from long continued drought, and the consequent stopping of the supplies by its tributaries, was reduced to so low a pitch, that many persons walked over its bed from Southwark to the city, and *vice versâ*. During the twenty-four hours which this extraordinary ebb—assisted as it was by a gale of wind from W.S.W.—lasted, many interesting observations were made in respect to the foundation of the bridge, and a variety of relics were found. To allow of extensive changes and repairs, a temporary wooden bridge was built on the sterlings, or ancient coffer-dams, to protect the piers ; it was burnt April 10, 1758, but rebuilt in a month. The centre pier and two arches adjoining were then taken down and replaced by one large arch, the bridge widened several feet, and reopened in 1759. These alterations are said to have cost the large sum of 100,000*l*.

The annual loss of life and property that occurred through the dangerous state of the navigation under the arches (the fall being at times five feet), and the perpetually recurring expense of keeping the Bridge in repair, suggested, about the beginning of the present century, its demolition and rebuilding ; but not until 1824 was the new structure commenced, the first pile being driven March 15. It was designed by John Rennie, F.R.S., and is about 100 feet westward of the old Bridge. In excavating the foundations, were discovered brass and copper coins of Augustus, Vespasian, and later Roman emperors ; Venetian tokens, Nuremberg counters, and a few Tradesmen's Tokens ; brass and silver rings and buckles, ancient iron keys and silver spoons, the remains of an engraven and gilt dagger, an iron spear-head, a fine bronze lamp (head of Bacchus), and a small silver figure of Harpocrates : the latter preserved in the British Museum. We may here notice, that upon the old Bridge grew abundantly *Sisymbrium Iris*, or London Rocket, with small yellow flowers and pointed leaves : this plant probably appeared here soon after the Great Fire of 1666, when it sprung up thickly from among the City ruins.

Mr. Rennie died in 1821 ; but the works were continued by his sons, Mr. (now Sir John) Rennie and Mr. George Rennie ; the builders being Mr. W. Jolliffe and Sir Edward Banks. On June 15, 1825, the first stone was laid in a coffer-dam nearly forty-five feet below high-water mark, opposite the southern arch (fourth lock), with great ceremony, by the Lord Mayor (Garratt), in the presence of the Duke of York ; and in the evening the Monument was illuminated with portable gas, to commemorate the event. Two large gold medals were also struck on the occasion. The first arch was keyed August 4, 1827 ; the last Nov. 19, 1828 ; and the Bridge was opened with great state, August 1, 1831, by King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, who went and returned by water, and were present at the banquet given on the Bridge ; the Lord Mayor (Key) presiding ; and the King and Queen partaking of the loving-cup.

New London Bridge is unrivalled in the world "in the perfection of proportion and the true greatness of simplicity."

"It consists of five semi-elliptical arches, viz. two of 130 feet, two of 140 feet ; and the centre, 152 feet 6 inches span, and 37 feet 6 inches rise, is perhaps the largest elliptical arch ever attempted : the roadway is 62 feet wide. This bridge deserves remark, on account of the difficult situation in which it was built, being immediately above the old bridge, in a depth of from 25 to 30 feet at low water, on a soft alluvial bottom, covered with large loose stones, scoured away by the force of the current from the foundation of the old bridge, the whole of which had to be removed by dredging, before the coffer-dams for the piers and abutments could be commenced, otherwise it would have been extremely difficult, if not impracticable, to have made them water-tight ; the difficulty was further increased by the old bridge being left standing, to accommodate the traffic, whilst the new bridge was building ; and the restricted water-way of the old bridge occasioned such an increased velocity of the current as materially to retard the operations of the new bridge, and at times the tide threatened to carry away all before it. The great magnitude and extreme flatness of the arches demanded unusual care in the selection of



the materials, which were of the finest blue and white granite from Scotland and Devonshire; great accuracy in the workmanship was also indispensable. The piers and abutments stand upon platforms of timber resting upon piles about 20 feet long. The masonry is from 8 feet to 10 feet below the bed of the river.—*Sir John Rennie, F.R.S.*

The time occupied in the erection of the Bridge, from driving the first pile, March 15, 1824, to its completion in July, 1831, was seven years five months and thirteen days, during which it employed upwards of 800 men. Its building was attended with so many local difficulties, that forty persons lost their lives in the progress of the works. The total quantity of stone in the bridge is stated at 120,000 tons; and the ends of the parapets consist of the largest blocks of granite ever brought to this country. A single cornice runs along the upper part of the bridge, supported on dentils formed of solid beams of granite, marking externally the line of the roadway; this is surmounted by a close parapet, four feet high, upon which are lofty and massive bronzed standards, with gas lanterns.

The amount paid to Messrs. Jolliffe and Banks for this bridge was 425,081*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.*; but the whole sum expended on it, including the approaches, was 1,458,311*l.* 8*s.* 11½*d.* The latter are very fine, especially the roadway into the City, where, at the suggestion of Mr. Alderman Gibbs, a granite statue of King William was set up, to commemorate the opening; and a bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, in front of the Royal Exchange, was erected as an acknowledgment by the citizens of his Grace's exertions in facilitating the means of erecting the new bridge.

The old Bridge was not entirely removed until 1832, when the bones of the builder, Peter of Colechurch, were found beneath the masonry of the chapel, as if to complete the eventful history of the ancient structure. The superstructure was enormously thick. The roadway was 8½ feet above the crowns of the arches, and had apparently risen by the accumulations of five different strata, one of which was composed of charred wood, the *débris* of the houses that had been destroyed by fire. The foundations were very defective. The masonry was but 2½ feet below low-water mark, and rested on oak planking 16 inches wide by 9 inches thick, which in turn was supported by a mass of Kentish rubble, mixed with chalk and flints, thrown in and held together by starlings. Parts of the piers had been faced at some early period, but very ill and carelessly, and no part of the original work rested on piles.

At the sale of the materials of this Bridge, Mr. Weiss, the cutler, of the Strand, purchased all the iron, amounting to fifteen tons, with which the piles had been shod; and such portions as had entered the ground produced steel infinitely superior to any which Mr. Weiss had ever met with. Upon examination, it was inferred that the extremities of the piles having been charred, the straps of iron closely wedged between them and the stratum in which they were imbedded, must have been subjected to a galvanic action, which, in the course of some six or seven hundred years, produced the above effects.

The stone proved finely-seasoned material: a portion of it was purchased of Alderman Humphery by Alderman Harmer, and used in building his seat, Ingress Abbey, near Greenhithe; the balustrades, of good proportions, were preserved. Many snuff-boxes and other memorials were turned from the pile-wood.

The traffic across the old Bridge, in one day of July, 1811, amounted to 89,640 persons on foot, 760 waggons, 2924 carts and drays, 1240 coaches, 485 gigs and taxed carts, and 764 horses. The present Bridge is capable of accommodating four continuous streams of vehicles, with the addition of wide pavements for foot-passengers. The traffic over the Bridge during the 24 hours ending at 6 P.M. has comprised:—Vehicles—cabs, 4483; omnibuses, 4286; waggons, carts, &c., 9245; other vehicles, 2430; horses, led or ridden, 54—total, 20,498. Passengers:—In vehicles, 60,836; on foot, 107,074—total, 167,910.—[See *Chronicles of London Bridge*, by an Antiquary (Richard Thomson), 1827; where the researches of a lifetime appear to be condensed into a single volume.]

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE was opened in 1750, until when the only communication between Lambeth and Westminster was by the ferry-boat near Lambeth Palace Gates, the property of the Archbishop of Canterbury, granted by patent under a rent of 20*d.* and for the loss of which ferry 220*s.* were given to the see.

Attempts to obtain another bridge over the Thames, besides that of London, were made in the several reigns of Elizabeth, James I., Charles I. and II., and George I.; but it was not until the year 1736 (10 Geo. II.), that Parliament authorized the building of a second bridge. The architect was Charles Labelye, a native of Switzerland: the first stone was laid by the Earl of Pembroke, Jan. 29, 1738-9; and the bridge was opened Nov. 18, 1750. It consisted of fifteen semicircular arches, the centre seventy-six feet span; 1223 feet long by 44 feet wide. It was originally intended for a wooden bridge, and was partly commenced on this principle. The bottom courses of the piers, were laid, or built, in floating-vessels, or caissons, which when so loaded, were conducted to their proper positions, and there sunk upon the natural alluvial bed of the river; the bottom of the caissons thus forming, when the sides had been removed, the platforms or foundations of the masonry, unsustained by underpiling, or any other support than that of the gravel or sand on which they rested.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1750, a view of Westminster Bridge as then finished is given, with this memorandum—"This structure is certainly a very great ornament to our metropolis, and will be looked on with pleasure or envy by all foreigners. The surprising echo in the arches, brings much company with French horns to entertain themselves under it in summer; and with the upper part, for an agreeable airing, none of the public walks or gardens can stand in competition." For the protection of passengers over it at night there was at this time a watch of twelve men!

Labelye states the quantity of stone in this Bridge to be nearly double that employed in building St. Paul's Cathedral. "The caissons contained upwards of 150 loads of timber, and were of more tonnage than a forty-gun vessel." (*Hutton's Tracts*). The original cost of the Bridge is given as 393,189*l.*, of which 145,057*l.* went to contractors and 248,132*l.* to other parties. The approaches cost 109,054*l.* It is worthy of note that long before Labelye's bridge was erected, the place of crossing was known as Westminster Bridge. (See Dr. Wallis to S. Pepys, Oct. 24, 1699.) In the old maps the landing-place on the north shore is so marked.

Vast sums were expended in the repair of this Bridge. Within forty years it cost nearly half a million of money; whereas the property of the Bridge only realized 7464*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* In 1838, Mr. W. Cubitt found the caissons in a perfect state, the wood (fir) retaining its resinous smell. After the removal of London Bridge, as Telford foresaw, more than one of the Westminster piers gave way; to stay their sinking, in Aug. 1846 the thoroughfare was closed; the balustrades and heavy stone alcoves were removed, the stone-work stripped to the cornice, and the roadway lowered, thus lightening it of 30,000 tons weight; timber palings were put up at the sides, and the Bridge was re-opened. The proportions of the sides are stated to have been so accurate, that if a person spoke against the wall of any of the niches on one side of the way, he might be distinctly heard upon the opposite side; even a whisper was audible in the stillness of the night. This was the last metropolitan bridge which had a balustrade parapet, that of Blackfriars Bridge having been removed in 1839.

Westminster Bridge was built of magnesian limestone, containing from 24 to 42 per cent. of carbonate of magnesia, from which Epsom salts are obtained by the application of sulphuric acid. "If," said Dr. Ryan, in a lecture before the Royal Agricultural Society, "Westminster Bridge, built of that rock, were covered with water and sulphuric acid, it would be converted into Epsom salts."

It was upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1803, that Wordsworth poured forth this truly majestic sonnet:—

Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This City now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples, lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at its own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

At length the construction of a new Bridge was commenced as near as possible to the old one, the latter being used as a temporary bridge. The works were com-



menced by T. Page, C.E., somewhat lower down the river, in the middle of 1859. No coffer-dams were used; but on the site of each pier, elm piles were driven deep below the bed of the river into the London clay. Round these again were forced massive iron circular piles, grooved at the edges, so as to admit of great sheets of cast iron being slid down like shutters between them; the space they shut in being carefully dredged out of mud to the bed of the river, the piles tied together with iron rods, and the space filled in between with concrete up to low-water mark, when the masonry—enormous slabs of granite, weighing from eight to twelve tons—was fixed for the pier, and on these were raised the massive stone piers themselves. The arches of the Bridge are seven in number, each formed of seven ribs, which are of cast-iron nearly up to the crown, where, to avoid danger from the concussion of heavy loads, they are of wrought metal. The arches vary in span, from the smallest, of 90 ft., to the largest in the centre, of 120 ft., and from a height above high-water level of from 16 ft. to 20 ft. In the spandrels of the arches are Gothic quatrefoils, filled with shields of the arms of Westminster and England. The materials used in the construction of the whole bridge were 4200 tons of cast and 1400 tons of wrought-iron, 30,000 cubic yards of concrete, 21,000 cubic yards of brickwork set in Portland cement, 165,000 cubic feet of granite, and 46,000 cubic feet of timber. Its gradient is 12 ft. lower than the old Bridge, and its total width more than double, so that it is, size for size, the cheapest Bridge over the Thames that has yet been built, costing per superficial foot less than half the price of any similar structure in London. The length, breadth, and cost of each of the metropolitan Bridges have been as follows:—

	Length, Feet.	Breadth, Ft. in.	Cost per Square ft.
London . . . . .	904	53 6	£11 6 0
Southwark . . . . .	800	42 6	11 5 10
Blackfriars . . . . .	994	42 0	3 15 6
Waterloo . . . . .	1380	41 6	10 0 0
Hungerford . . . . .	1536	13 4	4 18 6
Westminster, old . . . . .	1160	43 0	7 10 0
Westminster, new . . . . .	990	85 0	4 0 0
Vauxhall . . . . .	840	36 2	9 18 0
Chelsea . . . . .	922	40 0	2 5 0
New Bridge at Blackfriars . . . . .	980	76 0	3 5 0

Thus it will be seen that the new Bridge is very nearly twice as wide as any of the bridges over the Thames. Within the parapets it is 84 ft. 2 in. Of this the footways occupy 28 ft., the road for the light traffic 39 ft., the tramways 14 ft. 8 in., and the space between them 2 ft. 6 in. The tramways consist of iron-plates, bolted to timbers, and laid upon an elastic bed of cork and bitumen. The kerb of the footway is formed of Ross of Mull granite; the footway itself is of Blashfield's terra-cotta, in diamond-shaped tiles, grooved transversely. The Bridge was completed in 1863, and opened May 24, Her Majesty's birthday, at a quarter to 4 o'clock, the precise time when the Queen was born; and at that hour a salute of 25 guns was fired, a number corresponding to the years of her reign.

"The unparalleled width produces a most striking effect as you pass on to the Bridge: if you approach it from the Surrey side of the river, it is singularly imposing, as it stretches its wide way before you, spanning the broad unseen river, and backed by the magnificent mass of the Houses of Parliament,—never so well seen before, the visitor should see it for the first time thus—it is a thing to remember. From the river the Bridge is less impressive. It is not so majestic as London Bridge, nor so beautiful as Waterloo. The arches seem to press upon the water."—*Companion to the Almanack*, 1863. Still, with certain artistic defects, this is a noble bridge.

The old Bridge was taken down in 1861; the last arch, April 25, and the foundations three months later: altogether, including the arches, more than 2,100,000 cubic feet of masonry and brickwork were taken out.

BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE originated with a committee appointed, in 1746, to examine Labeledy's designs for improving London Bridge; though the architect of Blackfriars Bridge was Robert Mylne, a native of Edinburgh. "The first pile of it was driven in the middle of the Thames, June 7, 1760; and the foundation-stone was laid by Sir Thomas Chitty, Lord Mayor, Oct. 31. On Nov. 19, 1768, it was made passable as a bridle-way, exactly two years after its reception of foot-passengers; and it was finally and generally opened on Sunday, Nov. 19, 1769. There was a toll of one halfpenny

for every foot-passenger, and one penny on Sundays; but on January 22, 1785, the tolls were redeemed by Government. The toll-house was burnt down in the Riots of 1780, when all the account-books were destroyed."—(*Chronicles of London Bridge*, pp. 568, 569.) The total cost of building and completing the Bridge and avenues thereto was 261,579*l.* Os. 6½*d.*; including 21,250*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* paid to the Watermen's Company for the Sunday ferry.

"Under the foundation-stone were placed several pieces of gold, silver, and copper coins of George II., together with a silver medal given to Mr. Mylne, the architect, by the Academy of St. Luke, with a copper rim round it, having the following inscriptions. On the one side, 'In architectura prestantie primum (ipsa Roma iudice), Roberto Mylne pontis hujus architectoni grato animo posuit.' Upon "a plate or plates of pure tin" was a Latin inscription, stating the Bridge to have been undertaken by the Common Council of London (amidst the rage of an extensive war), and that there might remain to posterity a monument of this city's affection to the man, who, by the strength of his genius, the steadiness of his mind, and a certain kind of happy contagion of his probity and spirit (under the Divine favour and fortunate auspices of George II.) recovered, augmented, and secured the British Empire in Asia, Africa, and America, and restored the ancient reputation and influence of this country amongst the nations of Europe, the citizens of London unanimously voted this bridge to be inscribed with the name of William Pitt. It was for a short time called "Pitt Bridge," which was soon changed to Blackfriars Bridge; but the names of William and the Earl of Chatham still live in *William-street, Earl-street, and Chatham-place.*

Mylne's success was owing, in a great measure, to the exertions of his friend, John Paterson, City Solicitor; and they being of the Anti-Wilkes party, and of the same country as Lord Bute, the unpopular First Minister of the Crown, Churchill, in his poem founded on the Cock-lane Ghost story, has scathed both Mylne and Paterson.

The Bridge was built of Portland stone, and consisted of nine semi-elliptical arches, then introduced about the first time in this country, in opposition to Gwyn, who, in his design, proposed the semicircular arch. The columns were the most objectionable feature in Mylne's design, architecturally; for the line of the parapet being a curve, the pillars were necessarily of different heights and diameters. Between 1833 and 1840, the Bridge was thoroughly repaired by Walker and Burgess, at an expense of 74,035*l.*, it is stated at a loss to the contractors. The foot and carriage ways were lowered; the removal of the balustrades, and the substitution of a plain parapet, altogether spoiled the architectural beauty of the structure. It is traditionally said that our great landscape-painter, Richard Wilson, used to make frequent visits to Blackfriars Bridge, to study the magnificent view of St. Paul's Cathedral obtained from it.

At length, the Court of Common Council resolved to build a new Bridge upon the site of the old Bridge, but much wider; and the design of Joseph Cubitt was selected—to consist of five iron arches, surmounted by an ornamental cornice and parapet, and the iron floor covered with a layer of concrete, and paved with granite; each of the four piers having a massive column of red polished granite. A temporary wooden bridge 900ft. in length, having three arches of 75ft. span for the river traffic; the carriage-way is 26ft. wide, and above it, at an elevation of 16ft., two footways, each 9ft. wide, were erected: the old bridge was then closed, and its demolition commenced forthwith; the rubble and masonry above the arch-turnings was nearly 20,000 tons weight. The cost of this Bridge, four equestrian statues, and the temporary bridge, is stated at 265,000*l.*, or 3*l.* per foot super. At 150 feet eastward an iron lattice girder-bridge had been constructed for the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway.

VAUXHALL BRIDGE, communicating with Millbank, had, in consequence of disputes, four engineers: Ralph Dodd, Sir Samuel Bentham, John Rennie, F.R.S.; and lastly, James Walker, who carried the design into effect at the expense of a public Company. The Bridge is of cast-iron, but was originally intended to be of stone: hence the narrowness of the nine arches, which would not have been necessary for an iron structure. The first stone of the pier begun by Mr. Rennie was laid by Lord Dundas, as proxy for the Prince Regent, May 9, 1811. The building was then suspended, but transferred to Mr. James Walker; the first stone of the resumed works was laid by the late Duke of Brunswick, August 21, 1813; and on June 4, 1816, the bridge was opened.

The width of the river is 900 feet at this Bridge, the length of which, clear of the abutments, is 806 feet; its 9 arches are each 78 feet span, and its 8 piers, each 13 feet wide; height of centre arch, at high water, 27 feet. The bridge cost upwards of 300,000*l.*; its half-year's clear revenue from tolls in 1849-50 was 2986*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* The



low grounds west of the bridge, and formerly known as the Neathouse Gardens, were elevated to a level with the Pimlico-road, by transporting hither the soil excavated from St. Katherine's Docks; and upon this artificial foundation several streets were built. The roadway on the south side crosses the site of the Cumberland Tea Gardens.

WATERLOO BRIDGE has been dignified by Canova as "the noblest bridge in the world," and by Baron Dupin as "a colossal monument worthy of Sesostris and the Caesars." It was partly projected by George Dodd, the engineer, and designed for him by John Linnell Bond, architect, who died in 1837; but the bridge was eventually built for a public Company by John Rennie, F.R.S. It crosses the Thames from the Strand, between Somerset Place and the site of the Savoy, to Lambeth, at the centre of the site of Cuper's Gardens, where the first stone was laid October 11, 1811.

This Bridge consists of nine semi-elliptical arches, each 120 feet span and 35 feet high, supported on piers 20 feet wide: the springing of the arches; with "useless and inappropriate Grecian-Doric columns between the piers, surmounted by the anomalous decoration of a balustrade upon a Doric entablature."—(*Elmes*.) The width of the Thames at this part is 1326 feet at high water; the entire length of the bridge is 2456 feet—the bridge and abutments being 1380 feet, the approach from the Strand 310 feet, and the land-arch causeway on the Surrey side 766 feet. The roadway upon the summit of the arches is carried upon brick arches to the level of the Strand; and by a gentle declivity upon a series of brick arches over the roadway upon the Surrey bank of the river to the level of the roads near the Obelisk by the Surrey Theatre. This district, until the building of the Bridge, was known as Lambeth Marsh, was low-lying and swampy, with thinly scattered dwellings; but in a few years it became covered with streets of houses.

The Bridge is built of granite, "in a style of solidity and magnificence hitherto unknown. There elliptical arches, with inverted arches between them to counteract the lateral pressure, were carried to a greater extent than in former bridges; and isolated coffer-dams upon a great scale in a tidal river, with steam-engines for pumping out the water, were, it is believed, for the first time employed in this country; the level line of roadway, which adds so much to the beauty as well as the convenience of the structure, was there adopted."—(*Sir John Rennie, F.R.S.*) The Bridge was opened by a procession of the Prince Regent and the Dukes of York and Wellington, and a grand military cavalcade, on June 18, 1817, the second anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, whence it is named. The Bridge itself cost about 400,000*l.*, which, by the expense of the approaches, was increased to above a million of money—a larger sum than the cost of building St. Paul's, the Monument, and seven of our finest metropolitan churches. It has been a ruinous speculation to the Company, the tolls amounting to little more than 20,000*l.* per annum.

Formerly, the average number of suicides annually committed from Waterloo Bridge was 40; in September, 1841, there were nine attempts made, within a few days, to commit suicide from Blackfriars Bridge.

SOUTHWARK BRIDGE, designed by John Rennie, F.R.S., was built by a public Company, and cost about 800,000*l.* It consists of three cast-iron arches: the centre 240 feet span, and the two side arches 210 feet each, about forty-two feet above the highest spring-tides: the ribs forming, as it were, a series of hollow masses, or voussoirs, similar to those of stone, a principle new in the construction of cast-iron bridges, and very successful. The whole of the segmental pieces and the braces are kept in their places by dove-tailed sockets and long cast-iron wedges, so that bolts are unnecessary; although they were used during the construction of the bridge, to keep the pieces in their places until the wedges had been driven. The spandrels are similarly connected, and upon them rests the roadway of solid plates of cast iron, joined by iron cement. The piers and abutments are of stone, founded upon timber platforms, resting upon piles driven below the bed of the river. The masonry is tied throughout by vertical and horizontal bond-stones, so that the whole acts as one mass in the best position to resist the horizontal thrust. The first stone was laid by Admiral Lord Keith, May 23, 1815, the Bill for erecting the Bridge having been passed May 6, 1811. The iron-work, weight 5700 tons, had been so well put together by the Walkers, of

Rotherham, the founders, and the masonry by the contractors, Jolliffe & Banks; that when the work was finished, scarcely any sinking was discernible in the arches. From experiments made to ascertain the extent of the expansion and contraction between the extreme range of winter and summer temperature, it was found that the arch rose in the summer about 1 inch to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch. The works were commenced in 1813, and the bridge was opened by lamp-light, March 24, 1819, as the clock of St. Paul's Cathedral tolled midnight. Towards the middle of the western side of the bridge is a descent from the pavement to a steamboat pier. The bridge was opened free of toll, for six months, by the Lord Mayor (Lawrence), Nov. 8, 1864, with a view to its purchase, ultimately, by the City of London.

"Within a fraction, London Bridge has as much traffic as all the rest put together, the proportions being—London equal to all; Westminster half of London; Blackfriars half of Westminster; Waterloo one third of Blackfriars; and Southwark one-fourth of Waterloo."—*Bennoch on the Bridges of London*, 1853.

HUNGERFORD SUSPENSION-BRIDGE, from Hungerford Market to Belvedere Road, Lambeth, was constructed by I. K. Brunel, F.R.S., and was a fine specimen of mechanical skill. It consisted of two lofty brick piers, or towers, in the Italian style, designed by Bunning, 58 feet above the road, and built in brickwork and cement on the natural bed of the river, without piles. In the upper part of these towers, four chains passed over rollers, so as to equalize the strain: they carried the platform or roadway, in two lines, with single suspension rods, 12 feet apart; the chains being secured in tunnels at the abutments to iron girders, embedded in brickwork and cement, and strengthened with concrete. There were three spans, the central one between the piers being  $676\frac{1}{2}$  feet, or 110 feet wider than the Menai Bridge; and second only to the span of the wire suspension-bridge at Fribourg, which is nearly 900 feet. The length between the abutments of the Hungerford Bridge was  $1352\frac{1}{2}$  feet. The roadway was in the centre 32 feet above high-water mark, or 7 feet higher than the crown of the centre arch of Waterloo Bridge. The height above the piers was  $28\frac{1}{2}$  feet. Thus was gained additional height for the river traffic, and a graceful curve, with the appearance of swagging prevented. The Bridge was commenced in 1841, and was built without any scaffolding but a few ropes, consequently, without impediment to the navigation of the river. The iron-work, between 10,000 and 11,000 tons, was by Sandys and Co., Cornwall. The entire cost of the Bridge was 110,000*l.*, raised by a public Company. The toll was a halfpenny each person each way. The Bridge was opened May 1, 1845, when, between noon and midnight, 36,254 persons passed over. Hungerford was then the great focus of the Thames steam-navigation, the embarkations and landings here exceeding 2,000,000 per annum. The Bridge was taken down in 1863, and the chains were carried to Clifton, for the Suspension-Bridge erecting there. Upon its site has been constructed the Bridge for the Charing Cross Extension of the South Eastern Railway: it has on each side a foot-path and ornamental balustrade; and in the centre four lines of rails, expanding fanwise into seven lines on approaching the Charing Cross terminus. The Bridge for carrying the Railway across the Thames to the City terminus, in Upper Thames-street, is similar to the Charing Cross Bridge, but 12 feet wider.

HAMMERSMITH SUSPENSION-BRIDGE is one of the most elegant structures of its kind; and, unlike other suspension-bridges, has part of the roadway *supported on*, and not hanging from, the main chains. The weight of the masonry abutments on each bank is 2160 tons, to resist the pull of the chains. Cost, 80,000*l.*; engineer, W. Tierney Clarke; first stone laid by the Duke of Sussex, May 7, 1826; finished 1827.

CHELSEA SUSPENSION-BRIDGE, opened in 1858, forms a communication between Pimlico, Belgravia, and Chelsea, on one side of the Thames, and Battersea Park, and the neighbourhood, on the other (the Middlesex roadway crossing the site of Ranelagh), and was built with funds granted by Parliament in 1846; Geo. Gordon Page, engineer. The length of the Bridge is 704 feet: it consists of a centre opening of 333 feet, with two side openings 166 feet 6 inches each. The piers terminate in



curved cutwaters: the width of the Bridge is 47 feet; the roadway at the centre of the Bridge is 24 feet 6 inches above high-water, and has a curve of 18 inches rise, commencing at the abutments. The towers and ornamental portions are of cast-iron. The girders and flooring of the platform are of wrought iron: ironwork by Howard, Ravenhill, & Co. The piers are built upon caissons, below which the ironwork spreads out at the bottom on bed-plates that rest upon York stone landings, laid on piles, and concrete supports; externally, the piers are cased with ornamental ironwork. The abutments and piers rest upon piles driven 20 feet beyond low-water mark. On each side of the carriage way is a tram for heavy traffic. A very large amount of additional strength is obtained over the ordinary suspension construction by two longitudinal lattice girders, of wrought iron, which separate the roadway from the footpaths. At each end of the bridge are rectangular lodges, with terra-cotta terminations. The four iron towers that rise from the caissons and piers have their upper portions of moulded copper, gilded and painted to resemble bronze, and crowned with globular lamps. The towers bear the royal arms and V. A. Yet, this public way across the Thames—although built ostensibly with the public money to afford the inhabitants of Middlesex access to Battersea *free* park—had a horse, carriage, and foot toll, an anomaly which was loudly reprehended.

At a short distance eastward is the Bridge for the Victoria Station and Pimlico Railway; the ironwork by Bray and Waddington, of Leeds; Fowler, engineer; opened in 1860. The stone piers, and the framework of the spandrels of the four flat and segmental iron arches, each 175 feet span, and the iron cornice, render this one of the handsomest railway bridges over the Thames.

LAMBETH SUSPENSION BRIDGE, connects Horseferry-road, Westminster, with Church-street, Lambeth, P. W. Barlow, engineer; and though constructed for both carriage and foot traffic, it cost, including the approaches, only 40,000*l*. Its entire length is 1040 feet; it has three spans of 280 feet each, of wire cable, bearing wrought-iron platforms, suspended from piers, each of two iron cylinders, 12 feet in diameter, sunk into the London clay, 18 feet below the bed of the river, filled with concrete and brickwork; the novelty consists in placing under the bridge, on each side, a longitudinal tubular iron girder, a cross girder between, so as to reduce to the minimum the upward, downward, and lateral movement.

#### BUCKLESBURY,

A SHORT street at the point where the Poultry meets Cheapside: here formerly stood the great Conduit which brought water from Conduit Mead, near Oxford-road and Paddington. Stow writes: "Bucklersbury, so called of a manor and tenements pertaining to one Buckle, who dwelt there, and kept his courts." The manor-house, in Stow's time, bore the sign of the Old Barge, from its being said, that when Walbrook lay open, barges were rowed or towed out of the Thames up here: hence the present Barge Yard. Bucklersbury was a noted place for grocers and apothecaries, drugsters and furriers. In Shakspeare's days it was, probably, a herb-market; for he has the comparison of smelling "like Buckler's-bury in simple-time."—(*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii. sc. 3.)

#### BUNHILL-FIELDS,

NEAR Finsbury-square, one of the three great fields of the manor of Finsbury, named Bonhill Field, Mallow Field, and the "High Field, or Meadow Ground, where the three windmills stand;" Bonhill was erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, on a deposit made of "more than 1000 cartloads" of bones removed from the channel of old St. Paul's, which, it is believed, gave rise to the name Bonhill or Bunhill Fields.

In 1553, a lease was granted to the Corporation of this with other land, being the property of the Prebendal Stall of Finsbury, in St. Paul's Cathedral; and by various renewals of this lease, the Corporation held the land until 1769, when the last of the leases expired. Prior to this the Statute of Charles II. had passed, by which persons of all degrees were prohibited from granting leases of Church property

for longer periods than forty years; and thus, in 1769, the growth of London having rendered it desirable that the land should be built over, a private Act was passed authorizing the then Prebend, Dr. Wilson, to lease the land to the Corporation for ninety-nine years, upon the terms of two-sixths of the net income to be received by them being paid to the Prebend as his own property (in lieu of any fine for the grant of the lease), one-sixth to the Prebendal Stall, and the remaining three-sixths to be retained by the Corporation. This lease will expire in 1868. Wilson-street is named from the Prebend, the Rev. Dr. Wilson.

The earliest known record of the Bunhill-fields themselves, as distinguished from the rest of the land in the lease, is that the City leased them to one Tindal, for fifty-one years, from Christmas, 1661: in that lease they are described as meadow-land, and the lease contains a provision for the citizens using them for recreation. Both this provision and the description of the land are at direct variance with its having been used as a place of burial up to that date. In four years afterwards, however (1665), London was visited with the Great Plague, and in the next year with the Great Fire; and it is extremely probable that in the disturbance of social order which these two visitations caused, the living sought for their dead a burial-place outside the City, and found it at Bunhill-fields. Certain it is, that before the expiration of Tindal's lease it had become a burial-ground. As such, however, the Corporation had nothing to do with it, until the year 1788, when they determined not to renew the lease, but take it into their own hands, and so it has remained to this day.

Since 1788 the Prebend has year by year received his moiety of the income of the ground as a cemetery, and as that cemetery now reverts to those claiming under the Prebend, *i.e.*, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, they have imposed upon them the obligation of preserving the ground for the purpose for which they have received the money. There remains but one point from which liability is sought to be imposed upon the Corporation. It is said the Act of Parliament authorized the renewal of the lease in perpetuity, and that the City, through their negligence in not having obtained a renewal of the lease, must indemnify the owners of graves. It were to be wished, for the City's sake, that the renewal were authorized, as they lose in 1868, through the expiring of the lease, an income of 40,000*l.* per annum; but, unfortunately, this is not the fact. The mistake has arisen from the marginal note saying the lease is renewable; but there is nothing in the Act to warrant the note, and no one at this distance of time can explain how the error has arisen.—(*Communicated to the City Press.*)\*

Curl published a Register of the interments here to 1717, with the inscriptions, &c. Among these are the following:—

"Here lyeth interred the body of Edward Tucker, late of Weymouth, who (by his own prediction) departed this life, March 4th, 1706-7, aged 86 years." "This ground, six foot long eastward, is bought for Elizabeth Chapman." This notice is valuable, as conclusively showing that, even at that early period, graves were sold in perpetuity, and any attempt to sell the soil for secular purposes would be a most unwarrantable desecration. "Here lyeth the body of Francis Smith, Bookseller, who in his youth was settled in a separate congregation, sustaining, between 1659 and 1688, great persecutions, by Imprisonments, exile, fines, and for printing petitions for caling of a Parliament, with several things against Popery. After nearly 40 imprisonments, he was fined 600*l.* for printing and selling the speech of a noble peer, and three times suffered corporeal punishment. He was for said fine five years a prisoner in the King's Bench, which hard duress utterly impaired his health. He dyed House-keeper in the Custom House, December 22nd, 1691." Engraved on the side of a handsome tomb, "Mordecai Abbott, Esq., Receiver-General of His Majesty's Customs, obit 29 Feby. 1699, *ætat.* 43:

Here Abbott, virtue's great example, lies,  
The charitable, pious, just, and wise;  
But how shall fame in this small Table paint  
The Husband, Father, Master, Friend, and Saint?  
A soul on Earth so ripe for glory found;  
So like to theirs, who are with glory crown'd,  
That 'tis less strange such worth so soon should go  
To Heaven, than that it staid so long below."

Among the eminent persons interred here, in an altar-tomb, east end of the ground, is Dr. Thomas Goodwin, the Independent preacher, who attended Oliver Cromwell on his deathbed. Also Dr. John Owen, Dean of Christchurch and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford when Cromwell was Chancellor; he preached the first sermon before the Parlia-

\* By Act of Parliament, the management of Bunhill-fields Burial-ground has been transferred by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to the Corporation of London, to be converted into a public garden; the Commissioners reserving the right to resume possession of the estate should their conditions be ineffectually performed.



ment after the execution of Charles I. But more attractive is the resting-place of John Bunyan, in the vault of his friend Strudwick, the grocer, Holborn Bridge, at whose house Bunyan died. His name is not recorded in the Register, nor is it in Curll's List; but the place was long marked by a monument, with this inscription:—"Mr. John Bunyan, Author of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, ob. 31 Aug. 1688, æt. 60.

The 'pilgrim's' progress now is finished,  
And Death has laid him in this earthly bed."

This inscription was cut many years after Bunyan's funeral. Southey tells us, with grave humour, "People like to be buried in company, and in good company. The Dissenters regarded Bunhill Fields' Burial-ground as their Campo Santo, and especially for Bunyan's sake. It is said that many have made it their desire to be interred as near as possible to the spot where his remains are deposited." In May, 1852, the above memorial was replaced by an altar-tomb, upon which is the recumbent figure of Bunyan, book in hand; the end panels have sculptures from *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

Here, too, sleeps Lord-Deputy Fleetwood, of the Civil Wars, Oliver Cromwell's son-in-law, and husband of the widow of Ireton: there was a monument to his memory, which has been obliterated or removed.

Here also rest Dr. Daniel Williams, founder of the Library in Redcross-street; John Dunton, author of his own *Life and Errors*; the Rev. D. Neal, author of the *History of the Puritans*; Dr. Lardner, author of the *Credibility of the Gospel History*; Dr. John Guise, Dr. Gill, Dr. Stennett, Dr. Harris; Dr. Richard Price, author of *Reverendary Payments*; Dr. Henry Hunter, Dr. Fisher, the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey; Dr. A. Rees, editor of the *Cyclopædia*; George Walker, of Nottingham and Manchester; and the Rev. Thomas Belsham, the Unitarian Minister.

Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, who was born and died in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, is buried in Bunhill-fields, with his second wife, the spot unknown. The entry in the register, written, probably, by some ignorant person who made a strange blunder of his name, is as follows:—"1731, April 26. Mr. Dubow, Cripplegate." Here lies, with a headstone to her memory, Susannah Wesley, mother of John Wesley, founder of the people called Methodists; and Charles Wesley, the first person who was called a Methodist. Near the centre of the ground is a monument to Dr. Isaac Watts; Joseph Ritson, the antiquary, lies here, spot unmarked; William Blake, the painter and poet, 25 feet from the north wall, without a monument; and Thomas Stothard, R.A., best known by his *Canterbury Pilgrimage*. Near the street rails is a monument to Thomas Hardy, who was tried for treason in company with John Horne Tooke. Hardy's memorial bears a long and somewhat defiant semi-political inscription.

In 1864, Mr. Deputy Charles Reed, F.S.A., presented to the Common Council a memorial, influentially signed, praying the Court to take steps for the preservation of Bunhill-fields burial-ground. This memorial eloquently says:—

"In this burying-ground are interred men whose memory and writings are among the most precious of our national heirlooms; some of the most fearless asserters of civil and religious liberty at critical periods of our history; notable men of all professions and of all religious communities; divines, artists, reformers; a crowd of worthies and confessors whose learning, piety, and public services not only adorned the age in which they lived, but have proved a permanent blessing to the land, and whose names the world will not willingly let die. The Nonconformist bodies, especially, look upon this as the holy field of their illustrious dead, because here lie buried those whose remains were refused interment in the graveyards of the churches in which they had long faithfully ministered, and whose memory is reverently cherished in the hearts and homes of their religious descendants."

George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, is erroneously said to have been buried here; but he lies in Coleman-street, which was part of Finsbury Manor Farm, and was, before Fox's death, acquired by the Friends as their place of interment; besides, the Friends were looked upon in no favourable manner by the other dissenting bodies, who had acquired Bunhill-fields. In Fox's diary it is related how, after the meeting in White Hart Court, Gracechurch-street, he went to Henry Goldney's, close by, and there admitted to others that "he thought he felt the cold strike to his heart as he came out of the meeting." It was "the 13th of the 11th month," 1690, being in the 67th year of his age, that Fox died. On the day appointed for his interment a meeting of Friends was held in White Hart Court, and "the body was borne, accompanied by very great numbers, to the Friends' burying-ground, near Bunhill Fields." Hasty readers have inferred from this that it was in the larger cemetery George Fox was buried.

## CANONBURY TOWER,

AT the northern extremity of the parish of Islington, denotes the site of the country-house of the Prior of the Canons of St. Bartholomew; hence, it is supposed, the name of Canons'-bury, *bury* being synonymous with *burgh*, a dwelling. On a garden-house hard by is sculptured the rebus or device of Bolton, the last prior—a *bolt*, or arrow for the crossbow, through a *tun*:

"Old Prior Bolton, with his bolt and tun,"

The Tower, which is of red brick, is believed to have been built by Sir John Spencer, of Crosby-place, who purchased the estate in 1570. Elizabeth, his only daughter and heiress, married William, second Lord Compton, who is traditionally said to have contrived her elopement from her father's house at Canonbury in a baker's basket. In 1618, he was created Earl of Northampton, and from him the present owner of Canonbury, who is the eleventh Earl and third Marquis of Northampton, is lineally descended.

The Tower is 17 feet square, and nearly 60 feet in height, and consists of seven stories and 23 rooms. For many years it was let in lodgings. Amongst its tenants was Ephraim Chambers, whose *Cyclopædia* was not only the basis of Rees's work, but originated all the modern Cyclopædias in the English and the other European languages. Chambers died at Canonbury, May 18, 1740, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, under a short Latin inscription, his own composition. Newbery, the bookseller, lodged here; and in his apartments Goldsmith often lay concealed from his creditors, and under a pressing necessity he there wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*; "he was the most diligent slave that ever toiled in the mill of Grub-street."

"A silly notion at one time prevailed that there was formerly a subterranean communication between Canonbury House and the Priory of St. Bartholomew." Similar vulgar and absurd stories are current at most of the large monasteries; as Malmesbury, Netley, Glastonbury, &c."—(*Godwin's Churches of London*.)

The ancient priory mansion covered the entire site now occupied by Canonbury-place, and had attached to it a park of about four acres, with large gardens, a fish-pond, &c.; most of which were included in the premises of Canonbury Tea-gardens and Tavern, in the middle of the last century but a small ale-house. It was enlarged and improved by a Mr. Lane, who had been a private soldier; but its celebrity was chiefly owing to the widow Sutton, who resided here from 1785 to 1808, and laid out the bowling-green and grounds. The streets which now cover the Canonbury estate are mostly named from the titles of the Marquis of Northampton, the ground landlord.

## CARVINGS IN WOOD.

THE art of Sculpture in Wood has ever been royally and nobly encouraged in England; and the metropolis contains many fine specimens of ancient and modern skill in this tasteful branch of decoration.

The figures carved upon the chestnut roof of Westminster Hall show the degree of excellence the art had attained in this country so early as the reign of Richard II. The sculptured arms on the corbels are those of France and England, quarterly; and of St. Edward the Confessor, as borne by Richard II.; whose favourite badge, viz., the white hart, lodged, ducally gorged and chained, and his crest of a lion guardant crowned, standing on a chapeau and helmet, are also carved, in alternate succession, on the cornice.

There is every reason to suppose the timber architecture of Old London to have been elaborate and beautiful. Till about the year 1625, nearly all the houses were built of wood: the interiors of the better sort were often richly carved, particularly in the panels of rooms, chimney-pieces, ceilings, and staircases; and the exteriors displayed a similar love of ornament in the doors and barge-boards, and story corbels.

The Great Fire of 1666 spared few specimens of early wood-carving; but several exist in quarters not reached by the destroyer. Of existing Gothic work may be



mentioned the decorations of Crosby Hall, much injured, however, by "restoration." The excellently carved stalls in the church of St. Helen, Bishopsgate, and those of the Chapel of Henry VII. at Westminster, are unusually magnificent, and were mostly executed by foreign workmen summoned to England by Henry VII.

In the reign of Elizabeth, not only the houses of the nobility were decorated, but furniture made of British woods was richly carved: the late Mr. Cottingham, F.S.A., assembled many unique specimens of this period, which were dispersed in 1851.

In the Elizabethan style may also be mentioned:—

Two splendid brackets (griffins), dated 1592, supporting the yard entrance at 21, Princes-square, Wilson-street, Finsbury.

Two house-fronts in Aldersgate-street.

Some boldly carved brackets (1595), at the Old Boar's Head, Gray's-Inn-lane.

Panel and trusses over the mantel of the Cock Tavern, Fleet-street (*temp.* James I.). The room was formerly panelled opposite the fire-place. The sign bird, over the entrance doorway from Fleet-street, is in the manner of Gibbons, and gilt.

Brackets (*temp.* James I.) at the back of the house, 61, Gray's-Inn-lane.

There was some fine Elizabethan panelling in the Star Chamber at Westminster, taken down in 1835; but restored for the Hon. E. Cust, Leasowe Castle.

Brackets, very fine, at the corner of Cloth Fair, Smithfield.

House-front, 84, Fenchurch-street.

Several house-fronts, rather later, in Whitechapel Market.

The Sir Paul Pindar's Head, Bishopsgate-street-without, has a finely carved front, and a carved ceiling in one of the unmodernized rooms.

The projecting house-front (now gilt), 17, Fleet-street, opposite Chancery-lane.

Mask brackets (*temp.* James I.), at the front and back of the Old Cheshire Cheese, 48, Hart-street, City; and a spirited grotesque head (same date) within the court of Red-Lion-place, Cock-lane.

A fine staircase, attributed to Inigo Jones (probably later), at 93, St. Martin's-lane, Charing Cross.

At the White Horse Inn, Church-street, Chelsea, (burnt Dec. 14, 1840,) were four grotesque Elizabethan brackets, carved chimney-pieces; and a carved frame for the sign, dated 1509.

The most celebrated carver after the Great Fire was Grinling Gibbons, who, Walpole tells us, so delicately carved a pot of flowers, that they shook in the room with the motion of coaches passing in the street. Most of the interior carvings of St. Paul's Cathedral were executed by Gibbons, or by Dutch workmen under his superintendence; the cherubs in the choir are in the highest style of the art.

One of the best carvers employed by Wren was Philip Wood, who came up a poor lad from Suffolk, and carved as a specimen of his skill a sow and pigs, for which he received ten guineas. According to the Commissioners' Report, between the years 1701 and 1707, Wood was paid large sums of money for carved work in St. Paul's Cathedral.

It is not generally known that the pulpit at St. Paul's was designed by Mylne, and executed about sixty years since by one of the finest flower-carvers of the time, named Mowatt, then employed by a relative of Edward Wyatt, the carver and gilder, in Oxford-street. The pulpit is carved in Spanish mahogany and satin-wood; the foliage is marvellously played with in the volutes.

Many of the Halls of the City Companies are decorated with reputed Gibbons's work; as well as the interiors of most of the churches built by Sir Christopher Wren. St. James's, Piccadilly, has some fine pulpit, altar, and pew carvings; and the churchwardens' pews at Allhallows Barking (with the symbols of the four Evangelists), are amongst the most delicate decorations of their time in the metropolis. The Hall of Herald's College is also well enriched in the Gibbons style; and a beautiful specimen of Gibbons's skill in fruit, fish, game, shells, &c. is preserved at the New River House, Clerkenwell.

At Canonbury House, Islington, the great chamber contains a quaintly carved oak fireplace, in which are small statues of Mars and Venus draped. The room had originally wood panelling and carved pilasters placed at intervals; all this, with the exception of two or three pilasters, has disappeared; the doorway with the busts of the old English gentleman and dame in the quaint costume of the time, is very curious. These doorways generally projected like small screens into these great rooms, and were used as a protection from the cold. Its Roman moulding and enriched frieze-like running ornament throughout the building of the same character as the latter. The ceiling of the room bears the date 1559, probably that year when Sir John Spencer came to reside on the spot. Besides the great chamber, there are several other long rooms full of rich carvings, especially one on the ground-floor, which retains all its original decoration: this was formerly the parlour of the old mansion. The whole of the carving of these old buildings is carefully protected by the noble owner, the present Marquis

of Northampton: the tenants being strictly directed in their leases to uphold, maintain, &c., all the several antiquities submitted to their charge. (*J. C. Richardson, Architect.*)

In 1861, there was sold amongst the old materials of No. 108, Cheapside, which stood immediately opposite Bow Church, the "fine old oak panelling of a large dining-room, with chimney piece and cornice to correspond, elaborately carved in fruit and foliage, in excellent preservation, 750 feet superficial." This "oak-clad room," was bought by Mr. Morris Charles Jones, of Gunrog, near Welshpool, in North Wales, for 72*l* 10*s*. 3*d*., including commission and expenses of removal, being about 1*s*. 8*d*. per foot superficial. It has been conveyed from Cheapside to Gunrog. This room was the principal apartment of the house of Sir Edward Waldo, and stated, in a pamphlet by Mr. Jones, "to have been visited by six reigning sovereigns, from Charles II. to George III., on the occasion of civic festivities and for the purpose of witnessing the Lord Mayor's Show." (*See Mr. Jones's pamphlet, privately printed, 1864.*) A contemporary (the *Builder*) doubts whether this room can be the work of Gibbons; "if so, it is a rare treasure, cheaply gained. But except in St. Paul's, a crown and ecclesiastical structure, be it remembered—not a corporate one—there is not a single certain example of Gibbons's art to be seen in the City of London proper."

About the same year that Gibbons died, Nicholas Collet was born. This clever carver lived until 1804. He executed the carving of Queen Anne's state-carriage, and it is probable that to him we are indebted for the best of the decorated doors in Ormond-street, Queen-square. William Collins, the inseparable companion of Gainsborough the painter, was an excellent modeller and carver.

Smith, in his *London Antiquities*, says—"Samuel Monette, a native of Paris, now living in London, claims the highest encomiums I can possibly bestow: his art is principally confined to flowers, and when I say that Grinling Gibbons was a mouse to him, I shall not utter too much; his carvings in wood are so light and playful, that they may be blown away." This artist designed the pulpits of St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Paul's, Covent-garden, St. Margaret's Westminster, &c. Smith also speaks well of the carving of Burns, famous for carving wheat-sheafs; one of these wheat-sheafs still remains in a shop in the West Strand, not far from the Electric Telegraph Station.—*Builder*, 1854.

Gog and Magog, the giants in Guildhall, which are masterly examples of carving, are of wood and hollow: they are composed of pieces of fir, and are said to be the production of a ship-carver. It is also reported that they were presented to the City by the Stationers' Company, which, if true, might have given rise to the common report of their being made of paper.

London once abounded in richly-carved doorways and over-doors of the 17th and 18th centuries: there were good examples in Great Ormond-street; in Shire-lane, Temple Bar, where Gibbons once lived; in Cavendish-square, especially at No. 33; the entrance to Langbourn Chambers, Fenchurch-street; and some old mansions in Mark-lane; there was formerly a very fine one over the door of the Ship Tavern, Water-lane.

State Coaches present fine carving. Such are the Lord Mayor's Coach, kept at the Green Yard, Whitecross-street; the Queen's Coach, at the Royal Mews, Pinlicko; and the Speaker's Coach, Millbank, Westminster.

In private collections, some magnificent specimens of early carving are preserved: such were the Italian bedstead-pillars of the 16th century, and the bas-relief after Rubens, in the Earl of Cadogan's collection; and the collection, dating from the 15th to the 18th centuries, the property of G. Field, Esq., of Lister House, Clapham.

Carving received considerable check from the introduction of stucco in the reign of George II.; but the art has received a fresh impetus in the present century. Some fine church carving was executed in 1839-42 for the Temple Church; and in 1847-8 for the choir of Westminster Abbey, then refitted with canopied stalls, organ-case, screen, &c., by Messrs. Ruddle, of Peterborough. The church of St. Mary-at-Hill, Billingsgate, was redecorated in 1849-50, by W. Gibbs Rogers: the pulpit alone cost upwards of 500*l*.; the stairs have an elaborate string-course, and all the banisters are on the rake; the bosses and flowers of the sounding-board exceed a foot in projection: the organ-gallery front has flowers festooned with musical instruments, and the pretty conceit of a crab crawling over a violin. Mr. Rogers has also carved, from a design



suggested by the Queen, a boxwood cradle in rich Italian style, most delicately finished, and first used for the infant Prince Arthur, born 1850: it is cleverly engraved and described in the *Art Journal* for August 1850.

St. Michael's Church, Cornhill, has also been redecorated by Mr. Rogers, with carvings of elaborate detail, which will be described hereafter, from the carver's pamphlet.

The interior enrichments of the New Palace at Westminster present some fine specimens of contemporary carving. Much of the work has, however, been executed by machinery, and finished by hand. The new Hall of Lincoln's Inn has also some fine new work.

The great depository for old carvings is Wardour-street, Oxford-street, where the dealers mostly keep shop: much discrimination is requisite in making purchases.

### CEMETERIES,

OR public burial-grounds, planted and laid out as gardens around the metropolis, are a novelty of our times; although they were suggested just after the Great Fire of 1666, when Evelyn regretted that advantage had not been taken of that calamity to rid the City of its burial-places, and establish a necropolis without the walls. He deploras that "the churchyards had not been banished to the north walls of the City, where a grated inclosure, of competent breadth, for a mile in length, might have served for an universal cemetery to all the parishes, distinguished by the like separations, and with ample walks of trees; the walks adorned with monuments, inscriptions, and titles, apt for contemplation and memory of the defunct, and that wise and excellent law of the Twelve Tables restored and renewed."

The several Cemeteries in the suburbs are the property of Joint-Stock Companies. From the costliness of interment in them, they at first but little abated the evil of intramural burial, as stated in the Report of the Board of Health in 1850. By the Metropolitan Interment Act, passed in the above year, the evil has been abolished, and Cemeteries provided for the several metropolitan parishes.

KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY was the first established. It lies upon high ground, left of the Harrow Road and the hamlet of Kensal Green, about two miles from Paddington Green. It is divided into two grounds: the westernmost consecrated Nov. 2, 1832; the smaller ground being for the interment of persons whose friends desire a funeral service differing from that of the Church of England. The same distinction is observed in each of the Cemeteries; and each is planted and laid out in walks, parterres, and borders of flowers, and other styles of landscape-gardening. A register is kept of interments for both portions of the grounds, and a duplicate is lodged with the registrars of parishes in the diocese. Each Company has its scale of charges for interment in catacomb, vault, or grave.

Within three years from the opening of the Kensal-Green Cemetery, there took place in it about 1000 interments. Each ground has its chapel and colonnades; in the latter are placed mural tablets, and beneath are vaults or catacombs. The memorials in this Cemetery are very numerous: altar-tombs, "monumental urns," sarcophagi, and the broken column; capacious tomb-houses, encompassed with flower-beds or overhung with funereal trees; pillars, bearing urns; weeping and praying figures, medallion portraits, and groups of insignia are most frequent; though emblems are borrowed alike from the Pagan temple and the Christian church. The cross, in its picturesque varieties, and the plain but massive slab, are side by side. Among the most conspicuous is, at the entrance, a monument to Madame Soyer, by a Belgian sculptor; the pedestal and a colossal figure of Faith are upwards of twenty feet in height. The tombs of St. John Long, the "counter-irritation" surgeon; of Morison, the "hygeist"; and of Ducrow, the equestrian; are also prominent: the latter left a sum of money for flowers, shrubs, and repairs. The memorial to Thomas Hood, the popular humorist, with sculptures from his poems, is in better taste. Here is interred the Duke of Sussex, according to especial directions left by that prince: his grave, near the chapel, is covered by an immense granite tomb; and near it rest the remains of the Princess Sophia, his sister, beneath a handsome sarcophagus tomb of Sicilian marble

erected in 1850, by subscription of Queen Victoria, the King of Hanover, Adolphus Duke of Cambridge, and the Duchess of Gloucester. Beyond Kensal Green, is a large Cemetery for Roman Catholics: here is interred Cardinal Wiseman.

THE SOUTH METROPOLITAN AND NORWOOD CEMETERY was consecrated Dec. 6, 1837: the chapels, by Tite, in the pointed style, are very beautiful; and the grounds are hilly, and picturesquely planted.

HIGHGATE AND KENTISH TOWN CEMETERY, consecrated May 20, 1839, lies immediately below Highgate Church. It has a Tudor gate-house and chapel, and catacombs of Egyptian architecture; the ground is laid out in terraces, tastefully planted; and the distant view of the overgrown Metropolis, from among the tombs, is suggestive to a meditative mind.

ABNEY PARK CEMETERY and Arboretum, lying eastward, at Stoke-Newington, was opened by the Lord Mayor, May 20, 1840. It was formed from the Park of Sir Thomas Abney, the friend of Dr. Isaac Watts, to mark whose thirty-six years' residence here a statue of the Doctor, by Baily, R.A., was erected in 1845. The Abney mansion was taken down in 1844; many of the fine old trees remain.

WESTMINSTER AND WEST OF LONDON CEMETERY, Earl's Court, Fulham-road, was consecrated June 15, 1840; it has a domed chapel, with semi-circular colonnades of imposing design. In the grounds is a large altar-tomb, with athlete figures, modelled by Baily, and erected by subscription, to Jackson the pugilist.

NUNHEAD CEMETERY, Peckham, was consecrated July 29, 1840.

THE CITY OF LONDON AND TOWER HAMLETS CEMETERY, lies at the extremity of Mile-End Road, north of Bow Common; and VICTORIA PARK CEMETERY, about eleven acres, at Bethnal Green, north of the Eastern Counties Railway. There are also large Cemeteries for Marylebone and Paddington; Islington and St. Pancras.

A few suburban churchyards are planted similarly to the Cemeteries; as that of St. John's Wood Chapel, where are buried Joanna Southcot; Richard Brothers "the prophet;" and John Jackson, R.A., the portrait-painter. The churchyard of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, Lower Pancras Road, consecrated so long ago as 1804, has many flowery graves: here is the handsome tomb of Sir John Soane, overhung with cypresses. The burying-ground of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Pratt-street, Camden Town, is also planted: here lies Charles Dibdin, the song-writer.

The burial-grounds for Jews are mostly laid out and planted in the cemetery manner. Formerly their burial-place was outside the City Wall, at Leyrestowe, "without Cripple-gate."

#### CHANCERY-LANE

"ACQUIRED its ominous name about the time of Richard I. There is extant a deed, by which Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, devised certain messuages in the Chancellor's-lane, heretofore the New-street."—(*Archæological Journal*, No. 12, p. 375.) This is the greatest "legal thoroughfare" in London, and extends from Fleet-street, opposite Inner Temple Gate, to Holborn, nearly opposite Gray's Inn. In Edward I.'s time it was so foul and miry as to be barred up, to prevent accidents. Entering by Fleet-street, on the left were until lately some half-timbered houses, with projecting windows, overhanging stories, and gabled fronts. Izaak Walton kept a draper's shop at the second house on the left, taken down when that end of the lane was widened; he subsequently removed, according to Sir Harris Nicolas's *Life of Walton*, five doors higher up in the lane. Opposite is Serjeants' Inn, rebuilt by Sir Robert Smirke in 1838; but the old Hall remains. Higher up, on the west, is the Law Institution, with a noble Grecian-Ionic portico, built of stone by Vulliamy, in 1842; it contains a library and club accommodation for the legal profession. In this ancient thoroughfare have been built several edifices of ornamental character, including the large premises for the Union Bank, at the cost of 30,000*l*.

The Bishop of Chichester formerly had a palace in Chancery-lane, where are still



Chichester Rents and Symonds Inn; the latter, to this day, owned by the see. The large old house, with low-built shops before it, and between Bream's Buildings and Cursitor-street, is said to have been the Bishop's palace. Nearly opposite is the red-brick gatehouse of Lincoln's Inn; a Tudor arch between two massive towers, built by Sir Thomas Lovell, 1518, and bearing his arms.

The Survey of Aggas, in 1560, shows Chancery-lane with only a few houses at the end, the intervening road flanked with gardens; and there is no reason to doubt Aubrey's statement that young Ben Jonson worked with his father-in-law, a bricklayer, in building the garden-wall of Lincoln's Inn, when, as Fuller says, "having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket."

The stone buildings at the northern end of the lane are the Accountant-General's and Inrolment Offices. Opposite, upon the site of Southampton Buildings, was Southampton House, inherited by the ill-fated William, Lord Russell, by his marriage with the daughter of Thomas, last Earl of Southampton.

"It was in passing this house, the scene of his domestic happiness, on his way to the scaffold in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, that the fortitude of the martyr for a moment forsook him (W. Lord Russell); but over-mastering his emotion, he said 'The bitterness of death is now past.' It is from this house that some of Lady Rachel Russell's celebrated letters are dated. A former entrance to the chapel of Southampton House appears to correspond with the moulding of the flat timbered roof, which is of the time of Henry VII. This part of the edifice retains its original proportions, except that its height is divided by a modern floor. Its length is about 40 feet by about 20. Other portions of Southampton House have been incorporated with the surrounding dwellings, one of which contains a beautiful Elizabethan staircase. Old mouldings and panelling appear likewise in 47, Southampton Buildings, which house seems to have been constructed upon a portion of the ancient mansion."—*J. Wykeham Archer*.

#### CHARING CROSS.

THE large area at the meeting of the Strand, Whitehall, and Cockspur-street, with Trafalgar-square on the north, is named from the Village of Cherringe, near Westminster, and seems to have been the border or neutral ground between the City and the King's western palace. Tradition traces it to the stone cross erected there, to Eleanor, the *Chère Reine* of Edward I.; but this tradition is fanciful.

In the narrative of the quarrel between the merchants of London and Northampton, in the *Liber de Antiquis Legibus*, the following passage occurs:—"Quibus literis impetratis, ecce! rumores quod predicti p'sones fuerunt apud Cherringe juxta Westmonasterium ubi Maior et Ballivi Northampton illos adduxerunt." This was in 1260, and Queen Eleanor (the *Chère Reine* in question) died in 1291. But, the association is of older date, for in *King Edward I.*, Neale's Works, edited by Dyce, we read:—

"Erect a rich and stately carved cross  
Whereon her statue shall with glory shine,  
And henceforth see you call it Charing Cross;  
For why? the *chariest* and the choicest queen,  
That ever did delight my royal eyes  
There dwells in darkness."

This was the last spot at which the Queen's body rested on its way to Westminster for burial. Mr. Hudson Turner, in *Manners and Household Expenses of England in the 13th and 15th Centuries*, gives some curious particulars of the nine Eleanor Crosses, of which two were those at Charing and Cheap. Charing Cross was built of Caen stone, and Dorset marble steps, by Richard and Roger de Crundale; it was highly decorated, and had paintings and metal figures, gilt; besides Eleanor and others, sculptured in Caen stone by Alexander of Abingdon, and modelled by Torel, a goldsmith, probably an Italian. It has been much discussed whether this and the other Eleanor Crosses were erected by Edward I. as memorials of his "conjugal affection," or by him as one of the executors of the Queen; but, surely, "the very last thing that a husband who desired to express *his own affection* for the deceased wife would do would be to appear, not in his proper person, but as one of her legal representatives."—(*Athenæum*.)

That the Crosses were raised by command of the King is founded on the authority of Walsingham and his predecessors, handed down by Sandford and others to the present day: see *Mr. Abel's paper upon the Inquiry*.

The Cross appears in the Sutherland View, 1543, with only a few houses near it, and St. Martin's Church literally "in the fields." A century later, puritanical bigotry was at its full height; and April 23, 1643, "by order of the Commission or Committee

appointed by the House, the sign of a tavern, *The Golden Cross, at Charing Cross*, was taken down as superstitious and idolatrous." Next followed the Cross itself, it being pulled down in June, July, and August 1647, and knife-hafts made of some of the stone, or marble. Then the wits had their gibe:

"Undone, undone, the lawyers are,—  
They wander about the towne,  
Nor can find the way to Westminster,  
Now Charing Cross is downe.  
At the end of the Strand they make a stand,  
Swearing they are at a loss,  
And chaffing say, That's not the way,  
They must go by Charing Cross.

*The Downfalle of Charing Cross.*

Next, regicides were executed "at the said place, where Charing Cross stood." In 1674, was placed here the noble equestrian statue of Charles I., by Le Sœur, which had been cast in 1633, but long lay concealed. A memorandum in the State-Paper Office points to the statue having been originally ordered of Le Sœur by Lord Treasurer Weston, afterwards Earl of Portland, to be set up in his gardens at Roehampton. The stone pedestal, long attributed to Gibbons, is proved by written evidence to be the work of Joshua Marshall, master-mason to the Crown.

Where the Post-office at Charing Cross now stands, there was once a hermitage, within which the patent rolls of the 47th Henry III. grant permission to William de Radnor, Bishop of Llandaff, to lodge with all his retainers, whenever he came to London. Opposite this stood the ancient Hospital of St. Mary Roncevalles, founded by William Marechal, Earl of Pembroke. It was suppressed by Henry V. as an alien priory, restored by Edward IV., and finally suppressed by Edward VI., who granted it to Sir Thomas Carwarden, to be held in free socage of the honour of Westminster.

Canalotto painted for his patron, Algernon Sidney, Baron Percy, created in 1749 Earl of Northumberland, a view of Northumberland-house and Charing Cross; the picture is now in that mansion; it was painted about 1746, and shows the houses of the street-lines, with their signs, among which is prominent the Golden Cross.

Charing Cross was a favourite pitch for Punch, or Punchinello, as he is termed in sundry entries in the Overseers' books of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, dated 1666, March 29, which Mr. Cunningham states to be the earliest mention of Punch in England.

It was at the Rummer Tavern, Charing Cross, that Matthew Prior was brought up by his uncle, the landlord, who had him educated at Westminster School. The Swan, at Charing Cross, was a favourite tavern of Ben Jonson. Proclamations were read here: hence Swift,

"Where all that passes inter nos,  
May be proclaimed at Charing-cross,"

—a popular saying in our day. Edmund Curll, the notorious bookseller, stood here in the pillory. Sir Harry Vane, the younger, had his residence next to Northumberland House. Isaac Barrow, the divine, died in mean lodgings over the saddler's long shop at Charing Cross, which lasted till our time. Rhodes, the bookseller, hung out his sign of the Ship in the same locality. Here, according to Pyne, William Hogarth stood at a window of the old Golden Cross making sketches of the heralds and the sergeant trumpeter's band, and the yeoman guard, who rendezvoused at Charing Cross, purposing to make a picture of the ceremony of proclaiming the new King, George III. On June 21, 1837, Queen Victoria was proclaimed here in fitting state: the High Constable and High Bailiff of Westminster, Knight-marshalmen, drums and trumpets, sergeants-at-arms, pursuivants, heralds, and other authorities, in official costume, standing within a cordon of Life Guards, round the statue, and the Somerset Herald reading aloud the proclamation.

"I talked," says Boswell, "of the cheerfulness of Fleet-street, owing to the quick succession of people which we perceive passing through it." Johnson—"Why, Sir, Fleet-street has a very animated appearance, but I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross." (*Boswell, Croker's ed.*, p. 433).

The changes at Charing Cross within the last forty years have been very striking. We well remember the paved area about St. Martin's Church, with the surrounding labyrinth of courts, and alleys, and lanes, which the gallants of Elizabeth



or James's time, who had cruised in search of Spanish galleons, wittily named "the Bermudas."

"Here the valorous Captain Bohadil must have lived in Barmecidal splendour, and have taught his dupes the true conduct of the weapon. Justice Overdo mentions the Bermudas with a righteous indignation. 'Look,' says that great legal functionary, 'into any angle of the town, the Straights or the Bermudas, where the quarrelling lesson is read, and how do they entertain the time but with bottled ale and tobacco? At a subsequent period the cluster of avenues exchanged the title of *Bermudas* for that of the *Cribbes Islands*, the learned possessors corrupting the name into a happy allusion to the arts cultivated there. Gay, writing in 1715, describes the small streets branching from Charing Cross as resounding with the shoeblacks' cry, 'Clean your honour's shoes?' Porridge Island was the cant name for a paved alley near St. Martin's Church, which derived its name from being full of cookshops. A writer in *The World* (1753) describes a man like Beau Tibbs, who had his dinner in a pewter-plate from a cookshop in Porridge Island, and with only 100*l.* a year was foolish enough to wear a laced suit, go every evening in a chair to a rout, and return to his bedroom on foot, shivering and superfluous, vain enough to glory in having rubbed elbows with the quality of Brentford."—*Pictures of the Period.*

In the improvements, commenced in 1829, was swept away the lower part of St. Martin's-lane. Westward disappeared Duke's-court, where lived Roger Payne, the celebrated bookbinder, whose *chef-d'œuvre*, *Æschylus*, in Lord Spencer's library, cost fifteen guineas binding. Then, at the Mews'-gate, lived honest Tom Payne, the bookseller, whose little shop in the shape of L was named the Literary Coffee-house, from its knot of literary frequenters.

### CHARTERHOUSE.

NOT far from Smithfield, once the town-green of the City of London, the chivalrous Sir Walter Manny, Lord of the town of Manny, in the diocese of Cambray, and Knight of the Garter in the reign of Edward III., founded in 1371 a monastery of Carthusian monks. The site (now Charterhouse-square) was in part a lonely field, bearing the name of "No Man's Land." Ralph Stratford bought it as a place of burial for the victims of the pestilence of 1349, "where was buried in one year," says Camden, "no less than sixty thousand of the better sort of people." Thirteen acres of adjoining ground, bought at about the same time of St Bartholomew's Spittle, and called the Spittle Croft, had also been enclosed and consecrated. The monastery was devoted to the use of the Carthusian monks, whose name of Chartreuse time has corrupted into Charterhouse. It was the third Carthusian monastery instituted in this country, and its title and address was—"The House of the Salutation of the Mother of God, without the Bars of West Smithfield, near London."

The last prior was executed at Tyburn, May 4, 1535—his head set on London Bridge; and one of his limbs over the gateway of his own convent—the same gateway, it is said, which is still the entrance from Charterhouse-square. The priory, thus sternly dissolved, was first set apart by King Henry VIII. as a place of deposit for his "hales and tents"—i.e., "his nets and pavilions." It was afterwards given by the King to Sir Thomas Audley, Lord Chancellor, by whom it was sold to Sir Thomas North, Baron North of Kirtling. Lord North subsequently parted with it to John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, on whose execution and attainder in 1553 it reverted to Lord North by a grant from the Crown. In 1563, by deeds, and in consideration of the sum of 2820*l.*, Roger, second Lord North, sold it to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, on whose execution and attainder in 1572 it again reverted to the Crown. Queen Elizabeth subsequently granted it to the Duke's second son, Thomas, afterwards Earl of Suffolk, founder of Audley End, in Essex, and father of Frances, Countess of Essex and Somerset, the infamous heroine of "the great Oyer of Poisoning," in the reign of James I.

On May 9, 1611, the property was sold by Lord Suffolk to Thomas Sutton, of Camps Castle, in the county of Cambridge, for 13,000*l.* His wealth was great: he had discovered rich veins of coal near Newcastle-on-Tyne, which he worked so profitably as to be reputed worth the then vast sum of 50,000*l.* He added greatly to his fortune by marriage; and in privateering service he captured a Spanish vessel with a cargo valued at 20,000*l.* On June 22, follows his purchase of Charterhouse; Sutton endowed it as a charity by the name of "the Hospital of King James," "for poor brethren and scholars." Sutton died almost an octogenarian in the same year, Dec. 12th, before his good work was complete, and was buried in the chapel of the Hospital, beneath a

sumptuous monument, the work of Stone and Jansen. On opening the vault, in 1842, the body of the founder was discovered "lapt in lead," like an Egyptian mummy-case. Sutton has been charged with avarice in acquiring the money he bequeathed, and has been pointed out as the original of *Volpone, the Fox*; but this Gifford disproves. In the chapel, Burrell, the preacher to the Hospital, paid the first tribute of praise to the memory of Sutton in a sermon, printed in 1629, but now as rare as a manuscript.

The buildings and grounds of Charterhouse occupy about thirteen acres of land. Entering by the gate over which one of the quarters of the last prior of the monastery was placed, on the right is part of the "fair dwelling" erected about 1537; the Middle or Monitors' Court is of about the same date, though the Long Gallery is reduced by half; the Washhouse Court is one of the few remaining portions of the monastery. The Preacher's Court contains the chapel, which, from a plan, date about 1500, seems to be identified with the monastery chapel. In some repairs in 1842 an ancient ambrie was discovered towards the south corner of the east wall. The Chapel contains several fine monuments, besides that of Sutton. The Ante-Chapel, which, like the Evidence Room above it, has a groined roof, bears the date 1512. The Great Chamber, or Old Governors' Room, was either built or decorated by Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, between 1565 and 1571: it was restored in 1838, and is now the most perfect Elizabethan apartment in London. It has a chimney-piece of wood, a centre and two wings, in two stories, Tuscan and Ionic, reaching to the ceiling, decorated with escutcheons of the House of Norfolk. In this room Queen Elizabeth and James I. kept their court on their visits here. And here, on Founder's Day, is delivered the Annual Oration: the walls are richly painted, and hung with six pieces of tapestry. The Great Hall has a screen, music-gallery, sculptured chimney-piece, and lantern in the roof: here hangs a noble portrait of Sutton, and here is celebrated "the Founder's Day," Dec. 12, when the Carthusians dine together by subscription. At the Poor Brothers' celebration was formerly sung the old Carthusian melody, with this chorus:—

"Then blessed be the memory  
Of good old *Thomas Sutton*,  
Who gave us lodging—learning,  
And he gave us beef and mutton."

In the Upper Hall the foundation scholars dine daily; and, in another Hall, the Master, the Preacher, and other officers.

This "triple good," as Bacon calls it—this "masterpiece of Protestant English charity," as it is called by Fuller,—was also "the greatest gift in England, either in Protestant or Catholic times, ever bestowed by any individual." It is under the direction of the Queen, fifteen Governors selected from the great officers of state; and the Master of the Hospital, whose income is 800*l.* a year, besides a capital residence within the walls. The value of the estates bequeathed by Sutton has increased tenfold; yet the gross rental, which was, in the year 1691, 5391*l.*, is stated to average less than 21,000*l.* Upon the foundation are maintained eighty pensioners, or poor brothers, whom the Governors nominate in rotation; they live together in collegiate style, provided with apartments, and all necessities, except apparel, in lieu of which they are allowed 14*l.* a year and a gown each. Next are the scholars, in two divisions—the foundation, or gown boys, and the boarders received by the masters; the former are fed and clothed at the expense of the Hospital; the latter by their friends. The foundation scholars also enjoy the right of election to exhibitions of from 80*l.* to 100*l.* a year, at either university, besides the preference over the scholars of presentation to valuable church preferments in the gift of the Governors. The sum of 40*l.* was formerly paid with every boy, either to advance him in college, or as an apprentice-fee in trade; but no youth has been apprenticed from the school since John Philip Kemble was bound to his uncle, the comedian, to learn the histrionic art. The total number of scholars does not exceed 200; formerly the number was 480, when boarding-houses were allowed in the neighbourhood; now the scholars are only allowed to reside within the walls.

The present school-house is a modern brick building (1803), on a mound in the playground; the large central door is surrounded by stones bearing the names of former



Head Masters, and the names of the boys as they leave the school. The internal economy of the establishment is vested in the Master; the manciple, or house-steward, provides the diet of the Hospital, for which he has "to pay in ready money."

Charterhouse is more healthily placed than any other public school in the metropolis. John Wesley imputed his after health and long life to his strict obedience to his father's injunction—that he should run round the Charterhouse playing-green three times every morning. There are two play-greens—for the "Uppers" and "Unders;" and by the wall of the ancient monastery is a gravel-walk upon the site of a range of cloisters. The Master has his flower-garden, with its fountain; there are courts for tennis, a favourite game with Carthusians; a wilderness of fine trees, intersected by grass and gravel walks; the cloisters, where football and hockey are played; the old school, its ceiling charged with armorial shields; the great kitchen, probably the banqueting-hall of the old priory; the chapel; and lastly, the burial-ground for the poor brethren. There are besides solitary courts, remains of cloisters and cells, and old doorways and window-cases, which assert the antiquity of the place; and the Governors have wisely extended the great object of the founder by the grant of a piece of ground, where a church and schools for the poorer classes have been built.

There are three schoolrooms: one very large, and two smaller, for French and study. The system of education includes Greek and Latin and mathematics; modern history, geography, natural science; the French and German languages; and singing, fencing, and drilling classes. The foundation scholarships are competed for annually. There are other prizes, including the Havelock Exhibition, founded in 1860, in honour of General Sir Henry Havelock, who was a Carthusian.

Oliver Cromwell was elected Governor in 1652, and was succeeded by his son Richard, in 1658. The most eminent Master of the house was Dr. Thomas Burnet, author of *The Sacred Theory of the Earth*; and the most eminent Schoolmaster, the Rev. Andrew Tooke, author of the *Pantheon*.

Upon the register of pupils are many illustrious names, including Crawshaw, the poet; Isaac Barrow, the divine and mathematician; Sir William Blackstone, author of the *Commentaries*; Joseph Addison, and Richard Steele, both here together; John Wesley, the founder of the Wesleys; Lord Chief-Justice Ellenborough (buried in the Chapel); the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool; Bishop Monk; Baron Alderson; and General Sir H. Havelock—"Old Philos," he was called in the school: he is described to have been then a gentle and thoughtful lad, who used to stand looking on while others played, and whose general meditative manner procured for him the name of "Philosopher," and occasionally "Old Philos;" W. M. Thackeray, the novelist; and John Leech, the celebrated artist; Sir C. L. Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy; the two eminent historians of Greece, Bishop Thirlwall and Mr. George Grote, were both scholars together in the same form, under Dr. Raine.

Among the Poor Brethren were Elkanah Settle, the rival and antagonist of Dryden; John Bagford, the antiquary, originally a shoemaker in Turnstile; Isaac de Groot, nephew of Hugo Grotius; and Alexander Macbean, who assisted Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary.

In the Master's Lodge are several excellent portraits: the Founder, engraved by Vertue; Isaac Walton's good old Bishop Morley; Charles II.; Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth; Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury; William, Earl of Craven; Archbishop Sheldon; Lord Chancellor Somers; and one of Kneller's finest works, the portrait of Dr. Thomas Burnet.

"Dr. Burnet, elected Master in 1665, died here in 1715, and was buried in the chapel of the institution. Soon after Burnet's election, James II. addressed a letter to the Governors, ordering them to admit one Andrew Popham as pensioner into the Hospital upon the first vacancy, without tendering to him any oath, or requiring of him any subscription or recognition in conformity with Church of England doctrine, the King dispensing with any statute or order of the Hospital to the contrary. Burnet, as junior Governor, was called upon to vote first, when he maintained that by express Act of Parliament, 3 Car. I., no officer could be admitted into that Hospital without taking the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. An attempt was made, but without effect, to overrule this opinion. The Duke of Ormond supported Burnet, and on the vote being put, Popham was rejected: and notwithstanding the threats of the King and the Popish Party, no member of the communion was ever admitted into the Charterhouse."

The history of this noble foundation has been written by Bearcroft, Hearne, and Smythe; and in 1847 appeared *Chronicles of Charterhouse*, by a Carthusian, a clever work, with illustrations. Charterhouse is also well described in Staunton's

*Great Schools of England*, 1865, where are thus sketched the saturnalia of the "fags," now abolished:—

"In former times there was a curious custom of the School termed 'pulling-in,' by which the lower boys manifested their opinion of the seniors in a rough but very intelligible fashion. One day in the year the fags, like the slaves in Rome, had freedom, and held a kind of saturnalia. On this privileged occasion they used to seize the upper boys one by one and drag them from the playground into the Schoolroom, and accordingly as the victim was popular or the reverse he was either cheered and mildly treated, or was hooted, groaned at, and sometimes soundly cuffed. The day selected was Good Friday; and, although the practice was nominally forbidden, the officials for many years took no measures to prevent it. One ill-omened day, however, when the sport was at the best, 'the Doctor' was espied approaching the scene of battle. A general *se sauve qui peut* ensued; and in the hurry of flight a meek and quiet lad (the Hon. Mr. Howard), who happened to be seated on some steps, was crushed so dreadfully that, to the grief of the whole school, he shortly after died. 'Pulling-in' was thenceforth sternly interdicted."

In the head monitor's room was preserved the iron bedstead on which died W. M. Thackeray; and in the chapel are memorial tablets to Thackeray and Leech, erected by fellow Carthusians. The school has recently been removed to Godalming.

### CHEAPSIDE,

THE street extending from the Poultry and Bucklersbury to St. Paul's and Newgate-street, was, some three centuries ago, worthily called "the Beauty of London;" and was famed for its "noted store" of goldsmiths, linendrapers, haberdashers, &c. It is named from the Saxon word *Chepe*, or market: the name, therefore, is the *Market-side*.

"In 1269, the pillory that stood in Chepe was broken through the negligence of the Bailiffs, and for a long time unrepaired; wherefore, in the meantime no punishment was inflicted upon the bakers, who made their loaves just as they desired, so much so that each of their loaves was deficient in one-third of the weight that it ought to weigh; and this lasted for a whole year and more."—*Chronicle of the Mayors and Sheriffs*, p. 127.

In 1331 the south side only was built upon, and the north side was an open field, where jousts, tournaments, or ridings, were often held. By this road passed many a royal pageant; as when, in the reign of Edward I., Queen Margaret came from the Tower, "there were two bretassches (wooden towers) in the road of Chepe, from which there were eight outlets discharging wine from above; the road was covered with cloths-of-gold against her first coming." The Chepe was also the scene of many tragical deaths; as when, in the reign of Edward II., Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, who had been proclaimed a traitor, was met near Saint Paul's Church, dragged from his horse and carried into Chepe, and there he was despoiled, and his head cut off; and one of his esquires, and his warden, were beheaded the same day in Chepe.

Stow describes one of the joustings held in the reign of Edward III., Sept. 21, 1331; when, "the stone pavement being covered with sand, that the horses might not slide when they strongly set their feet to the ground, the King held a tournament three days together, with the nobility, valiant men of the realm, and other strange knights. And to the end the beholders might with the better ease see the same, there was a wooden scaffold erected across the street, like unto a tower, wherein the Queen Philippa, and many other ladies, richly attired, and assembled from all parts of the realm, did stand to behold the jousts." This frame brake down; after which the King had a stone shed built "for himself, the queen, and other estates, to stand on, and there to behold the joustings and other shows, at their pleasure, by the Church of St. Mary Bow." This shed, or "seldam," was similarly used in after reigns, especially to behold the Great Watches on the eve of St. John Baptist and St. Peter at Midsummer. In 1510, on St. John's Eve, King Henry VIII. came to this place, then called the King's Head in Chepe, in the livery of a yeoman of the guard, with an halbert on his shoulder, and there beholding the watch, departed privily when the watch was done; "but on St. Peter's night next following, he and the Queen came royally riding to the said place, and there with their nobles beheld the Watch of the City, and returned in the morning." When Bow Church was rebuilt, Wren provided, in place of the shed or sild, a balcony in the tower, immediately over the principal entrance in Cheapside; and though the age of tournaments had passed away, the Lord Mayor's pageants were long viewed from this balcony.

Opposite Bow Church was taken down, in 1861, No. 108, the house built by Sir



Edward Waldo, after the Great Fire, and subsequently leased to David Barclay, linendraper; which house was visited by six reigning sovereigns, from Charles II. to George III., on civic festivities, and for witnessing the Lord Mayor's Show; in this house Sir Edward Waldo was knighted by Charles II.; and the Lord Mayor, in 1714, was created a baronet by George I. When the house was taken down in 1861, the fine old oak-panelled dining-room, with its elaborate carvings, was purchased entire, and removed to Gunrog, near Welshpool, Montgomeryshire, whose proprietor, Mr. M. C. Jones, has written a description (privately printed) of the panelling, the royal visits, the Barclay family, &c. (See CARVINGS, p. 80.)

Cheapside Cross, which stood facing Wood-street, was the most magnificent (except that of Charing) of the crosses built by Edward I. to his Queen Eleanor, and was (Mr. Hudson Turner states) the work of Alexander of Abingdon. It was "re-edified" by John Hatherly, Mayor, by license procured in 1441 of Henry VI.; it was regilt in 1522, for the visit of the Emperor Charles V.; and in 1533 for the coronation of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn; newly burnished at the coronation of Edward VI.; and again newly gilt, 1551, against the arrival of King Philip. After this the Cross was presented by juries as standing "in the highway to the let of carriages;" but they could not get it removed; and it was by turns defaced and repaired, and its images stolen and replaced, until May 2, 1643, when it was demolished to the "noyse of trumpets," the workmen being protected by soldiery.

Nearly opposite Honey-lane was the Standard, the place of execution; and between Bucklersbury and the Poultry stood Westcheap, or the Great Conduit, which brought the first supply of sweet water to London, from Paddington; facing Foster-lane stood the Little Conduit. Westward of the site of the Great Conduit, on the north side, is Mercers' Hall and chapel, rebuilt after the Great Fire of 1666; the original chapel being an hospital purchased at the Dissolution by means of Sir Richard Gresham. Westward, next No. 142, is Saddlers' Hall; the old street front has been taken down, and replaced by an elegant stone façade.

The handsome stone-fronted house, No. 73, built by Sir C. Wren, was, before the erection of the Mansion House (1737), sometimes tenanted by the Lord Mayor, during his year of office: here Mr. Tegg, the publisher, amassed a large fortune; he restored the house front, which has since been considerably altered. Nearly opposite, between Ironmonger-lane and King-street, is the Atlas Insurance Office, with three enriched fronts, granite basement, and stone superstructure: built in 1839.

The house-front, No. 39, has the sign-stone of the noted Nag's Head tavern, which stood at the east end of Friday-street.

### CHELSEA.

A LARGE and populous parish upon the north bank of the Thames: it was a village of three hundred houses in the last century, but now extends from beyond Battersea or Chelsea Bridge almost to Hyde Park Corner. It lies about fifteen feet above the river; and, according to Norden, is named from its strand, "like the chesel (ceosel or cesel) which the sea casteth up of sand and pebble-stones, thereof called *Cheselsey*, briefly *Chelsey*, as is Chelsey (Selsey) in Sussex." In a Saxon charter, however, it is written *Cealchytle*; in Domesday, *Cerechede* and *Chaleed*; and Sir Thomas More wrote it *Chelchith*, though it began to be written Chelsey in the sixteenth century. The Rev. J. Blunt derives the name from *Cealc*, chalk, and *Hyd*, or *Hythe*, a harbour, adding that this Hythe was used for landing chalk, and so had given a name to the place. It was at Chelsea that two important councils were held under Offa, King of Mercia. Among the possessors of the manor were Sir Reginald Bray (*temp.* Henry VII.); it was given by Henry VIII. to Katherine Parr as a portion of her marriage settlement; here she lived with her second husband, Thomas Seymour, the Lord Admiral, afterwards beheaded; and here, in the same house with them, lived Queen Elizabeth, when a girl of thirteen. The manor was bought of Lord Cheyne by Sir Hans Sloane in 1712, from whom it passed by marriage and bequest to Baron Cadogan of Oakley, in whose family the property remains: hence the names of Cheyne Walk, Cadogan and Hans Places, and Sloane and Oakley Streets.

At Chelsea lived Sir Thomas More, in a mansion at the north end of Beaufort-row, with gardens extending to the Thames. Here More was visited by Henry VIII., who, "after dinner, in a fair garden of his, walked with him by the space of an hour, holding his arm about his neck;" and used to ascend with him to the house-top to observe the stars and discourse of astronomy. A more illustrious visitor was Erasmus, who describes the house as "a practical school of the Christian religion." Holbein worked here for near three years, upon portraits of the Chancellor, his relations, and friends. More also hired a house for aged people in Chelsea, whom he daily relieved. His own establishment was large: Erasmus says, "there he converse with his wife, his son, his daughters-in-law, his three granddaughters with their husbands, with eleven great-grandchildren." More resigned the Great Seal in 1533, and retired to Chelsea for study and devotion; but dismissed his retinue, and gave his barge to his successor in the Chancellorship. More's mansion was purchased by Sir Hans Sloane, and taken down in 1740.

Sloane dwelt in the New Manor-House, nearly opposite the site of the present Pier. The grounds of More's house were extensive, and the porter's lodge became the Clock-house and Herb-distillery, in the King's-road.

After the death of Katherine Parr the Duke of Somerset obtained a grant of the manor and palace of Marlborough, which had formed part of the Queen's dower. On the attainder and death of Somerset, it was granted by the young King (Edward VI.) to the heir of Northumberland, and after his attainder and death, to John Caryl, who sold it to James Basset; yet, in the Herald's order for the funeral of Anne of Cleves, who died at Chelsea, July, 1557, the manor is described as Crown property. Elizabeth, in the second year of her reign, granted it to the widowed Duchess of Somerset, who lived there. The Lords Cheyne then became Lords of the Manor, whence the ground on which stood the Queen's palace and the palace of the Bishop of Winchester, from Morley in 1633 to North in 1820. Further west, near the river side, was the Chelsea China Manufactory.

Lady Llanover, in her piquant notes to the *Autobiography, &c. of Mrs. Delany*, thus notices *Blacklands* in the Marlborough-road, Chelsea, formerly called *Blacklands-lane*. "Bowack, in his *Antiquities of Middlesex* (1700), says:—William Lord Cheyne, Viscount Newhaven in Scotland, has two good seats in Chelsea. The first is the mansion-house, where Queen Elizabeth was nursed, east end of the town, near the Thames. The other some distance north of the town, called *Blacklands House*, both (1705) let to French boarding-schools." It adjoins the old manor-house at Chelsea, which forms part of the premises of Messrs. Scott and Cuthbertson (paper manufacturers), called *Whitelands*. *Blacklands* has still a good garden and old iron gates; and the centre of the house is evidently part of the original structure.

The beautiful Duchess of Mazarin (niece of the Cardinal) died in difficulties, in 1699, in a small house which she rented of Lord Cheyne. Lysons had heard that it was usual for the nobility and others who dined at her house to leave money under their plates to pay for their entertainment; she appears to have been in arrears for the parish-rates, during the whole time of her residence at Chelsea.

Here too was *Lindsey House*, the residence of the Berties, Earls of Lindsey, now the site of *Lindsey-row*; *Danvers House*, where lived Sir John Danvers, the site is now *Danvers-street*. Here were also *Essex House*, and *Shrewsbury or Alstone House*; *Laurence-street* is named from Sir John Laurence (*temp.* Charles I.) and his descendants.

In *Cheyne-walk* was the Museum and Coffee-house of Don Saltero, renowned in the swimming exploits of Dr. Franklin. The landlord, James Salter, was a noted barber, who made a collection of natural curiosities which acquired him the name (probably first given him by Steele) of Don Saltero. (See *Tatler*, Nos. 34, 195, and 226.) The tavern was taken down in 1866, but the Museum was dispersed about 1807. In a large meanly-furnished house in *Cheyne-walk*, died August 30, 1852, John Camden Neild, who bequeathed 500,000*l.* to Queen Victoria. The old Chelsea Bun-house possessed a sort of rival Museum to Don Saltero's. It was taken down in 1839. Eastward is the Royal Hospital; and on part of its garden was the gay *Ranelagh*, from 1740 to 1815. Here, too, are the Apothecaries' Company's Gardens; one of the fine old cedar trees was blown down in 1854. Nearly opposite was the Red House at Battersea, fifty yards west of which *Cæsar* is believed by some antiquaries to have forded the Thames.

Chelsea has two churches dedicated to St. Luke. The old river-side church was built in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and has an eastern chapel added by Sir Thomas More. In the chancel is a black marble tablet to More, placed there by himself in 1532, three years before his death: it was restored by Sir John Lawrence about 1644, and by subscription in 1833: the inscription, in Latin, is by More. Here are also memorials of Jane, wife of the ambitious John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland; and of Lady Jane Cheyne, by Bernini. In the churchyard is the tomb of Sir Hans Sloane, egg-shaped and entwined with serpents; also monuments to Philip Miller, the writer on gardening; and Cipriani the painter.

St. Luke's new church, between King's-road and Fulham-road, was built by Savage, in 1820, in the style of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and has a pinnaced tower 142 feet high.



Above Battersea Bridge was Cremorne House, formerly the elegant villa of Lord Cremorne, who had here a fine collection of Italian and Flemish pictures; adjoining was the residence of Dr. Benjamin Hoadly (son of the bishop), the author of *The Suspicious Husband*. Cremorne has been converted into a place of public entertainment, for which the grounds are well adapted.

Chelsea was once a place of courtly resort: many of the nobility, as well as scholars and philosophers, resided here; and its noted taverns and public gardens were much frequented in the 17th and 18th centuries. The principal features now are its palace-hospital for soldiers, its Botanic Gardens, its Dutch-like river terrace (Cheyne-walk), mostly brick-built, and fronted by lofty trees; and its olden church, with a brick tower.

In a river-side cottage, beyond the church, upon the road to Cremorne Gardens, J. M. W. Turner, the great landscape-painter, ended his days, having shut up his house in Queen Anne-street. His fondness for Thames scenery was great: he fell sick at Chelsea, at the close of 1851, but was daily wheeled in a chair to the window of his room, that he might look on the calm December sunshine, the river, and its craft. From a sort of gallery upon the house-top the great painter enjoyed the river traffic, and watched those beautiful atmospheric changes which Turner could so ably transfer to canvas. Here, in these cheap Chelsea lodgings, Turner, under the assumed name of "Admiral Booth," went to his rest, on the 19th of December, 1851.

In the hamlet of Little Chelsea lived Bulstrode Whitelock; Mr. Pym, member of the Long Parliament; Bishop Fowler, Sir Richard Steele, Addison, and John Locke; Lord Shaftesbury, author of the *Characteristics*, in the house now St. George's additional workhouse; and here Tobias Smollett retired after his failure in practice at Bath. Dean Swift had lodgings "a little beyond the church;" and Sir Robert Walpole had a house adjoining Gough House; hence, Walpole-street.

The Five Fields, Chelsea, are commemorated by Steele in the *Taller*; and at the Willow Walk, Jerry Abershaw (that other Johnny Armstrong) had his secluded house, in the midst of "cuts," or reservoirs of water. In the King's-road, on the spot where is now the West London Literary and Scientific Institution, the Earl of Peterborough was stopped by highwaymen, in what was then a narrow lane; and the robbers, being watched by the soldiers on guard at the gate of the Chelsea College, were fired at from behind the hedge. One of the highwaymen was a student in the Temple, named Brown, whom Mr. Vernon, the Secretary of State, in a letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury, says, "a friend of his (Sir John Talbot) knew well; and his father, losing his estate, Mr. Brown lived by play, sharpening, and a little on the highway."

Numerous signs at Chelsea have military associations: as "The Snow Shoes," a recollection of Wolfe's glorious campaign; "The General Elliot;" and "The Duke of York;" and "Nell Gywnne" from association with Chelsea Hospital.

Chelsea Water-works were originally constructed in 1724; a print of the Works was published by Boydell, in the year 1756.

#### CHELSEA BUNS.

CHELSEA has been famed for its Buns since the commencement of the last century. Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, 1712, writes:—"Pray are not the fine buns sold here in our town, as the rare Chelsea buns? I bought one to-day in my walk," &c. They were made and sold at "the Old Original Chelsea Bun-house," in Jews'-row, a one-storied building, with a colonnade projecting over the foot-pavement. It was customary for the Royal Family and the nobility and gentry to visit the Bun-house in the morning. George II., Queen Caroline, and the Princesses frequently honoured the proprietor, Richard Hand, with their company; as did also George III. and Queen Charlotte; her Majesty presented Mrs. Hand with a silver half-gallon mug, and five guineas in it. On Good Friday morning upwards of 50,000 persons were assembled here, when disturbances often arose among the London mob; in one day more than 250 $\frac{1}{2}$  have been taken for buns. The Bun-house was also much frequented by visitors to Ranelagh, after the closing of which the bun-trade declined. Notwithstanding, on Good Friday, April 18, 1839, upwards of 240,000 buns were sold here. Soon after, the Bun-house was sold and pulled down; and at the same time was dispersed a collection of pictures, models, grotesque figures, and modern antiques, which had for a century added the attractions of a museum to the bun celebrity. Another

bun-house was built; but the olden charm of the place had fled. In the *Mirror* for April 6, 1839, are two views of the old Bun-house, sketched just before its demolition. Here is a glance at the sale of the *curiosities*:

There were two leaden figures of Grenadiers, about three feet high, in the dress of 1745, presenting arms, which sold for 4*l.* 10*s.* An equestrian plaster figure of William Duke of Cumberland, with other plaster casts, 2*l.* 2*s.* A whole length painting of "Aurengzebe, Emperor of Persia," 4*l.* 4*s.* A large old painting, an interior, with the King and Queen seated, and perhaps the baker, &c., 2*l.* 10*s.* A model of the Bun-house, with painted masquerade figures on two circles, turned round by a bird whilst on its perch in a cage at the back of the model, 19*s.* A large model in cut paper, called St. Mary Ratcliff Church, sold with its glazed case for 2*l.* 2*s.* A framed picture, worked by a string, recalled the exploits of the Bottle Conjuror. After the death of Mrs. Hand the business was carried on by her son, an eccentric character, who dealt also largely in butter, which he carried round to his customers in a basket on his head. Upon his death his elder brother came into possession; he had been an officer in the Stafford Militia, was one of the Poor Knights of Windsor, and not much less eccentric than his brother. It is not known that he left any relations, and his property, it is said, reverted to the Crown.

There is a folio-print, engraved in the reign of George II.; under it, "A perspective view of David Loudon's (probably the owner before Hand) Bunn House at Chelsea, who has the honour to serve the Royal Family. 52 by 21 ft." Over the print, in the centre, is the Royal Arms. On each side stands a grenadier, three figures of Freemasons, with Masonic emblems; and on the left hand is a coat of arms. These arms are reversed, as if copied on the copper immediately from a piece of silver plate. Below them is a motto (not reversed), "*For God, my King, and Country.*" It is not impossible that these were the arms of some respectable family, whose servant David Loudon had been.

Chelsea Bun-house has given name to one of Miss Manning's clever novels, published in 1854.

#### CHELSEA HOSPITAL

OCCUPIES the site of "Chelsea College," commenced by Dr. Sutcliffe, Dean of Exeter, in the reign of James I., but only in part built. Its object was to maintain fellows in holy orders, "to answer all the adversaries of religion," and others to write the history of their own times. It was nicknamed "Controversy College" by Archbishop Laud; the whole scheme and its originator were mercilessly ridiculed by the wits of the day, and thus failed. It was given by Charles II. to the then newly-established Royal Society, who, in 1681-82, sold the property to Sir Stephen Fox for 1300*l.*, as a site for a Royal Hospital for aged and disabled soldiers, the building of which has been attributed to the influence of Nell Gwynne, which tradition is kept in countenance by the head of Nell Gwynne having been for very many years the sign of a public-house in Grosvenor-row, Pimlico. But more than one entry in Evelyn's *Diary* proves, that Sir Stephen Fox "had not only the whole managing" of the plan, but was himself "a grand benefactor" to it. He was mainly advised by Evelyn, who arranged the offices, "would needs have a library, and mentioned several books." Here are a few other evidences:

The idea, it is said, originated with Nelly, and I see no reason to doubt the tradition, supported, as it is, by the known benevolence of her character, her sympathy with the suffering, and the fact that sixty years ago at least Nelly's share in its foundation was recorded beneath her portrait serving as the sign of a public-house adjoining the Hospital. (*Lysons*.) The sign remains, but not the inscription; yet the tradition is still rife in Chelsea, and is not soon likely to die out. Ormonds, and Granbys, and Admiral Vernons disappear, but Nelly remains, and long may she swing with her favourite lamb in the row or street commemorated for ever in the Chelsea Pensioners of Wilkie—(Peter Cunningham's *Story of Nell Gwynne*, 1852, p. 148.) Nell's residence at Sandy End is doubted; but it is certain that her mother lived near the Neate House, in Pimlico. In the records of Knightsbridge Chapel, Jan. 13, 1667, is the marriage of Robert Hand and Mary Gwin, thus connecting Nelly's family with the Chelsea Bun-house.

Sir Christopher Wren was appointed architect of the Hospital; and the foundation stone was laid, Feb. 16, 1682, by Charles II., who promised to provide the funds, and was assisted by public subscription. The progress of the building is recorded in this inscription on the southern front:—

"In subsidium et levamen emeritorum venio, belloque fractorum, condidit Carolus Secundus, auxil. Jacobus Secundus, perfecere Gulielmus et Maria, Rex et Regina, MDCXC."

The building, which cost 150,000*l.*, is of red brick, with stone quoins, cornices, pediments, and columns, and is remarkable for its harmonious proportions. It consists of three courts, two of which are spacious quadrangles; the third, the central one, is open on the south side, next the Thames; and in the area is a statue of Charles II., in Roman imperial armour, sculptured by Gibbons, for Tobias Rustat. In the eastern and western wings of this court are the wards of the Pensioners. At the extremity of



the eastern wing is the Governor's house, with a state apartment; and portraits of Charles I., his queen, and two sons—Charles, Prince of Wales, and James, Duke of York; Charles II., William III., and George III. and Queen Charlotte. The north front is of great extent, and faced by avenues of limes and horse-chestnuts. In the centre is a tetrastyle Roman-Doric portico, surmounted by a handsome lofty clock-turret in the roof.

Beneath are the principal entrances. To the right is the chapel, the furniture and plate of which were given by James II., and the organ by Major Ingram; the altar-piece has a painting of the Ascension, by Sebastian Ricci. In the left wing is the Hall, wherein the Pensioners dine: here is an equestrian portrait of Charles II., by Verrio and H. Cooke; and an allegorical picture of the victories of the Duke of Wellington, by James Ward, R.A. Both the Hall and Chapel are paved with black and white marble: in each are suspended colours captured by the British army; in the chapel are thirteen eagles taken from Napoleon I.: and in the Hall fragments of the standards captured at Blenheim; in addition are dragon Chinese banners, and the trophies of the Sikh campaign of 1840.

In the Hall the remains of the great Duke of Wellington lay in state, Nov. 11-17, 1852. The Vestibule, Hall, and Chapel were hung with black drapery. On a dais in the Hall, upon a cloth-of-gold carpet, and black velvet bier, was placed the coffin, crimson and gold; above the bier were suspended stars and orders, "in numbers and importance far surpassing anything of the kind ever possessed by a single individual." The whole bier was surrounded with a silver balustrade adorned with heraldic devices, and the Marshal's eight bâtons, and the Duke's standard and guidon; and attached to all, gold lion supporters, two feet high, bearing shields and banners. At the back of the bier was her Majesty's escutcheon, surrounded by the Wellington banners, upon a cloth-of-gold hanging, surmounted by a magnificent canopy, with a plume of feathers—the curtains being of black velvet, with linings, cornice, and fringes of silver, and draped in graceful festoons. The Hall was lighted with wax-tapers, and the dais with twelve magnificent silver candelabra, each with five wax-lights; here were also ten columns of spears, feathers, laurel, and escutcheons, lighted by gas. Along the side walls stood picked soldiers of the Grenadier Guards, their arms reversed; around the catafalque, Yeomen of the Guard, and seated mourners; and the chair of the chief mourner concealed at the head of the coffin. The whole was designed by Mr. Cockerell, the architect. Two persons died, and several were seriously hurt by the pressure of the vast crowd of spectators.

The old soldiers receive pensions from funds voted by Parliament: in 1850 there were nearly 70,000 out-pensioners, who received 6*d.*, 9*d.*, and 1*s.* per diem; there were 539 in-pensioners, who were well clothed and fed in the Hospital, and were allowed 1*d.* a day for tobacco, which is called "her Majesty's bounty." They wear long scarlet coats, lined with blue, and the original three-cornered cocked hats of the last century: undress, a foraging cap, inscribed R.H. Their ages vary from 60 to 90 years, and two veterans had in 1850 attained the age of 104. The annual rate of mortality among the Pensioners is 27 per cent.

Adjoining the Hospital is a burial-ground for Pensioners, wherein are the following data:—William Hisland, died 1732, aged 112—he married when upwards of 100 years old; Thomas Asbey, died 1737, aged 112; Captain Laurence, died 1865, aged 95; Robert Comming, died 1767, aged 115; Peter Dowling, 1768, aged 102; a Soldier who fought at the battle of the Boyne, 1772, aged 111; Peter Bennet, of Tinnmouth, died 1773, aged 107.

In 1739 was interred here Christian Davis, alias Mother Ross, who had served in campaigns under William III. and the Duke of Marlborough, and whose third husband was a Pensioner in the Hospital.

The Hospital Gardens are, in a measure, open to the public, but are little frequented. The river terrace is bordered with dwarf limes, and there are besides some fine shady trees. "The Old Men's Gardens" have been cleared away.

North of the Hospital is the Royal Military Asylum, for the support and education of the children of soldiers and non-commissioned officers: the first stone of the building was laid by the Duke of York, in 1801. The Hospital and Asylum may be seen daily, from 10 till 4: the boys parade on Fridays.

Eastward of the Hospital was the famous RANELAGH, which see. Upon part of the site was built a large house, with a portion of the materials of Ranelagh: it had a large Queen Anne staircase: this house was taken down in 1854, in forming the road to the new Chelsea Bridge.

## CHELSEA PORCELAIN.

THE earliest manufactories of porcelain in England were those at Bow\* and Chelsea, both which have long been extinct. "The Chelsea ware, bearing a very imperfect similarity in body to the Chinese, admitted only of a very fusible lead glaze; and in the taste of its patterns, and the style of their execution, stood as low, perhaps, as any on the list." (A. Aikin; *Trans. Soc. Arts.*) This character, however, applies only to the later productions. The period of the greatest excellence of the Chelsea porcelain was between 1750 and 1763; and there was so much demand for it, that dealers are described as surrounding the doors of the works, and purchasing the pieces at large prices, as soon as they were fired.

Faulkner, in his *History of Chelsea*, (1829,) states: "The Chelsea China Manufactory was situate at the corner of Justice-walk, and occupied the houses to the upper end of the street. Several of the large old houses were used as show-rooms. It has been discontinued for more than forty years, the whole of the premises pulled down, and new houses erected on the site."

Justice-walk took its name from a magistrate who resided in the house at the south corner of Church-street, whence formerly an avenue of lime-trees extended to Lawrence-street; and in the latter were the ovens of the Chelsea China Manufactory, where Dr. Johnson made experiments on tea-cups.

Johnson had conceived the idea that he was possessed of a peculiar secret for making porcelain; he obtained permission to have his compositions baked in the ovens at Chelsea, and here he watched them day by day. He was not allowed to enter the mixing-room, but had free access to all other parts of the manufactory, and roughly modelled his composition in a room by himself. He failed in all his trials, for none of the articles he formed would bear the heat of firing. He at last gave up his attempts in disgust. He always conceived that one simple ingredient was sufficient to form the body of porcelain; whereas Stephens, who managed the manufactory, declared to him that in the composition of the Chelsea paste no less than sixteen different substances were blended together.

"The premises were not far distant from Church-street, and near the water-side. They subsequently became a stained paper manufactory, conducted by Messrs. Echarlts and Woodmason, in 1786; afterwards by Messrs. Bowen and Co.; and in 1810 by Messrs. Harwood and Co." (*T. Crofton Croker, F.S.A.*) The works were discontinued in 1764, and the manufacture was then removed to Derby, and the ware was called Chelsea-Derby: it has the mark of a D crossed by an anchor; it is very beautiful, but as dear as silver.

In July, 1850, we saw in the stock of Mr. Heigham, Fulham-road, a set of three Chelsea vases, remarkably fine in form and colour; each bearing a view of the old church at Chelsea and the china-manufactory.

"Martin Lister mentions a manufacture at Chelsea as early as 1698, comparing its productions with those of St. Cloud, near Paris. It was patronized by George II., who brought over artificers from Brunswick and Saxony; whence, probably, M. Brongniart terms Chelsea a 'Manufacture Royale.' Its reputation commenced about 1740; and in 1745 the celebrity of Chelsea porcelain was regarded with jealousy by the manufacturers of France, who therefore petitioned Louis XV. to concede to them exclusive privileges. About 1750, it was under the direction of M. Spremont, a foreigner. The productions of the Chelsea furnaces were thought worthy to vie with those of the celebrated manufactories of Germany. Walpole, in his correspondence with Sir Horace Mann, mentions a service of Chelsea porcelain sent by the King and Queen to the Duke of Mecklenburg, which cost 1200*l.* The Duke of Cumberland took much interest in promoting the success of this interesting manufacture. The mark is an Anchor, in gold, burnished on the best specimens, and red on the inferior."—*Forster's Notes to the Stowe Catalogue*, 1843.

At Stowe, in 1848, the finest specimen "of rare old Chelsea-china" sold was a pair of small vases, painted with Roman triumphs, 23*l.* 10*s.* Few specimens of Chelsea ware were sold at Strawberry Hill, in 1842. At the sale of Sir John Macdonald's collection, in 1850, a pair of Chelsea cups and saucers, painted with birds, brought 36*l.* 15*s.*

In 1854, some fine examples of Chelsea porcelain were exhibited in the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. There was a Chelsea tea-pot which had belonged to Dr. Johnson.

In the Bernal Collection, sold in March, 1855, a pair of Scalloped Chelsea Vases, painted with birds, brought 110*l.* 5*s.*; a pair of oval dishes, 13*l.* 13*s.*; a two-handled cup and saucer, 21*l.*; and an écuelle, very delicately painted with flowers, 27*l.* 6*s.*

\* Bow China, formerly made at Stratford-le-Bow, is always marked with a crescent, or *bow*: it much resembles in quality the old Worcester or Derby, and is mostly of blue pattern; it is scarce, but never fine.



## CHESS CLUBS.

IN 1747, the principal, if not the only Chess Club in the metropolis met at Slaughter's Coffee-house, St. Martin's-lane. The leading players of this Club were—Sir Abraham Jannsen, Philip Stamma (from Aleppo), Lord Godolphin, Lord Sunderland, and Lord Elibank; Cunningham, the historian; Dr. Black and Dr. Cowper; and it was through their invitation that the celebrated Philidor was induced to visit England.

Another Club was shortly afterwards founded at the Salopian Coffee-house, Charing Cross; and a few years later, a third, which met next door to the Thatched House Tavern, in St. James's-street. It was here that Philidor exhibited his wonderful faculty for playing blindfold; some instances of which we find in the newspapers of the period:—

"Yesterday, at the Chess Club in St. James's-street, Monsieur Philidor performed one of those wonderful exhibitions for which he is so much celebrated. He played *three different games at once* without seeing either of the tables. His opponents were Count Bruhl and Mr. Bowdler (the two best players in London), and Mr. Maseres. He defeated Count Bruhl in one hour and twenty minutes, and Mr. Maseres in two hours; Mr. Bowdler reduced his games to a drawn battle in one hour and three-quarters. To those who understand Chess, this exertion of M. Philidor's abilities must appear one of the greatest of which the human memory is susceptible. He goes through it with astonishing accuracy, and often corrects mistakes in those who have the board before them."

In 1795, the veteran, then nearly seventy years of age, played three blindfold matches in public. The last of these, which came off shortly before his death, we find announced in the daily newspapers thus:—

"CHESS CLUB, 1795. PARSONS'S ST. JAMES'S STREET.

By particular desire, Mons. Philidor, positively for the last time, will play on Saturday, the 20th of June, at two o'clock precisely, three games at once against three good players; two of them without seeing either of the boards, and the third looking over the table. He most respectfully invites all the members of the Chess Club to honour him with their presence. Ladies and gentlemen not belonging to the Club may be provided with tickets at the above-mentioned house, to see the match, at five shillings each."

Upon the death of Philidor, the Chess Clubs at the West-end seem to have declined; and in 1807, the stronghold and rallying point for the lovers of the game was "the London Chess Club," which was established in the City, and for many years held its meetings at Tom's Coffee-house, in Cornhill. To this Club we are indebted for many of the finest chess-players of the age; and after the lapse of nearly a century, the Club still flourished, and numbered among its members some of the leading proficients.

About the year 1833, a Club was founded by a few amateurs in Bedford-street, Covent Garden. This establishment, which obtained remarkable celebrity as the arena of the famous contests between La Bourdonnais and M'Donnell, was dissolved in 1840; but shortly afterwards, through the exertions of Mr. Staunton, was re-formed under the name of "the St. George's Club," in Cavendish-square, since removed to 20, King-street, S.W.

In addition to the above, and the London Chess Club, which held its meetings at the George and Vulture Tavern, Cornhill, there are many minor institutions in various parts of the metropolis and its environs, where Chess, and Chess only, forms the staple recreation of the members. There are also the magnificent Cigar Divan, No. 100, Strand, belonging to Mr. Ries; and Kilpack's well-appointed Divan, 42, King-street, Covent Garden; at each of which the leading Chess publications are accessible to visitors, and where as many as twenty Chess-boards may often be seen in requisition at the same time.

## CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

WE owe the foundation of this, "the noblest institution in the world," to the exertions of the City of London to provide for a large houseless population, in which good work the citizens were greatly assisted by grants from King Henry VIII. It was long customary to designate King Edward VI. as its special founder; but historical records show that King Edward had little to do with the foundation of Christ's

Hospital: both the house itself, and the revenues for its support, came from his predecessor, or were raised by the bounty of the citizens themselves; the young King Edward bestowed upon the Hospital its name, and conferred upon it certain grants for its support, in connexion with the hospital of Bridewell, which the King had founded; and St. Thomas's which the citizens themselves had purchased. The story runs, that the King's attention was directed to this foundation by a sermon preached before him by Bishop Ridley, in the year 1552; and that in consequence, the King sent by the Bishop a letter to the Mayor, "declaring his special commandment, that the Mayor should travail therein," which are the words of the old chronicler Grafton. But this was not until after the citizens had done what they could, and found that they required certain aid from the Crown. Bishop Ridley himself, in his farewell letter to his friends, written shortly before his martyrdom, attributed the chief merit to the City magistrates; first to Sir Richard Dobbs, in whose mayoralty the renewed effort was made; and next to his successor, Sir George Barnes.

When the Grey Friars came to London in the thirteenth century, they established themselves on the north side of what we now call Newgate-street. Here, aided by the citizens, they built first a chapel, then a church, and then again a much larger church, —the latter between 1301 and 1327. In 1539 they surrendered to King Henry VIII., in whose hands the house remained for some time. Just before his death, he provided that the church of the Grey Friars should become the parish church of "Christ's Church within Newgate."

It appears that Christ's Hospital was not originally founded as a school; its object was to rescue young children from the streets, to shelter, feed, clothe, and lastly to educate them. The citizens had already received from the King the monastery of the Grey Friars; and from its new parish church came the name of "Christ's Hospital." When the citizens had collected sufficient funds, they repaired the Grey Friars buildings, and on the 23rd of November, 1552, the poor children were received to the number of almost four hundred. When the Lord Mayor and Aldermen rode to St. Paul's on the following Christmas-day, all the children stood in array "from St. Laurence-lane-in-Cheap towards Paul's," attired in a livery or dress of russet cotton, the boys with red caps, and the girls with kerchiefs on their heads, having a woman keeper between every twenty children; and accompanied also by the physician and four surgeons, and the masters of the Hospital.

At the following Easter, the boys and "mayden children" were in "plonket," or blue; hence Christ's Hospital also became called the Blue Coat School. It has been imagined that the coat was the mantle, and the *yellow*, as it is technically termed, the sleeveless tunic of the monastery; the leathern girdle also corresponding with the hempen cord of the friar. There is an old tradition among the boys that the dress was originally of velvet, fastened with silver buttons, and an exact fac-simile of the ordinary habit of King Edward VI.

It is most reasonable to regard the dress as copied from the costume of the citizens of London at this period (1552), when long blue coats were the common habit of apprentices and serving-men, and yellow stockings were generally worn [the School is vulgarly called "the Yellow Stocking School"]; the coat fits closely to the body, but has loose sleeves, and beneath is worn a sleeveless yellow under-coat; around the waist is a red leathern girdle; a clerical band round the neck, and a small flat black cap about the size of a saucer, complete the costume.

While the citizens were perfecting the good work, King Edward was seized with small-pox, from the effects of which he never recovered. When, however, the scheme for the endowment of the Royal Hospitals was placed before the pious prince, and according to the usual practice, a blank had been left for the amount of property which the City were to receive for this object, Edward, with his own hand, wrote in the sum, "four thousand marks by the year;" and then exclaimed, in the hearing of his Council, "Lord, I yield Thee most hearty thanks that Thou hast given me life thus long, to finish this work, to the glory of Thy name!"

Among the early bequests is the following:—When the Hospital was erected and put into good order, there was one Richard Castel, *alias* Casteller, shoemaker, dwelling in Westminster, a man who was called "the Cock of Westminster," because



both winter and summer he was at work by four o'clock in the morning. This man, thus steadily and honestly labouring for his living, purchased lands and tenements: at Westminster, worth 44*l.* per annum; and having no child, with the consent of his wife, who survived him, gave the same lands wholly to Christ's Hospital, and for the "succour of the miserable sore and sick harboured in other hospitals about London."

The ancient Hospital buildings suffered materially in the Great Fire of 1666, when the church of the monastery was entirely destroyed. The Hospital was rebuilt by the Governors, anticipating its revenue from the endowment of the King, and other sources. The Great Hall was rebuilt by Alderman Sir John Frederick, at a cost of 5000*l.* The first important addition to the foundation, after the Fire, was the Mathematical School, founded by Charles II. 1672, for forty boys, to be instructed in navigation: they are called "King's boys," and wear a badge on the right shoulder. Lest this mathematical school should fail for want of boys properly qualified to supply it, one Mr. Stone, a governor, left a legacy to maintain a subordinate Mathematical School of twelve boys ("the Twelves"), who wear a badge on the left shoulder; and to these have been added "the Twos."

The Mathematical School was originally designed by Samuel Pepys, then Secretary to the Admiralty. There is preserved a collection of letters between Pepys and Major Aungier, Sir Isaac Newton, Halley, and other persons, relating to the management of the Mathematical School; and containing details of the career of some of the King's scholars after leaving school. The letters extend from 1692 to 1695, and are the original letters received by Pepys, with his drafts of the answers. (*Notes and Queries*, No. 227.) Pepys, it appears, printed and handed out privately, some letters about the abuses of Christ's Hospital; he certainly saved from ruin the Mathematical foundation. This was the first considerable extension of the system of education at the Hospital, which originally consisted of a grammar school for boys, and a separate school for girls; the latter being taught to read, sew, and mark. Pepys relates the following curious story of a Blue-coat girl:—

"Two wealthy citizens are lately dead, and left their estates, one to a little Blue-coat boy, and the other to a Blue-coat girl, in Christ's Hospital. The extraordinariness of which has led some of the magistrates to carry it on to a match, which is ended in a public wedding—he in his habit of blue satin, led by two of the girls, and she in blue with an apron green, and petticoat yellow, all of sarsnet, led by two of the boys of the house, through Cheapside to Guildhall Chapel, where they were married by the Dean of St. Paul's, she given by my Lord Mayor. The wedding dinner, it seems, was kept in the Hospital hall."—*Pepys to Mrs. Steuward, Sept. 20, 1695.*

The East Cloister and South front were next (in 1675) rebuilt by Sir Robert Clayton, alderman, and cost him about 7000*l.*; but it was not known who was the benefactor until the whole was finished. The Writing School was built by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1694, at the expense of 5000*l.* to Sir John Moore, of whom a marble statue is placed in the front: this school is situated on the west side of the play-ground, and is supported on cloisters, which shelter the boys in bad weather; the ward over the east side cloister was rebuilt in 1705, by Sir Francis Child the banker; and in 1795 was erected the Grammar School. Some of the buildings of the ancient monastery were standing early in the present century, but they had become ruinous and unsafe; and in 1803 was commenced a fund for rebuilding the whole, the Corporation of London granting 5000*l.*, and many private benefactions being made. The refectory of the monastery originally served as the dining-hall of the Hospital: after the Great Fire, the hall was rebuilt; this was taken down, and partly upon its site, and partly on the ancient City wall, was erected a vast edifice in the Tudor style by John Shaw, F.R.S., F.S.A., architect; the first stone laid by the Duke of York, April 25, 1825. The back wall stands on the site of the ditch that anciently surrounded London, and is built on piles driven twenty feet deep; in excavating for the foundation there were found some Roman arms and coins, and some curious leathern sandals. The southern or principal front, facing Newgate-street, is supported by buttresses and has an octagonal tower at each extremity; and the summit is embattled and pinnacled. On the ground story is an arcade open to the play-ground; here also are the Governors' meeting-room, and the Hospital wardrobe; and in the basement are the vast kitchen, 67 feet by 33 feet; and butteries and cellars. In the rear of the Hall is the Infirmary; and on the east and west sides of the cloister are the dormi-

tries. The arcade beneath the Hall is built with blocks of Haytor granite, highly wrought; the remainder of the front is of Portland stone. Over the centre arch of the arcade is a bust of Edward VI. The area in front or play-ground, is enclosed by handsome metal gates, enriched with the arms of the Hospital: argent, across gules, in the dexter chief, a dagger of the first (*The City of London*), on a chief azure, between two fleurs-de-lis or, a rose argent.

The Dining-hall, with its lobby and organ-gallery, occupies the entire story, which is 187 feet long, 51 feet wide, and 47 feet high; it is lit by nine large windows, filled with stained glass on the south side; and is, next to Westminster Hall, the noblest room in the metropolis.

In the Great Hall hangs a large picture of King Edward VI. seated on his throne, in a scarlet and ermined robe, holding the sceptre in his left hand, and presenting with the other the charter to the kneeling Lord Mayor. By his side stands the Chancellor, holding the seals, and next to him are other officers of state. Bishop Ridley kneels before him with uplifted hands, as if supplicating a blessing on the event; whilst the Aldermen, &c., with the Lord Mayor, kneel on both sides, occupying the middle ground of the picture; and lastly, in front, are a double row of boys on one side, and girls on the other, from the master and matron down to the boy and girl who have stepped forward from their respective rows, and kneel with raised hands before the King.

This picture was long erroneously attributed to Holbein; but it is now considered to be of the period of James I., or Charles I.; it is 80 feet long. Here is also a still larger picture, in which James II. is receiving the "Mathematical boys," though there are girls as well as boys. This was painted by Verrio, who also painted the full length of Charles II., which hangs near it. Here are likewise full-length portraits of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, by Grant; and a picture of Brook Watson's escape, when a boy, from a shark, with the loss of a leg, while bathing, painted by Copley, father of Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst.

In the Treasurer's house is a portrait of Edward VI., considered by Mr. J. Gough Nichols to have been evidently painted towards the end of the King's life. There is also at the Hospital another portrait, inscribed "Edwardus, Wallie Princeps, anno ætatis sue 9." These portraits have been ascribed to Holbein; but by the recent discovery of the will of Holbein, it is proved that at his death Edward VI. was only in his sixth year. Neither is there better evidence of the Charter picture in the Great Hall: the event took place in 1553; and "it is now ascertained beyond dispute that Holbein could have produced no work later than the year 1534; whilst hitherto his era has been extended for eleven years longer."—Nichols. See also *Archæologia*; vol. xxxix., pt. 1, 1863.

In the Hall the boys, now about 800 in number, dine; and here are held the "Suppings in Public," to which visitors are admitted by tickets, issued by the Treasurer and by the Governors. The tables are laid with cheese in wooden bowls; beer, in wooden piggins, poured from leathern jacks; and bread brought in large baskets. The official company enter; the Lord Mayor, or President, takes his seat in a state-chair, made of oak from St. Katherine's church by the Tower; a hymn is sung, accompanied by the organ; a "Grecian," or head-boy, reads the prayers from the pulpit, silence being enforced by three drops of a wooden hammer. After prayer, the supper commences, and the visitors walk between the tables. At its close, the "trade-boys" take up the baskets, bowls, jacks, piggins, and candlesticks, and pass in procession, the bowing to the Governors being curiously formal. The "Suppings in Public" are held every Sunday, from Quinquagesima Sunday to Easter Sunday, inclusive; they are a picturesque sight, and always well attended. This interesting spectacle was witnessed by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, on Sunday evening, March 9th, 1845.

In this Hall, too, St. Matthew's Day (September 21st) the day of the annual Commemoration is a festival set apart from the first year of their foundation for the General Court of the several Royal Hospitals; and it is still observed with the usual solemnity. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen having met the Governors of each hospital in the Great Hall, the children pass before them, leading the way to Christ Church, where the sermon is preached. The company return to the Hall to hear the Grecians, or head-boys, deliver Orations before the Lord Mayor, Corporation, and Governors, and their friends; this being a relic of the scholars' disputations in the cloisters. After the Orations, a collection is made for the speakers in furtherance of their support at the University. Trollope, in 1834, stated about 120*l.* to be usually contributed. The de-



livery of the list of Governors follows the collection; and, according to the "Order of the Hospitals," all the beadles are called before the Court, and, delivering up their staves, retire to the bottom of the Hall, "that the opinion of the Court may be heard touching the doing of their duties: to the intent, if any of them be faultye, that he or they may be rebuked or dismissed, at the discretion of the said Court; and thereupon to deliver unto suche as then remayne their staves, and againe establish them." These forms concluded, the Court is dissolved, and the company, having partaken of refreshments, retire. It appears from the journal of Sheriff Hoare, 1740-41, that "sweet cakes and burnt wine" were then handed round on these occasions, and the usual breakfast was "roast beef and burnt wine."

The Spital or Hospital Sermons are preached in Christ Church, Newgate-street, on Easter Monday and Tuesday. On Monday the children proceed to the Mansion House, and return in procession to Christ Church, with the Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress, and City authorities, to hear the sermon. On Tuesday the children again go to the Mansion House, and pass through the Egyptian Hall, before the Lord Mayor, each boy receiving a glass of wine, two buns, and a shilling; the monitors half-a-crown each, the probationers half-a-guinea each, and the Grecians a guinea—all in coins fresh from the Mint; they then return to Christ Church, as on Monday.

The boys formerly visited the Royal Exchange on Easter Monday; but this has been discontinued since the burning of the last Exchange, in 1838.

At the first drawing-room of the year the forty Mathematical boys are presented to the Sovereign, who inspects their charts, and who gives them 8*l.* 8*s.* as a gratuity. To this other members of the Royal Family formerly added smaller sums, and the whole was divided among the ten boys who left the school in the year. During the illness of King George III. these presentations were discontinued; but the Governors of the Hospital continued to pay 1*l.* 3*s.*, the amount ordinarily received by each, to every boy on quitting. The practice of receiving the boys was revived by William IV., and is continued by her present Majesty. Each scholar having passed his Trinity-House examination, and received testimonials of his good conduct, is presented with a *watch*, as a reward, worth from 9*l.* to 13*l.*; in addition to an outfit of clothes, books, mathematical instruments, a Gunter's scale, a quadrant, and a sea-chest.

Christ's Hospital, by ancient custom, possesses the privilege of addressing the Sovereign on the occasion of his or her coming into the City to partake of the hospitality of the Corporation of London. On the visit of Queen Victoria in 1837, a booth was erected for the Hospital boys in St. Paul's Churchyard; and on the Royal carriage reaching the Cathedral west gate, the senior scholar, with the Head Master and Treasurer, advanced to the coach-door, and delivered a congratulatory address to her Majesty, with a copy of the same on vellum.

The School has always been famous for its penmen. The education consists of reading, writing, and arithmetic, French, the classics, and the mathematics. There are sixteen Exhibitions for scholarships at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, besides a "Pitt Scholarship," and a "*Times* Scholarship," the latter founded by the proprietors of that journal, with a fund subscribed by the public in testimony of their detection of the Bogle Fraud, 1841.

Among the more eminent *Blues*, as the scholars are termed, are Joshua Barnes, editor of *Anacreon* and *Euripides*; Jeremiah Markland, the eminent critic, particularly in Greek literature; Camden, the antiquary; Bishop Stillingfleet. [Pepys has this quaint entry in his *Diary*: "January 16, 1666-7, Sir R. Ford tells me how the famous Stillingfleet was a Blue Coat boy."] Samuel Richardson, the novelist; Thomas Mitchell, the translator of *Aristophanes*; Thomas Barnes, many years editor of the *Times* newspaper; and Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Leigh Hunt, who have published many interesting reminiscences of their contemporaries in the School. Lamb's "Recollections of Christ's Hospital," and "Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago" (says Peter Cunningham, once a Deputy Grecian), have done much to uphold the dignity of the School.

The Library is a recent addition; it is a spacious room, divided into boxes and provided with tables: on the walls hang useful maps, and engravings of the steam-engine;

at one end is stored a small but well-chosen collection of books, and on the table are several illustrated periodicals. Another addition is the erection of a Gymnasium.

The old cloister of the Grey Friars Priory, repaired by Wren, and nearly deprived of its ancient appearance, formerly served as a public thoroughfare from Newgate-street to Smithfield, but has been stopped up. In 1855, in excavating for some new houses on the north side of Newgate-street, were exposed, under Christ's Church yard three pointed arches, 10 feet in span, and covered with masses of chalk and concrete, to within three feet of the surface, the rest being earth; these being vestiges of the Grey Friars buildings; as also are the gateway and a portion of the brick building under which it opens, together with the cloistered passage in rear of the basement. The brick-work of the superstructure, of about Elizabeth's reign, is marvellously fine.

The customs of the School have varied with time. Formerly the Saints' days were kept as holidays; money-boxes for the poor were kept in the cloister; and unruly boys were kept confined in dungeons; but these regulations have been discontinued. Bread and beer are no longer the breakfast. Nor do the boys perform common menial offices as heretofore. The wards or dormitories, in which the boys sleep, are seventeen in number; each boy makes his own bed, and each ward is governed by a nurse and two or more monitors. There is a curious feature in most of the sleeping wards: in one corner, near the roof, and reached by a staircase, is a wooden box, which serves as a resting-place and study for the "Grecian" of the ward. From this eminence he is enabled to notice any delinquency below.

The general burial-ground of the Hospital is between the south cloister and the houses in Newgate-street, where the funerals formerly took place by torch-light, and the service was preceded by an anthem, thus reviving the monastic associations of the place. The Burials are now by daylight.

A book is preserved, containing the records of the Hospital from its foundation, and an anthem sung by the first children.

The income of the institution has known much fluctuation; and consequently, also, the number of inmates. The 340 children with which the Hospital opened had dwindled in 1580 to 150. The object of the institution has also, in the lapse of time, become materially changed, which may in a great measure be attributed to the influence of the Governors, or benefactors, its chief supporters. The government is practically vested in a committee of 50 almoners. The system of education is not considered to have kept pace with the requirements of the times.

We have seen that there were abuses in the management of the Hospital in Pepys's time; they have lasted to our day. In 1810, Mr. Waithman, one of the Common Councilmen for the Ward in which the Hospital is situated, showed that instead of being a benefit to the children of the poor and friendless, it was engrossed almost exclusively by the rich. Presentations were, at that time, sold at an average of thirty guineas each. By recommendation of Sir Samuel Romilly, and Mr. Bell, the Lord Chancellor was petitioned for an inquiry into the conduct of the Hospital Committee; but, in 1816, its object failed. As testimonies to the original designs of the foundation, a statue of a Blue Coat Boy, in each of the four corners of the cloister, had, within the recollection of several persons living, the following painted notice underneath:

"This is Christ's Hospital, where poor Blue-Coat boys are harboured and educated."—*Hughson's Walks through London.*

There is printed annually, and freely circulated, "A True Report of the Number of Children and other poor People maintained in the several Royal Hospitals in the City of London, under the pious care of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Governors thereof, for the year last past." This document, in appearance, resembles a sheet almanack; it is headed by the Easter anthem set to music; and it is enclosed in a woodcut border, the design of which indicates the custom of printing these Reports to have been of long standing. In the upper portion of the border are the Royal Arms; at the sides are the City Arms, ancient and modern; in medallions at the corners are three figures of the Christ's Hospital boys, and one of a girl; at the foot is an emblematic group, with the old Hospital in the background; and beneath it is inscribed on a ribbon, "Pray remember the Poor."

The income arising from early endowments and bequests, which may be set down as exceeding 40,000*l.* per annum, is largely augmented by the contributions of Governors, of whom, on an average, twenty-five are elected annually; and as they give 500*l.* each on election, 12,500*l.* a year arises from this source.

In 1865, the gross receipts amounted to 71,855*l.* 13*s.* 10*d.*, more than one-half of which is derived



from the rents of estates, quit-rents, tithe-rent charges, &c. The benefactions were 8021*l.*; legacies, 6830*l.* 2*s.* 11*d.* The expenditure contains among other items, 2720*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.* payments under benefactions, wills, deeds of gift, &c., to various parishes and companies for their poor and for other objects, to pensioners, for relief of prisoners for debt, for setting up in business young men and women educated in the Hospital, and other purposes, 2827*l.* The sum available for the purposes of the Hospital was 57,389*l.* 0*s.* 11*d.* The washing at the two establishments amounted to 2010*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* The provisions and stores (less the sum received by sale of kitchen-stuff and dripping), amounted to 10,342*l.* 0*s.* 4*d.*; coals and fuel, 783*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.*; gaslighting and water supply, 1565*l.* 7*s.*; the charges for apparel, linen, bedding, shoes, and leather, were 6409*l.* The average number of children maintained and educated in the London and Hertford establishments in 1865 was 1205; and the average expenditure per child, 41*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.*

Boys, whose parents may not be free of the City of London, are admissible on Free Presentations, as they are called; as are also the sons of clergymen of the Church of England. The Lord Mayor has two presentations annually; and the Court of Aldermen one each: it was the good practice of the late Alderman Humphery, to give his presentations to inhabitants of the Ward over which he presided. The rest of the Governors have presentations once in three years. A list of the Governors who have presentations for the year is printed every Easter, and may be had at the Counting-house of the Hospital. No boy is admitted before he is seven years old, or after he is nine; and no boy can remain in the School after he is fifteen, King's boys and Grecians alone excepted. There are about 500 Governors, at the head of whom are the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Alfred. The President is the Duke of Cambridge, whose election to that office was a departure from the custom, which had hitherto been to elect the Lord Mayor for the time being. The qualification for a Governor is payment of 500*l.*; but an Alderman has the power of nominating a Governor for election at half price. About 200 boys are admitted annually (at the age of from seven to ten years), by presentations in rotation, so that the privilege occurs about once in three or four years. A list of the Governors having presentations is published annually in March, and is to be had at the counting-house of the Hospital.

The subordinate establishment is at Hertford, to which the younger boys are sent preparatory to their entering on the foundation in London, which takes place as vacancies occur. The building at Hertford was erected by the Hospital Governors in 1683, and has extensive grounds for recreation; when full, it will contain 416 children, of whom about 200 are taught the classics. There is likewise accommodation here for 80 girls.

The Report published in 1865 states that all the early and chief gifts of the property held by the Hospital are expressed to be for the benefit of poor children, without distinction of sex; nor does the Hospital during the early period of its institution appear to have been appropriated more to boys than to girls. For many years past, however, up to a recent period, only six girls were admitted (at Hertford) every year, besides those received under specific trusts. The education of a boy so as to advance him in life was thought to be of much greater material advantage to a family than the education of a girl; so that it was a common expression that a governor "threw away" his presentation on nominating a girl. But the purpose of the foundation being the public good, it is considered that the general good would have been better promoted if at least an equal share of the funds of the Hospital had been expended in the education of girls.

In 1868, there were 61 girls in the establishment at Hertford, which, in its teaching, was below the level of a good parish school; the number of scholars has since been reduced to 26. Improved schemes of education have been suggested, to comprise instruction in needlework, washing, cooking, and other household work.

Apart from the special purpose for which Christ's Hospital was endowed, there are seven distinct Charities appropriated, in part or in whole, to entirely separate objects. The annual income from six of these charities may be stated at 9000*l.* The seventh, the Charity to the Blind, by the Rev. W. Hetherington, since augmented by many benefactors, is the wealthiest of all: in one year, 6520*l.* have been paid to 652 aged blind persons. To this fund the late Richard Thornton, Esq., bequeathed 10,000*l.*

## CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

**A**N episcopal see was founded in London in the time of the Roman occupation of Britain, but very little is known concerning it. From the establishment of the Saxons in Britain to the mission of Augustine, in 596, there is no record of any Bishop in London; but when Augustine had established himself at Canterbury, he consecrated Mellitus Bishop, in the year 604. The East Saxons relapsed into paganism, on the death of Sebert, their king, when Mellitus was driven out, and

London remained without a Bishop until 656, in which year Cedd (or Chad), at the invitation of King Sigebert the Good, re-established the see, which has ever since continued without any material interruption or lengthened vacancy.

London and the suburbs, in the Middle Ages, contained, according to Fitzstephen, "13 churches belonging to convents, besides 126 lesser parish churches." Of those belonging to convents eleven may be traced. Thus, we find in Fitzstephen's time, Trinity Priory, Aldgate; St. Bartholomew's, West Smithfield; Bermondsey, Southwark; St. James's Priory, Clerkenwell; the Priory of St. John the Baptist, Holywell, Shoreditch; St. Katharine's Hospital by the Tower; St. Thomas Acon, at the south-west corner of King-street, Cheapside, upon the site of the birth-place of St. Thomas à Becket; St. John of Jerusalem, Clerkenwell; the Temple; St. Mary Overie, Southwark; and St. Martin's-le-Grand, so named from its magnificence. All, except Bermondsey, are shown in Wyngrerde's View of London, 1543, in the Sutherland Collection, at Oxford.

Stow states the entire number of parish churches at his time (1525—1605), in and about London, within four miles' compass, at 139. Within the walls, at the Great Fire, there were 98 churches, of which 85 were burnt down, and 13 unburnt; 53 were rebuilt, and 35 united to other parishes.

The following were the City Churches burnt and not rebuilt:—

Alhallowes, Honey-lane; near the City School. Alhallowes the Less, in Thames-street, near Cole-harbour-lane, graveyard remains. St. Andrew Hubbard, near to the site of the Weigh House Chapel. St. Ann, Blackfriars, Ireland-yard, now graveyard. St. Benet Sherehog, Pancras-lane, near Bucklers-bury, now graveyard. St. Botolph Billingsgate, over against Botolph-lane, Thames-street; burying-ground, and the site built upon. St. Faith was under the lien of the late Cathedral of St. Paul's, in the ground of which, previous to the Intra-mural Act, the parishioners had a right of interment. St. Gabriel, Fenchurch, in Fenchurch-street, graveyard exists. St. Gregory, in St. Paul's-churchyard, near where the statue of Queen Anne now stands. St. John Baptist, on Dowgate-hill, the corner of Cloak-lane, now graveyard. St. John Evangelist, in Watling-street, corner of Friday-street, now graveyard. St. John Zachary, corner of Silver-street, Falcon-square, now graveyard. St. Laurence Pountney, on Laurence Pountney-hill, now graveyard. St. Leonard's, Eastcheap, now graveyard. St. Leonard, Foster-lane, the graveyard part of the site of the General Post Office. St. Margaret Moses, in Passing-alley, late a burying-ground, now Little Friday-street. St. Margaret, New Fish-street, church and burial ground, where the Monument now stands. St. Martin Pomeroy, in Ironmonger-lane, on part of the ground now the graveyard. St. Martin Orgar, in St. Martin's-lane, where there is now a French Church. St. Martin's Vintry, College-hill, Thames-street, now graveyard. St. Mary Bothaw, in Turnwheel-lane, now graveyard. St. Mary Colechurch, in Old Jewry, where the Mercers' Hall was, and Frederick-place now is. St. Mary Magdalen, Milk-street, and ground, where part of Honey-lane Market now stands. St. Mary Mounthaw, on Labour-in-vain-hill, now graveyard. St. Mary Staining, on the north side of Oat-lane, on a part of the graveyard remaining, opposite Titus Oates' House, now pulled down. St. Mary Woolchurch and graveyard, where the Mansion House now stands. St. Michael-le-Querne, near Paternoster-row, in Cheapside, where a conduit formerly stood. St. Nicholas Acons, in Nicholas-lane, now graveyard. St. Nicholas Olave, in Bread-street-hill, now graveyard. St. Olave, Silver-street, south side of Noble-street, now graveyard; under part of which some remains of the church have been discovered. St. Pancras Soper-lane, in Pancras-lane, near Queen-street, where is the graveyard. St. Peter Cheap, corner of Wood-street, Cheapside, where the graveyard still remains, and where the plane-tree still flourishes, on which the rooks, till lately, annually built their nests. St. Peter Paul's-wharf, at the bottom of Peter's-hill, Thames-street, now graveyard. St. Thomas the Apostle, now graveyard, corner of Cloak-lane. The Holy Trinity church, where there is now a Lutheran church, corner of Little Trinity-lane. St. Christopher-le-Stocks church, in Threadneedle-street, pulled down in 1781, for the enlargement of the Bank of England.

Pepys records this odd circumstance concerning the London churches destroyed in the Great Fire: "January 7th, 1667-8. It is observed, and is true, in the late Fire of London, that the fire burned just as many parish churches as there were hours from the beginning to the end of the fire; and next that there were just as many churches left standing in the rest of the City that was not burned, being, I think, thirteen in all of each; which is pretty to observe."

Sir Christopher Wren built, besides St. Paul's and the western towers of Westminster Abbey, fifty churches in the metropolis, at sums varying from less than 2500*l.* to upwards of 15,000*l.* In "Gothic," or, as Wren proposed to call it, "Saracenic," architecture, he was certainly not a successful practitioner; although in the adaptation of a steeple (a form peculiar to Pointed architecture) to Roman buildings, he has manifested much ingenuity, and produced some light and graceful forms of almost endless variety. This may be seen by reference to Mr. Cockerell's picturesque grouping of the principal works of Wren, the drawing of which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1838, and has been engraved in line by Richardson.

In the reign of Queen Anne were built or commenced eleven churches. In the next two reigns were completed three large churches, each distinguished by a noble Corinthian portico: viz., St. George's, Bloomsbury; St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; and St. George's, Hanover-square. With the exception of St. Peter-le-Poor



(1791) and St. Martin's Outwich (1796) not one church was built from the commencement of the reign of George III. nearly to the Regency, an interval of more than half a century. The two Grecian orders, Doric and Ionic, were then adopted in church-building; this pseudo classic-style was superseded by the Old English of various periods. The increase of churches did not, however, keep pace with the population; though the appeals to the public for funds were, in some instances, answered with rare munificence. Thus, in the subscription-list in 1836 for building new churches we find the following donation: "A clergyman seeking for treasure in heaven, 5000*l*."

In 1839, Lord John Russell stated in Parliament, that in London there were 34 parishes, with a population of 1,170,000, and church accommodation for only 101,000; and in these 34 parishes were only 69 churches, and including proprietary chapels, only 100 places of worship in the whole; whereas, if we allot a church to every 3000, there ought to be 379, leaving a deficiency of 279. In the following year, 1840, the Bishop of London remarked to the House of Lords:—

"If you proceed a mile or two eastward of St. Paul's, you will find yourself in the midst of a population the most wretched and destitute of mankind, consisting of artificers, labourers, beggars, and thieves, to the amount of 300,000 or 400,000 souls! Throughout this entire quarter there is not more than one church for 10,000 inhabitants; and in one, nay in two districts, there is but one church for 45,000 souls."

The Rev. Dr. Cumming next stated that in a radius of eight miles around St. Paul's there was a population of two millions, of whom not more than 60,000 were communicants in any church or chapel whatever. Instead of five-eighths, or 1,300,000, of the population being church-goers, the greatest extent of attendance at any place of worship did not exceed 400,000, and not more than 600,000 could be accommodated. In a small district of Covent Garden there were 354 houses: 338 were of the most wretched description; these contained 1216 individuals, of whom only 134 attended church; and in that small locality there were no fewer than 44 shops regularly open on the Sabbath. In some cases there was a population of 100,000 in the parish, with only one rector and one curate. The above startling statistics led to a "Metropolis Churches Fund," established in 1836, by which means several churches have been built and provided for.

The great number of the City churches is, however, now disproportionate to its requirements. In 1834, Mr. Lambert Jones stated in the Court of Common Council, that the population of the City had within a century decreased one-half; that the number of inhabitants did not then exceed 53,000, and for them were 66 churches. The population of the City may now be set down at 55,000, for whom there are 60 churches, a proportion very different to that which exists in other parts of the metropolis. At St. Mildred's, Poultry, on a Sunday morning, there has been only one person to form a congregation, and there was, consequently, no service. By a Parliamentary return, the largest income is 2081*l*. 9*s*. 4*d*., for St. Botolph, Bishops-gate; and the smallest but one is 40*l*., for St. Helen, Bishops-gate. In one church (St. Laurence Jewry and St. Mary Magdalen, Milk-street), with sittings for 1000 persons, the average attendance is only 30. At another church, with 700 sittings, the average attendance is 30. In 1853, the congregations were, in some cases, below 16, and in many under 50: average about 33. Various remedies have been proposed, as the union of benefices, and the removal of churches to ill-provided parishes. "The Bishop of London's Fund" has been formed. In the 211 parishes of the metropolis there are nearly 1,000,000 persons for whom the Church of England ought eventually to provide, which is sought to be done by raising a fund of 3,000,000*l*.

"One of the most important movements of our time originated in the late Bishop of London's sense of the great church destitution observable principally in the Bethnal-green district, which became even at the outset metropolitan. It has resulted up to the present time in the erection, and more or less complete endowment, of no less than seventy-eight new churches in and near London, at a cost of more than half a million; independently of seven new churches, the entire erection and endowment of which by seven separate individuals (one being the Bishop himself), is wholly attributable to the impulse derived from the appeal made to the public on the first formation of the Metropolitan Churches Fund. This is a great achievement, and it will go down in history a lasting honour to Bishop Blomfield's name. Yet it is remarkable that the first publication of this great design very nearly coincided in point of time with that of the publication of the first *Tracts for the Times*; and its success was more materially aided by the munificent zeal with which Dr. Pusey, in particular, and the then Oxford residents generally, the *Tract*-writers and their friends, took it up and forwarded it; but it was the Bishop's conception and execution."—*The Guardian*.

## OLD SAINT PAUL'S.

THE present Cathedral of St. Paul is the third church dedicated to that saint, and built very nearly upon the same site. The first church was founded about A.D. 610, by Ethelbert, King of Kent, but destroyed by fire in 1087. Its rebuilding was commenced by Bishop Maurice, whose successor completed the enclosing walls, which extended as far as Paternoster-row and Ave Maria-lane, on one side; and to Old Change, Carter-lane, and Creed-lane on the other. This second church, "Old Saint Paul's," was built of Caen stone: it was greatly injured by fire in 1137; but a new steeple was finished in 1221, and in 1240 a choir. The entire edifice was 690 feet long, and 130 feet broad; and its tower and spire rose 520 feet, or 116 feet higher than the spire of Salisbury Cathedral; 64 feet loftier than that of Vienna; 50 feet higher than that of Strasburg; surpassing the height of the Great Pyramid of Egypt; and higher than the Monument placed upon the cross of the present Cathedral. It had a bowl of copper-gilt, 9 feet in compass (large enough to hold 10 bushels of corn), supporting a cross  $15\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, surmounted by an "eagle-cock of copper-gilt, 4 feet long." In 1314, the cross fell; and the steeple of wood covered with lead, being ruinous, was taken down, and rebuilt, with a new gilt ball. The French Chronicle notices this reparation, and describes the extraordinary relics which were found in the old ball, and replaced, with additions, in the new one. In 1444, the steeple was nearly destroyed by lightning, and not repaired till 1462. In 1561, the Cathedral was partly burnt, but was restored in 1566, except the spire, which was never rebuilt. Heylin, in his *Cosmography*, says of the above catastrophe:—

"It was by the carelessness of the sexton consumed with fire, which happening in a thundering and tempestuous day, was by him confidently affirmed to be done by lightning, and was so generally believed till the hour of his death; but not many years since, to disabuse the world, he confessed the truth of it, on which discovery, the burning of St. Paul's steeple by lightning was left out of our common almanacks, where formerly it stood among the ordinary epochs or accounts of time."

The church was of the Latin cross form, with a Lady chapel at the east end, and two other chapels, St. George's north, and St. Dunstan's south. At the eastern extremity of the churchyard stood a square *clocher*, or bell-tower, with four bells, rung to summon the citizens to folk-motes held here. These bells belonged to St. Faith's under St. Paul's, a church so situated, but demolished about 1256, when part of the crypt beneath the Cathedral choir was granted to the parishioners for divine service. Hence the popular story in our time of there being a church under St. Paul's, and service in it once a year. At the south-west corner was the parish church of St. Gregory. Fuller wittily describes Old St. Paul's as being "truly the mother-church, having one babe in her body—St. Faith's—and another in her arms—St. Gregory's."

On the south side of the Cathedral, *within a cloister*, was a chapter-house, in the Pointed style; and on the north, on the walls of another cloister, next to the charnel-house, was a "Dance of Death," or, as Stow calls it, "Death leading all Estates, curiously painted upon board, with the speeches of Death, and answer of every Estate," by John Lydgate. It was painted at the cost of John Carpenter, Town Clerk of London, *temp.* Henry V. and VI.

On special saints' days it was customary for the choristers of the Cathedral to ascend the spire to a great height, and there to chant solemn prayers and anthems: the last observance of this custom was in the reign of Queen Mary, when, "after even-song, the quere of Paules began to go about the steeple singing with lightes, after the olde custome." A similar tenure-custom is observed to this day at Oxford, on the morning of May 1, on Magdalen College tower.

Camden relates, that on the anniversary of the Conversion of St. Paul, January 25, held in the church, a fat buck was received with great formality at the choir entrance by the canons, in their sacerdotal vestments, and with chaplets of flowers on their heads; whilst the antlers of the buck were carried on a pike in procession round the edifice, with horns blowing, &c. On the buck being offered at the high altar, one shilling was paid by the Dean and Chapter.



St. Baude, in lieu of twenty-two acres, bequeathed a fat doe in winter, and a buck in summer, which was received at the altar crowned with roses by the chapter annually, till the reign of Elizabeth.

On the north side near the east end stood *Paul's or Fowly's Cross*, with a pulpit, whence sermons were preached, the anathema of the Pope thundered forth, heresies recanted, and sins atoned for.

The Cross was hexagonal in form; of wood, raised on stone steps, with a canopy covered with lead, on which was elevated a cross. Stow could not ascertain its date: we first read of it in 1259, when, by command of Henry III., striplings were here sworn to be loyal: and in the same year the folk-mote Common Hall assembled here by the tolling of St. Paul's great bell. At preaching the commonalty sat in the open air; the king, his train, and noblemen in covered galleries. All preachers coming from a distance had an allowance from the Corporation, and were lodged during five days "in sweete and convenient lodgings, with fire, candle, and all necessary food." Bishop Northburgh lent small sums to citizens on pledge, directing that if at the year's end they were not restored, then that "the preacher at Paul's Cross should declare that the pledge, within fourteen days would be sold, if unredeemed." An earthquake overthrew the Cross in 1382; it was set up again by Bishop Kemp in 1449.

Ralph Baldoc, Dean of Paul's, cursed from the Cross all persons who had searched in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields for a hoard of gold. In 1493, Jane Shore, with a taper in one hand, and arrayed in her "kertell onely," did open penance at the Cross. In the same year, Dr. Shaw and Friar Pinke aided the traitorous schemes of Duke Richard; the preacher took for his text these words, "Bastard slips shall never take deep root." Stow informs us that the Doctor so repented his "shameful sermon" that it struck him to the heart, and "within a few days he withered and consumed away." Friar Pinke lost his voice while preaching, and was forced to leave the pulpit. Royal contracts of marriage were notified from the Cross. Henry VIII. sent preachers to the Cross every Sunday to preach down the Pope's authority. In 1538, Bishop Fisher exposed at the Cross the famous rood of grace from Boxley Abbey. From his attendance there, as a preacher, Richard Hooker dated the miseries of his married life. Queen Mary caused sermons to be preached at the Cross in praise of the old religion, but they occasioned serious riots.

The Cross was pulled down in 1643, by order of Parliament; its site was long denoted by a tall elm tree.

The interior of the church was divided throughout by two ranges of clustered columns; it had a rich screen, and canopied doorways; and a large painted rose-window at the east end. The walls were sumptuously adorned with pictures, shrines, and curiously wrought tabernacles; gold and silver, rubies, emeralds, and pearls glittered in splendid profusion; and upon the high altar were heaped countless stores of gold and silver plate, and illuminated missals. The shrine of St. Erkenwald (the fourth bishop), at the back of the high altar, had among its jewels a sapphire, believed to cure diseases of the eye. The mere enumeration of these treasures fills twenty-eight pages of Dugdale's folio history of the Cathedral. King John of France offered at St. Erkenwald's shrine; King Henry III. on the feast of St. Paul's Conversion, gave 1500 tapers to the church, and fed 15,000 poor in the garth, or close.

There are several notices of miracles said to have been wrought in St. Paul's at "a tablet," or picture, set up by Thomas Earl of Lancaster, who, after his execution at Pontefract, was reckoned a martyr by the populace. The tablet was removed by royal order, but replaced a few years later. At the base of one of the pillars was sculptured the foot of Algar, the first prebendary of Islington, as the standard measure for legal contracts in land, just as Henry I., Richard I., and John, furnished the iron ell by their arms. On the north side of the choir, "on whose monument hung his proper helmet and spear, as also his target covered with horn" (*Dugdale*), stood the stately tomb of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Blanche, his first wife. In St. Dunstan's chapel was the fine old tomb of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, from whom Lincoln's Inn derives its name. In the middle aisle of the nave stood the tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, constable of Dover Castle, and son to Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. Between the choir and south aisle was a noble monument to Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of Lord Chancellor Bacon; and "higher than the post and altar," (*Bishop Corbet*), between two columns of the choir, was the sumptuous monument of Sir Christopher Hatton; and near it was a tablet to Sir Philip Sidney, and another to his father-in-law, Sir Francis Walsingham. The stately appearance of Hatton's monument and the plainness of Walsingham's and Sidney's tablets, gave rise to this epigram by old Stow:—

"Philip and Francis have no tomb,  
For great Sir Christopher takes all the room."

In the south aisle of the choir were the tombs of two of the Deans; Colet the founder of Paul's school, a recumbent skeleton; and Dr. Donne, the poet, standing in his stony shroud: the latter is preserved in the crypt of the present Cathedral. In a vault, near John of Gaunt's tomb, was buried Van Dyck; but the outbreak of the wars under Charles I., prevented the erection of any monument to his memory. The state obsequies were a profitable privilege of the Cathedral: the choir was hung with black and escutcheons; and the horses were magnificently adorned with banner-rolls and other insignia of vainglory.

The floor of the church was laid out in walks: "the south alley for usurye and poperye; the north for simony and the horse-fair; in the midst for all kinds of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murthers, conspiracies, &c." The middle aisle, "Pervyse of Paul's," or "Paul's Walk," was commonly called "Duke Humphrey's Walk," from Sir John Beauchamp's monument, unaccountably called "Duke Humphrey's Tomb," being the only piece of sculpture here; and as this walk was a lounge for idlers and hunters after news, wits and gallants, cheats, usurers, and knights of the post, dinnerless persons who lounged there were said to *dine with Duke Humphrey*. Here "each lawyer and serjeant at his pillar heard his client's cause, and took notes thereof upon his knee." (Dugdale's *Orig. Jurid.*) Here masterless men, at the *Si quis* door, set up their bills for service. Here the font was used as a counter for payments. Here spur money was demanded by two choristers from any person entering the Cathedral during divine service with spurs on. Hither Fleetwood, Recorder of London, came "to learn some news" to convey by news-letter to Lord Burghley. Ben Jonson has laid a scene of his *Every Man out of his Humour* in "the middle aisle in Paule's;" Captain Bobadil is a "Paul's man;" and Falstaff bought Bardolph in Paul's. Greene, in his *Theeves Falling Out*, &c., says: "Walke in the middle of Paul's, and gentlemen's teeth walk not faster at ordinaries, than there a whole day together about enquiry after news." Bishop Earle, in his *Microcosmographia*, 1629, says: "Paul's Walk is the Land's Epitome, or you may call it the lesser Ile of Great Brittain. \* \* \* \* The noyse in it is like that of Bees, in strange hummings or buzze, mixt of walking, tongues, and feet; it is a kind of still roare, or loud whisper." It was a common thoroughfare for porters and carriers, for ale, beer, bread, fish, flesh, fardels of stuff, and "mules, horses, and other beasts;" drunkards lay sleeping on the benches at the choir-door; within, dunghills were suffered to accumulate; and in the choir people walked "with their hatts on their heddes." Dekker, in his *Gull's Hornbook*, tells us that the church was profaned by shops, not only of booksellers, but of other trades, such as "the semster's shops," and "the new tobacco office." So great had the nuisances become, that the Mayor and Common Council in 1554, prohibited, by fine, the use of the church for such irreverent purposes.

The desecration of the exterior of the church was more abominable. The chantry and other chapels were used for stores and lumber, as a school and a glazier's workshop; parts of the vaults were occupied by a carpenter, and as a wine-cellar; and the cloisters were let out to trunkmakers, whose "knocking and noyse" greatly disturbed the church-service. Houses were built against the outer walls, in which closets and window-ways were made: one was used "as a play-house," and in another the owner "baked his bread and pies in an oven excavated within a buttress;" for a trifling fee, the bell-ringers allowed wights to ascend the tower, halloo, and throw stones at the passengers beneath. The first recorded Lottery in England was drawn at the west door in 1569. Dekker describes "Paul's Jacks," automaton figures, which struck the quarters, on the clock. We read, too, of rope-dancing feats from the battlements of St. Paul's exhibited before Edward VI., and in the reign of Queen Mary, who, the day before her coronation, also witnessed a Dutchman standing upon the weathercock of the steeple, waving a five-yard streamer! Another marvel of this class was the ascent of Bankes, on his famous horse Morocco, to the top of St. Paul's, in the year 1600, to the delight of "a number of asses" who brayed below. The steed was "a middle-sized bay English gelding," and Bankes was a vintner in Cheapside, and had taught his horse to count and perform a variety of feats. When the novelty had somewhat lessened in London, Bankes took his wonderful horse to Paris, and afterwards to



Rome. "He had better have stayed at home, for both he and his horse (which was shod with silver) were burnt for witchcraft." (Ben Jonson's *Epigrams*.) Shakspeare alludes to "the dancing horse" (*Love's Labour Lost*); and in a tract called *Maroccus Extaticus*, qto., 1595, there is a rude woodcut of the unfortunate juggler and his famous gelding.—Cunningham's *Handbook*.

Several attempts were made to restore the Cathedral; and money, Stow says, was collected for rebuilding the steeple; but no effectual step for the repairs was taken until 1633, when Inigo Jones, to remove the desecration from the nave to the exterior, built, it is stated at the expense of Charles I., at the west end, a Corinthian portico of eight columns, with a balustrade in panels, upon which he intended to have placed ten statues: this portico was 200 feet long, 40 feet high, and 50 feet deep; but its classic design, affixed to a Gothic church, must be condemned, unless it be considered as an instalment of a new cathedral. Laud was then Bishop of London. The sum collected was 101,330*l.*; and the repairs progressed until about one-third of the money was expended, in 1642, when they were stopped by the contests between Charles and his people: the funds in hand were seized to pay the soldiers of the Commonwealth, and Old St. Paul's was made a horse-quarter for troops.

Shortly after the Restoration, the repairs were resumed under Sir John Denham; and "that miracle of a youth," Wren, drew plans for the entire renovation. A commission was appointed, but before the funds were raised, the whole edifice was destroyed in the Great Fire:—

"The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far  
The awful beauties of the sacred quire;  
But since it was profan'd by civil war,  
Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire."

*Dryden's Annus Mirabilis.*

Evelyn thus records the catastrophe:—

"I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church, St. Paul's, now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure, comparable to any in Europe) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, but nothing remaining entire but the inscriptions, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally melted. The lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the monuments the body of one bishop remained entire."

According to Dugdale, this was the corpse of Bishop Braybrooke, which had been inhumed 260 years, being "so dried up, the flesh, sinews, and skin cleaving fast to the bones, that being set upon the feet it stood as still as a plank, the skin being tough like leather, and not at all inclined to putrefaction, which some attributed to the sanctity of the person offering much money."

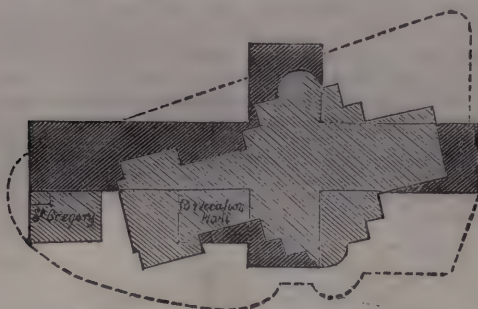
In the Great Fire the church was reduced to a heap of ruins; and books valued at 150,000*l.* which had been placed in St. Faith's (the crypt) for safety by the stationers of Paternoster-row, were entirely destroyed. After the Fire, Wren removed part of the thick walls by gunpowder, but most he levelled with a battering-ram; some of the stone was used to build parish churches, and some to pave the neighbouring streets. Tradition tells that Serjeants' Inn, Fleet-street, being then ecclesiastical property, was not forgotten in the distribution of the remains of Old St. Paul's; and there remained to our day a large number of blocks of Purbeck stone, believed to have formed part of the old Cathedral.

The west end of the old church was not taken down till 1686. In the same year a great quantity of old alabaster was beaten into powder for making cement. Those fragments were, doubtless, monumental effigies or other ornaments of the old church. In 1688 the tower was pulled down, and 162 corpses taken from its cemetery and re-buried at the west end of the old foundation, at 6*d.* each.

#### ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

N EARLY eight years elapsed after the Great Fire ere the ruins of the old Cathedral were cleared from the site. Meanwhile, Wren was instructed "to contrive a fabric of moderate bulk, but of good proportion; a convenient quire, with a vestibule and porticoes, and a dome conspicuous above the houses." A design was accordingly prepared, octagonal in plan, with a central dome and cupolettas, and affording a vast

number of picturesque combinations, as shown in the model, preserved to this day. It is of wood, and some 10 feet in height to the summit of the dome; it is thus large enough to walk bodily into it. Wren aimed at a design antique and well studied, conformable to the best style of the Greek and Roman architecture. The model is accurately wrought, and carved with all its proper ornaments, consisting of one order, the Corinthian only. The model, after the finishing of the new fabric, was deposited over the Morning Prayer Chapel, on the north side. Wren's model had neither side aisles nor oratories, though they were afterwards added, because as Spence, in his *Anecdotes*, imagines, the Duke of York (James II.) considered side aisles would be an absolute necessity in a cathedral where he hoped the Romish ritual would soon be practised. These innovations sadly marred the uniformity of the original design, and when decided upon, drew tears of vexation from the architect. He was paid 160 guineas only for the model. The Surveyor next devised "a cathedral form, so altered as to reconcile, as near as possible, the Gothic to a better manner of architecture;" which being



Relative positions of the Old and New Cathedrals.

approved, Charles II. issued his warrant for commencing the works May 1, 1675. In digging the foundation, a vast cemetery was discovered, in which Britons, Romans, and Saxons had been successively buried; and on digging deeper, marine shells were found, thus proving that the sea once flowed over the site of the present cathedral. Wren did not, however, find any remains to support the tradition of a Roman temple to Diana having once occupied this spot. The accompanying ground-plan shows the relative positions of the Old and New Cathedrals.

The first stone of the new church was laid June 21, 1675, by the architect and his lodge of Freemasons; and the trowel and mallet then used are preserved in the Lodge of Antiquity, of which Wren was master. The mallet has a silver plate let into the head; and it bears this inscription:—

"By Order of the M. W. the Grand Master,  
His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, &c., &c.,  
and W. Master of the Lodge of Antiquity,  
and with the Concurrence of the Brethren of the  
Lodge, this plate has been engraved and affixed  
to this Mallet. A.L. 5831, A.D. 1827.  
To commemorate that this, being the same Mallet with which  
His Majesty King CHARLES THE SECOND  
levelled the foundation Stone of  
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, A.L. 5677, A.D. 1673,  
was presented to the Old Lodge of St. Paul's,  
now the Lodge of Antiquity,  
acting by immemorial Constitution.  
By BROTHER SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, R.W.D.G.M.,  
Worshipful Master of the Lodge,  
and Architect of that Edifice."

Portland stone had been selected, principally on account of the large scantlings procurable from those quarries, and yet no blocks of more than four feet in diameter could be procured. This led to the choice of two orders of architecture, with an attic story like that of St. Peter's at Rome, that the just proportions of the cornice might be preserved.

In commencing the works, Wren accidentally set out the dimensions of the dome upon a piece of a gravestone inscribed *Resurgam* (I shall rise again); which propitious circumstance is commemorated in a Phoenix rising from the flames, with the motto *Resurgam*, sculptured by Cibber in the pediment over the southern portico. In 1678 Wren set out the piers and pendentives of the dome.



During the building, the Commissioners, with Sir Christopher Wren, issued the following very proper order:—

"Whereas, among labourers, &c., that ungodly custom of swearing is too frequently heard, to the dishonour of God and contempt of authority; and to the end, therefore, that such impiety may be utterly banished from these works intended for the service of God and the honour of religion, it is ordered that customary swearing shall be sufficient crime to dismiss any labourer that comes to the call; and the clerk of the works, upon sufficient proof, shall dismiss them accordingly. And if any master, working by task, shall not upon admonition, refrain this profanation among his apprentices, servants, and labourers, it shall be construed his fault, and he shall be liable to be censured by the Commissioners. Dated 26th September, 1695."

By 1685, the walls of the choir and its side aisles, and the north and south semi-circular porticoes, were finished; the piers of the dome were also brought up to the same height. On Dec. 2, 1697, the choir was opened on the day of Thanksgiving for the peace of Ryswick, when Bishop Burnet preached before King William. On Feb. 1, 1699, the Morning Prayer Chapel, at the north-west angle, was opened; and in 1710 the son of the architect laid the last stone—the highest slab on the top of the lantern.

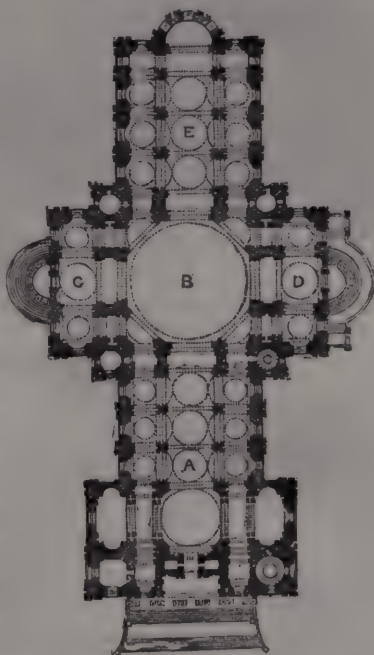
There is a strange story of a conspiracy against Queen Anne, who was to have been crushed to death in St. Paul's; the screws of some part of the building being loosened beforehand for the purpose, and intended to be removed when she should come to the Cathedral, and thus overwhelm her in the fall.

Notices of this imaginary plot will be found in Boyer's *Annals of Queen Anne*, Nov. 9, 1710, and in Oldmixon's *Hist. of England*, p. 452. The latter states, that "Mr. Secretary St. John had not been long in office before he gave proofs of his fitness for it, by inserting an advertisement in the *Gazette* of some evil-designing persons having unscrewed the timbers of the west roof of the cathedral. Upon this foundation, Mrs. Abigail Masham affirmed that the screws were taken away that the cathedral might tumble upon the heads of the Court on the Thanksgiving-day, when it was supposed her Majesty would have gone thither. But upon inquiry, it appeared that the missing of the iron pins was owing to the neglect of some workmen, who thought the timber sufficiently fastened without them; and the foolishness, as well as malice, of this advertisement made people more merry than angry."

Thus, the whole edifice was finished in thirty-five years; under one architect, Sir Christopher Wren; one master-mason, Mr. Thomas Strong; and while one Bishop, Dr. Henry Compton, occupied the see. For his services, Wren obtained, with difficulty, 200*l.* per annum! "and for this," said the Duchess of Marlborough, "he was content to be dragged up in a basket three or four times a week." The fund raised for the rebuilding amounted, in ten years, to 216,000*l.*; a new duty laid on coals for this purpose produced 5000*l.* a year; and the King contributed 10,000*l.* annually.

*Exterior.*—St. Paul's occupies very nearly the site of the old Cathedral, in the centre and most elevated part of the City; though its highest point, the cross, is 36 feet lower than the Castle Tavern, on Hampstead Heath. The plan of the Cathedral is a Latin cross, and bears a general resemblance to that of St. Peter's. Its length, from the east to the west wall, is 500 feet; north to south, 250 feet; width, 125 feet, except at the western end, where two towers, and chapels beyond, make this, the principal front, facing Ludgate-hill, about 180 feet in width. The chapels are, the Morning Prayer, north; and the Consistory Court, south.

The exterior generally is of two orders, 100 feet in height—the upper Composite,



Ground Plan of St. Paul's Cathedral.—A. Nave. B. Great Dome. C. North Transept. D. South Transept. E. Choir.

and the lower Corinthian; and the surface of the church is Portland stone, rusticated or grooved throughout. At the east end is a semicircular recess, containing the altar. At the west end, a noble flight of steps ascends to a double portico of coupled columns, twelve in the lower, Corinthian; and eight in the upper, Composite; terminated by a pediment, in the tympanum of which (64 feet long and 17 feet high) is the Conversion of St. Paul, sculptured in pretty high relief by Bird; on the apex is a colossal figure of St. Paul, and on the right and left, St. Peter and St. James. Beneath the lower portico are the doors, and above them a sculptured group, in white marble, of St. Paul preaching to the Bereans. This double portico has been much censured: Wren pleaded that he could not obtain stone of sufficient height for the shafts of one grand portico; "but," says Mr. Joseph Gwilt, "it would have been far better to have had the columns in many pieces, and even with vertical joints, than to have placed one portico above another." At the extremities of this front rise, 220 feet, two campanile towers, terminating in open lanterns, "covered with domes formed by curves of contrary flexure, and not very purely composed, though, perhaps, in character with the general façade." (*Gwilt*.) Each dome has a gilt pine-apple at the apex: the south tower contains the clock, and the north is a belfry; and in the west faces are statues of the four Evangelists. At the northern and southern ends of the transepts, the lower order, Corinthian, is continued into porticoes of six fluted columns, standing, in plan, on the segment of a circle, and crowned with a semi-dome. In the upper order are two pediments, the south sculptured with the Phoenix, and the north with the royal arms and regalia; and on each side are five statues of the Apostles. The main building is surmounted with a balustrade, not in Wren's design, the obtrusion of which by the Commissioners caused the architect to say: "I never designed a balustrade; ladies think nothing well without an edging."

The Cathedral was scientifically secured from lightning, according to the suggestion of the Royal Society, in 1769. The seven iron scrolls supporting the ball and cross are connected with other rods (used merely as conductors), which unite them with several large bars descending obliquely to the stone-work of the lantern, and connected by an iron ring with four other iron bars to the lead covering of the great cupola, a distance of forty-eight feet; thence the communication is continued by the rain-water pipes to the lead-covered roof, and thence by lead water-pipes which pass into the earth; thus completing the entire communication from the cross to the ground, partly through iron and partly through lead. On the clock-tower a bar of iron connects the pine-apple at the top with the iron staircase, and thence with the lead on the roof of the church. The bell-tower is similarly protected. By these means the metal used in the building is made available as conductors; the metal employed merely for that purpose being exceedingly small in quantity.—(*Times*, Sept. 8, 1842, *abridged*.)

The height to the top of the cross is *thrice* the height of the roof, or 365 feet from the ground, 356 from the floor of the church, and 375 from that of the crypts. In most accounts the height is stated 404 feet, which may be taken from the bottom of the foundations, or the level of the Thames. In height it stands third, exceeding the Pantheon by 70 feet; about equalling St. Sophia, but falling short of the Florence cupola by 50 feet, and of St. Peter's by 150.—Weale's *London*, p. 186.

The following account of the constructive details is from Mr. Joseph Gwilt's *Encyclopædia of Architecture* :—

"The entrances from the transepts lead into vestibules, each communicating with the centre, and its aisles formed between two massive piers and the walls at the intersections of the transepts with the choir and nave. The eight piers are joined by arches springing from one to the other, so as to form an octagon at their springing points; and the angles between the arches, instead of rising vertically, sail over as they rise and form pendentives, which lead, at their top, into a circle on the plan. Above this a wall rises in the form of a truncated cone, which, at the height of 168 feet from the pavement, terminates in a horizontal cornice, from which the interior dome springs. Its diameter is 100 feet, and it is 60 feet in height, in the form of a paraboloid. Its thickness is 18 inches, and it is constructed of brickwork. From the haunches of this dome, 200 feet above the pavement of the church, another cone of brickwork commences, 85 feet high, and 94 feet diameter at the bottom. This cone is pierced with apertures, as well for the purpose of diminishing its weight as for distributing light between it and the outer dome. At the top it is gathered into a dome, in the form of a hyperboloid, pierced near the vertex with an aperture 12 feet in diameter. The top of this cone is 285 feet from the pavement, and carries a lantern 55 feet high, terminating in a dome, whereon a ball and (aveline) cross is raised. The last-named cone is provided with corbels, sufficient in number to receive the hammer-beams of the external dome, which is of oak, and its base 220 feet from the pavement,—its summit being level with the top of the cone. In form it is nearly hemispherical, and generated by radii 57 feet in length, whose centres are in a horizontal diameter, passing through its base. The cone and the interior dome are restrained in their lateral thrust on the supports by four tiers of strong iron chains (weighing 95 cwt. 3 qrs. 23 lbs.), placed in grooves prepared for their reception, and run with lead. The lowest of these is inserted in the masonry round their common base, and the other three at different heights on the exterior of the cone. Externally, the intervals of the columns and pilasters are occupied by windows and niches, with horizontal and semicircular heads, and crowned with pediments,



"Over the intersection of the nave and transepts for the external work, and for a height of 25 feet above the roof of the church, a cylindrical wall rises, whose diameter is 146 feet. Between it and the lower conical wall was a space, but at intervals they are connected by cross walls. This cylinder is quite plain, but perforated by two courses of rectangular apertures. On it stands a peristyle of thirty columns of the Corinthian order, 40 feet high, including bases and capitals, with a plain entablature crowned by a balustrade. In this peristyle, every fourth intercolumniation is filled up solid, with a niche, and connexion is provided between it and the wall of the lower cone. Vertically over the base of that cone, above the peristyle, rises another cylindrical wall, appearing above the balustrade. It is ornamented with pilasters, between which are two tiers of rectangular windows. From this wall the external dome springs. The lantern receives no support from it. It is merely ornamental, differing entirely in that respect from the dome of St. Peter's. Externally the dome is of wood, covered with lead; at its summit is *The Golden Gallery* (with gilt railing), where the lantern commences.

"The interior of the nave and choir are each designed with three arches longitudinally springing from piers, strengthened, as well as decorated, on their inner faces by an entablature, whose cornice reigns throughout the nave and church. Above this entablature, and breaking with it over each pilaster, is a tall attic, from projections on which spring semicircular arches which are formed into *arcs doubleaux*. Between the last, pendentives are formed, terminated by horizontal cornices. Small cupolas of less height than their semi-diameter, are formed above these cornices. In the upright plane space on the walls above the main arches of the nave, choir, and transepts, a *clerestory* is obtained over the attic order, whose form is generated by the rising of the pendentives."

Mr. Wightwick, in a paper read to the Institute of British Architects, says:—

"It was by command of the Popish Duke of York, that the north and south chapels, near the west-end, were added, to the reduction of the nave aisles, and the lamentable injury of the return fronts of the two towers, which therefore lost in apparent elevation, by becoming commingled with pieces of projecting façade on the north and south sides. Thus were produced the only defects in the longitudinal fronts of the church. The independence of the towers is destroyed; their vertical emphasis obliterated; and a pair of excrescences is the consequence which it were well to cut away. All that could be done to diminish the evil was accomplished; but no informed eye can view the perspective of the Cathedral from the north-west or south-west, without seeing how no architect, who only admitted a 'variety of uniformities,' could have intentionally formed a distinct component in an exterior of otherwise uniform parts, by a tower having only one wing, and that, too, flush with its face! With this exception, the general mass of the cathedral is faultless, i.e., as the result of a conciliation between the architect's feeling for the Roman style, and his compelled obedience to the shape prescribed. With this consideration the grand building under notice must be judged. This it is which excuses the application of the upper order as a mere screen to conceal the clerestory and flying buttresses; for it must be admitted that uninterrupted altitude of the bulk, in the same plane, is absolutely necessary to the substructure of the majestic dome, which is indeed the very crown of England's architectural glory. The four projections which fill out the angles formed by the intersecting lines of the cross, finely buttress up the mountain of masonry above; and the beautiful semicircular porticoes of the transepts still further carry out the sentiment of stability.

"As to the dome in itself, it stands supreme on earth. The simple stylobate of its tambour; its uninterrupted peristyle, charmingly varied by occasionally solid intervening masonry, so artfully masking the buttress-work as to combine at once an appearance of elegant lightness with the visible means of confident security; all these, with each subsequently ascending feature of the composition, leave us to wonder how criticism can have ever spoken in qualified terms of Wren's artistic proficiency.

"The western front must be criticised as illustrating, in great measure, a Gothic idea Romanized. Instead of twin spires (as at Lichfield), we have two pyramidal piles of Italian detail; instead of the high-pointed gable between, we have the classic pediment, as lofty as may be; the coupled columns and pilasters answer to the Gothic buttresses; and a minute richness and number of parts, with picturesque breaks in the entablatures (though against the architect's expressed principles), are introduced in compliance with the general aspect and vertical expression of the Gothic façade."

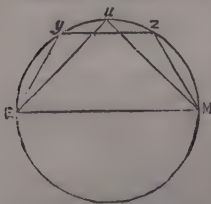
The ascent to the Whispering Gallery is by 260 steps; to the outer, or highest Golden Gallery, 560 steps: and to the Ball, 616 steps.

*The Library*, in the gallery over the southern aisle, was formed by Bishop Compton, whose portrait it contains. Here are about 7000 volumes, besides some manuscripts belonging to Old St. Paul's. The room has some fine brackets, and pilasters with flowers, exquisitely carved by Gibbons; and the floor consists of 2300 pieces of oak, parquettèd, or inlaid without nails or pegs. At the end of this gallery is a *Geometrical Staircase*, of 110 steps, built by Wren, for private access to the Library. In crossing thence to the northern gallery, a fine view is gained of the entire vista of the Cathedral from west to east. You then reach the *Model Room*, where are Wren's first design for St. Paul's, and some of the tattered flags formerly suspended beneath the dome. Returning to the southern gallery, a staircase leads to the south-western campanile tower, where is the *Clock Room*.

*The Clock* is remarkable for the magnitude of its wheels, and fineness of works, and cost 300*l*. It was made by Langley Bradley in 1708: it has two dial-plates, one south, the other west; each is 51 feet in circumference, and the hour-numerals are 2 feet 2½ inches in height. The minute-hands are 9 feet 8 inches long, and weigh 75 lbs. each; and the hour-hands are 5 feet 9 inches long, and weigh 44 lbs. each. The pendulum is 16 feet long, and the bob weighs 180 lbs.; yet it is suspended by a spring no thicker than a shilling: its beat is 2 seconds—a dead beat, 30 to a minute, instead of 60.

The Clock, "going eight days," strikes the hour on the *Great Bell*,\* suspended about 40 feet from the floor: the hammer lies on the outside brim of the bell; it has a large head, weighs 145 lbs., is drawn by a wire at the back part of the clockwork, and falls again by its own weight upon the bell. The clapper weighs 180 lbs. The hour struck by this clock has been heard, in the silence of midnight, on the terrace of Windsor Castle. (See p. 45.) Below the Great Bell are two smaller bells, on which the clock strikes the quarters: the larger of these weighs 24 cwt. 2 qrs. 25 lbs.: the smaller, 12 cwt. 2 qrs. 9 lbs. The northern tower contains the bells tolled for prayers.

The *Whispering Gallery* is reached by returning towards the dome, and again ascending. Here a low whisper, uttered on one side, may be distinctly heard at the opposite side, of the gallery. The phenomenon is thus explained by Dr. Paris:—



"M shows the situation of the mouth of the speaker, and E that of the ear of the hearer. Now since sound radiates in all directions, a part of it will proceed directly from M to E, while other rays of it will proceed from M to u, and from M to z, &c.; but the ray that impinges upon u will be reflected to E, while that which first touches z will be reflected to y and from thence to E; and so of all intermediate rays, which are omitted in the figure to avoid confusion. It is evident therefore, that the sound at E will be much stronger than if it had proceeded immediately from M without the assistance of the dome; for, in that case, the rays at z and u would have proceeded in straight lines, and consequently could never have arrived at the point E."—*Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest*, p. 310.

The organ, built by Bernard Schmydt, in 1694, at a cost of 2000*l.*, was originally placed upon the wrought-iron screen which separates the choir from the nave, where it marred the full effect of the imposing architectural merits of the edifice. From Dr. Rimbault's clever book on *The Organ* we learn that Sir Christopher Wren himself was averse from placing it over the screen. There it is stated:—

"In consequence of the reputation which 'Father Smith' had acquired by these instruments, he was made choice of to build an organ for St. Paul's Cathedral, then in the course of erection. A place was accordingly fitted up for him in the Cathedral to do the work in, but it was a long time before he could proceed with it, owing to a contention between Sir Christopher Wren and the Dean and Chapter. Sir Christopher Wren wished the organ to be placed on one side of the choir, as it was in the old Cathedral, that the whole extent and beauty of the building might be had at one view. The Dean, on the contrary, wished to have it at the west-end of the choir; and Sir Christopher, after using every effort and argument to gain his point, was at last obliged to yield. Smith, according to his instructions, began the organ, and when the pipes were finished found that the case was not spacious enough to contain them all; and Sir Christopher, tender of his architectural proportions, would not consent to let the case be enlarged to receive them, declaring the beauty of the building to be already spoilt by the box of whistles."

Steele suggested, in a paper in the *Spectator*, that the organ should be placed over the great west entrance, and be constructed on so majestic a scale as to resound throughout the whole of the Cathedral. It has been removed to the first arch from the altar on the north side of the choir, the position chosen by Wren himself, as shown in a drawing lately discovered, and preserved among the Cathedral records. This instrument, though deservedly regarded as a *chef-d'œuvre* at the time of its completion, was singularly deficient in most of the mechanical appliances for an easy and effective performance now in vogue in organs of comparatively recent date. An enormous organ, built for the Alhambra, Leicester-square, has also been placed in the south transept: it is intended for the use of the Special Evening Services, and the Annual Services under the dome.

The *Monuments* (exceeding forty) have been for the most part voted by Parliament in honour of naval and military officers; there are a few also to authors and artists, and philanthropists. But, in general, while civil eminence has been commemorated in Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's has been made a Pantheon for our heroes. At the entrance of the choir is a colossal statue of John Howard, with an inscription by Samuel Whitbread, this being the first monument erected in the church (1796); at a corresponding point is a colossal statue of Dr. Johnson, the inscription by Dr. Parr: both statues are by Bacon, R.A.: Howard with his keys, is often mistaken for St.

\* The New Great Tom of Lincoln, cast in 1834, is 6 cwt. heavier than the Great Bell of St. Paul's. Its tone is generally considered to be about the same as that of St. Paul's, but sweeter and softer. Mr. E. B. Denison, however, "thinks St. Paul's far the best of the four large bells of England, though it is the smallest of them, being about 5 tons; while York is 12, Lincoln 5½, and Oxford 7½, which last is a remarkably bad bell."—*Treatise on Clock and Watch Making*, 1850.



Peter; and Johnson, with his scroll, for St. Paul. Near Howard is a statue of Hullam, the historian, by Theed. At opposite piers are statues of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Flaxman, R.A. and Sir William Jones, by Bacon, R.A. Under the great choir arch is a monument to Lord Nelson, by Flaxman; the statue is characteristic, but the figures about the pedestal are absurd. Opposite is a monument to Lord Cornwallis, by Rossi, R.A.: the Indian river gods are most admired. In the south transept are monuments to Sir Ralph Abercrombie and Lord Collingwood, by Sir R. Westmacott, R.A., and to Lord Howe, by Flaxman, R.A.; statue of Lord Heathfield, by Rossi, R.A.; monument to Sir John Moore, by Bacon, R.A.; statue of Sir W. Hoste, by Campbell; and Major-General Gillespie, by Chantrey, R.A. In the north transept, the principal are monuments to Lord Rodney and to Captains Mosse and Riou, by Rossi, R.A.; Capt. Westcott, by Banks, R.A.; Gen. Ponsonby, a graceful composition, by Baily, R.A.; Major-Gen. A. Gore and J. B. Skerrett, by Chantrey, R.A.; statue of Earl St. Vincent, by Baily, R.A.; Gen. Picton, who fell at Waterloo, by Gahaghan; Admiral Duncan, an elegant figure, by Sir R. Westmacott, R.A.; Major-Gen. Dundas, by Bacon, R.A.; and the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, the historian of India, by M. Noble.

In the south aisle of the Nave is a monument to Dr. Middleton, the first Protestant Bishop of India, by Lough; and in the south aisle of the Choir is a kneeling figure of Bishop Heber, by Chantrey, R.A. Here also are two statues—Sir Astley Cooper, by Baily, R.A.; and Dr. Babington, by Behnes. Opposite is a statue of Admiral Lord Lyons, by M. Noble. Two of the finest and most touching works here are Chantrey's battle-piece monuments to Colonel Cadogan, mortally wounded at the battle of Vittoria; and Major-General Bowes, slain at the head of his men at the storming of Salamanca: these are poetic pictures of carnage closing in victory. Near the great northern entrance are statues, by G. G. Adams, of Sir Charles Napier, the hero of Scinde; and Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War; and in the north aisle of the Nave is the memorial to Viscount Melbourne—two angels, sculptured by Marochetti.

The Crypt is now used only as a place of interment. In the south aisle, on the site of the ancient high altar, is the grave of Sir Christopher Wren, covered by a flat stone, the English inscription upon which merely states that he died in 1723, aged 91: suspended on the adjoining wall is a tablet bearing the Latin epitaph:

Subtus conditur hujus ecclesiæ et  
Urbis conditor, Christopher Wren,  
Qui vixit annos ultra nonaginta,  
Non sibi sed bono publico. Lector,  
Si monumentum requiris,  
Circumspice.

Obiit XXV, Feb., Anno MDCCXXIII., ætat. 91.

Beneath lies Christopher Wren, builder of this church and City, who lived upwards of ninety years, not for himself but for the public good. Reader, if thou wouldst search for his monument, look around.

Next Wren's remains are those of his son; and here is a tablet in memory of his granddaughter, aged 95: Sir Christopher was 91, and his son 97. Here are the graves of our great painters. It has been remarked: "if Westminster Abbey has its *Poets' Corner*, so has St. Paul's its *Painters' Corner*. Sir Joshua Reynolds's statue, by Flaxman, is here, and Reynolds himself lies buried here; and Barry, and Opie, and Lawrence are around him; and, above all, the ashes of the great Van Dyck are in the earth under the Cathedral." (*C. R. Leslie, R.A.*) On December 30, 1851, the remains of J. M. W. Turner, our greatest landscape-painter, were laid next the grave of Reynolds; George Dance, the architect, and the last survivor of the original forty of the Royal Academy, also lies here, with Fuseli; and the Presidents, West, and Martin Archer Shee. The grave of Dr. Boyce, next to Purcell, perhaps, the greatest English musician, is also here; with the altar-tombs of Robert Mylne, the architect of the first Blackfriars Bridge; and John Rennie, who designed the present London Bridge.

In the middle of the Crypt, under an altar-tomb, Jan. 9, 1806, were deposited the remains of the great Nelson: they were placed beneath a black marble sarcophagus made by order of Cardinal Wolsey, but left unused in the tomb-house adjoining St. George's Chapel, Windsor. It is surmounted with a viscount's coronet upon a cushion; on the pedestal is inscribed, "Horatio Viscount Nelson." The coffin, made from part of the mainmast of the ship *L'Orient*, which blew up at the battle of the Nile, was

presented to Nelson by his friend Ben Hallowell, captain of the *Swiftsure*. Nelson's flag was to have been placed with the coffin; but just as it was about to be lowered, the sailors who had borne it, moved by one impulse, rent it in pieces, each keeping a fragment. Lord Collingwood, as he requested, was laid near Nelson, beneath a plain altar-tomb; and opposite lies Lord Northesk, distinguished at Trafalgar.

On the day of the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington, Nov. 18, 1852, his coffin was placed on the top of the sarcophagus which covered the remains of Nelson, the coronet and cushion of the Viscount having been previously removed; and here the coffin of the Duke remained nearly two years, inclosed by a wood casing. The Duke's coffin was then (in 1854) removed to the middle of a square chamber about forty feet eastward, almost immediately under the entrance to the choir of the church, in which compartment of the crypt no interment had previously taken place. Meanwhile, the Duke's tomb was prepared from the design of Mr. Penrose, the conserving architect of the Cathedral. The material is porphyry, from Luxalyan in Cornwall, and a huge block, originally weighing seventy tons. This has been sculptured into a grand and simple sarcophagus form. Upon one side is inscribed "Arthur, Duke of Wellington;" and on the opposite side, "Born May, 1769; died Sept. 14, 1852." At each end, and upon the porphyry boss, is an heraldic cross, which, and the inscriptions, are in gold outline. The sarcophagus is placed upon a massive basement of Aberdeen granite, and at each corner is sculptured the head of a guardian lion. Within the sarcophagus is deposited the rich coffin of the Duke, and upon it the coronet and cushion, and over it the porphyry lid, hermetically sealed. The floor of this compartment of the crypt is laid with Minton's tiles; and in each of the four angles is a candelabrum of polished red granite, surmounted by a ball, from which rise the gas-jets to light the place. As you stand at the left-hand corner, looking westward, the sarcophagus of Nelson is seen in the distance, and that of Wellington in the foreground. This view of the tombs of two of England's most illustrious heroes at one glance is impressive.

In another compartment of the Crypt is deposited the State Car upon which the body of Wellington was conveyed to the cathedral at his funeral.

1. The Car and its equipments consisted of the coffin at the summit, uncovered, and upon it the cap, sword, &c.; beneath a canopy of rich tissue, supported by halberds. 2. The bier, covered with a black velvet pall, diapered with the Duke's crest, and Field Marshal's bâton across, fringed with laurel leaves, and the legend "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,"—the whole worked in silver. 3. The platform of the car, inscribed with the names of the Duke's victories; and at the four sides military trophies of modern arms, helmets, guns, flags, and drums, real implements, furnished by the Board of Ordnance. The whole is placed on a carriage richly ornamented with bronze figures of Fame, holding palms, panels of Fame, lions' heads, and the Duke's arms. Attached to the Car are model horses three abreast, with velvet housings embroidered with the Duke's arms. The whole was designed by the Department of Practical Art: its merits, were grandeur, solemnity, and reality: coffin, bier, trophies, and metal carriage, were all real. The public are admitted to see the tomb, and the funeral car, for a small fee, to defray the expense of gaslights and attendants.

In June, 1859, the remains of General Sir Thomas Picton were removed from the burial-ground of St. George's Chapel, Bayswater-road, to St. Paul's Cathedral, and there deposited in the Crypt, nearly adjoining the tomb of Wellington.

The north aisle of the Crypt is appropriated to the parishioners of St. Faith, as a place of sepulture, from whom the Dean and Chapter receive a trifling gratuity for each body there interred. Beneath the semicircular apsis are deposited all that remain of the monuments saved from the old cathedral.

The Inner Dome (which Wren intended to have lined with mosaic) is plastered on the under side, and painted by Sir James Thornhill with events in the life of St. Paul: 1, His Conversion; 2, The Punishment of Elymas the Sorcerer; 3, Cure of the Cripple at Lystra; 4, Conversion of the Gaoler; 5, Paul Preaching at Athens; 6, Burning of the Books at Ephesus; 7, Paul before Agrippa; 8, Shipwreck on the Isle of Melita. For these paintings Thornhill received only 40s. per square yard! Putting on one side the vital error in the general arrangement, whereby the endeavour is made by painting to transform the cupola into a drum of upright walls, the pictures, about 40 feet high, are works of merit, and the heads are painted with much force: the figures are each from 14 to 16 feet high. In 1853, the restoration of the plaster-work, and repainting of the pictures, were commenced by Mr. Parris, by aid of shifting scaffolding and platforms and wire-ropes, ingeniously constructed for the purpose; the medium used by Mr. Parris being encaustic, his own "marble medium," and the tone of the



pictures being much heightened. This labour occupied Mr. Parris three years, slung in an aërie at from 160 to 200 feet high. The paintings are best seen from the Whispering Gallery, by the flood of light which flows from the lantern through the opening at the crown of the dome. When looking down into the church from this point, men seem but as children, and the immensity of the structure is altogether best felt. From the Whispering Gallery we ascend to

The *Stone Gallery*, outside the base of the dome, where the gigantic height of the figures (11 feet) on the western pediment, and the outlines of the campanile towers, are very striking. There is a second outer gallery, still below the base of the dome; and thence you ascend to

The *Outer Golden Gallery* (regilt in 1845, at a cost of 68*l.*), at the summit of the dome; the *Inner Golden Gallery* being at the base of the lantern. Through this the ascent is by ladders, to the small dome immediately below the inverted consoles which support

The *Ball and Cross*: ascending through the iron-work in the centre, we look into the dark Ball, which is 6 feet 2 inches in diameter, and will hold eight persons; its weight is 5600 pounds: thence to the Cross is 39 feet; the Cross, which is solid, is 3360 pounds weight. The Ball and Cross have been renewed, and re-gilt within thirty years from that date. In 1862 (Exhibition year), the vergers' receipts for showing the Crypt and Ball, amounted to 1160*l.*

The *View from the Outer Golden Gallery* is very minute: the persons in the streets below "appear like mice;" London seems little else than a dense mass of house-tops, chimneys, and spires; the Thames being conspicuous from its glittering surface, but the bridges appearing as dark lines across at intervals. Here, and at the higher points, in clear weather, the metropolis is seen as in a map, with the country 20 miles round. The north division of London rises gently from the Thames, to Hampstead and Highgate. On the east and west are fertile plains extending at least 20 miles, and watered by the Thames. On the south the view is bounded by the high grounds of Richmond, Wimbledon, Epsom, Norwood, and Blackheath; terminating in the horizon by Leith Hill, Box Hill, and the Reigate and Wrotham hills. Shooter's Hill is conspicuous eastward, and, in a more easterly direction, parts of Epping Forest and other wooded uplands of Essex.

When Mr. Horner, in 1821-2, made his sketches for the Great View of London, painted at the Colosseum, he built for himself an observatory upon the Cross of St. Paul's. He describes the strange scene from this lofty summit at three o'clock in the morning as very impressive; for here he frequently beheld "the Forest of London" without any indication of animated existence. It was interesting to mark the gradual symptoms of returning life, until the rising sun vivified the whole into activity, bustle, and business. In high winds, the creaking and whistling of the scaffolding resembled those of a ship labouring in a storm; and once Mr. Horner's observatory was torn from its fastenings, and turned partly over the edge of the platform.\*

*Churchyard*.—The enclosed ground-plot of the Cathedral is 2 acres 16 perches 70 feet. In the area before the west front, marking the site of St. Gregory's Church, is the statue of Queen Anne, with figures, by Bird, of Britain, France, Ireland, and America, at the corners of the pedestal. Garth wrote some bitter lines upon this group:

"France above with downcast eyes is seen,  
The sad attendant of so good a queen."

Her Majesty's nose was struck off by a lunatic, about a century ago, and was not repaired for many years. The Churchyard is enclosed with a dwarf stone wall, on which is a noble iron balustrade, 5 feet 6 inches high; there are in it seven ornamental gates, which, with the 2500 rails, weigh 200 tons 81 lbs. They were designed by M. Tijou, and cast at Gloucester Furnace, Lamberhurst, in Kent; they cost 6*d.* per pound, and with other charges, amounted to 11,202*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.* The cost of the Church

\* An accident somewhat more perilous befel Mr. Gwyn, when measuring the top of the dome for a section of the Cathedral. While intent on his work his foot slipped, and he slid down the convex surface of the dome until his descent was fortunately obstructed by a small projecting piece of the lead. He thus remained until released from the impending danger by one of his assistants, who providentially discovered his awful situation.—*Mr. Horner's Narrative.*

was 736,752*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.*; in all, 747,954*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*, equal to 1,222,437*l.* present money. Nine-tenths of this sum were raised by a tax on coals received into the port of London.

The admission-fee originated in "the Stairs-foot Money," fixed by Jennings, the carpenter, in 1707; the proceeds of which were applied to the relief of those men to whom accidents happened during the progress of the works. In 1849, the sum received from visitors to the body of the Cathedral, at 2*d.* each, was 430*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.*, which was divided among the four vergers. This fee is now discontinued.

Nearly opposite the North Door of St. Paul's Churchyard is the Convocation or Chapter House of the Cathedral, where a kind of clerical parliament is summoned with every new Imperial Parliament. The Chapter is composed of a Dean and four Canons, or Prebends, 12 Minor Canons, 6 Lay Vicars, and 12 Choristers. There are 30 Prebendary Stalls, or Honorary Canonries; they are of great antiquity, having been founded by Gregory the Great himself. Two of the brightest wits of their day, the Rev. Sydney Smith (*Peter Plymley*), d. 1815, and the Rev. R. H. Barham (*Thomas Ingoldsby*), d. 1845, were at the same period Canons of St. Paul's. In 1849, the Rev. H. H. Milman (the poet) was appointed Dean, an office hitherto held by the Bishop of Llandaff for the time being. The Lord Mayor's chaplain is the preacher on all State holidays; viz., 30th January, 29th May, 20th June, and 5th November, on the first Sunday in term, and the anniversary of the Great Fire of 1666.

The State processions to St. Paul's have been very imposing. Queen Anne came yearly to return thanks for the brilliant successes of Marlborough, who carried the sword of state before Her Majesty; as did Wellington before the Prince Regent, on the day of Thanksgiving for Peace in 1814. George III. went to St. Paul's, to return public thanks for his recovery from derangement, in 1789; and in 1797, in Thanksgiving for naval victories. The last procession of this kind was on Nov. 29, 1820, when Queen Caroline went to St. Paul's in Thanksgiving for her deliverance from the Bill of Pains and Penalties.

The Cathedral is the scene of other impressive celebrations: as the Anniversary Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, in May, preceded by sacred music by Handel, Boyce, Atwood, and others, aided by the choirs of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the Chapel Royal. The great annual gathering of the Charity children, about 8000 in number, is held here in June, the amphitheatre of seats being erected under the great dome: the effect of the grouping of the children ranged in their rows of seats, tier above tier, with the banners of their various schools placed in order in the uppermost circle of the amphitheatre, is remarkably striking. The attendance of the Judges and other law officers, and civic authorities, is another impressive service.

"For external elegance," says Mr. Gwilt, "we know no church in Europe which exhibits a cupola comparable with that of St. Paul's; though in its connexion with the church by an order higher than that below it, there is a violation of the laws of the art. While, notwithstanding its inferior dimensions (it would stand within St. Peter's), the external appearance of St. Paul's has been preferred by many to that of St. Peter's, it is admitted by all that the interior of the English cathedral will bear no comparison with that of the Roman. The upward view of the dome of St. Paul's, however, conveys an impression of extraordinary magnificence: though not so elevated as St. Peter's, it is still very lofty: the form of the concave, which approaches considerably nearer to that of a circle—the height being equal to a diameter and a half, while in St. Peter's it is equal to two diameters—has also been considered more beautiful than that of its rival." The crossing of Ludgate Hill by a railway viaduct interferes materially with the view of St. Paul's. Mr. Penrose, the architect, remarks:—"About 180 yards eastward of Temple Bar, the dome of St. Paul's begins to be seen, and, when fully opened out a little further on, presents a combination, unsurpassed in Europe, with the exquisite campanile of St. Martin's and the suggested access to the Cathedral by the winding street. It is true that the viaduct does not thus far hide any part of the Cathedral, but it obtrudes itself on the sight, and destroys the spectator's pleasure in the view almost as effectually. But from about 60 yards before reaching Farringdon-street it actually hides more or less of the western façade, and gives in exchange nothing but its deep sides and cavernous soffit, at least 40 feet wide."



In defence of this obstruction it was objected that already the steeple of St. Martin's church on Ludgate-hill was constantly getting in the way when you wished to see the dome of St. Paul's; which is altogether an error, as the thin proportions of the steeple, in strong contrast, add to the effect of the dome. From the east end of Bride-court, Bridge-street, you get a striking view of the dome; as well as from the Farringdon-road.

Annexed is a recapitulation of the main dimensions of the Cathedral:—

	ft.	in.
Circumference of the Cathedral . . . . .	2292	0
Height of Centre, exclusive of Dome . . . . .	210	0
Height of Nave, Choir, and Transepts . . . . .	100	0
Height from floor of Crypt to top of Cross . . . . .	404	0
Height from Nave pavement to top of Cross . . . . .	350	0
Height of Western Towers . . . . .	220	0
Height of Western Front . . . . .	138	0
Diameter of Interior Dome . . . . .	100	0
Height of Dome . . . . .	60	0
Height of Dome from ground-line . . . . .	215	0
Diameter of opening at top of Dome . . . . .	14	10½
Height of Lantern Gallery . . . . .	274	9
Diameter of opening at top of Upper Dome . . . . .	8	0

The following are the comparative dimensions of St. Paul's and St. Peter's:

	E. to W. within.	West end, in.	Ditto, out.	Tran- sept.	Height to top.	
St. Paul's . . . . .	500	100	138	223	360	English feet.
St. Peter's . . . . .	660	226	396	442	432	„
St. Peter's occupies an acre of . . . . .					227,060	superficial feet.
St. Paul's . . . . .					84,025	„

The Cathedral is now in course of repair and redecoration, the funds being raised by subscription.\* The organ and screen have been removed, and a new eastern transept formed. The great central area of the dome, found by experiment to be the part of the Cathedral best adapted to the voice, has been made available for Special Evening Services, and 3500 persons can there be seated in chairs. The marble pulpit under the dome, was given by his friends, as a memorial of the late Captain Fitzgerald. The church can now be warmed by Gurney stoves, placed in the crypt, whence the heated air ascends through ornamental openings in the floor. The lighting is mainly by the corona of gas which was left round the Whispering Gallery at the time of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. The Cathedral was first lighted with gas in 1822; Moore, in his *Diary*, says: "May 6,—Went with Lord and Lady Lansdowne, at ten o'clock, to St. Paul's, to see it lighted up with gas, for, I believe, the first time."

The embellishment of the Cathedral, as originally designed by Sir Christopher Wren, will consist in filling eleven windows at the ends of the choir, nave, and transepts, with painted glass of the highest quality, uniform in style, design, and execution; in filling the spandrels of the dome, vaults, and other suitable compartments, and ultimately the dome itself, with paintings in mosaic; and generally in gilding and incrusting with coloured marbles parts of the architecture. The four great arches leading from the dome, and the vaultings of the choir, have been richly gilded. The spandrels of the dome, vaultings, and other compartments are to be filled with paintings in mosaic upon a gold ground, by Salviati; and the series of painted windows has been commenced with two aisle windows, by Clayton and Bell, containing life-size figures of St. Peter and St. Paul. The great west window, containing the Conversion of St. Paul, the gift of Mr. Brown (of the firm of Longman and Co.), is to cost 1000*l*.

#### WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE earliest foundation of Westminster Abbey is enveloped in obscurity, but is attributed by the early chroniclers to the British King Lucius, A.D. 184, or to King Sebert, A.D. 616, its site being then called "Thorney Island;" but it is really a

\* "The Fabric Fund" for keeping the building in repair, produces only 1200*l*. a year: there are more than 8500 square feet, or two acres, of leadwork exposed to the sun, the soot, and the weather, and the bad work of the dome has demanded very extensive repairs; there are also about 450,000 feet, or ten and a half acres, of stonework likewise exposed to the sulphureous vapours and smoke of London; to say nothing of the interior, of which the superficial area (including crypt) is about twelve acres. A considerable portion of the fund (236*l*.) is devoted to insuring the church from fire to the extent of 95,000*l*. its total value may be estimated at 1,500,000*l*., but damage by fire could not be done to a greater extent than, perhaps, 600,000*l*.

peninsula of the purest sand and gravel, which may be seen in the foundations of the Abbey. The Island is named from this circumstance: "Sebert, nephew to Ethelbert, King of Kent and King of the East Saxons, having received baptism from the hands of Mellitus, who, coming over with Austin the Monk, was placed Bishop of London, pulled down a Pagan temple at a place called Thorney, from being overgrown with thorns, about two miles' distance from London, and founded upon the place a church to the honour of St. Peter." (*Dean Buckland*.) This church was not, however, completed until about 361 years after, by King Edgar, when it was named from being the "Minster West of St. Paul's." It was in a decayed and almost expiring condition when King Edward the Confessor, in fulfilment of a vow he had made during his exile from the kingdom, erected a church and abbey in a style hitherto unparalleled in English architecture, at Westminster, and, according to William of Malmesbury, the earliest Norman church in the island. King Edward gave to its treasury rich vestments, a golden crown and sceptre, a dalmatic, embroidered pall, spurs, &c., to be used on the day of the Sovereign's coronation: here our Kings and Queens have been crowned, from Edward the Confessor to Queen Victoria, and here very many of them are buried, some with and others without monuments. The Confessor lived just long enough to see his intention fulfilled. On the Festival of the Holy Innocents, Dec. 28, 1065, the new Abbey was dedicated, and the King, who died eight days afterwards, was buried by his own desire in front of the high altar in the Church of which he had just witnessed the completion. The Abbey as it now exists was for the most part rebuilt by Henry III. (A.D. 1220 to 1269), out of regard to the memory of the Confessor; but it covers the same ground, and there are vestiges of the original building to be seen. The remains of the Confessor were removed from before the high altar to the present shrine in 1269 by Henry III. From the Fabric Rolls we gather that the outlay going on at Westminster for the King's Palace and the Abbey Church was from 20,000*l.* to 40,000*l.* a year; or, in fifteen years, more than half a million of our money value. A great diversity of materials was used. The early portion (Henry III.) was built with the green sand or God-stone, which gave the name to the place in Surrey; a large portion, including the Jerusalem Chamber, was of this stone. Purbeck marble and Caen\* stone were used; and in some of the old cloisters, magnesian limestone, similar to that in the New Houses of Parliament. The enormous and massive fabric stands on a level with the adjacent causeway—not having a basement story, like *St. Paul's*—built upon a fine close sand, secured only by its very broad, wide, and spreading foundations.

From a Norman-French verse of the time of Henry III., there is no doubt that during that king's reign there existed a central tower and two others at the west end. Sir Christopher Wren distinctly stated that the commencement of a central tower existed in his time, and one of Hollar's views shows clear indications of it. As to what kind of central tower over the crossing was originally intended, Mr. Gilbert Scott, R.A., concludes, chiefly from the slightness of the exquisitely graceful piers of the central crossing, that nothing but a light *fleche*, after the French fashion, was ever thought of. Mr. Scott, who has so ably illustrated the architecture of the Abbey, says:—

"Of the original details of the exterior it is nearly impossible to form anything like a correct idea. The whole was greatly decayed at the commencement of the last century, and was re-cased, almost throughout, with Oxfordshire stone, by Sir Christopher Wren and his successors, the details being altered and pared down in a very merciless manner: and the work, thus renewed, has again become greatly decayed. There is, in fact, scarcely a trace of any original detail of the eastern portion of the exterior left." The Bayeux tapestry shows the Abbey-church in outline.

Dugdale, however, says:—

"The Church, as far as rebuilt in the reign of Henry III., may be easily distinguished from the parts erected at a later period. It consists of Edward the Confessor's Chapel, the side aisles and chapels, the choir (to somewhat lower than Sir Isaac Newton's monument), and the transepts. The four pillars of the present choir, which have brass fillets, appear to finish Henry's work: the conclusion of which is also marked by a striped chalky stone, which forms the roof."—Dugdale's *Monasticon*, vol. i. p. 273.

In 1862, it was discovered that in the south cloister wall of the Abbey the whole extent of its lower half consists of masonry of the age of Edward the Confessor. This

\* On the coast of France, in the neighbourhood of Caen, resides an old lady, on whose property are some valuable stone quarries, from whence the English Commissioners proposed to purchase the materials for building our Houses of Parliament. It is a curious fact that, by some old records in her family, she can prove that the blocks of stone used in building our Westminster Abbey were derived from the very same source.—*A Portion of the Journal of T. Raikes, Esq.*



stone of A.D. 1060 is uninjured to this day; though the vaulting above, of the date of 1380, has perished considerably. Both are equally exposed to the air and to external influences. The western towers, of shelly Portland oolite, are sound.

Nicholas Litlington, Abbot in the reign of Edward III., added several abbatial buildings, including the Hall; a great chamber called "the Jerusalem;" the west and south sides of the Great Cloister; and the Granary. Remains of the Jewel House, built by Richard II., exist. The walls, even to the parapets and the original doorways, are perfect; the interior, however, has been altered to fit it for a depository of the records of the House of Lords; the original groined vaults remain in the basement. The walls of this ancient strong house are 6 feet thick; and the masonry, generally, is of a similar character to that of the cloisters and other vaulted substructures built by Abbot Litlington. On the bosses of the vaulting in the parts of the cloisters attributed to this abbot the initials N. L. may be traced—rendering conjecture as certain as it may be.

It has lately been brought to light that the nave of the Abbey was rebuilt in 1413 by Richard Whittington and Richard Harrowden (a monk of the Abbey), to whom Henry V. issued a commission for the purpose. It has been plausibly argued by Mr. Lysons, in his recent memoir of Lord Mayor Whittington, that this personage was the very man named in the Royal Commission. The story goes that, when the King was unable to repay the sums which Whittington had advanced, the creditor magnanimously destroyed the bonds. There is every reason to believe that the old Norman Nave was left standing until that time.

In 1502, Henry VII. pulled down the Chapel of the Virgin, at the east end, and replaced it with the beautiful chapel now called by his name. It was originally built with Caen stone, and was restored within the present century, but with stone now in a state of decomposition.

From the first opening of the edifice until after the reign of Elizabeth, the Abbey was regarded as a safe Sanctuary: hither the Queen of Edward IV. fled with her five daughters and the young Duke of York when the crafty Richard Duke of Gloucester was plotting to seize the crown. "The Queen," says Sir Thomas More, "sate low on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed;" whilst the Thames was full of boats of Gloucester's servants, watching that no man should go to Sanctuary. On the reverse of Edward IV., in 1470, his Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, took shelter in the Sanctuary, where, "in great penury, forsaken of all her friends," she gave birth to Edward V.

The dedication of the Church to St. Peter (the tutelar saint of fishermen) led to their offerings of salmon upon the high altar; the donor on such occasions having the privilege of sitting at the convent-table to dinner, and demanding ale and bread from the cellarer.

Successive kings and abbots continued the building on the plan of Henry III., but so slowly, that the west-end towers in 1714 were unfinished; these Sir Christopher Wren pulled down, and erected the present western towers, in Grecianized Gothic style; he also proposed a central spire, as originally intended, for its beginnings appear on the corners of the cross, "but left off before it rose so high as the ridge of the roof." Of the old west front there is a view by Hollar, in Dugdale's *Monasticon*.

"The Abbey Church," says Mr. Bardwell, "formerly arose a magnificent apex to a royal palace, surrounded by its own greater and lesser sanctuaries and almshouses: its bell-towers (the principal one 72 feet 6 inches square, with walls 20 feet thick), chapels, prisons, gatehouses, boundary-walls, and a train of other buildings, of which we can at the present day, scarcely form an idea. In addition to *all the land around it*, extending from the Thames to Oxford-street, and from Vauxhall Bridge road to the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, the Abbey possessed 97 towns and villages, 17 hamlets, and 216 manors! Its officers fed hundreds of persons daily; and one of its priests (not the Abbot) entertained at his 'pavilion in Tothill' the King and Queen, with so large a party, that seven hundred dishes did not suffice for the first table; the Abbey butler, in the reign of Edward III., rebuilt at his own private expense, the stately gatehouse which gave entrance to Tothill-street, and a portion of the wall which remains to this day."—*Brief Account of Ancient and Modern Westminster*.

At the Dissolution, the Abbey was resigned to Henry VIII. by Abbot Benson; and the King ordered the Church to be governed by a Dean and Prebendaries, making Benson the Dean. In 1541, the Church was turned into an Episcopal See, having Middlesex for its diocese; but was soon again placed under a Dean and Prebendaries.

Mary, in 1556, dissolved this institution, and reappointed an Abbot and monks; but Elizabeth, on her accession, placed it under a dean and 12 secular canons, as a Collegiate Church, besides minor canons, and others of the choir, to the number of 30; 10 other officers, 2 schoolmasters, 40 scholars, and 12 almsmen, with ample maintenance for all; besides stewards, receivers, registrars, library-keepers, and other officers, the principal being the High Steward of Westminster. In the time of Cromwell, most of the revenues were devoted to the public service, but afterwards restored. As the abbots of the monastery had in former times possessed great privileges and honours annexed to the foundation, such as being entrusted with the keeping of the regalia for the coronation, &c., having places of necessary service on days of solemnity, and also exercising archiepiscopal jurisdiction in their liberties, and sitting as spiritual lords in Parliament; so the Deans of the Collegiate Church succeeded to most of them, and still possess considerable privileges. The Chapter still have a jurisdiction, not only within the city and liberty of Westminster, but also the precincts of St. Martin's-le-Grand, first annexed to it by Henry VII.

We give a *précis* of the most ancient remains, by Mr. Scott:—

"As Westminster Abbey is about the earliest work of its kind in this country, and as the building of the first portion of it by Henry III. extended over a space of twenty-four years, i.e. from 1245 to 1269, it becomes important to ascertain how early in this period the style of its architecture can be proved to have been defined. Now, a single entry in the documents in question has for ever settled this point. I have before stated that the most advanced part of the work (as to style) is the Chapter-house, as that contained traceried windows of four and five lights in a very developed form; the tracery is not confined to circles, but containing great quatrefoils, and the heads of the lights being trefoiled, which is not the case in the church. Now it would be most useful to know the exact date of these windows, for, though Matthew Paris gives 1250 as the year of commencement of the Chapter-house, it may have spread over an indefinite length of time, and the windows have belonged to twenty years after that date. Let us look then to the bills. Here we find in a roll, bearing date 37th Henry III., or 1263, and expressly called the eighth year from the beginning of the work, an item of '300 yards of canvas for the windows of the Chapter-house,' followed immediately by items for the purchase of glass, showing that the windows in question were completed in 1253, which I see was a year before the King, in company with St. Louis, visited the Sainte Chapelle, at Paris, which was then scarcely completed, and the style of which indicates exactly the same degree of advancement. I find also, that during the same year, the beautiful entrance or vestibule to the Chapter-house was erected."

A ground-plan, which is made by the gradations of its shading to represent the several ages of each part of the structure, shows us that the Chapel of the Pyx and the whole vaulted undercroft, extending southward under the old dormitory, which is the present Westminster school-room—besides the lower story of the refectory, which forms the south side of the cloister—are remains of Edward the Confessor's work, in the Late Saxon or Early Norman style. The superficial decoration of the inner wall is, as is well known, of the most exquisite kind of Pointed Architecture—that of the reign of Henry III. Late Norman is only found in the remains of St. Catherine's Chapel, supposed to have been the Infirmary Chapel, which are visible to the east of the Little Cloister. The Choir, Chevet, and Transepts of the Abbey-church, and the Chapter-house with its vestibule, belong to the great rebuilding undertaken by Henry III. The eastern half of the Nave, with the corresponding part of the Cloister, was built in the First Pointed manner of Edward I. Later in the same style is the south-eastern angle of the Cloisters. All the west end of the Nave, with the remainder of the Cloisters, and the Abbot's house (now the Deanery), including the famous Jerusalem Chamber, were built in the Earlier Third Pointed; while the eastern Chapel of Henry VII., replacing the Lady Chapel of Henry III., was added in the Tudor times of the expiring Gothic.

The church is remarkable as marking, first, the introduction of the French arrangement of chapels which, however, failed to take root here; and, secondly, the completed type of bar tracery, which was no sooner grafted on an English stock than it began to shoot forth in most vigorous and luxuriant growth.

The *Exterior* of the Abbey is best viewed from a distance: the western front from Tothill-street; the picturesque North Transept from King-street; and the south side from College-street. St. Margaret's Church, so often condemned as a disfigurement in viewing the Abbey, renders its height much greater by contrast. "Distant peeps of the Abbey towers, springing lightly above the trees, may be caught on the rising ground of the Green-park, and from the bridge over the Serpentine; and the superior elevation of the whole Abbey is seen with great effect from the hills about Wandsworth



and Wimbledon.”—(*Handbook*, by H. Cole.) The importance of the western towers is, however, lessened by the loftier tower of the New Houses of Parliament.

The *North Transept*, though its niches are statueless, is remarkable for its pinnacled buttresses, its triple porch and clustered columns, and its great rose-window, 90 feet in circumference—so as to have been called, for its beauty, “Solomon’s porch.” From the west side of this Transept, judicious restorations are in progress. At the arched doorway leading into the North Aisle terminates the portion of the Abbey completed by Edward I.

The *Western Front* bears the date of 1735: the height of the towers (225 feet) tells nobly; they were used as a telegraph station during the last French war. The great west window was the work of Abbot Estney, in 1498. The base of the south tower is hidden by the gable of the Jerusalem Chamber, now used as the Chapter-house. Parallel with the Jerusalem Chamber are the College Dining Hall and Kitchen, built by Abbot Litlington. The Westminster scholars dined in the hall until the year 1839; in the centre fagots blazed on a circular stone hearth, the smoke finding egress through the lantern in the roof.

The *South Side* is approached from Dean’s Yard, on the east side of which an old doorway leads into a court where is Inigo Jones’s rustic entrance to the school-room of the College, refounded, in 1560, by Queen Elizabeth. To the left are the old grey *Cloisters*, with groined arches of the fourteenth century, surrounding a grassy area—monastic solitude in contrast with the scene on the opposite side of the Church. The Rembrandtish lights in these cloisters are very fine; and here the South Aisle of the Church, with its huge buttresses, is best seen. The North Cloister is distinguished by its trefoiled arches, with circles above them, of the twelfth century. The East Cloister (*temp.* Edward III.) is rich in flowing tracery and foliations. Here is the entrance to a chapel of the Confessor’s time, and now “the Chamber of the Pyx,” wherein are kept the standards used at the trial of the Pyx, the three keys of its double doors being deposited with distinct officers of the Exchequer. The groined roofs are supported by Romanesque or semicircular arches, and thick, short, round shafts.

Eastward is the magnificent entrance to the *Chapter-house*, which is to be repaired under the direction of Mr. Scott. Its beauty is evident, notwithstanding its neglected condition. In the course of the works, the architect has discovered the ancient entrance to the dormitory, which he re-opened, and restored as the entrance to the library. This has enabled him to get rid of the modern entrance to the library, which was cut through the groining of this passage, leading to the vestibule of the Chapter-house.

*The Interior*.—The best entrance to the Abbey is through the little door into the South Transept, or Poets’ Corner; whence the endless perspective lines lead into mysterious gloom.

From Poets’ Corner we see, almost without changing the point of sight, the two Transepts, and part of the Nave and Choir. The interior consists, as it were, of two grand stories, or series of groined arches of unequal height: a lower story, which comprises the outer aisles of the Transepts, of the Nave, and the ambulatory of the Choir: and a higher story, forming the middle aisles of the Nave, Transepts, and the Choir. The lower story mostly exhibits the remains of a series of three-headed arches or trefoil-headed arcades, resting on a basement seat: and above these arcades are pointed windows, each divided in the centre by a single mullion, surmounted by a circle. Among the marked features of the whole of the upper and inner story are the mural decorations of the spandrels of the arches; above them, the gallery or triforium; and over this a clerestory of lofty windows.—(See *Handbook*, by H. Cole, pp. 45, 46.)

The Interior, viewed from the western entrance, shows the surpassing beauty of the long-drawn aisles, with their noble columns, harmonious arches, and fretted vaults, “a dim religious light” streaming through the lancet windows.

The general plan of the Church is cruciform: besides the Nave, Choir, and Transepts, it contains 12 chapels, the principal of which are those dedicated to St. Edward of England, to the Blessed Virgin (Henry VII.’s), the easternmost building, and those in the northern and southern sides of the building: four on the south, viz., those of St. Blaise, St. Benedict, St. Edmund, and St. Nicholas; on the north those of St. Andrew, St. Michael, St. John the Evangelist, St. Erasmus, St. John the Baptist, and St. Paul. Of these, 10 are nearly filled with monumental tombs; the Chapel

of Henry VII. containing but the monument of its founder; and that of St. Paul having but one tomb.

The *South Transept* is less decorated than its fellow on the north; and the lower part is concealed by the Library and Chapter-house. Here, in what is appropriately termed *Poets' Corner*, are the graves or monuments of the majority of our greatest poets, from Chaucer to Campbell. To the right of the entrance-door is the tomb of "the Father of English Poetry" (d. 1400): it is a dingy and greasy recess, on which may be traced with the finger Galfridus Chaucer, the only part of the inscription which was originally chiselled; the other lines have disappeared. This memorial was partly placed here in 1556, by Nicholas Brigham, a student at Oxford, and a poet, too; the altar-tomb originally covered Chaucer's remains, removed from here by Brigham, who placed over it the canopy: it is altogether in decay, but in 1850 was proposed to be restored. Nearer the door is the large monument erected by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, to Dryden, whose name it simply bears, with a noble bust of him by Scheemakers. Pope wrote for the pedestal this couplet:—

"This Sheffield raised: the sacred dust below  
Was Dryden once: the rest, who does not know?"

Next is a wreathed urn, by Bushnell, erected by George Duke of Buckingham over Abraham Cowley, as the Latin inscription declares, the Pindar, Horace, and Virgil of England: this full-blown flattery, by Dean Sprat, greatly provoked Dr. Johnson. From Chaucer's tomb, eastward, the monuments are placed as follows:—To John Philips, who wrote *The Splendid Shilling*, *Cider*, and other poems: profile in relief, within a wreath of apple and laurel leaves. Barton Booth, the eminent actor, the original *Cato* in Addison's play: a bust, erected by Booth's widow. Michael Drayton, who wrote the *Polyolbion*: a bust on pediment, with a beautiful epitaph, attributed to Dryden; erected at the expense of Clifford, Countess of Dorset, who also put up a monument to Edmund Spenser, author of the *Faerie Queene*: tablet and pediment, renewed in marble in 1778. Spenser was the second poet interred in the Abbey; he "died for lake of bread," in King-street, Westminster, and was buried here by Devereux, Earl of Essex. Ben Jonson: medallion on the wall, by Rysbrack, after Gibbs; "O rare Ben Jonson!" inscribed beneath the head. Samuel Butler, author of *Hudibras*: bust, placed here by Alderman Barber, the patriotic printer (see ALDERMAN, p. 5). John Milton, buried in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate: bust and tablet, erected by Mr. Auditor Benson, who, "in the inscription, has bestowed more words upon himself than upon Milton." Thomas Gray, buried at Stoke Poges: a figure of the Lyric Muse holding a medallion of the poet, by Bacon, R.A., with inscription by William Mason, Gray's biographer, who lies next: profile medallion, with inscription by Bishop Hurd. Matthew Prior: bust by Coysevox, presented to Prior from Louis XIV.; and statues of Thalia and Clio, by Rysbrack. St. Evremond, the French Epicurean wit: bust and tablet; and below it, profile medallion, by Chantrey, R.A., of Granville Sharp, Negro Slavery Abolitionist, erected by the African Institution of London. Thomas Shadwell, poet-laureate early in the reign of William III., buried at Chelsea: but crowned with bays, above Prior's monument. Christopher Anstey, author of the *New Bath Guide*: tablet on the next column; and at the back of St. Evremond's monument, a tablet to Mrs. Pritchard, the eminent tragic actress. William Shakspeare: the subscription monument; a statue by Scheemakers, after Kent, with absurd and pedantic accessories: the lines on the scroll are from the play of the *Tempest*. James Thomson, buried in Richmond (Surrey) Church: statue, paid for by a subscription edition of his *Seasons*, &c., in 1762. Nicholas Rowe, dramatist and poet-laureate (George I.), and his daughter Charlotte: busts by Rysbrack; inscription by Pope. John Gay, who wrote the *Beggars' Opera*: winged boy and medallion portrait, erected by the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury: the scoffing couplet, "Life's a jest," is Gay's own unworthy composition; the lines beneath it are by Pope. Oliver Goldsmith, poet, dramatist, and essayist: medallion by Nollekens, R.A., over doorway to the Chapel of St. Blaise; the place chosen by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the Latin inscription written by Dr. Johnson. John Duke of Argyll: statues of the warrior and orator as a Roman, with History, Eloquence, Britannia, &c., by Roubiliac: Canova said of the figure of Eloquence: "This is one of the noblest



statues I have seen in England." George Frederick Handel, the great musician: statue, beneath a winged harper and stupendous organ; the last work of Roubiliac, who took the mould from Handel's face after death. Above the niche is a record of the "Commemoration," in 1784; the gravestone is beneath. Joseph Addison, buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel: a poor statue on pedestal, by Westmacott, R.A. Addison's visits here are ever to be remembered: "When I am in a serious humour," writes he, "I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable." Isaac Barrow, "the unfair preacher," *temp.* Charles II.: bust and tablet. Sir Richard Coxe, Taster (of food) to Queen Elizabeth and James I.: marble tablet. Isaac Casaubon, the learned editor of *Persius* and *Polybius*: marble monument. Camden, the great English antiquary, and a Master of Westminster School: half-length figure; buried before St. Nicholas's Chapel. David Garrick, the eminent actor: statue, with medallion of Shakspeare; a coxcombical piece of art.

The most remarkable gravestones in the *South Transept* are those of Richard Cumberland, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Samuel Johnson, and David Garrick and his wife; "Thomas Parr, of ye county of Sallop, born in A.D. 1483. He lived in the reigns of ten princes, viz., King Edward IV., King Edward V., King Richard III., King Henry VII., King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles; aged 152 years, and was buried here Nov. 15, 1635;" Sir William Chambers, architect of Somerset House; R. Adam, architect of the Adelphi; John Henderson, the actor; James Macpherson, Esq., M.P. (*Ossian* Macpherson); William Gifford, critic; Davenant (inscribed, "O rare Sir William Davenant!"), in the grave of Thomas May, the poet, whose body was disinterred, and his monument destroyed, at the Restoration; Francis Beaumont, "Fletcher's associate;" and Sir John Denham, K.B., author of *Cooper's Hill*.

Near Shakspeare's monument is a bust, by Weekes, of Robert Southey, poet-laureate (buried in Crosthwaite Church, Keswick); and next is the gravestone over Thomas Campbell, author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, with an exquisite statue of the poet, by W. C. Marshall. Here also is a sitting statue of Wordsworth, by Theed.

Large fees are paid to the Dean and Chapter for the admission of monuments: from 200*l.* to 300*l.* for a statue, and from 150*l.* to 200*l.* for a bas-relief; for Lord Holland's monument, 20 feet square, 300*l.* The statue of Lord Byron, by Thorwaldsen, was refused admission; and after lying twelve years in the London Dock cellars, in 1845 it was placed in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

"The power of granting or refusing permission to erect monuments in the Abbey rests exclusively with the Dean, except when the House of Commons, by a vote and grant of public money, takes the matter out of his hands. The Dean invariably refuses to allow the erection of statues, as encroaching on space which ought to belong to worshippers, and is already unduly encumbered with stone and marble."

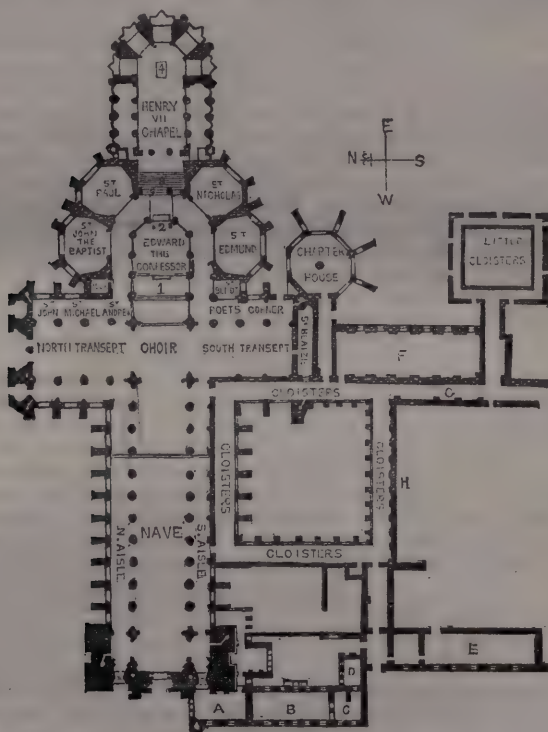
Over the grave of Lord Macaulay is placed a tablet, with the following simple inscription: "Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay, born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, October 25, 1800. Died at Holly Lodge, Campden-hill, December 28, 1859. 'His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore.'"

On the end of the gallery, westward, are the remains of a supposed fresco, a White Hart, "conchant, gorged with a gold chain and coronet," the device of Richard II.

*The Chapel of St. Blaise*, or the Old Revestry, which occupies the space between the South Transept and the Vestibule, leading from the Cloisters to the Chapter-house, is known to few visitors: its beautiful bit of sexpartite groining, and its mural paintings, are very curious.

The Chapel of St. Blaise occupies the place of what is known at St. Alban's and elsewhere as the "slype." At the east end of the chapel are the remains of an elaborate painting of a figure holding a gridiron, supposed, therefore, to represent St. Faith; beneath which is the Crucifixion: there is also a monk at his devotions; and the remainder of the pointed arch is filled with red and other coloured zigzag ornaments, inscriptions, and devices; and although the original altar has been removed, the low elevation, with a peculiar circle in front, may still be traced. Immediately above the Blaise Chapel is some Norman masonry,—a piece of the exterior of the former Abbey.

From Poets' Corner (Goldsmith first mentions the felicitous name), in passing to the first Chapel may be seen, preserved under glass, the remains of an altar-painting, including a figure, probably intended for Christ; an angel with a palm-branch on each side, and a figure of St. Peter; considered by the late Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., to be "worthy of a good Italian artist of the fourteenth century," yet executed in England: of the costly enrichments there remain coloured glass, inlaid on tinfoil, and a few cameos and gems. The following is the order of the Chapels, only the most remarkable of their monumental *Curiosities* being noticed. The Chapels, both on the north and south sides are nearly alike, and architecturally in character with Henry III.'s structure: they are lighted by lofty windows, with arches enclosing circles, above which are windows within triangles, also enclosing circles.



Ground Plan of Westminster Abbey.—A. Jerusalem Chamber. B. College Dining Hall. C. Kitchen. D. Larder. E. Ancient remains. F. Confessor's building (Pix). G. Dark Cloisters. H. Hall of Refectory. 1. High Altar. 2. Henry V.'s Chapel. 3. Porch to Henry VII's Chapel. 4. Henry VII's Tomb.

1. *St. Benedict's Chapel*.—The oldest tomb here is that of Langham, Archbishop of Canterbury (d. 1376); his effigies robed and mitred.

2. *St. Edmund's Chapel*: Tomb of William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and half-brother to Henry III. (d. 1296), the effigies encased in metal—the earliest existing instance in this country of the use of enamelled metal for monumental purposes; tomb of John of Eltham, son of Edward II., but without its beautiful canopy covering the whole with delicate wrought spires and mason's work, everywhere intermixed and adorned with little images and angels, according to the fashion of those times, supported by eight pillars of white stone, of the same curiously wrought work (d. 1334); alabaster figures of William of Windsor and Blanch de la Tour, children of Edward III.



the boy in a short doublet, the girl in a horned headdress; portrait brasses, in the area, of Eleanor de Bohun, Duchess of Gloucester, as a nun of Barking Abbey (d. 1399), and Robert de Waldeby, Archbishop of York (d. 1397)—both the most perfect in the Church; alabaster figure of Lady Elizabeth Russell, long absurdly said by the guides to have died from the prick of a needle; wall monuments to Lady Jane Seymour (d. 1560) and Lady Jane Grey (d. 1553); black marble gravestone of Lord Herbert of Cherbury (d. 1678); and Sir Bernard Brocas (d. 1470), altar statue and decorated canopy. This Chapel contains altogether about twenty monuments, including one of the finest brasses in the Abbey. There are also some interesting specimens of enamelling on the well-known fine monument to Edward III., with metal statuettes on the side opposite the entrance to this chapel. These enamels are of later date (Edward III. died in 1377) and are probably of English make.

3. *St. Nicholas's Chapel*: Perpendicular stone screen, with quatre-foiled arches highly decorated, and embattled frieze of shields and roses, once coloured; entrance, over the grave of Sir Henry Spelman, the antiquary; rich in Elizabethan tombs, bright with gold and colour, alabaster, touchstone, porphyry, and variegated marbles, Gothic canopies, Corinthian pillars, kneeling and recumbent figures, &c.: marble tomb of the wife of the Protector Somerset; portrait brass of Sir Humphrey Stanley, knighted by Henry VII. on Bosworth Field; gorgeous monument of the great Lord Burghley to his wife Mildred and their daughter Anne; costly altar-tomb of Sir George Villiers, erected for his wife, by N. Stone, cost 560*l.*, the year before her death; monument of Bishop Dudley, his original brass effigies gone, and the figure of Lady Catherine St. John in its place! Here rests Katherine of Valois, Queen of Henry V., removed on the pulling down of the old Chapel of the Virgin; her body was for nearly three centuries shown to visitors, not being re-interred until 1776. Next is the vault of the Percys, with a large marble monument, designed by Adam; here the Dukes of Northumberland have been interred with great state; their funeral processions reaching from Northumberland House to the Abbey western door.

In the Ambulatory, opposite St. Nicholas's Chapel, are the eastern side of the tomb of Edward III., and the chantry of Henry V., where Mr. Scott discovered tabernacle-work and statuettes within the masonry, and niches filled with blue glass. The entire work contained, when perfect, more than seventy statues and statuettes, besides several brass figures on the surrounding railing. Looking thence, in a few square feet, we have specimens of Gothic architecture, in several of its stages, as it flourished from the time of Henry III. to Henry VII. Through a dark vestibule you ascend to

4. *Henry VII.'s Chapel*, consisting of a Nave and two aisles, with five chapels at the east end. The entrance-gates are of oak, eased with brass-gilt, and richly dight with the portcullis, the crown, and twined roses. The vaulted porch is enriched with radiated quatrefoils and other figures, roses, fleurs-de-lis, &c.; Henry's supporters, the lion, the dragon, and the greyhound; his arms and his badges; a rose frieze and embattlement. The fan-traceried pendentive stone roof of the Chapel is encrusted with roses, knots of flowers, bosses, pendants, and armorial cognizances; the walls are covered with sunk panels, with feathered mouldings; and in a profusion of niches are statues, and angels with escutcheons; and the royal heraldic devices, the Tudor rose and the fleur-de-lis under crowns. The edifice is lighted by eight clerestory windows.

In the Nave are the dark oaken canopied stalls of the Knights of the Bath, who were installed in this Chapel until 1812: these stalls are studded with portcullises, falcons on fetterlocks, fruit and flowers, dragons and angels; and above each still hangs the banner of its knight. In the centre of the apsis, or east end, within rich and massive gates of brass, is the royal founder's tomb: a pedestal, with the effigies (supposed likenesses) of Henry and his Queen Elizabeth, originally crowned; the whole adorned with pilasters, relievos, rose-branches, and images, on graven tabernacles, of the Kings and patron Saints, all copper-gilt; at the angles are seated angels. This costly tomb is the six years' work of Pietro Torrigiano, a Florentine, who received for it the large sum of 1500*l.*: the Perpendicular brazen screen, resembling a Gothic palace, is fine English art: it formerly had thirty-six statues, of which but six remain. The only remnant of old glass in the Chapel is a figure called Henry VII. in the east window.

From Henry VII. to George II., most of the English sovereigns have been interred

here. Edward VI. was buried near the high altar, but is without tomb or inscription. In the *North Aisle*, in the same tomb, lie the Queens Mary and Elizabeth, with a large monument to Elizabeth, by Maximilian Coulte, erected by James I.

"The bigot Mary rests in the Abbey Church of Westminster, but no storied monument, no costly tomb, has been raised to her memory. She was interred with all the solemn funeral rites used by the Church, and a mass of requiem, on the north side of the chapel of Henry VII. During the reign of her successor not the slightest mark of respect was shown to her memory by the erection of a monument; and even at the present day no other memorial remains to point out where she lies, except two small black tablets at the base of the sumptuous tomb erected by order of King James I. over the ashes of Elizabeth and her less fortunate sister. On them we read as follows:

REGNO CONSORTES  
ET VERNA HIC OBDOR-  
MIMUS ELIZABETHA

ET MARIA SOORES  
IN SPE RESURREC-  
TIONIS.

*Sir F. Madden; Privy-Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary, &c.*

Near Queen Elizabeth's monument is an alabaster cradle and effigy of the infant daughter of James I.; which King, with his Queen Anne, and son Prince Henry, the Queen of Bohemia, and Arabella Stuart, lie beneath. Next is a white marble sarcophagus, containing the supposed remains of Edward V. and his brother Richard, murdered in the Tower by order of their uncle, King Richard III. Near it is a recumbent figure, by Sir R. Westmacott, R.A., of the Duke of Montpensier, brother of Louis Philippe, King of the French. Next is the grave of Addison, whose elegant and impressive essay on the Abbey Church and its monuments is inseparable from its history; and close by is the great pyramidal monument of Addison's friend and patron, the Earl of Halifax. The headless corpse of Charles I. was buried at Windsor. The Protector was buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel, but in about two years his remains were removed. In the *South Aisle* was interred Charles II., "without any manner of pomp, and soon forgotten" (*Evelyn*). James II. has no place here; the vacant space next his brother's remains being occupied by William III. and his Queen. Anne and Prince George complete the royal occupants of the vault. In the centre of the Chapel, in another vault, are the remains of King George II. and Queen Caroline, as it were in one receptacle, a side from each coffin having been removed by the King's direction. In the same vault rests Frederick Prince of Wales, father of George III., beside the Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden. In the South Aisle is the altar-tomb of Margaret Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., with a brass effigy by Torrigiano; a very fine altar-tomb, with effigy, of Lord Darnley's mother, who "had to her great-grandfather King Edward IV., to her grandfather King Henry VII., to her uncle King Henry VIII., to her cousin-german King Edward VI., to her brother King James V. of Scotland, to her son (Darnley, husband of Mary Queen of Scots), King Henry I. (of Scotland), and to her grandchild King James VI. (of Scotland)," and I. of England. Here also is the tomb, with effigy, of Mary Queen of Scots, erected by Cornelius Cure for James I., who removed his mother's remains thither from Peterborough Cathedral. In the same aisle lies Monk, Duke of Albemarle, whose funeral Charles II. personally attended: the statue monument is by Kent. Here likewise are interred George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (assassinated 1628), and his son, the profligate Duke.

Henry VII. did not live to see this Chapel finished; but his will, dated A.D. 1509, contains orders and directions for its completion. In several parts of the walls is repeated a rebus, formed by an *eye* and a *slip* or branch of a tree, indicating the name of the founder, Islip. The Chapel had, at the beginning of the present century, been built only about 300 years; within a period of thirty-three years no less a sum than nearly 70,000*l.* was spent in repairs, chiefly of the exterior.\* In 1793, James Wyatt stated that the repairs, necessary and ornamental, would amount to 25,200*l.* The restoration was commenced in 1810; contrary to Wyatt's estimate, it occupied thirteen years instead of three, and cost over 42,000*l.*

The choristers had a right to levy a fine on any person who entered this Chapel with spurs:

\* Henry the Seventh's Chapel is built of stone from the quarries between the town of Reigate and the chalk hills to the north.—Webster; *Geolog. Trans.*



Bishop Finch had to pay eighteenpence for offending; and even the Royal Duke of Cumberland, excusing himself with this reply, "It is only fair I should wear my spurs where they were first buckled on," complied with the custom. It was made the Chapel of the Knights of the Bath, May 18, 1725; the last installation occurred in 1811. On May 9, 1803, according to old custom, the King's cook met the Knights at Poets' Corner with a chopping-knife, and addressed them with these words: "If you break your oath, by virtue of my office I will hack your spurs from off your heels."

5. *St. Paul's Chapel* is crowded with Cinque-cento tombs, rich in marble, gilding, and colour: the tombs of Sir Thomas Bromley, Queen Elizabeth's Chancellor, hung with banners; of Lord Bouchier, standard-bearer to Henry V. at Agincourt; and of Sir Giles Daubney, are among the best specimens of the period. In frigid and colossal contrast with their beauty, and hiding the Raffaelesque sculptures of Henry the Fifth's chantry, is the sitting statue of James Watt, the engineer, by Chantrey, R.A., strangely out of place in a mediæval Church: the inscription, which contains not a word of flattery, is by Lord Brougham. Next westward you ascend a small staircase, leading to

6. *Edward the Confessor's Chapel*, in the rear of the high altar of the Abbey. A square of red tiles marks the site of St. Edward's altar, which was standing at the coronation of Charles II., and used as the depository of the regalia. In the centre is the Shrine of the Confessor, erected at the expense of Henry III., and enriched with mosaic, priceless jewels, and images of gold and silver; and bearing a Latin inscription, now almost effaced. Northward is the altar-tomb of Edward I. (d. 1307), of Purbeck marble, "scantly fynysshed:" it was opened in 1774, when the King's body was nearly entire. Next is the canopied altar-tomb of Henry III. (1272), once richly dight with glittering marbles and mosaic work of gold, and still bearing a fine brass effigies of the King. At the east end is the altar-tomb and effigies of Eleanor, Queen of Edward I.; its beautiful iron-work, wrought by a smith at Leighton Buzzard in 1293-4, was restored in 1849. To Fabyan's time, two wax tapers had been kept burning upon Eleanor's tomb, day and night, from her burial. The statue of the Queen Eleanor is of English workmanship, by William Torel, a goldsmith, and citizen of London. There has been an attempt to prove that he was a member of the Italian family of Torelli; but the name of Torel occurs in documents from the time of the Confessor down to the said William. When the beauty of the statue of the Queen is examined it will be understood how acceptable is this discovery: "her image most curiously done in brass, gilt with gold; her hair dishevelled, and falling very handsomely about her shoulders; on her head a crown, under a fine canopy, supported by two cherubim, all of brass gilt." The stone-work of the Queen's tomb was constructed by Master Richard de Crundale, mason, who began the Charing Cross. Above the effigy was originally a canopy of wood, made by Thomas de Hockington, carpenter. This canopy was painted by Master Walter de Durham, who also executed the paintings on the side of the tomb.

Richard II. and his Queen, Anne of Bohemia, are commemorated by a tomb of Petworth marble, inlaid with latten; the fabric cost 250*l.*, the images 400*l.*, and the building of the effigies of copper and latten gilt, linked hand in hand, 400 marks. Henry V., who removed Richard's remains from Langley, established a Chantry of "sad and solemn priests," for his soul's repose.

The altar-tomb and chantry of Henry V. occupy the east end of the chapel; the head of the King, of solid silver, was stolen from the tomb at the Reformation. "In Harry the Fifth's time," says Sir Philip Sidney, "the Lord Dudley was his lord-steward, and did that pitiful office in bringing home, as the chief mourner, his victorious master's dead body, as who goes but to Westminster in the church may see."

At the King's burial, three chargers, with their riders excellently armed, were led according to custom, up to the high altar. The iron gates were wrought in the reign of King Henry VI. The screen, flanked with two octagonal towers, is a mass of images of saints, sculptures of his coronation, and heraldic badges. A mutilated effigy of oak lies upon the tomb; above him are the remains of the armour which he offered here in thanksgiving, the saddle-tree stripped of its blue velvet housings powdered with fleur-de-lys; the small shield, its green damask semée with lilies of France; and that renowned sore broken helmet, its crest deeply dented with the stroke of D'Alençon's battle-axe that stunned him at Agincourt, when it clove away half of his golden crown. The canopies and niches, filled with statues of kings, bishops, abbots, and saints, are very fine.

The archway had formerly ornamented iron gates, made by a London smith, in 1431, but now among the Abbey stores. Next, by

7. *St. Erasmus's Chapel*, you enter

8. *St. John the Baptist's Chapel*, with a groined roof, coloured end wall, and sculptured arcades. Here are buried several early Abbots of Westminster. An altar-tomb, of freestone, bears the effigy of William de Colchester, wearing gold bracelets bordered with pearls and set with stones, and a gold mitre covered with large pearls, and crosses and stars of precious gems,—a rare piece of monumental costume. Here is a large Cinque-cento monument to Cary, Lord Hunsdon, first cousin and Chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth; in the centre of the area is the altar-tomb of Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter, and his two wives, the second of whom refused to allow her statue to be laid in the left side space, still vacant. The alabaster monument to Colonel Edward Popham, "one of the Parliament Generals at sea," was the only one spared at the Restoration. Nearly all the old tombs have lost their canopies. The view from here is very picturesque and varied; and in leaving the Chapel, the eye ranges across the north transept, and down the north aisles of the choir and nave, through a high o'erarching vista of "dim religious light," brightened by a gemmy lancet window.

9. *Abbot Islip's Chapel* is elegantly sculptured, and contains his altar-tomb, with an effigy of the Abbot in his winding-sheet. In this chapel was the Wax-work Exhibition, which originated in the olden custom of waxen figures of great persons being formerly borne in their funeral processions, then for a time deposited over their graves, and subsequently removed. Other figures were added; the *sight* was called by the vulgar, "The Play of the Dead Folks," and was not discontinued until 1839. Next the Chapel is the monument to General Wolfe, by Wilton, R.A., with a lead-bronzed bas-relief of the landing at Quebec, executed by Cappizoldi. We now enter the East Aisle of the North Transept, formerly divided by enriched screens into the Chapels of St. John, St. Michael, and St. Andrew. Here is the celebrated tomb of Sir Francis Vere (*temp. Elizabeth*), his effigy recumbent beneath a canopy on which are his helmet, breastplate, &c., supported by four kneeling knights at the four corners; the design is said to have been borrowed from a tomb at Breda, attributed to Michael Angelo. Roubiliac was found one day with his looks fixed on one of the knights' figures; "Hush! hush!" said he to the Abbey mason, laying his hand on his arm as he approached, and pointing to the figure, "he will speak presently." Near this tomb is Roubiliac's famous monument to Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, where Death, as a skeleton, is launching his dart at the beautiful wife, who sinks into the arms of her agonized husband; her right arm is the perfection of sculpture: "life seems slowly receding from her tapering fingers and quivering wrist." (*Allan Cunningham*.) Roubiliac died the year after its erection, 1762: this work touches every heart, but the figure of Death is too literal and melodramatic. Upon the spot, formerly the oratory of St. John the Evangelist, is a marble statue of Mrs. Siddons by Campbell; she is in her famous walking dress as Lady Macbeth. Here is also an alto-relievo, by J. Bacon, jun., to Admiral R. Kempenfeldt, drowned by the sinking of the *Royal George*, 1782:

"When Kempenfeldt went down  
With twice four hundred men."

Opposite is the colossal statue of Telford, the eminent engineer, by Baily, R.A.; and a tablet to Sir Humphry Davy. Eastward is the north side of Henry the Fifth's Chantry, with his coronation ceremony, and its equestrian war-group, whose poetic grandeur of sculpture so charmed Flaxman.

The shrine of Henry V. is excellently carved. The figures, which are carried along the screen, in niches, are mostly habited in long gowns, fastened by a buckled belt, and reaching to the feet, with a cloak over them: others represent ecclesiastics; and several of them have books. The coronation, in a square compartment, is supposed by Gough to represent the coronation of Henry V. in this church, by Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Henry Beaufort, the king's uncle. The canopies over the coronation, and nine small figures, are surmounted by devices of the swan and antelope alternately. The large cornices under the figures are likewise ornamented with swans and antelopes, collared and chained to a tree, on which is a flaming cresset light.

Near to this Chantry is the tomb of Philippa of Hainault, Queen of Edward III., in the account of its cost stated to have been executed by one "Hawkin Liege, from France," though its character is Flemish.

The monument consists of an altar tomb of dark marble overlaid with niches of open work in white alabaster. These niches contained thirty statuettes of different personages, connected by relationship or marriage with the queen. Nearly the whole of the tabernacle-work, though shown as perfect in the prints of the early part of the last century, has since disappeared.



Next is the highly decorated altar-tomb and effigies of Edward III., with the richest and most perfect canopy in the Abbey: it is Early Perpendicular, and elaborately carved; six statues of Edward's children remain, of brass-gilt, set in niches; the metal table and effigy are of latten; the head of the King is eulogized by Lord Lindsay as one of almost ideal beauty. The sword, 7 feet in length, and weighing 18 lb., and the plain rough shield of wood, coarsely lined with buckram and rough leather, recel "the mighty victor, mighty lord." The state sword and shield were carried before Edward III. in France:

"The monumental sword that conquered France."—*Dryden*.

Here, also, are three small tombs of children of Edward III., Edward IV., and Henry VII.; likewise, a brass of John de Waltham, Bishop of Salisbury, and Lord High Treasurer, buried, by favour of Richard II., in this "Chapel of the Kings." This is parted from the Choir by a shrine of fifteenth-century work, its frieze bearing the following 14 sculptures, from the life of the last legitimate Anglo-Saxon King:

1. Prelates and nobles doing fealty to Edward the Confessor before he was born. 2. Birth of the Confessor. 3. The Confessor's Coronation. 4. The Confessor witnessing the Devil dancing on the Danegelt Tax in casks. 5. Edward admonishing the thief stealing his treasure. 6. Christ appearing to Edward. 7. Vision—King of Denmark falling into the sea. 8. Tosti and Harold's quarrel. 9. Vision—Emperor Theodosius and Cave of Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. 10. Edward giving his ring to St. John Evangelist. 11. Restoration of the Blind, by use of water in which Edward had washed. 12. St. John giving Edward's ring to Pilgrims. 13. Pilgrims returning the ring to Edward. 14. Called "Dedication of Edward the Confessor's Church."

The two upper stories of the Shrine are of wainscot, and were probably erected by Abbot Feckenham, in Queen Mary's reign. The massive iron-bound oaken coffin containing the ashes of the pious Edward, within the ancient stonework, may be seen from the parapet of Henry V.'s Chapel.

Two illuminations from the life of St. Edward, in the University Library, Cambridge, show—1. One end of the Shrine in which the saint was, probably, first deposited after canonization, with the infirm persons creeping through the openings left in his tomb for this purpose. There is a pillar on either side of the Shrine surmounted by statues of St. John the Evangelist and Edward the Confessor. It is therefore probable that the two large twisted columns which we now see at the basement of the Shrine served for a similar purpose. 2. The side of the same Shrine. The lid is raised, upheld by several persons; and four other persons, one of whom is doubtless intended to represent Gundulph, who vainly endeavoured to abstract one of the hairs of the beard, are readjusting the saint's remains. His features and beard are shown as in perfect preservation; and there is a crown upon his head.

Mr. John Gough Nichols, from diaries kept during the days of Queen Mary, shows that the body of the Confessor had been removed, and the Shrine, wholly or in part, taken down at the Dissolution, but restored in Queen Mary's time, when the present wooden Shrine, cornice, modern inscription, and painted decorations were added. Mr. Scott, however, thinks the marble substructure to have been only in part removed. There is, in Abbot Litlington's service-book in the Abbey Library, a view of the Shrine—it is feared, an imaginary one. The substructure is speckled over to represent mosaic work, but the seven arched recesses for pilgrims to kneel under, which really occupy two sides and an end, are all shown on one side! The Shrine has on its sloped covering a recumbent figure of the Confessor. Mr. Scott opened the ground round the half-buried pillars at the west end, and found them to agree in height with those at the east, which they so much exceed in diameter; and he recovered the broken parts of one of the eastern pillars, and refitted and refixed its numerous fragments with the help of one new piece of only a few inches in length; so that we have now one perfect pillar.

Some seven years ago, Mr. P. Cunningham found in the Accounts of the Paymaster of Works and Buildings, belonging to the Crown during the reign of King James II., the following entry:—

"Paid to Mathew Bankes, for a large coffin by him made to enclose the body of St. Edward the Confessor, and setting it up in its place, in the year 1655,—6*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.* And to William Backe, locksmith, for large hinges and rivets, and 2 crossbars for the said coffin,—2*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.*"

"I have seen" (says Keepe) "a large chest or coffin, bound about with strong bands of iron, lying about the midst of the inside of this shrine, where I suppose the body of the pious Confessor may still be conserved." Keepe's work was published in 1681; and four years after, at the taking down of the

scaffolding, erected for the coronation of James II., a hole was either accidentally or purposely broken in the lid of the Confessor's coffin. "On putting my hand into the hole" (says Keepe), "and turning the bones which I felt there, I drew from underneath the shoulder-bones a crucifix, richly adorned and enamelled, and a gold chain, twenty-four inches long." The crucifix and chain of the *last but one* of our Saxon kings were accepted by the *last* of our Stuart kings. Their destiny is, I believe, unknown.

With their backs to the screen stand the two Coronation Chairs used at the crowning of the British sovereigns. One was made by order of Edward I. to hold the Scone stone, of legendary fame, and which had been for ages the coronation seat of the Scottish kings: it is of reddish-grey sandstone, 26 by 16 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches, and 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick. The companion chair was made for the coronation of Mary, Queen of William III. Both chairs are of architectural design: the ancient one, St. Edward's Chair, is supported upon four lions; and both are covered with gold-frosted tissue, and cushioned, when used at coronations.

Mr. Burges believes that the Chair was ornamented with painting, gilding, glass, jewels, and enamels in a similar mode as were the sedilia and retabulum. The gilding of the chair was effected by a process not hitherto detected. After the usual "gesso" was applied, and the gold laid on by means of white of egg, and the ground thus formed was still elastic, a blunt instrument was used to prick out the pattern. By the aid of a dark lantern and a strong lens, the decorations have been made out by Mr. Tracey. At the back of the chair are remains of the representation of a king there, seated on a cushion draped with lozenges, with his feet resting on a lion. On the dexter side are traces of birds and foliage;—on the sinister a diaper of compound quatrefoils with a different subject, such as a knight, a monster, a bird, foliage, in each quatrefoil.

In the Wardrobe Accounts of Edward I.'s time there is a charge by Master Walter, the painter, for the costs and expenses incurred by him for making one step at the foot of the *new chair* (in which is the stone from Scotland), set up near the altar in St. Edward's Shrine in the Abbatial Church at Westminster, in pursuance of the order of the King, for the wages of the carpenter and painter for painting the same, together with making a case for covering the chair. The cost of this was 12, 19s. 7d. The coronation-stone is placed within the framework of the chair: at each end is a circular iron handle, affixed to a staple within the stone itself, so that it might be lifted up.

In 1297, according to Stow, Edward I. offered at the Confessor's Shrine the chair, containing the famous stone; and the sceptre and crown of gold of the Scottish sovereigns, which he had brought from the Abbey of Scone. The Prophetic or Fatal Stone is named from the belief of the Scots that whenever it was lost, the power of the nation would decline; it was also superstitiously called Jacob's Pillow. The mosaic pavement of this chapel, by Abbot Ware, is as old as the Confessor's Shrine: its enigmatical designs in tesserae of coloured marbles, porphyry, jasper, alabaster, &c., are very curious.

The North Transept, from its number of political memorials, is sometimes called *Statesmen's Corner*, in correspondence with *Poets' Corner*, in the South Transept.

The North Transept contains some important modern monuments: such are Bacon's statue of the great Lord Chatham, with allegorical figures; and Nollekens's large group of pyramid, allegory, and medallion, to the three Captains mortally wounded in Rodney's victory of April 12, 1782: these are national tributes, erected by the King and Parliament. The memorials to naval commanders here are numerous, and their heroic suffering is usually narrated in medallion. Mrs. Warren and child, sometimes entitled "Charity," for pathetic treatment has few rivals in modern sculpture; it is by Sir R. Westmacott, R.A. One of the grandest works here is Flaxman's sitting statue of Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield, supported by figures of Wisdom and Justice; in the rear of the pedestal is the crouching figure of a condemned youth, with the torch of life reversed, or it is better described as "a criminal, by Wisdom delivered up to Justice." (Cunningham's *Handbook of Westminster Abbey*.) Lord Mansfield rests beneath this memorial: it cost 2500*l.*, bequeathed by a private individual for its erection. In the pavement here are buried Chatham, Pitt, and Fox; Castlereagh, Canning, and Grattan; Lord Colchester and William Wilberforce:

"Now—taming thought to human pride!—  
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.  
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,  
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;  
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,  
And Fox's shall the notes rebound." *Sir Walter Scott.*

Fox's memorial, by Westmacott, shows the orator dying in the arms of Liberty, attended by Peace and a kneeling negro. Canova said of the figure of the African in this group, that "neither in England nor out of England had he seen any modern work in marble which surpassed it." King George IV. subscribed 1000 guineas



towards this monument. Pitt's monument, by the same sculptor, is over the great western door of the Nave. In the north aisle of the Choir, leading to the Nave, are Chantrey's marble portrait-statues of Horner, Canning, Malcolm, and Raffles; a statue of Follett, by Behnes; John Philip Kemble (without a name), modelled by Flaxman, but executed after his death; Wilberforce, by S. Joseph; and, opposite Canning, the late Marquis of Londonderry, by J. E. Thomas—placed here, in 1850, by the Marquis's brother. Nearly opposite is the grave of Viscount Palmerston, d. October 18, 1865.

Here are three monuments by Wilton: statue of General Wolfe, and figures; statue of Admiral Holmes, in Roman armour; and William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, statues and medallion.

The more ancient monuments, of the larger size, are those of William Cavendish, the loyalist Duke of Newcastle, and his Duchess; and his kinsman, the Duke John Holles. Here, too, are memorials of our old admirals, Sir Charles Wager, Vernon of Portobello, and Sir Peter Warren, by Scheemakers, Rysbrack, and Roubiliac. Here are busts, by Weekes, of Charles Buller and Sir George Cornwall Lewis, the latter in the western porch, and adjoining the monuments to Follett, Kemble, and Lieut.-Gen. Sir Eyre Coote. Next, also, are the bust of Warren Hastings, by Bacon; Thrupp's statue of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton; and Sir Robert Peel, by Gibson, R.A. Here, likewise, is the mural monument, by Noble, to Sir James Outram—a bust surmounting a historical group of the meeting of Outram, Havelock, and Clyde, at Lucknow: the tablet supported by figures of a Scindian and Bheel chief.

The six lancet windows of the North Transept, painted with figures of Moses, Joshua, Caleb, Gideon, David, and Jonathan, and with medallion pictures of their chief exploits, were erected in memory of six officers of Sir James Outram's army, killed in the Indian War of 1857 and 1858; another window, in the aisle to the left, is dedicated to that of Brigadier the Hon. Adrian Hope. The rose-window, higher up, filled with paintings of the Saviour, the twelve Apostles, and the four Evangelists, is of much older date.

The Choir is in height the loftiest in England. The light and graceful piers are ornamented with detached shafts filleted with brass. The triforium, or gallery immediately above the aisles, where the nuns of Kilburn are traditionally said to have attended service, is an arcade of double compartments of two arches with a cinquefoil in the head; the arches narrow towards the apse, and become sharply pointed. This arcade is probably the most beautiful example in existence of its kind. Mr. Scott says:—"The spaciousness of this upper story is quite surprising to persons who see it for the first time. It is capable of containing thousands of persons, and its architectural and artistic effects, as viewed from different points, are wonderfully varied and beautiful." Its convenience for public solemnities, as coronations, was very great; and it is to be wished that access to these noble triforial galleries, from which by far the most beautiful views of the interior are to be had, were more freely granted to such visitors as would appreciate the privilege. Mr. Burges suggests, not altogether without probability, that it was in the spacious triforium that Caxton first set up his printing-press in Westminster Abbey.

The clerestory windows are of two lights: the spandrels are chiselled with diaper work in small panels, containing flowers in low relief. The piers of the lantern are massive and grand—one continuous upward line of grey marble, surrounded by sixteen shafts wrought out of the main column. The bosses in the vault were gilded in the time of Queen Anne. The vaulting of plaster under the lantern is by Bernasconi, and designed by James Wyatt, who set up the paltry altar screen at the coronation of George IV.

The pavement of *opus Alexandrinum*, on the altar platform, was made by a Roman artist for Abbot Ware, circa 1269. An inscription on the pavement says:—"Odericus et Abbas hos compegere porphyreos lapides." But for three peculiarities indicated by Mr. Burges, it might be supposed that Abbot Ware had brought this present for his church from Rome in its finished state; an examination will show that the Italian ground for mosaics, cippolino, not being obtainable in this country, Purbeck was substituted; that legends in brass letters were inserted in the Purbeck borders; and that glass was introduced; facts which show conclusively that it was of Northern workmanship. Among the sums paid by the executors of Queen Eleanor was an account of sixty shillings to William le Pavour "pro pavimento faciundo in Ecclesia West." This, it is conjectured, relates to the mosaic pavement in the chapel of Edward the Confessor.—Scott's *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*.

The Choir was formerly hung with beautiful tapestries, and cloth of arras, which, on

Jan. 4, 1644, were transferred to the Parliament House, given back at the Restoration, and finally removed in 1707: a portion is now in the Jerusalem Chamber.

The *Choir* has some fine canopied monuments. On the north side is the richly canopied tomb of Avelina, Countess of Lancaster; of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke (best seen from the north aisle); and Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, second son of Edward III. Aymer de Valence was one of the heroes of Bannockburn, and fell wounded by a tilting-spear in France, June 23, 1323: Gray portrays his countess as—

The sad Chatillon on her bridal morn  
Who wept her bleeding love.

The monument was thus described by Keepe in 1683:—

“A wainscot chest, covered over with plates of brass, richly enamelled, and thereon the image of de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, with a deep shield on his left arm, in a coat of mail with a surcoat, all of the same enamelled brass, gilt with gold, and beset with the arms of Valence, &c. \* \* \* Round about the inner ledge of this tomb is most of the epitaph remaining, in the ancient Saxon letters; and the rest of the chest, covered with brass, wrought in the form of lozenges, each lozenge containing either the arms of England or of Valence, alternately placed one after the other, enamelled with their colours. Round this chest have been thirty little brazen images, some of them still remaining, twelve on each side, and three at each end, divided by central arches that serve as niches to enclose them; and on the outward ledge, at the foot of these images, is placed a coat of arms in brass enamelled with the colours.”

Flaxman characterizes the two latter monuments as “specimens of the magnificence of our sculpture in the reign of the first two Edwards. The loftiness of the work, the number of arches and pinnacles, the lightness of the spires, the richness and profusion of foliage and crockets, the solemn repose of the principal statue, representing the deceased in his last prayer for mercy at the throne of grace; the delicacy of thought in the group of angels bearing the soul, and the tender sentiment of concern variously expressed in the relations ranged in order round the basement,—forcibly arrest the attention, and carry the thoughts not only to other ages, but to other states of existence.” In the South aisle of the Choir is part of a splendid altar frontal (thirteenth century), discovered in 1827.

This is a very wonderful work of art, being most richly decorated with glass, gold, and painting, and probably with precious stones, and even with casts of antique gems. The glass enrichments are of two sorts—in one the glass is coloured, and is decorated on its face with gold diaper; in the other it is white, and laid upon a decorated surface. The great charm, however, of the work must have been in the paintings. They consist of single figures in niches of our Lord and SS. Peter and Paul, and two female saints, and a number of small medallion subjects beautifully painted.

On the south is the Cinque-cento altar-tomb of Anne of Cleves, one of King Henry VIII.'s six wives, which is so miserable as to have led old Fuller to observe, “not one of Harry's wives had a monument, and she but half a one,” above is the tomb of King Sebert, erected in 1308, and bearing two pictures, Sebert and Henry III., among our earliest specimens of oil-painting, and in tolerable condition.

In 1848, the oak refitting of the Choir was completed; the Organ over the screen at the west entrance was then partly removed to the sides, and partly lowered, so as not to intercept the view of the great west window. On each side are ranged oaken stalls, with decorated gables, those for the Dean and Sub-dean distinguished by loftier canopies, and the western entrance being still more enriched; the pew-fronts and seat-ends are also carved, and many more sittings have been provided: the carved wood-work is by Messrs. Ruddle, of Peterborough, from designs by E. Blore. The great circular or marigold window, and the triforium and other windows beneath it, in the South Transept, have been filled with stained glass by Ward and Nixon; the subjects are incidents in the life of our Saviour, with figures nearly three feet high. From the cross of the Transepts, the magnificent perspective of the high imbowed roof of the Nave and Choir, and the great height of the edifice, nearly 104 feet, is seen to the best advantage. The pavement is partly Abbot Ware's, and in part black and white marble, the latter given by Dr. Busby, of Westminster School. The decorations of the altar are in the Gothic style; but a classic order disgraced the choir from the days of Queen Anne to the reign of George IV. The original stalls of the choir seem to have been retained in a more or less perfect state till late in the last century. They are shown in the view given by Dart, and in that given in Sandford's account of the coronation of James II. The canopies are there supported by single shafts. The sedilia are more than usually curious, from the fact that they are made of wood. They have suffered much since Sir J. Ayliffe had them and the tomb of Avelina, Countess of



Lancaster, drawn for the *Vetusta Monumenta*, in 1778. There are four of them: but no trace is found of a piscina. They appear to have been elaborately decorated by processes similar to that which beautified the retabulum, which was discovered by Mr. Blore, in 1827, lying on the top of the effigy cases in the upper chapel of Abbot Islip. It is a rich specimen of thirteenth-century workmanship; and has been restored to its place at the back of the high altar.

The north aisle of the Choir, leading to the Nave, has been described as a sort of *Musicians' Corner*; for here rests Purcell, with the striking epitaph, attributed to Dryden: "Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq., who left this life, and is gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded." On the same pillar is a memorial of Samuel Arnold; both Purcell and Arnold were organists of the Abbey. Opposite is a tablet to Dr. Blow; and close by lies Dr. Croft, another organist of the Abbey, whose death is said to have been brought on by his attendance at the coronation of George II.

*Coronations.*—In this Abbey-church the following monarchs and consorts have been crowned:—

Jan. 6, 1066, Harold; Dec. 25, William; Sept. 26, 1087, William II.; Aug. 6, 1094, Henry I.; Dec. 26, 1135, Stephen of Blois; March 22, 1135-6, Matilda of Boulogne; Dec. 19, 1154, Henry II. and Eleanor of Aquitaine; Sunday after St. Barnabas' day, 1170, Prince Henry; Sept. 3, 1189, Richard I.; May 27, 1199, John; Oct. 28, 1216, Henry III., and again Feb. 1236, with Eleanor of Provence; Aug. 19, 1272, Edward I. with Eleanor of Castile; Quinquagesima, 1308, Edward II., and Isabella of France; Feb. 2, 1327, Edward III., and Philippa of Hainault; Richard II., July 16, 1377; Jan. 14, 1382, Anne of Bohemia; Oct. 13, 1399, Henry IV., and Feb. 26, 1403, Joan of Bretagne, with the sacred unction of Rheims; April 9, 1421, Henry V., and Feb. 24, 1421, Katherine of Valois; Nov. 6, 1421, Henry VI.; May 30, 1445, Margaret of Anjou; June 8, 1460, Edward IV., and Ascension-Day, 1465, Elizabeth Woodville; July 5, 1483, Richard III.; Oct. 30, 1485, Henry VII., and Nov. 25, 1487, Elizabeth of York; June 24, 1609, Henry VIII. and Catherine of Aragon; Whitsun-Day 1533, Anna Boleyn; Shrove Tuesday, 1547, Edward VI.; Oct. 2, 1552, Mary; Jan. 13, 1558-9, Elizabeth; July 25, 1603, James I. (the service for the first time being in the English tongue); Feb. 2, 1626, Charles I., ominously clad in white satin; St. George's Day, 1661, Charles II.; St. George's Day, 1685, James II., and Mary of Modena; April 13, 1689, William of Orange and Mary, when Lord Danby had to produce twenty guineas at the offertory, as the purse had been stolen at the king's side [the Bishop of London put the crown on the king's head, as Dr. Sauerstoff, the Archbishop of Canterbury, would not take the oaths to their Majesties]; April 23, 1702, Anne; Oct. 20, 1714, George I., who rudely repulsed Dean Atterbury's ceremonious offer of the canopy and chair of state, but refused to wear his crown while receiving the Holy Communion, saying it was indecent so to appear before the King of kings; Oct. 11, 1727, George II. and Caroline of Anspach; Sept. 22nd, 1761, George III. (the kiss of charity was omitted, and mitres were first disused by the prelates); July 19, 1821, George IV.; Sept. 8, 1831, William and Adelaide, without coronation feast and procession, or champion's challenge; June 28, 1838, "The Hanover Thursday," Queen Victoria; when, for the first time since the Revolution, a sovereign was desired to lay aside the crown before receiving the Holy Communion; and a procession of coaches was substituted for the ancient procession on foot.—*Walcott's Guide to the Cathedral*, 1858.

Upon most occasions, the sacred ceremony was followed by a banquet in the Great Hall of the Palace of Westminster. The last of these festivities was that at the coronation of George IV. On the night previous, the King reposed on a couch in the tapestry-room of the Speaker's official residence in the Old Palace; and next morning the royal procession advanced along a raised platform, covered by an awning, from Westminster Hall to the Abbey Church, where the King was crowned; and then returned to the Great Hall, where the banquet was served.

The entire cost of this Coronation is stated to have exceeded a quarter of a million, or more than 268,000*l.* It has been commemorated in one of the most costly works of pictorial art ever produced—the *Illustrated History of the Coronation of George IV.*, by Sir George Naylor: containing forty-five splendidly coloured plates, atlas folio, price fifty guineas per copy. Sir George lost a considerable sum by the publication, although Government voted 5000*l.* towards the expenses. Sir George also undertook a much more costly memorial of this Coronation for George IV., but it was never completed. The portion executed contains seventy-three coloured drawings, finished like enamels, on velvet and white satin: the portraits are very accurate likenesses, and many of the coronets have rubies, emeralds, pearls, and brilliants set in gold; each portrait costing fifty guineas, first-hand.—II. Bohn's *Catalogue*.

At the coronation of Queen Victoria, temporary reception apartments were erected at the great western entrance to the Abbey Church; the Nave was fitted with galleries and seats for spectators, as were also the Choir and Transepts; the peers were seated in the North Transept, and the peeresses South; and the House of Commons in a gallery over the altar; and the orchestra of 400 performers in front of the organ. At the intersection of the Choir and Transepts was the theatre, or pulpitum, covered with rich carpets and cloth of gold, in the centre of which, upon a raised platform, stood the Chair of Homage. At the north-east corner of the theatre was the pulpit, whence "the Coronation Sermon" was preached. The crowning in St. Edward's Chair took place in the Sacramium, before the altar, in front of St. Edward's Chapel;

and behind the altar was "the Queen's Traverse," or retiring-room. (See "Coronation Chairs," described at p. 132.)

At the altar were married the Princesses Joan and Margaret, May 2, 1284; and Henry and Elizabeth, January 18, 1486; here were offered the spoils of Wales, April, 1285; here, when Prince Edward was made a Knight, two knights were stifled in the crowd, and the King swore him and his nobles on the two golden swans that were carried up in procession, to avenge John Comyn and conquer Scotland. Here Henry V. offered the trappings of his coursers on his return from France, to be converted into vestments. Here, August 11, 1381, the Constable of the Tower and Sir Ralph Farren slew a squire who had fought at Najara, and a monk who endeavoured to save him, before the Prior's stall: as in 1380 Wat Tyler's mob slew a man before the Shrine. Here Abbot Weston celebrated mass in armour, when Sir T. Wyatt was marching on London; and afterwards silenced his opponents in a famous disputation, saying, "You have the word, but we have the sword."—Walcott's *Handbook*.

The Nave has almost every variety of memorial—sarcophagus and statue, bust and brass, tablet and medallion, mostly modern. Immediately behind the memorial of Fox, on the left, as the visitor enters the great western door, are a marble bust of Sir James Mackintosh, and busts of Zachary Macaulay, Tierney, and other public men. In the southern aisle of the Choir, leading to the Nave, is Bird's monument to Sir Cloudesley Shovel, personifying "the brave, rough English Admiral" by a periwigged beau, which was so justly complained of by Addison and the pious Dr. Watts. Opposite is Behnes's bust of Dr. Bell, the founder of the Madras System of Education; and near it is the monument to Thomas Thynne, of Longleat, Wilts: he was shot in his coach, at the end of the Haymarket, Sunday, Feb. 12, 1682, as sculptured on the tomb. Here, too, is a fine bust, by Le Sœur, of Sir Thomas Richardson, Lord Chief-Justice (*temp.* Charles I.); and a bust of Pasquale de Paoli, the Corsican chief. Here, also, are the monuments to Dr. South, the witty prebendary of the Church; Dr. Busby, master of Westminster School; and Dr. Isaac Watts, buried in Bunhill Fields.

In the two side arches of the Choir screen are the monuments of Sir Isaac Newton, and James, first Earl Stanhope; both designed by Kent, and executed by Rysbrack: Newton's is characterized by the celestial globe, with the course of the comet of 1681, and the genius of Astronomy above it. In the screen niches are statues of Edward the Confessor, Henry III., and Edward I., and their respective queens.

In the Nave north aisle is a weeping female, by Flaxman, to the memory of George Lindsay Johnstone—a touching memorial of sisterly sorrow. One of the few old monuments here is that to Mrs. James Hill—a kneeling figure and sheeted skeleton, and the mottoes: "Mors mihi lucrum," and "Solus Christus mihi sola salus." Near the above is the Parliamentary figure-group, by Westmacott, to Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister, shot by Bellingham, in the lobby of the House of Commons, May 11, 1812; the assassination is sculptured rearward of the figures. Here also are several interesting monuments to heroes who have fallen in battle: as, Colonel Bringfield, killed by a cannon-shot at Ramillies whilst remounting the great Duke of Marlborough on a fresh horse; the three brothers Twysden, who fell in their country's service in three successive years; Captains Harvey, Hutt, and Montagu, who fell in Lord Howe's victory of June 1; Sir Richard Fletcher, killed at St. Sebastian; and the Hon. Major Stanhope, at Corunna. Here, too, is a plain tablet to Banks, the sculptor, R.A.; a monument to Sir Godfrey Kneller, the painter, by Rysbrack, after Sir Godfrey's own design, Pope furnishing the epitaph: Kneller is buried in Twickenham Church. Towards the middle of the Nave are the gravestones of Major Rennell, the geographer; and Thomas Telford, the engineer; and near Banks's tablet is buried Ben Jonson, his coffin set on its feet, and originally covered with a stone inscribed "O rare Ben Jonson!" By his side lies Tom Killigrew, the wit of Charles the Second's court; and opposite, his son, killed at the battle of Almanza, in Spain, 1707. In the north aisle, too, is a large brass to the memory of Sir Robert Wilson, the soldier and politician, and Dame Jemima, his wife; with figures of a mediæval warrior in coat of mail, and of a mediæval lady, under canopies; and below are two groups of seven boys and seven girls! Side by side are memorials of Robert Stephenson, the engineer, and John Hunter, the surgeon, removed here in 1859, from the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; the memorials are of polished granite, inlaid and bordered with brass.



Over the west door is Westmacott's statue-memorial to the Right Hon. William Pitt: it cost 6800*l.*, then the largest sum ever voted by Government for a national monument. To the left is a large marble monument to Lord Holland, by Baily, R.A., erected by public subscription in 1848; the design—the prison-house of Death, with three poetic figures in lamentation, bassi-relievi on the two sides, and the whole surmounted by a colossal bust of the deceased Lord—is, perhaps, the finest architectural and sculptural combination in the Abbey.

We now reach the south tower of the western front, used as the Consistory Court, and Chapel for Morning Prayers.

In the south aisle of the Nave, commencing from the west, is the tomb of Captain Cornewall, who fell in the sea-fight off Toulon, 1743; this being the first monument voted by Parliament for naval services.

Next is the statue of the Right Hon. James Craggs, the friend of Pope and Addison; and Bird's bust-monument to Congreve, the great dramatic poet, erected at the expense of Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, to whom Congreve, "for reasons not known or not mentioned," bequeathed 10,000*l.* Among the noticeable personages interred here, without memorials, is Dean Atterbury—the place his own previous choice, being, as he told Pope, "as far from kings and kæsars as the space will admit of;" also Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, buried "in a very fine Brussels-lace head, a Holland shift, with a tucker and double ruffles of the same lace, a pair of new kid gloves," &c.; to which Pope thus alludes:—

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,  
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke):  
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace  
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face;  
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—  
And—Betty, give this cheek a little red."

Eastward is the sculptural burlesque deservedly known as "the Pancake Monument," to Admiral Tyrrell, with its patchy clouds, coral rocks, cherubs, harps, palm-branches, and other allegorical absurdities. Between three successive windows are the monuments, by Roubiliac, of Lieut.-Gen. Hargrave, Maj.-Gen. Fleming, and Marshal Wade, all in the conventional school of allegory. Next are a good bust, by Bird, of Sidney, Earl of Godolphin, chief minister to Queen Anne; alto-relievo and figures to Lieut.-Col. Townsend, killed by a cannon-ball at Ticonderago, in his 28th year; and a monument, by Bushnell, to Sir Palmes Fairborne, governor of Tangier, with inscription by Dryden. We now reach the tomb of Major André, who was executed by the Americans as a spy in 1780; his remains were removed here in 1821: the bas-relief shows André as a prisoner in the tent of Washington, with the bearer of a flag of truce to solicit his pardon. This monument was put up at the expense of George III.; the heads of the principal figures have been several times mischievously knocked off, but as often restored. The new pulpit, on the north side of the Nave, was designed by Scott, R.A., and executed by William Farmer. Its sculptural details are as follow:

The pulpit is composed principally of magnesian limestone from the Mansfield Woodhouse quarry. It is octagonal, with a capping of red Devon marble. The cornice is ornamented with leaves and flowers of the columbine. At the angles are figures of the four Evangelists and of St. Peter and St. Paul under canopies. In one panel is the face of our Lord, in white marble, well sculptured by Monro. In the other panels are lozenges containing circular medallions of mosaic work in different coloured marbles. The capping of the string which runs round the bottom of the panels is of grey Derbyshire marble: the string is ornamented with First Pointed foliage. The pulpit is supported on columns of Devonshire marble at the angles, and a larger one in the centre; the capitals being of Early Pointed character. The columns of the staircase are of the same. The figures of the Apostles are well carved. The nave has been fitted for special Sunday services.

The *Jerusalem Chamber*, adjoining the south tower of the Western front, is now used as the Chapter-house. Its northern window has some stained glass, *temp.* Edward III.; and here hangs the ancient portrait of Richard II. in the Coronation chair. In the Jerusalem Chamber died Henry IV., brought from the Confessor's Shrine in the Abbey in a fit of apoplexy, March 20, 1413. Being carried into this Chamber, he asked, on rallying, where he was; and when informed, he replied, to use the words of Shakspeare, founded on history—

"Laud be to God! even here my life must end:  
It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
I should not die but in Jerusalem."

*King Henry IV.*, Part 2, act iv. sc. 4.

Here the body of Congreve lay in state, before his pompous funeral, at which noble-men bore the pall. Here, too, Addison lay in state, before his burial in Henry VII.'s Chapel, as pictured in Tickell's elegy :—

"Can I forget the dismal night that gave  
My soul's best part for ever to the grave?  
How silent did his old companions tread,  
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead :  
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things ;  
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings," &c.

The *Chapter-house*, an exquisitely beautiful specimen of mediæval Gothic architecture, was originally built by Edward the Confessor; the existing walls are of the time of Henry III. Fabric-rolls and other papers discovered by Mr. Burt have proved the very important fact that the Chapter-house, which is the latest part of the work of Henry III., was finished ready for glazing so early as 1253; and a Parliament was held here in 1264. The Chapter-house was the most usual place of meeting of the House of Commons through the Middle Ages, until the dissolution of the Collegiate body of St. Stephen had put the Royal Chapel of the Plantagenets at the disposal of the Legislature. Originally lent by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster for the casual use of Parliament, the building was quietly appropriated by the Tudors after the reason of the loan had passed away. Room was wanted for records, and the Chapter-house provided a tempting expanse of wall space. So the rich tile floor was boarded over, and thereby luckily preserved; the traceried windows were gutted and walled up; the vaulted roof was demolished by some builder, after Wren had refused the job, and the whole interior choked with recesses and galleries equally concealing wall-painting and carved-work. Mr. Scott thus gives the details:

It is an octagon of 18 feet diameter, and had a vaulted roof, which was supported by a central pillar about 35 feet high. It is entirely of Purbeck marble, and consists of a central shaft, surrounded by eight subordinate shafts attached to it by three moulded bands. The capital, though of marble, is most richly carved. The doorway itself has been truly a noble one. It was double, divided by a single central pillar and a circle in the head, whether pierced or containing sculpture cannot be ascertained, as it is almost entirely destroyed. The jambs and arch are magnificent. The former contains on the outer side four large shafts of Purbeck marble; their caps are of the same material, and most richly carved, and the spaces between the shafts beautifully foliated. The walls below the windows are occupied by arcaded stalls, with trefoiled heads. The five which occupy the eastern side are of superior richness and more deeply recessed. Their capitals, carved in Purbeck marble, are of exquisite beauty. The spandrels over the arch are diapered, usually with the square diaper so frequent in the church, but in one instance with a beautifully executed pattern of roses. One of the most remarkable features in the Chapter-house is the painting at the back of the stalls. The general idea represented by this painting would appear to be our Lord exhibiting the mysteries of the Redemption to the heavenly host. In the central compartment our Lord sits enthroned; His hands are held up to show the wounds, and the chest bared for the same purpose; above are angels holding a curtain or dosseil, behind the throne, and on either side are others bearing the instruments of the Passion. The whole of the remaining spaces are filled by throngs of cherubim and seraphim. The former occupy the most important position, and are on the large scale. And on one of its sides is a statue called "St. John," said to be one of the oldest sculptures in the Abbey. This was a beautifully-decorated building, with painted walls and coloured and gilded arcades, and high arched windows in seven of its sides, now sadly obscured.

The restoration of the Chapter-house has very properly been undertaken by the Government, under the direction of Mr. Scott. Beneath the present building, the walls of which are 5 feet thick, is a crypt with walls of the enormous thickness of 17 feet. From a straight joint which separates the lower wall into two concentric portions, Mr. Scott is of opinion that the bulk of the subterranean masonry is of the date of the Confessor, the foundation having been enlarged for the new chapter-house of King Henry III., which was coeval with the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. The crypt is called the Chapel of the Confessor, but is part of the original Norman church. The crypt contains an altar, a piscina, and aumbry. The outer walls are of a great thickness, and solid masonry. There are no indications, as is the case in many crypts, of iron rings for the suspension of lamps. Here is the *Library* of the Dean and Chapter, (about 11,000 volumes): it was formed from the monks' parlour by Dean Williams, whose portrait hangs at the south end. The great treasure of the place was William the Conqueror's Domesday Book,\* in excellent condition, from searchers not being

\* On the night of the burning of the Houses of Parliament, in 1834, Sir Francis Pa'grave and Dean Ireland were standing on the roof of the Chapter-house, looking at the fire, when a sudden gust of wind seemed to bring the flames in that direction. Sir Francis implored the Dean to allow him to carry *Domesday Book* and other valuable records into the Abbey, but the Dean answered that he could not think of doing so without first applying to Lord Melbourne or the Board of Works!



allowed to touch the text, or writing. Here, too, were Clement the Seventh's Golden Bull, conferring the title of Defender of the Faith on Henry VIII.; a treaty of perpetual peace between Henry VIII. and Francis I., with a gold seal, 6 inches diameter, said to be the work of Cellini; the original wills of Richard II., Henry V., Henry VIII.; and the Indenture between Henry VII. and the Abbot of Westminster, a glorious specimen of miniature-painting and velvet binding, with enamelled and gilt bosses.

*Cloisters.*—South—lie four of the early Abbots of Westminster. Here is "Long Meg," a slab of blue marble, traditionally the gravestone of twenty-six monks who died of the Plague in 1349, and were buried in one grave. Here is a tablet to William Lawrence, which records:

"Short-hand he wrote: his Flowre in prime did fade,  
And hasty Death Short-hand of him hath made.  
Well cooth he N<sup>o</sup>bers, and well mesur'd Land;  
Thvs doth he now that Grovd whereon yov stand,  
Wherein he lyes so Geometrical:  
Art maketh some, bvt thvs will Natvre all."

This quaint conceit is in the North Walk; where also are the graves of Spranger Barry, the actor, famous in Othello; and Sir John Hawkins, who wrote a History of Music, and a Life of Doctor Johnson.

East Walk: medallion monument to Bonnell Thornton ("the Connoisseur"), inscription by Joseph Warton; monument to Lieut.-Gen. Withers, with inscription by Pope, "full of commonplaces, with something of the common cant of a superficial satirist" (*Johnson*); tablet to Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey (d. 1678), buried in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; graves of Aphra Behn, the lady dramatist (*temp.* Charles I.); and Mrs. Bracegirdle, the fascinating actress.

West Walk: bust and alto-relievo, by Banks, R.A., to William Woollett, the engraver, buried in Old St. Pancras' churchyard: tablets to George Vertue, the engraver; Dr. Buchan, who wrote on "Domestic Medicine;" and Benjamin Cooke, organist of the Abbey, with the musical score of "the Canon by twofold augmentation" graven upon the slab.

In the Cloisters, too, are interred Henry Lawes, the composer of the music of *Comus*, and "one who called Milton friend;" Tom Brown, the wit; Thomas Betterton, who "ought to be recorded with the same respect as Roscius among the Romans;" Samuel Foote, the actor, and dramatist; Aphra Behn, above-mentioned, Thomas Betterton, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Samuel Foote, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Rowe, and Mrs. Cibber, all well-known professors of the dramatic art; so that the Cloisters may be termed the *Actors' Corner*.

Here is a wall monument, with this inscription:—

"Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey, Kt.  
being lost on the 4 Id. Octob. 1678  
was found five days after  
murdered after a most cruel and barbarous manner.  
History will inform you further."

At the entrance of the Little Cloisters is Litlington Tower, built by Abbot Litlington, and originally the bell-tower of the Church:\* the four bells were rung, and a small flag hoisted on the top of this tower (as appears in Hollar's view), when great meetings or prayers took place in St. Catherine's Chapel; pulled down 1571. The bells (one dated 1430, and two 1598) were taken down, and, with two new bells, were hung in one of Wren's western towers. Litlington Tower was restored by its tenant, Mr. R. Clark, one of the choir, who also erected in its front the original Gothic entrance to the Star-Chamber Court, and its ancient iron bell-pull.

Mr. Scott has recently discovered an old hall of the date of Abbot Litlington, no doubt the hall of the Infirmary's house, and probably used by the convalescent patients. The garden now called the College Garden, was originally the Infirmary garden.

There are preserved several models of churches, one of which is the model constructed by Sir Christopher Wren, in the reign of Queen Anne, of his proposed

\* An author of the fourteenth century says: "At the Abbey of St. Peter's, Westminster, are two bells, which over all the bells in the world obtain the precedence in wonderful size and tone." We read also, that "in the monasterye of Westminster ther was a fayr yong man which was blynde, whom the monks hadde ordeyned to ryng the bellys."

alteration of the Abbey Church, by erecting an elevated spire on the central tower. We believe that the other models are those of St. Mary's and St. Clement's in the Strand, St. Paul's, Covent-garden, and St. John's, Westminster. Here are also, it is said, some models by Roubiliac.

*Music.*—In 1784 took place the "Commemoration of Handel," in the Abbey Nave; and similar festivals in 1785-6-7, and 1790-91; and in 1834 was a Four Days' Festival, commencing June 24, when King William IV., Queen Adelaide, and the Princess Victoria, were present.

"It is full fifty years since I heard last,  
Handel, thy solemn and divinest strain  
Roll through the long nave of this pillar'd fane,  
Now seeming as if scarce a year had pass'd."—*W. Lisle Bowles, 1834.*

Oct. 28, *St. Simon and St. Jude.* Anniversary of the birth of Thomas Tallis celebrated; his Cathedral Service performed at morning prayers. Tallis was organist to Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Elizabeth.

*Organs.*—The small organ, the oldest, was repaired by Father Smith, in 1694: this organ is represented in the prints of the Choir of the Abbey, at the coronation of James II., in Sandford's *Book of the Coronation*. It was placed under one of the arches on the north side of the Choir, and had a small projecting organ-loft over the Stalls. The larger organ, built by Schreider, who succeeded Schmidt, about 1710, as organ-builder to the Royal Chapels, is a very fine instrument. "Mr. Turle's accompaniment of the Choral Service is quite a model of that kind of organ playing."—*A Short Account of Organs, 1847.*

*Tombs.*—The numerous specimens of early Italian decorative art make Westminster Abbey the richest church north of the Alps. The tomb of William de Valence is stated to be a French work, probably executed by an enameller from Limoges. Labarte, in his *Handbook of the Arts of the Middle Ages*, after quoting a document cited by Mr. Albert Way, which tells us that an artist of Limoges, "Magister Johannes Limovicensis," was employed about the year 1276, to construct the tomb and effigy of Walter de Merton, Bishop of Oxford, says:—"This curious monument was despoiled of its enamelled metal at the Reformation, but there still exists in England an evidence of the high repute in which the enamelled work of Limoges was held, in the effigy of William de Valence, in Westminster Abbey. There can be no doubt that this curious portraiture was produced by an artist of Limoges." The effigy is of wood, overlaid with enamelled and engraved copper, and includes an enamelled shield displaying twenty-eight bars, alternately *argent* and *azure*, diapered; or, rather, ornamented with inlaid scroll-work; and having nineteen martlets, *gules*, displayed around the circumference of the shield. Mr. Scott observes:—

Taking the tombs of the Confessor, of Henry III., and his daughter, and of young de Valence, in connexion with the pavement before the high altar, and that of the Confessor's Chapel, I should doubt whether—I will not say any church north of the Alps—but, I may almost say, whether any country north of the Alps contains such a mass of early Italian decorative art; indeed, the very artists employed appear to have done their utmost to increase the value of the works they were bequeathing to us, by giving to the mosaic work the utmost possible variety of pattern.

The tombs at Westminster have been at least spared from the hand of the early restorers, if not from the destroyers. The earliest tomb erected after the completion of the new Choir was that of the beautiful little dumb princess, daughter of Henry III., who died 1257, in her fifth year.

*Painted and Stained Glass.*—(Ancient.) North Aisle of Nave, figure, said to be Edward the Confessor; South Aisle, given to the Black Prince, Edward III., and Richard II. See also clerestory windows east of Choir, east window of Henry VII.'s Chapel, and Jerusalem Chamber.—(Modern.) Great west window, the Patriarchs; large rose window, North Transept, Apostles and Evangelists—a noble mass of brilliant colour and delicate stone tracery; marigold window in South Transept (put up in 1847), figures nearly three feet high; also windows above Henry VII.'s Chapel, and in east end of triforium. The lost original tracery of the great rose windows of the Transepts has been imaginatively restored from the pattern of some encaustic paving-tiles still remaining in the Chapter-house. Amongst the recent works set up in the Abbey, must be mentioned, too, a small painted glass window, in the East Aisle of that Transept, by Lavers and Barraud, commemorative of Vincent Novello, musical composer:



the subject is St. Cecilia. Here is the Stephenson memorial—a window filled with stained glass, by Wailes: in the body are represented some of the greatest architectural and engineering works; and above these, at the top of the window, are in five-foil, bust-portraits of eminent engineers. Robert Stephenson is placed in the centre; above, his father, George Stephenson; on one side, Thomas Telford; on the other, John Smeaton; and below these, James Watt and John Rennie. The architectural works represented are bordered with ornamental tracery, and consist of, on the one half of the window, the Ark, the erecting of the Tabernacle, the first Temple, the second Temple, and Menai Bridge; and on the other half, the building of Nineveh, the Treasure Cities of Egypt, Aqueduct near Pygrry, the Colosseum at Rome, and the High-Level Bridge at Newcastle.

*Metal-work.*—There are five examples of metal-work remaining in the Abbey Church. These are the grille at the top of the tomb of Queen Eleanor, lately reinstated by Mr. Scott; the railing round Archbishop Langham's effigy; that at the west end of the Chantry of Henry V.; the brass or copper gates of Henry VII.'s Chapel; and the beautiful brass grille round the tomb of the latter King. The metal-work that protected the tomb of Queen Philippa, that "most gentyll quene" of Edward III., had previously kept guard round the tomb of a bishop in St. Paul's Cathedral; this and the railing of Edward I.'s are, however, lost to us. In 1822 the Dean and Chapter ordered the removal of most of the railings around the tombs; although some of the metal-work then taken down has been discovered in the vestry. Across the Transept, looking north, new ironwork has been put up from the designs of Mr. Scott. The gate and the grille is for the most part of wrought iron; it is 30 feet in length on each side, and was executed by Potter, for the sum of 700*l*.

*Brasses.*—There are still fifteen Brasses in the Church: the principal are in the Chapels of St. Edmund, St. John the Baptist, and Edward the Confessor.

The present conservating architect of the Abbey is Mr. George Gilbert Scott, R.A. The following are the principal *Admeasurements*:—

*Nave.*—Length, 166 ft.; breadth, 38 ft. 7 in.; height, 101 ft. 8 in.; breadth of aisles, 16 ft. 7 in.; extreme breadth of nave and its aisles, 71 ft. 9 in.

*Choir.*—Length, 155 ft. 9 in.; breadth, 39 ft. 4 in.; height, 101 ft. 2 in.

*Transepts.*—Length of both, including choir, 203 feet. 2 in.; length of each transept, 82 ft. 5 in.; breadth, including both aisles, 84 ft. 8 in.; height of south transept, 105 ft. 6 in.

*Interior.*—Extreme length, from western towers to the piers of Henry VII.'s Chapel, 363 ft.; extreme length, from western towers, including Henry VII.'s Chapel, 511 ft. 6 in.

*Exterior.*—Extreme length, exclusive of Henry VII.'s Chapel, 416 ft.; extreme length, inclusive of Henry VII.'s Chapel, 530 ft.; height of western towers, to top of pinnacles, 225 ft. 4 in.

*Henry VII.'s Chapel.* *Exterior.*—Length, 115 ft. 2 in.; extreme breadth, 79 ft. 6 in.; height to apex of roof, 95 ft. 5 in.; height to top of western turrets, 101 ft. 6 in. (*Interior.*)—Nave: length, 103 ft. 9 in.; breadth, 35 ft. 9 in.; height, 69 ft. 7 in. Aisles: length, 62 ft. 5 in.; breadth, 17 ft. 1 in.; height of west window, 45 ft.

*Admission.*—The Abbey is open to the public between the hours of 11 and 3, generally; and in summer, between 4 and 6 in the afternoon. There is no charge for admission to the Nave, Transept, and Cloisters; but the fee for admission to view the Choir and Chapels, and the rest of the Abbey, is 6*d*. each person, with the attendance of a guide. The entrance is at Poets' Corner. The admission-money was originally 15*d*. each person, when it usually produced upwards of 1500*l*. per annum, mostly distributed among the minor canons, organists, and lay-clerks.

The Chapter is composed of a Dean and eight Canons; there are six minor canons, twelve lay vicars, and twelve choristers. There are two daily services—choral—and a weekly celebration of the Holy Communion. The caputular revenue was, in 1852, 30,657*l*.; and the expenditure on the fabric in fourteen preceding years, 29,949*l*.

"In Westminster Abbey," observes Horace Walpole, "one thinks not of the building: the religion of the place makes the first impression." One more walk through its aisles was the dying wish of the exile Atterbury. "Westminster Abbey or Victory!" were the watchwords which fired the heart of Nelson himself. From the design of applying the Abbey property, under the care of Sir T. Wroth, to the repairs of St. Paul's, on the dissolution of the bishopric, came the cant proverb to *rob Peter to pay Paul*. The following is from a thoughtful and eloquent paper by Dean Stanley:

"The Abbey of Westminster owes its traditions and its present name, revered in the bosoms of the people of England, to the fact that the early English Kings were interred within its walls, and that through its associations our Norman rulers learnt to forget their foreign paternity, and to unite in fellowship and affection with their Saxon fellow-citizens. There is no other church in the world, except, perhaps, the Kremlin

at Moscow, with which Royalty is so intimately associated. There our Sovereigns are crowned and buried under the same roof, whereas in Russia the coronation takes place in one church, the marriage in another, while a third is reserved for the reception of the dead. It was in the reign of Henry III. that the Abbey began to assume that national character which now belongs to it so fully. The third Henry was the first thoroughly English King after the Conquest—that is to say, the first who was born in England, and who never resided in Normandy. The Abbey never possessed a bishop's throne, except for a short time in the reign of Henry VIII., and so was not a cathedral in the ordinary sense; but from the time of Edward I. it always contained the Coronation Chair, in which is fixed 'the fatal stone of Scone.' This throne, which gives to the Abbey the constructive character of a cathedral, has never since the time of the first Edward been removed from the church except once, and that was in the time of Oliver Cromwell—so jealous were the people of monarchical attributes and privileges." The Dean then traces the burial-places of our Kings and Queens from the time of Henry III. to Elizabeth's reign; "after the death of the latter, tombs ceased to be erected in the Abbey to the memories of Sovereigns. This was owing to the peculiar course of succession, for none of the monarchs from the Tudors to those of the Hanoverian dynasty had any peculiar interest in honouring the names of their predecessors. The second George was the last of our Kings who was buried in the Abbey; but another of Royal blood, though of a different dynasty and a different country, had found his last resting therein—the Duke de Montpensier, younger brother of Louis Philippe."

More striking than the edifice and its general associations are its personal monuments and contents. Here, for example, beyond a doubt, lies the body of the Confessor himself, like the now decayed seed from which the wonderful pile has grown. Around his shrine are clustered not only the names but the earthly relics of the principal actors in every scene of our history. No less than seventeen of our Kings, from the Confessor to George II., and ten of our Queens, lie within the Abbey, amid statesmen, poets, divines, scholars, and artists. "It has," says Mr. Scott, "claims upon us architects—I will not say of a *higher* but of *another* character, on the ground of its intrinsic and superlative merits, as a work of art of the highest and noblest order; for, though it is by no means pre-eminent in general scale, in height, or in richness of sculpture, there are few churches in this or any other country, having the same exquisite charms of proportion and artistic beauty which this church possesses."

On Dec. 28, 1865, being the Feast of the Holy Innocents, and just 800 years since the dedication of the Abbey by Edward the Confessor, the Dean and Chapter commemorated the event by special services and the celebration of the Holy Communion. The sermon, eloquently descriptive, was preached by the Dean (Dr. Stanley) from John x. 21, 22: "And it was at Jerusalem, the feast of the dedication, and it was winter. And Jesus walked in the temple in Solomon's porch."

The whole of the music was selected from composers who either in the past or present were connected with the Abbey—namely, Thomas Tallis, who died in 1585, organist to Henry VIII.; Henry Purcell, organist of Westminster Abbey, who died in 1695, and was buried in the north aisle; William Croft, organist of Westminster Abbey, who died in 1727, and was also buried in the north aisle; George Frederick Handel, who died in 1759, and was buried in the south transept; Benjamin Cooke, organist of Westminster Abbey, who died in 1793, and was buried in the west cloister; J. L. Brownsmith, John Foster, and Montem Smith, vicars choral; and James Turle, organist, all of Westminster Abbey. The words of the hymn for the introit, commencing "Hark, the sound of holy voices," were written by Dr. Wordsworth, Canon and Archdeacon of Westminster, and the tune for it, entitled "All Saints," was composed by Mrs. Frere, niece of the late Rev. Temple Frere, Canon of Westminster.

CHAPEL ROYAL, St. James's Palace, is situated on the western side between the Colour Court and the Ambassadors' Court. It is oblong in plan, with side galleries, the Royal Gallery being at the west end.

The superb ceiling, painted by Holbein in 1540, is one of the earliest specimens of the new style introduced by him into England. The rib-mouldings are of wooden frame-work, suspended to the roof above; the panels have plaster grounds, the centres displaying the Tudor emblems and devices. The subject is gilt, shaded boldly with bistre; the roses glazed with a red colour, and the arms emblazoned in their proper colours; leaves, painted dark green, ornamented each subject; the general ground of the whole was light blue. The mouldings of the ribs are painted green, and some are gilt; the under side is a dark blue, on which is a small open running ornament (cast in lead), gilt. The ceiling has undergone several repairs, in one of which the blue ground was painted white. In 1836, when the chapel was enlarged under the direction of Sir Robert Smirke, the blue ground was discovered, as were likewise some of the mottoes in the small panels; thus, "STET DIEV FELIX: HENRIQ REX 8—H. A. VIVAT. REX. 1540. DIEV. ET. MO. DROIT," &c.

Divine Service is performed here as at our Cathedrals, by the gentlemen of the choir,



and ten choristers (boys). The establishment consists of a Dean (usually the Bishop of London), the Sub-Dean, Lord High Almoner, Sub-Almoner, Clerk of the Queen's Closet, deputy-clerks, chaplains, priests, organists, and composer; besides violist and lutanist (now sinecures), and other officers; and until 1833, there was a "Confessor to the Royal Household." Each of the Chaplains in Ordinary preaches once a year in the Chapel Royal. The hours of service are 8 A.M. and 12 noon. There are seats for the nobility, admission-fee 2s. George III., when in town, attended this Chapel, when a nobleman carried the sword of state before him, and heralds, pursuivants-at-arms, and other officers, walked in procession; and so persevering was his attendance at prayers, that Madame d'Arblay, one of the robing-women, tells us, in November 1777, the Queen and family, dropping off one by one, used to leave the King, the parson, and His Majesty's equerry, to "freeze it out together." In this Chapel were married Prince George of Denmark and the Princess Anne; Frederick Prince of Wales and the daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha; George IV. and Queen Caroline; and Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Before the building of the Chapel at Buckingham Palace, Her Majesty and the Court attended the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The silver candelabra and other altar-plate are magnificent. The fittings of the Chapel and Palace for the last royal marriage cost 9226*l*. The Chapel is supposed to be the same building that was used when St. James's Palace was first founded as an Hospital for fourteen leprous females.

In the *Liber Niger Domus Regni* (temp. Edward IV.) is an ordinance naming "Children of the Chappelle viij. founded by the King's privie coffers for all that longeth to their apperelle by the hands and oversyghte of the deane, or by the master of song assigned to teache them;" such being the origin of the present musical establishment of the Chapel Royal. Ordinances were also issued for the *impressment of boys* for the royal choirs: in 1550, the master of the King's Chapel had license "to take up from time to time children to serve the King's Chapel." Tusser, the "Husbandrie" poet, was, when a boy, in Elizabeth's reign, thus impressed for the Queen's Chapel. The Gentlemen and Children of the Chapel Royal were the principal performers in the religious dramas or *Mysteries*; and a "master of the children," and "singing children," occur in the chapel establishment of Cardinal Wolsey. In 1583, the Children of the Chapel Royal, afterwards called the Children of the Revels, were formed into a company of players, and thus were among the earliest performers of the regular drama. In 1731, they performed Handel's *Esther*, the first oratorio heard in England; and they continued to assist at oratorios in Lent, so long as those performances maintained their ecclesiastical character entire.

"Spur-money," a fine upon all who entered the chapel with spurs on, was formerly levied by the choristers at the doors, upon condition that the youngest of them could repeat his gamut; if he failed, the spur-bearer was exempt. In a tract dated 1588, the choristers are reprov'd for "hunting after spur-money;" and the ancient Cheque-book of the Chapel Royal, dated 1622, contains an order of the Dean, decreeing the custom. "Within my recollection," wrote Dr. Rimbault, in 1850, "the Duke of Wellington (who, by the way, is an excellent musician) entered the Royal Chapel 'booted and spurred,' and was, of course, called upon for the fine. But his Grace calling upon the youngest chorister to repeat his gamut, and the 'little urchin' failing, the impost was not demanded."—*Notes and Queries*, No. 30.

CHAPEL ROYAL, Whitehall, the Banqueting House of the Palace, designed by Inigo Jones, commenced June 1, 1619, finished March 31, 1622, cost 14,940*l*. 4*s*. 1*d*. The above hall was converted into a Chapel in the reign of George I., who, in 1724, appointed certain preachers, six from Oxford and six from Cambridge University, to preach in successive months on the Sundays, at a salary of 30*l*., through the year. The edifice has, however, *never been consecrated* as a Chapel, which fact was mentioned in the House of Commons by Sir Robert Inglis, several years ago, when it was proposed to use the Hall as a picture-gallery. It was shut up in 1829, and remained closed till 1837, during which interval it was restored and refitted, under the direction of Sir Robert Smirke, R.A. The lower windows were then closed up, the walls were hung with drapery (1400 yards of drugget), and the floor carpeted, to remedy the excessive echo. The Guards formerly attended Divine Service here; they now attend at the Chapel in Wellington Barracks, St. James's Park; and the gallery in which they sat at Whitehall has been removed. The organ originally placed here was sold by order of Cromwell, and is now in Stanford Church, Leicestershire; the present organ is of subsequent date. The hall is exactly a double cube, being 111 feet long, 55 feet 6 inches high, and 55 feet 6 inches wide. Over the principal doorway is a bronze bust of James I., attributed to Le Sœur; above is the organ-loft, and along the two sides is a lofty gallery. Above the altar were formerly placed eagles and other trophies taken from the French at Barossa, in Egypt, and at Waterloo; but they have been removed to Chelsea Hospital. The Whitehall ceiling is divided into panels, and painted black, and gilded in parts. These are lined with oil

pictures on canvas, painted abroad by Rubens in 1635, it is stated for 3000*l.*, by commission from Charles I. There are nine compartments: the largest in the centre, oval, contains the apotheosis of James I., who is trampling on the globe, and about to fly on the wings of Justice (an eagle) to heaven.\* On the two long sides of it are great friezes, with genii, who load sheaves of corn and fruits in carriages drawn by lions, bears, and rams: each of the boys measures 9 feet. The northernmost of the large compartments represents the King pointing to Peace and Plenty, embracing Minerva, and routing Rebellion and Envy; at the south end (the altar) the King is on the throne, appointing Prince Charles his successor. The four corner pictures are allegorical representations of Royal Power and Virtue. The whole are best viewed from the south end of the apartment. Dr. Waagen considers these pictures to have been principally executed by the pupils of Rubens: they have undergone restorations: in 1687, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren; and about 1811, by Cipriani, who was paid 2000*l.* Vandyck was to have painted the sides of the Banqueting House with the history and procession of the Order of the Garter. Divine Service is performed in the Chapel on Sundays, Saints' Days, &c., the gentlemen and choristers of the Chapels Royal executing the musical service. The Maundy is distributed in this Chapel on the day preceding Good Friday, *Maundy Thursday*.—(See ALMONBY, p. 7.) The Royal closet is large and massive, situated on the right-hand side in the centre of the Chapel, opposite the pulpit. King William IV. and Queen Adelaide often attended this Royal Chapel, and it is said that the King was here present for the last time at a public service only six weeks before his death. The Royal closet is described in the reports as being within a few feet of the spot on which King Charles I. was executed. This is hardly correct; for, according to a memorandum of Vertue, on a print in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, through a window belonging to a small building abutting from the north side of the present Banqueting House, the King stepped upon the scaffold, "which was equal to the landing-place of the Hall within side." The *Boyle Lectures*, founded by the Hon. Robert Boyle for proving the truth of the Christian religion against notorious infidels are sometimes delivered in the Chapel Royal. For many years these lectures were delivered in the City churches, where scarcely half a dozen persons could be obtained to listen to them. The preachers are enjoined to perform the office following:—"To preach eight sermons in the year for proving the Christian religion against notorious infidels—viz., Atheists, Theists, Pagans, Jews, and Mahometans, not descending lower to any controversies that are among Christians themselves."

CHAPEL ROYAL, SAVOY, in the rear of the south side of the Strand, occupies a site granted by King Henry III., in 1245, to Peter Count of Savoy (hence its name) on his arrival to visit his niece Queen Eleanor. It was afterwards possessed by Edmund, Earl of Lancaster (1267), and John of Gaunt, during whose tenure of it the palace was destroyed; after which, being inherited by his son, Henry IV., it was vested in the Crown as part of the Duchy of Lancaster, and thus acquired its peculiar dignities and privileges as a Royal manor. An Hospital was erected in the Savoy under the will of Henry VII., and in the reign of Henry VIII. a perpetual Hospital was incorporated. This was one of the institutions declared to be illegal in the 1st of Edward VI., and it was given up to the King. It was re-established in the fourth year of Philip and Mary, but was converted into a military hospital and marine infirmary in the reign of Charles II., and shortly afterwards was used as a barrack. The Hospital was, therefore, declared to be dissolved in 1702.

Strype, in his edition of Stow's *Survey*, 1755, says: "In the year 1687, Schools were set up and ordained here at the Savoy; the masters whereof were Jesuits;" the classes soon consisted of 400 boys, about one-half of whom were Protestants; the latter were not required to attend mass. All were taught gratis, buying only their own pens, ink, paper, and books; and in teaching no distinction was made, nor was any one to be persuaded from the profession of his own religion; yet they were generally successful in promoting the Roman religion. The Schools were, however, soon dissolved upon the ceasing of the government of King James. And the clock that was made for the use of the Savoy School, was bought and set up upon a gentleman's house in Low Laiton. The College gave rise to many other schools in the metropolis: the Blue Coat School, in St. Margaret's, Westminster, is one of these. There is a contemporary Ballad, entitled "Religious Reliques; or the Sale at the Savoy, upon the Jesuits breaking up their School and Chapel."—Printed in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S., No. 14, Jan. 1856.

\* Rubens's original sketch is in the National Gallery, Trafalgar-square.



Several persons of note are buried here, and had figure monuments. Among them was one, in the chancel, of Sir Robert Douglas and his lady (seventeenth century). In a pointed niche was the figure of a lady kneeling—Jocosa, daughter of Sir Allan Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower, sister of Mrs. Hutchinson. In the western wall, near the altarpiece, was an ornamental recess, in the back of which had been effigies incised in brass; and near this was a small tablet to the memory of Anne Killigrew, daughter of one of the Masters of the Savoy, and niece to the well-known jester. This was the lady described by Dryden as “A grace for beauty and a muse for wit.” Over the door was a small kneeling figure, with a skull in her hands, inscribed “Alicia Steward.” A recumbent figure was, it is thought, improperly named the Countess Dowager of Nottingham. Here, also, is a brass over the grave of Gawin Douglas, who translated Virgil; and here rest George Wither, the poet, without a monument; the Earl of Feversham, who commanded King James II.’s troops at the Battle of Sedgemoor; and Dr. Cameron, the last person who suffered for the Rebellion of 1745, to whom was erected a marble relief tablet by his great-grandson, in 1846, “one hundred years after the Battle of Culloden.” Here, also, was placed a tablet to the memory of Richard Lander, the traveller in Africa; and in the burial-ground is the tomb of Hilton, R.A., the historical painter, whose works were barely appreciated in his lifetime.

In the Chapel was a monument, rather sumptuous, erected about 1715, in honour of a merchant, the sole statement of the epitaph was, that he had bequeathed £2. to the poor of the Savoy Precinct, and a like sum to the poor of the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand; while at the side, and occupying about half the breadth of the marble, the money was expressed in figures, just as in a page of a ledger, with lines single and double, perpendicular and, at the bottom, horizontal; the whole being summed up, and in each line two cyphers for shillings and one for pence. The epitaph concluded, “which sum was duly paid by his executors.”

The Savoy was last used as barracks and a prison for deserters until 1819, when the premises were taken down to form the approach to Waterloo Bridge. The roadway to the Bridge from the Strand, or Wellington-street and Lancaster-place, covers the entire site of the old Duchy-lane and great part of the Hospital. We see the river front of the Savoy in Hollar’s prints and Canaletti’s pictures; and Vertue’s ground-plan shows the Middle Savoy Gate, where Savoy-street now is; and the Little Savoy Gate, where now are Savoy-steps. Ackermann published a view of the ruins as they were in their last condition, before they were swept away. The pulling down of the ruins, in 1816, when the chapel was left isolated, was a work of immense labour, so massive was the masonry. Not the least amusing incident was that of the *gamins* picking out the softest parts of the Royal palace walls and cutting them into hearth-stones to clean hearths and the steps before doors!

The Chapel is a parochial benefice in the gift of her Majesty, in right of her Duchy of Lancaster; it was endowed by Henry VII., and the incumbent to this day receives an annual fee by Royal warrant. The interior dimensions of the chapel are 90 ft. by 24 ft.; its style English Perpendicular, late and plain, except the ceiling, which was rich and coloured, and one of the finest pieces of carved work in the metropolis.

It was wholly of oak and pear tree, and divided into 133 quatrefoil panels, each enriched with a carved ornament sacred or historical. The panels numbered twenty-three in the length of the chapel and six in its width. Ten of the ranges had each a shield in the centre presenting in high relief some feature or emblem of the Passion and Death of the Saviour; and all devised and arranged in a style of which there are many examples in sacred edifices in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The panels throughout the rest of the ceiling contained bearings or badges indicating the various families from which the Royal lineage was derived, and more particularly the alliances of the house of Lancaster, each panel being surrounded by a wreath richly blazoned and tinted with the livery colours of the different families. For a long series of years they were hidden under repeated coats of whitewash, but in 1843 Mr. John Cochrane, a bookseller in the Strand, having been appointed chapel warden, brought his antiquarian knowledge to bear on the neglected ceiling, and it was restored.

The Savoy has a certain literary aspect: all Proclamations, Acts of Parliament and Gazettes, used to issue from the Royal Printing-press established in the precinct; and there Fuller lectured, if he did not write his *Worthies*. It was in the Chapel, also, that the memorable Conference between the Episcopalian and Presbyterian divines on the Book of Common Prayer was held in 1661. Here many of the bishops were consecrated, and among them Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man, by Archbishop Sharpe, in 1698; and among those who have held the benefice was Dr. Anthony Horneck, the favourite chaplain of King William III.

The Savoy precinct became as notorious for thieves and beggars, as for the lame,

the sick, and the vagabond, who considered themselves privileged to claim succour from the Master of the Hospital of the Savoy, an office which was much coveted, and which Cowley struggled ineffectually to obtain. While the Dutch, German, and French congregations met quietly within the precinct, a favour which was originally owing to Charles II., all sorts of unseemly marriages were celebrated by the "Savoy parsons," there being five private ways by land to this chapel, and two by water. The Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, the father of Tate Wilkinson, the actor, for performing the illicit ceremony, was informed against by Garrick, and the reverend gentleman was transported. A letter to Lord Burleigh in 1581, as to an outbreak of rogues, states, "the chief nurserie of all these evell people is the Savoy, and the brick kilnes near Islington."

The Chapel was built, in 1505, of squared stone and boulders, with a low bell-tower and large Tudor windows; and, standing in a small burial-ground, amid a few trees and evergreens, it resembled the church of a rural hamlet; it was all that remained of the Hospital. Thither John, King of France, was brought prisoner from Poitiers by Edward the Black Prince; and there, in his "antient prison," King John died. The chapel was originally dedicated to the Saviour, the Virgin, and St. John the Baptist; but when the old church of St. Mary-le-Strand was destroyed by the Protector Somerset, the parishioners united themselves to the precinct of the Savoy, and the chapel, being used as their church, acquired the name of St. Mary-le-Savoy, though before the householders beyond the precinct were permitted to use it as their parish church they signed an instrument renouncing all claim to any right or property in the chapel itself. There is a tradition that when the Liturgy in the vernacular tongue was restored by Queen Elizabeth, the chapel of the Savoy was the first place in which the service was performed.

The Chapel Royal was restored chiefly through the instrumentality of George IV. The interior was destroyed by fire, but was repaired at the expense of Queen Victoria, in 1843; the fine ceiling was restored and emblazoned by Willement, by whom it has been minutely illustrated. Mr. Willement also reglazed the altar-window. In the lower centre was a figure of St. John the Baptist; the side compartments contained emblems of the other Evangelists; and in other parts were the ducal coronet, the red rose of Lancaster, and the lions, also fleurs-de-lis of the Plantagenet escutcheon, and over all the inscription—"This window was glazed at the expense of the congregation, in honour of God, and in gratitude to our Queen Victoria." The altar-screen, said to have been the work of Sir Reginald Bray, was restored by Mr. Sydney Smirke, in 1843. In July, 1864, the Chapel was again destroyed by fire, save the walls; the fine altar-screen and window, the carved ceiling, and many of the old monuments, were entirely consumed. It has been rebuilt at a cost of about 5000*l.* (it was insured for 4000*l.*), under the superintendence of Mr. Sydney Smirke; the roof has been embellished much after the design of that which was destroyed, but different in detail; the great window over the altar has been magnificently painted, and a fine Organ erected at the southern end of the Chapel. Over the window is a Latin inscription to the effect that it was presented by the inhabitants of the precinct in 1843, destroyed with the chapel in 1864, and restored by Queen Victoria in memory of the Prince Consort in 1865. A beautiful font has been contributed by Mrs. De Wint, a parishioner; a carved oaken pulpit of chaste design has been presented by another parishioner, Mr. Burgess, of the Strand. The benefice is a "peculiar;" building unconsecrated; clergy unlicensed. Her Majesty pays every current expense belonging to the chapel, its officers, and services.

On the Sunday following Christmas-day it has been customary to place near the door a chair covered with a cloth: on the chair being an orange in a plate. This curious custom at the Savoy has not been explained.

ST. ALBAN THE MARTYR, Baldwin's Gardens, Grays'-Inn-lane, was built and endowed at the sole expense of Mr. Hubbard, M.P. The site was given by Lord Leigh: Butterfield, architect; consecrated Feb. 20, 1863; the choir entirely for the parishioners of the district. The church comprises a clerestoried nave and a chancel, both with aisles, and a saddle-back tower at the west end. The building is of brick, with stone, alabaster, and terra-cotta dressings. Externally, the bricks are of the



ordinary stock brick character, with very slight bandings of red; and internally, red and yellow bricks are disposed in patterns mixed with stone; the latter being ornamented with incised scroll-work filled in with black mastic. The use of constructive polychrome, and the absence of carving, are characteristics of the edifice. At the west end is a narthex, or Galilee porch, supported by an arch of imposing span and height, and lighted by a noble west window. Here, according to the custom of the early churches, are the north and south doors. The Chancel is approached by two steps, and the altar is raised on a platform considerably higher. Over it is a large marble cross, enriched, let into the wall. The chancel walls are lined with alabaster, banded with tile, and ornamented with *niello* work. On the flat east end, above the second story, is a series of panels filled with ten water-glass pictures, designed by Le Strange, from Our Lord's life, the central place being occupied with a picture of the Annunciation. A low wrought-iron screen separates the Nave from the Chancel; and lofty iron parceloses divide the chancel from its aisles. The columns of the clerestory here, as in the Nave and in the arcading against the north and south walls of the aisles, are of red terra-cotta, in short lengths. The roof is of wood, ornamented with colour. The font has a rich character in design and form, and in the coloured stone of its inlaid work. In the Chancel is a brass lectern. The pulpit is of oak, simple in design, on a pedestal of stone and terra cotta. The entrance to the belfry story is by a staircase opening into the church at the centre of the west wall: over the door is inscribed, "I believe in one baptism for the remission of sins," under a sculptured bas-relief of the Last Supper. Incense and the vestments are used. Here is a tenor bell, one of an intended peal of eight. Near the entrance of the church is placed a drinking-fountain. The whole cost of the church, without the pictures, is about 15,000*l*.

ST. ALBAN'S, Wood-street, Cheapside, is stated to have been named from its belonging to the monastery of St. Albans. Stow thinks it to be "at least of as antient standing as King Adelstane the Saxon (925 to 941), who, as the tradition says, had his house at the east end of this church," and which gave name to Adel-street. Maitland supposes the church to have been one of the first places of worship built in London by Alfred, after he had driven out its destroyers, the Danes. It was rebuilt by Inigo Jones, but destroyed by the Great Fire, and again rebuilt by Wren in 1685, "Gothic, as the same was before the Fire," with clustered columns, flat pointed arches, and boldly groined roof. To the right of the reading-desk, within twisted columns, arches, &c., and in a frame richly ornamented with angels sounding trumpets, &c., is an hour-glass, such as was common in churches in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, "that when the preacher doth make a sermon, he may know the hour passeth away:" the hour-glass frame and the spiral column upon which it is mounted are of brass. Butler, in *Hudibras*, has:

As gifted Brethren preaching by  
A carnal Hour-glass do imply.—*Canto 3, v. 1081, and Note.*

The exterior of the church is ill designed, and has a pinnacled tower 92 feet high. The whole was restored in 1859, by G. Gilbert Scott, architect. The interior is wainscoted with Norway oak. One of the St. Alban's rectors, Dr. Watts, who died in 1649, assisted Sir Henry Spelman in his *Glossary*, and edited Matthew Paris's *Historia Major*.

ALLHALLOWS BARKING, at the east end of Great Tower-street, so called from having belonged to the Abbot and Convent of Barking, in Essex, narrowly escaped the Great Fire, which burnt the dial and porch, and vicarage-house. The church contains a curiously-carved communion-table, font-cover, and screen with altar-wreaths; and some funeral brasses of early date, among the best in London. The headless bodies of the poet Surrey, Bishop Fisher (More's friend), and Archbishop Laud, who were executed on Tower Hill, were interred in Allhallows Church and churchyard, but have been removed for honourable burial. The body of Fisher was carried on the halberds of the attendants, and interred in the churchyard.

There has been published, by the archaeologist curate of this parish, *Berkynges Churchse Juxta-Turrim*—collections in illustration of the architecture and monu-

ments, notices of vicars, &c. Much of the church is Perpendicular; the chancel-window is late Decorated. The whole building had a narrow escape at the Great Fire; for, as Pepys records, the dial and porch were burnt, and the fire there quenched.

Mr. Leyborne, in *Strype*, B. ii. p. 36, relates that over against the wall of Barking Churchyard, a sad and lamentable accident befel by gunpowder in this manner. At a ship-chandler's, upon Jan. 4, 1649, about seven o'clock at night, being busy in his shop barrelling up gunpowder, it took fire, and in the twinkling of an eye blew up, not only that, but all the houses thereabouts to the number (towards the street and in back alleys) of fifty or sixty. The number of persons destroyed by this blow could never be known, for the next house but one was the Rose Tavern, a house never (at that time of night) but full of company; and that day the parish dinner was at the house. And in three or four days after digging, they continually found heads, arms, legs, and half bodies, miserably torn and scorched, besides many whole bodies, not so much as their clothes singed. In the digging, strange to relate, they found the mistress of the Rose Tavern sitting in her bar, and one of the drawers standing by the bar's side, with a pot in his hand, only stifled with dust and smoke; their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling across one another. Next morning there was found on the upper leads of Barking Church, a young child lying in a cradle, as newly laid in bed, neither the child nor the cradle having the least sign of any fire or other hurt. It was never known whose child it was, so that one of the parish kept it as a memorial; for in the year 1686 (says the narrator), I saw the child, grown to be then a proper maiden, and came to the man that had kept her all that time, where he was drinking at a tavern with some other company then present. And he told us she was the child that was so found in the cradle upon the church leads, as aforesaid. According to a tablet which hung beneath the organ gallery of the church, the quantity of gunpowder exploded in this catastrophe was twenty-seven barrels.

ALLHALLOWS, Bread-street, was built by Wren, in 1680: the old church, in which Milton was baptized, was destroyed in the Great Fire, but the register preserves the entry of the poet's baptism. Here was buried Alderman Richard Reed, who refusing to pay to "a benevolence" levied by Henry VIII., was sent to serve as a soldier, "both he and his men at his own charge," in the Northern wars. Reed was taken prisoner by the Scotch, and was glad to make his peace with the King, and purchase his ransom at a heavy rate. Laurence Saunders was rector of this parish in 1553. In Queen Mary's reign he preached most zealously against Romish errors, and was imprisoned fifteen months, degraded Feb. 4, 1555, and next day was carried to Coventry, where, on the 8th, he suffered martyrdom.

"There are but few residents in the parish, which is chiefly filled with warehouses, nearly every one of which has a padlock on the door on Sunday. The congregation usually averages nine !—*Mackeson*.

ALLHALLOWS THE GREAT AND LESS, Upper Thames-street, built in 1683, has a richly carved oak rood-screen the whole width of the church. It was manufactured at Hamburg, and presented in the reign of Queen Anne to the church by Hanse Merchants, who formerly resided in this parish in considerable numbers.

William Lichfield was Rector in 1440. He composed during his ministry 3083 sermons, which were found in his own handwriting, after his decease. Pepys speaks of Allhallows the Great as one of the first churches that set up the King's Arms before the Restoration, while Monk and Montague were as yet undecided. Theodore Jacobson, the architect of the Foundling Hospital, is buried here.

ALLHALLOWS, Honey-lane, a small parish church, in the ward of Cheap, on the site of Honey-lane Market; it was destroyed in the Great Fire, and not rebuilt. Here was buried John Norman, draper, Mayor, 1453, "the first Mayor that was rowed to Westminster by water, for before that they rode on horseback."—(*Stow*.) Thomas Garrard was Rector in 1537, and having circulated forbidden theological books, was attainted by Parliament, and burned in Smithfield, 1540.

ALLHALLOWS, Lombard-street, destroyed by the Great Fire and rebuilt by Wren in 1694, contains an exquisitely-sculptured white marble font; carved figures of Time and Death, in wood, besides a carved curtain, which seems to hide foliage behind it. The churchyard was closed in the cholera year, 1849, and laid out as a garden.

In 1580, one Peter Symons left 3*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.* to the parish of Allhallows, in order that, after a sermon and the usual morning service upon Whit-Sunday, a penny and a packet of plums should be given to sixty boys belonging to Christ's Hospital. Each lad receives a new penny and a packet containing about a quarter of a pound of plums. Another version of the Will states the distribution to be in the burying-ground in Old Bethlem to sixty poor people of the parish of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate. The penny loaves have increased to twopenny loaves, and the burial-ground of Old Bethlem has been invaded by railway companies. Of late years the loaves have been given away in the garden of Mr. Elwin. Gifts of bread, buns, and money, from a local source, are also then given to the charity children, and to many of the poorer inhabitants of the parish.

ALLHALLOWS STAINING, Mark-lane, escaped the Great Fire, and *Stow* thinks was



called Stane church to distinguish it from others in the City of the same name, built of timber. The tower and a portion of the west end alone are ancient. The Princess Elizabeth, on May 19, 1554, after her release from the Tower, performed her devotions in this church; and afterwards is said to have dined off pork and peas at the King's Head in Fenchurch-street, where a metal dish and cover used on the occasion are shown; and a commemorative dinner was held annually on Elizabeth's birthday, but discontinued thirty years since. The churchwardens' books contain payments for ringing the bells "for joye of ye execution of ye Queene of Scots;" also for the return of King James II. from Feversham; and, two days after, on the arrival of the Prince of Orange. In De Laune's *History of London*, published 1681, mention is made of charities connected with Allhallows Staining; and that "John Costin, a Girdler, who dyed 1244, gave the poor of the parish a hundred quarters of charcoals for ever."

ALLHALLOWS-IN-THE-WALL, Broad-street Ward, is named "of standing close to the wall of the City." (*Stow*.) It was built in the shape of a wedge, east end broadest, by Dance, jun., 1765, and contains an altar-picture, painted and presented by Sir N. Dance, of P. da Cortona's "Ananias restoring Paul to sight." The parish books (commencing 1455) record the benefactions of an "ancker," or hermit, who lived near the old church which escaped the Great Fire. Here is a tablet to the Rev. William Beloe, translator of Herodotus, and twenty years rector of this parish; his successor in the living was Archdeacon Nares, so well known by his *Glossary*.

ALL SAINTS BISHOPSGATE, Skinner-street, a Gothic church, built in 1830, at the expense of Bishop Blomfield, when rector of St. Botolph's.

ALL SAINTS, Kennington Park, W. White, architect, completed in 1853, presents in its materials stone of various colours, Devonshire marble, and different coloured tiles and brickwork; in the clerestory, part of each window-head is filled with mosaic work, instead of being pierced; and large squares of stained glass in place of the ordinary perishable quarry lights. This church owes its erection mainly to the munificence of the Rev. Dr. Walker, rector of St. Columb Major, after the model of whose beautiful church in Cornwall the church of All Saints is built.

ALL SAINTS, Knightsbridge, in the Lombardic or Byzantine style, by Vulliamy, consecrated 1849; incumbent, the Rev. W. Harness, one of the editors of *Shakspeare*; senior curate, the Rev. Mackenzie Walcott, author of *Memorials of Westminster*, 1849.

ALL SAINTS, Lower Marsh, Lambeth, built in 1846, in the Anglo-Norman style, has a tower and spire 160 feet high, and upwards of 100 feet from the body of the church, with which it is connected by a passage.

ALL SOULS, Langham-place, built by Nash in 1822-25, has been much ridiculed, but is suited to its angular plan; the circular tower, surrounded with Ionic columns, has a Corinthian peristyle above, and a stone cone or spire; it is well adapted to its situation, having the same appearance whichever way viewed. The surface is fluted, and the point finished with metal. The interior is formed on the model of the older churches in the Italian style, and is divided "by colonnades into nave and" aisles: it contains an altar-picture by Westall, R.A., of Christ crowned with thorns.

ALL SAINTS, Margaret-street, W. Butterfield, architect, was designed as a *model church*, in art-development, and "in strict conformity with all the distinctive tenets and limitations of the pure reformed church." The first stone was laid by the Rev. Dr. Pusey, on All Saints' Day (Nov. 1, 1850); and the conduct of the work was undertaken on his own responsibility by Mr. A. J. B. Beresford Hope, with a very limited number of subscriptions, one of which, however, is stated to have been 30,000*l.* from an anonymous benefactor. The ground, which includes the site of Margaret-street Chapel, was purchased chiefly by Mr. Hope for 10,000*l.* The church forms one side of a small court, two sides of which are formed by houses (schools and clergy house), connected with the church, and the fourth side opens to Margaret-street. It consists of a nave and chancel, with aisles to each: its length is 109 feet, its width 64 feet. The length of the nave internally is 63 feet 6 inches, and of the chancel, which is vaulted, 38 feet 6 inches. The external height of the building itself is 75 feet; and that of the tower and spire, one of the noblest features in the design, 227 feet.

The style of the entire mass is Early Middle Pointed, *i.e.*, the style of about A.D. 1300. The material of the whole is red brick, chequered, in the church itself, by mosaic patterns of black brick, and courses of Danby Dale stone; in the collegiate buildings by patterns of black brick, which is used, especially above the window arches, with great boldness. The court is separated from the road by an iron screen standing on a low perpendicular wall; the entrance is by a pedimented gateway, and immediately opposite a buttress is converted into a kind of churchyard cross. In its upper part it is ornamented with a sculpture of the Annunciation; above that, it carries a metal cross at the height of 55 feet. The tower is at the west end of the south aisle. Its union and harmony with the spire, and the treatment of the belfry windows, are, beyond comparison, finer than the Marien Kirche of Lubeck. The decoration of the tower consists principally of courses of Danby Dale stone, edged by a border of black brick, and relieved by a chevron of the same; mosaic patterns being introduced. The spire is broached; it is covered with slates, and relieved with bands of lead, and carries a very noble metal cross. It is (1866) the highest spire in London, being more elevated than that of Bow Church or St. Bride's.

The interior is the most gorgeous in the kingdom, and the one in which ecclesiastical teaching has been most studiously followed; every part of it having been executed in accordance with mediæval precedent and symbolism. The Nave is divided into three bays, the south-western being inclosed so as to form a Baptistry. The clustered columns which support the arches of the Nave are of polished Aberdeen granite, with plinths of black marble, and boldly foliated capitals of alabaster; the spandrels of the arches are inlaid with coloured stones and encaustic tiles in geometrical patterns. The roof is of wood in seven bays, painted of a chocolate colour relieved with white and pricked out with blue. The great Chancel arch is of alabaster; the wall above is inlaid with black, white, and coloured work, and has a large "cross of glory," in the centre. All the windows are of stained glass: the one of the south aisle and great window (the Root of Jesse) by Gerente of Paris, represent scriptural subjects. The clerestory windows are of geometrical patterns, by O'Connor. The pulpit is of coloured marble, and cost nearly 400*l*. The floor is laid with encaustic tiles; there are neither pews nor forms, but chairs are used.

The Chancel is mainly lined with alabaster and statuary marble; the arches dividing the Chancel from its aisles being filled with tracery of alabaster, resting on shafts of dark red serpentine; while on the ground-line of the sanctuary beyond, these rich materials are sculptured into canopied arcades, forming graceful sedilia. There is no east window, the entire end of the chancel above the altar being occupied by a series of fresco paintings by W. R. Dyce, R.A., on a diapered gold ground, and each in a canopied frame of alabaster; the detached shafts are of serpentine. In the lowest stage is "the Nativity;" the Madonna, with the infant in her lap occupies the centre; whilst three of the Apostles are in panels on either side. In the middle stage in the centre is a representation of "the Crucifixion," and the rest of the Apostles occupy the side panels; the upper space is devoted to a large representation of "the Celestial Court, with our Lord in Majesty in the centre," the Saviour being seated in front of an elliptical aureole, around which is a choir of angels, while below are Saints of the church, standing and kneeling in adoration. The upper portion of the Chancel is decorated with geometrical and mosaic work, in coloured marbles. The roof, which is externally more elevated than the nave, is groined in stone; the main ribs of the arches and vaulting are gilt; the low screen, which shuts off the altar, is of alabaster and coloured marble. The floor is laid with encaustic tiles. The Organ, divided into two parts, occupies portions of the Chancel aisles, the trackers passing under the floor. The Baptistry (the ground-floor of the tower) is ornamented with polished red granite, serpentine, and alabaster; the font is of coloured marble, resembling in style the pulpit. The ceiling contains a figure of the emblematic pelican. Throughout the building is a rich display of Gothic brasswork. The grilles dividing the chancel from the transept are light and graceful; the stalls are very unobtrusive and neat; the holy table is of various precious woods.

Mr. Butterfield's design and intention evidently was to produce a whole profusely but delicately coloured, bright and luminous, refreshing to the eye, and satisfying (if it comes to be reflected upon) to



the mind. The key-note of the colour was to be struck by the lovely natural marbles so largely used throughout the church; white was to be the foundation of the system, relieved indeed and decorated, but never overpowered, by the stronger and more decided hues, whether of marble, of paint, or of gilding, employed to surround it and give it force; the result is admirable. The low marble screen, chiefly of white and light brown marble; the side arches filled with tracery of serpentine and alabaster full of manly strength and beauty; the magnificent alabaster reredos; the general use of alabaster and green marble on the sides of the chancel, and alabaster and faintly coloured chalkstone in the groining, together with most of the encaustic tiles and the woodwork, are Mr. Butterfield's. The pillars carrying the vaulting are of green Mona marble, with alabaster capitals. The alabaster ribs are completely covered with gold, and have the effect of bars of simple metal; the capitals of the columns and large masses of the reredos are covered with gold. The church is not absolutely large. The height of the roof, however, increased to the eye by the use of white plaster between the carved beams; the broad and stately arches; the large, bold, and bright patterns inlaid upon the walls; all combine to create an impression of breadth and dignity altogether uncommon. The mingling of the coloured bricks, the white stone, the pink granite, and the alabaster arches and capitals, is very happy. The carvings of the capitals were long since remarked upon by Mr. Ruskin, with perfect justice, as unequalled in modern times.—Abridged from the *Guardian*.

The church is the parish church of a "Peel" parish, formed, in 1849, out of the district rectory of All Souls', St. Marylebone, in the perpetual patronage of the Bishop of London. Its present and first incumbent is the Rev. W. Upton Richards. The church was, in the main, finished in 1859, and is understood to have cost 70,000*l*. One of our ablest ecclesiologists, himself a leader among the exclusively Gothic architects of our time, Mr. G. E. Street, observes:—"Though I have a rather large acquaintance with English and foreign works executed since the revival of Pointed Art, I cannot hesitate for an instant in allowing that this church is not only the most beautiful, but the most vigorous, thoughtful, and original of them all."

ALL SAINTS, Poplar-lane, India-road, was first built in 1650-54, by subscription, on ground given by the East India Company, and was nearly rebuilt by them in 1776. It has a very good peal of ten bells. Here are monuments to Robert Ainsworth, the lexicographer; and Flaxman's sculpture in memory of George Steevens, the illustrator of Shakspeare: it is a bas-relief of Steevens earnestly contemplating a bust of our great Dramatic Bard; the poetical inscription is by Hayley.

ST. ALPHAGE, London Wall, escaped the Great Fire, and was rebuilt in the last century: it has a porch with sculptured heads and pointed arches, stated to be a remnant of the ancient Elsing Priory. Its registers record, within a few years, about forty persons in this parish who certified that they had been *touched* by Charles II. for the Evil.

ST. ANDREW'S, Canal-road, Kingsland-road, built of brick of divers colours, C. A. Long, architect, has a recessed porch at the west end, and a square tower and zinc spire at the east: opened 1865.

ST. ANDREW'S, Holborn, was rebuilt by Wren, upon the site of the old church, in 1686; the original tower (date Henry VI.), 110 feet high, was recessed in 1704. It is one of the best placed churches in London: "for as the west end is nearly at the summit of Holborn-hill, the foundation was necessarily continued throughout on this level to the east end in Shoe-lane; so that the basement is there considerably elevated above the houses." (*Godwin*.) The interior is rich in gilding and stained glass.

The Organ was built from the famous instrument constructed by Harris for the Temple Church, part of which was sent to Christchurch Cathedral, Dublin, but was sold for 500*l*., and is now in Wolverhampton Church. When Dr. Sacheverell entered upon the living of St. Andrew's, he found that the organ, not having been paid for, had, from its erection in 1699, been shut up; when Sacheverell, by a collection amongst his parishioners, raised the amount, and paid for the instrument.

St. Andrew's has been called "the Poets' Church," from the sons of Song connected with it: John Webster, the dramatic poet, a late contemporary of Shakspeare, is said to have been parish-clerk here, but this is not attested by the register; Robert Savage was christened here, Jan. 18, 1696-7; the register records, Aug. 28, 1770, "*William*" (Thomas) "*Chatterton*," with "the poet" added by a later hand, interred in the burial-ground of Shoe-lane Workhouse, now the site of Farringdon Market; and in the churchyard lies Henry Neele, the gravestone bearing a touching epitaph written by him on his father. Among the eminent rectors of the church were Hacket and Stillingfleet, afterwards bishops; and Sacheverell, the partisan preacher, who is buried in the Chancel. In the south aisle is a tablet to John Emery, the comedian, d. 1822. Some of the registers date from 1558.

ST. ANDREW'S UNDERSHAFT, Leadenhall-street, nearly opposite the site of the East India House, is a Tudor church, before whose south side was set up on every May-day morning a long shaft or May-pole, which was higher than the church-steeple. It was last raised in 1517, on "Evil May-day," "so called of an insurrection made by apprentices and other young persons against aliens:" it was then hung on iron hooks over the doors and under the "pentices" of Shaft-alley, until 3rd King Edward VI., when one St. Stephen, a curate, preaching at Paul's Cross, "said that this shaft was made an idol, by naming the church of St. Andrew with the addition of 'under-that-shaft.'" Stow heard this sermon, and describes how the parishioners in the afternoon lifted the shaft from the hooks whereon it had rested thirty-two years, sawed it in pieces, "every man taking for his share so much as had lain over his door and stall, the length of his house; and they of the alley divided among them so much as had lain over their alley-gate" (Stow): and thus was this idol "mangled and after burned." The present church, rebuilt 1520-1532, consists of a nave and two side aisles, with ribbed and flattened roof, painted and gilt with flowers and shields. The Chancel has also paintings of the heavenly choir, landscapes, and buildings. St. Andrew's has much stained glass; and a large pointed window at the east end of the Nave contains whole-length portraits of King Edward VI., Queen Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., and Charles II. The church was *pewed* soon after 1520. It contains many brasses, tablets, and monuments, the most characteristic of which is that of John Stow, author of *A Survey of London* (1598). This monument is of terra-cotta, and was erected by Stow's widow; it contains the figure of the chronicler, once coloured after life: he is seated at a table, pen in hand, with a book before him, and a clasped book on each side of the alcove: above are the arms of Stow's Company, the Merchant Tailors'.

John Stow was born in the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, in the year 1525. There is abundant proof that he was by trade a tailor. In 1549, he was dwelling near the well within Aldgate, now known as Aldgate pump; where the Bailiff of Rumbold was, to use Stow's own words, "executed upon the pavement of my door, where I then kept house." Amidst the toils of business, Stow wrote his *Chronicles*, his *Annales*, and his *Survey*, a "simple and unadorned picture of London at the close of the 16th and commencement of the 17th century;" besides other works, printed and manuscript, which, to use his own words, "cost him many a weary mile's travel, many a hard-earned penny and pound, and many a cold winter night's study." He enjoyed the patronage of Archbishop Parker, the friendship of Lambard, and the respect of Camden; yet he fell into poverty, and all he could obtain from his sovereign, James I., for the toil of near half a century, was a license to beg! Stow died a twelvemonth after, on the 8th of April, 1605, in the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, and was buried on April 8: but, according to Maitland, in the year 1732, certain men removed Stow's "corpse, to make way for another." His collections for the *Chronicles of England*, occupying 80 quarto volumes, are now in the British Museum. Of the various editions of Stow's *Survey*, it may suffice to commend to the reader's notice the reprint from the edition of 1603, carefully edited by W. J. Thoms, F.S.A., 1842.

In a desk in this church are preserved seven curious old books, mostly in black letter, with a portion of iron chain attached to them, by which they were formerly secured under open pages.

ST. ANDREW BY THE WARDROBE, in Castle Baynard Ward, was named from its contiguity to the King's Great Wardrobe, destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren, in 1692. Here is a monument, by the elder Bacon, to the Rev. William Romaine; the bust very good.

ST. ANDREW'S, Wells-street, Marylebone, built by Daukes and Hamilton, in 1845-7, is fine Early Perpendicular, and has a tower and spire 155 feet high: the Anglican musical service is fully performed here; seats free and open.

ST. ANNE'S, Blackfriars, was destroyed in the Great Fire, and not rebuilt. It was "pulled down with the Friars' Church, by Sir Thomas Cawarden, Master of the Revels; but in the reign of Queen Mary, he being forced to find a church for the inhabitants, allowed them a lodging chamber above a stair" (Stow). The parish register records the burial of Isaac Oliver, the miniature painter; Nat Field, the poet and player; Dick Robinson, the player; William Faithorne, the engraver. Van Dyck lived and died in this parish; his daughter was baptized the day her illustrious father died, December 9, 1641.

ST. ANNE'S, Limehouse, built by Hawksmoor, pupil of Wren, 1712-24, at a cost of 35,000*l.*, has a tower, with four angular turrets, and a more lofty one in the centre,



original and picturesque. At 130 feet high is the clock, put up by Messrs. Moore in 1839: it is the highest in the metropolis, not excepting St. Paul's, and has four dials, each 13 feet in diameter; the hours being struck on the great bell (38 cwt.), inscribed:

"At proper times my voice I'll raise,  
And sound to my subscribers' praise."

The whole of the interior of the church, including a fine organ, was destroyed by an accidental fire on the morning of Good Friday, March 29, 1850; but has been judiciously restored.

ST. ANNE'S, Soho, was finished in 1686, and occupies a spot formerly called Kenp's Fields. It was dedicated to St. Anne in compliment to the Princess Anne of Denmark. The tower and spire were rebuilt about 1806 by the late S. P. Cockerell; the clock is a whimsical and ugly excrescence. The interior is very handsome, and has a finely-painted window at the east end. In this church is a tablet to the memory of Theodore Anthony Neuhoff, King of Corsica, who died in this parish in 1756, soon after his liberation from the King's Bench Prison by the Act of Insolvency. The friend who gave shelter to this unfortunate monarch, whom nobles could praise when praise could not reach his ear, and who refused to succour him in his miseries, was himself so poor as to be unable to defray the cost of his funeral. His remains were therefore about to be interred as a parish pauper, when one John Wright, an oilman in Compton-street, declared, *he for once would pay the funeral expenses of a king*, which he did. The tablet was erected at the expense of Horace Walpole, who inscribed upon it

"The grave, great teacher, to a level brings  
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings;  
But THEODORE this moral learn'd ere dead;  
Fate pour'd its lesson on his living head,  
Bestow'd a kingdom, and denied him bread."

In the church is buried David Williams, founder of the Literary Fund; and in the churchyard, William Hazlitt, the clever essayist. In the church are monuments to Sir John Macpherson, Governor-General of India, and William Hamilton, R.A., painter.

ST. ANTHONY'S (St. Antholin's or St. Antling's), in Budge-row, at the corner of Sise-lane, is of ancient foundation, being mentioned in the twelfth century. The church was rebuilt about 1399 and again 1513; and being destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, was rebuilt by Wren in 1682, when the parish of St. John Baptist, Watling-street, was annexed to that of St. Antholin. The interior has an oval dome, supported on eight columns; and the carpentry of the roof is a fine specimen of Wren's constructive skill. The exterior has a tower rising directly from the ground, with an octagonal spire, terminating with a Composite capital, at the height of 154 feet. In 1559, there was established, "after Geneva fashion," at St. Antholin's, an early prayer and lecture, the bells for which began to ring at five in the morning. This service is referred to by our early dramatists, and the preacher (a Puritan) and the bell of St. Antlin's were proverbially loud and lengthy. The chaplains of the Commissioners from the Church of Scotland to King Charles, in 1640, preached here: and "curiosity, faction, and humour," drew such crowds, that on Sundays, from daybreak to nightfall, the church was never empty. The churchwardens' accounts present (in an unbroken series) the parish expenditure for nearly three centuries.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S, Watling-street, was destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren, in 1682. The ancient church stood near the gate that led from Watling-street into St. Paul's churchyard. In 1387 (says Strype) was founded the fraternity of St. Austin's, in Watling-street (corrupted from St. Augustine's), who met in this church on the eve of St. Austin's, and in the morning at high mass, when every brother offered a penny, afterwards they were ready either "at mangier or at revele"—to eat or to revel, as the master and wardens of the fraternity directed. After the Great Fire, the parish of St. Faith-under-Paul's (so called because a part of the crypt of that cathedral was formerly their church) was united to St. Augustine's.

ST. BARNABAS', Queen-street, Pinlico, is a portion of a college founded on St. Barnabas' Day, 1846, including schools and residentiary house for the clergy, upon

ground presented by the first Marquis of Westminster. The buildings are in the Early Pointed style, Cundy, architect; and the church has a Caen-stone tower and spire 170 feet high, with a peal of ten bells, the gifts of as many parishioners. The windows throughout are filled with stained glass by Wailes, of Newcastle; the subjects from the life of St. Barnabas. The open roof is splendidly painted; the rood dividing the Choir from the Chancel, and other fittings, are entirely of oak; the lectern is a brass eagle: the superb altar-plate, the font, illuminated office-books, the *corona lucis* in the chancel, and other costly ornaments, are the gifts of private individuals. The funds were contributed by the inhabitants of the district of St. Paul, Knightsbridge, through the pious zeal of the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, the incumbent. There is an organ by Flight, of great richness, variety, and power; and full choral service is performed. During the Anti-Papal agitation towards the close of 1850, this church was more than once the scene of disgraceful interruption by intolerant mobs, who, but for the intrepidity of the officiating clergy, would have set aside the right to undisturbed worship. The church was consecrated by the Bishop of London, on St. Barnabas' Day (June 11), 1850. The clergy and services are maintained by the offertory, as there is no endowment. In 1849-50, sermons were preached here by the Bishop of London (Blomfield), the Bishop of Oxford, Archdeacon Manning, the Regius Professors of Hebrew at Oxford and Cambridge (Dr. Mill and Dr. Pusey), Mr. Sewell (of Oxford), Mr. Paget, Mr. Gresley, Mr. Keble, Mr. F. Bennett, Mr. Kennaway, Mr. Neale, Mr. H. Wilberforce, Mr. Richards, Mr. R. Eden, and Mr. W. J. E. Bennett. The ancient practice of singing the Litany at a faldstool, at the entrance to the chancel, has here been revived, and in all other respects the most approved Catholic usages have been observed, in so far as they are applicable to our own ritual. The *stone* altar has been replaced by a wooden one,—a *table*.

ST. BARNABAS, Bell-street, Edgware-road, stands north and south, instead of east and west, owing to the peculiar form of the site. Over the altar is a metal cross, affixed to the wall, bearing in its centre a circular mosaic representing the Lamb, on a gold ground. Above the Chancel arch is a figure of the Saviour seated, painted in fresco; and the north window is of stained glass. A. W. Blomfield, architect.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW BY THE EXCHANGE, rebuilt by Wren after the Great Fire, mostly with the old masonry, was taken down in 1840: the tower was in eccentric taste, appearing as though the upper part had been blown down, and a door-way or window-frame been left on each side. Here was buried Miles Coverdale, our first translator of the Bible, whose remains were removed to St. Magnus' Church, London Bridge, on the taking down of St. Bartholomew's. This church has been rebuilt in Moor-lane, Cripplegate, under the direction of C. R. Cockerell, R.A. The interior details are Tuscan; the altar-piece, pulpit, &c., are richly-carved oak; and the communion end is lighted by a stained Catherine-wheel window. From the western door the whole interior to the east is discovered through a triumphal arch, formed by a novel and ingenious construction of the choir-gallery in front of the organ.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT, in West Smithfield, is part of the ancient Priory of St. Bartholomew the Great, founded about 1102, by Rahere, the King's Minstrel, who became first Prior. Originally, the church consisted of a low central tower, with four other towers, one at each of the angles of the edifice, and all crowned with conical spires. Of Rahere's church, founded as above, in the reign of Henry I., and finished about 1123, nothing remains but the Choir, with an aisle or procession-path surrounding its apsidal east end, the crossing (at the original intersection of the transepts), and one bay only—the easternmost one—of the Nave. These remains are coeval with the naves of the cathedrals of Durham, Norwich, and Peterborough. The original length of St. Bartholomew's seems to have been about 280 feet, and its breadth 60 feet—a little less than those of Rochester Cathedral. At the Dissolution of religious houses the Nave was pulled down, and the conventual buildings were disposed of to various persons. The Choir and Transepts were granted in 1544 to the parishioners, for their use as a parish church; and so remained till now—except that about the year 1628 the original tower was taken down and a new one built of brick. The Nave is supposed to have originally extended to the house-fronts in West Smithfield, where is the entrance-gate,



an excellent specimen of Early English, with the toothed ornament in its mouldings. Mr. Parker has, however, explained that the above gateway was not the doorway to the south aisle, as it had been considered. The grant of the Priory by Henry VIII. defines the Nave as it was then, "a void ground, 87 feet in length and 60 feet in breadth," and it was reserved as a churchyard, for which purpose it had been used to our time. The discrepancy of the present dimensions with those in the grant, it is remarkable had not before occurred to antiquaries. Mr. Parker has also explained that the size of the doorway and extent of the mouldings are altogether unsuited to the position assigned to them in the church. Here are the details:

At present the building is 132 ft. by 57 ft., and 47 ft. high, having an open timber roof, which is supposed to be equal in age to the building itself. The square brick tower at the end of the south aisle is 75 ft. high, and was erected in 1628. It contains five bells. The six bells belonging originally to the edifice were sold at the Dissolution of the monastery to the parish church of St. Sepulchre. On the east side of the south wing stood a beautiful chapel of the time of Edward III., with a large western archway, which was destroyed by fire in 1830. Attached to the east end of the church was a Lady Chapel, of Norman style, now a fringe manufactory, the side walls of which still remain. The prior's house, infirmary, relectory, dormitory, chapter-house, and cloisters originally surrounded the building. The walls of the chapter-house, of the time of Henry III., were remaining in 1809, as high as the window-sills. It had three arched entrances to the cloister, with arcades on the north and south sides. On the south side of the church is an oriel window built by Prior Bolton early in the 16th century, and supposed to have been used, like that at Worcester Cathedral, by the sacristan for the supervision of the lights burning at the altar. It is ornamented by the Prior's rebus, an arrow, or some such thing, inserted through a tun. The interior of the church contains several very ancient monuments in good preservation; among others the effigy and tomb of Rahere, the first prior, inserted within a screen; the Elizabethan tomb of Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and founder of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, who died in May, 1589; and of Rycroft, the king's printer of the Polyglot. Le Seur, the sculptor, and Milton lived in Bartholomew-close, hard by; and William Hogarth was baptized in the church in November, 1697.

Archer, in his *Vestiges of Old London*, has engraved the west gate of the Priory and that portion of it which is now the "Coach and Horses" public-house, at the entrance to Bartholomew-close, formerly the Priory close. The kitchen is now a dwelling-house, from which a subterranean passage communicated with the church. Mr. Archer identified the mulberry-garden from an old plan, and the decayed stump of a celebrated mulberry-tree was grubbed up just before his visit in 1842.

This church, the oldest beyond all question in the whole City of London, having been erected nearly 750 years ago, is about to be restored to its primitive grandeur at the cost of a large sum of money, under the direction of a Committee.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE LESS, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, West Smithfield, was formerly the Chapel of the Brotherhood of St. Bartholomew, and was founded by Rahere the first Prior, and contained a chapel for the poor. It escaped the Great Fire, but becoming dilapidated, was taken down, except the tower, and replaced by an octagon wooden building by Dance. This again was taken down, and a stone building erected, in 1823, by Hardwicke, R.A. During the operation, the arms of Edward the Confessor, in stone, were found under the tower (they are now in the Vestry), and as these arms were assumed by the Edwards, it is supposed that the old church was erected during one of their reigns. The tower contains very fine Norman and Early English arches and pillars; the piscina from the ancient church is used as a font. A beautiful Chancel has been built in the style of the Lady Chapels in Normandy; the reredos of marble and alabaster, as is also the pulpit, with bas-reliefs of the Sermon on the Mount; stained glass windows by Powell.—*Mackeson*.

ST. BENET, Gracechurch-street, is one of Wren's least attractive edifices, rebuilt after the Great Fire. The original church is mentioned as "S. Benedicti, Grasechurch," in a survey made in the twelfth century; according to Stow, it was called Grass-church, to distinguish it from other churches of the same name, because that the *herb-market* was held opposite its western door. Weever mentions only one monument of early date (1491) in the church; but the parish books contain many curious entries. Thus, at the accession of Queen Mary, in 1553:—"Paid to a plasterer, for washing owte and defacing of such Scriptures as in the tyme of King Edward VI. were written aboute the chirche and walls, we being commanded to do so by y<sup>e</sup> Right Hon. y<sup>e</sup> lord bishop of Winchester, L<sup>d</sup> Chan<sup>r</sup> of England, 3s. 4d.;" and "Paid to the paynters for the making y<sup>e</sup> Roode, with Mary and John, 6l.;" while in the first year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, 1558, occur, "Payd to a carpenter for pulling down the Roode and Mary,

4s. and 2d.;" and "Paid three labourers one day for pulling down the altars and John, 2s. 4d." Later still, in 1642, were sold "the superstitious brasses taken off the grave-stones for 9s. and 6d." The tower of Wren's church, at the north-west angle, is, with the cupola and spire, 140 feet high. The interior of the church is a double cube of 60 feet by 30 feet, with a groined ceiling, crossed by bands. In the register is: "1559, April 14, Robert Burges, a common player." This church has recently been pulled down.

ST. BENNET FINE, named from Robert Finke, the original founder (as also of Finch-lane adjoining), was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, rebuilt by Wren, but taken down in 1842-44. The remains were sold by auction, Jan. 15, 1846, when lot 12, the carved oak poor-box, with lock, &c. (date on the lock 1683), fetched four guineas; and lot 17, the carved and panelled oak pulpit, with sounding-board, &c., fifteen guineas. The paintings of Moses and Aaron, the carved and panelled oak fittings of the altar, marble floor, and the two tablets with inscriptions in gold, were purchased for 50*l*. The parish registers record the marriage of Richard Baxter, the celebrated Nonconformist, to Margaret Charlton, Sept. 10th, 1662; and the baptism of "John, the son of John Speed, merchant-tailor," March 10, 1608.

ST. BENNET, Paul's Wharf, or ST. BENET HUDE or HYTHE, was destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren, in 1683. The burial register records Inigo Jones, the architect; Sir William Le Neve (Clarencieux); John Philpott (Somerset Herald); and William Oldys (Norroy). Inigo Jones's monument (for which he left 100*l*.) was destroyed in the Great Fire. Elias Ashmole, the antiquary, was married to his first wife in this church.

ST. BENNET SHEREHOG, or SYTH, Ward of Cheap, was destroyed in the Great Fire, and not rebuilt. Stow says its most ancient name is Shorne, from one Robert Shorne, citizen and stock-fish monger, "a new builder, repairer, or benefactor thereof, in the reign of Edward II.," so that Shorne is but corruptly Shrog, or more corruptly, Sherehog.

ST. BOTOLPH WITHOUT ALDERSGATE escaped the Great Fire, and was rebuilt in 1796. Here are monuments to Dame Anne Packington, believed to have written *The Whole Duty of Man*; Elizabeth, wife of Sir Thomas Richardson; Elizabeth Smith, with cameo bust by Roubiliac; and a tablet to Richard Chiswell, bookseller.

ST. BOTOLPH, ALDgate, at the corner of Houndsditch, opposite the Minories, was rebuilt by G. Dance, 1741-44. It contains monuments of good sculpture to Lord Dacre, beheaded 1537; and Sir Nicholas Carew, of Beddington, beheaded 1538; also an effigies monument to Robert Dowe, who left the St. Sepulchre's Bell, &c. (see p. 48). In the churchyard is a tomb inscribed with Persian characters, of which Stow gives the following account:—

"August 10, 1626. In Petty France [a part of the cemetery unconsecrated], out of Christian burial, was buried Hodges Shaughsware, a Persian merchant, who with his son came over with the Persian ambassador, and was buried by his own son, who read certain prayers, and used other ceremonies, according to the custom of their own country, morning and evening, for a whole month after the burial; for whom is set up, at the charge of his son, a tomb of stone with certain Persian characters thereon, the exposition thus:—This grave is made for Hodges Shaughsware, the chiefest servant to the King of Persia for the space of twenty years, who came from the King of Persia, and died in his service. If any Persian cometh out of that country, let him read this and a prayer for him. The Lord receive his soul, for here lieth Maghnote Shaughsware, who was born in the town Novoy, in Persia."—*Stow's Survey*, ed. 1633, p. 173.

ST. BOTOLPH'S is situate *without* the walls of London, near one of the ancient entrances to the City, supposed to have been built by a bishop, and thence called Bishopgate. The old church narrowly escaped the Great Fire of 1666; it was rebuilt in 1725-29 by James Gold; its peculiarity is, that the tower rises at the east end, in Bishopsgate-street, and the lower part forms the chancel. The living, valued at 1650*l*., with a Rectory-house, is the richest in the City and Liberties of London. The Crown exercises the right of patronage in consequence of having raised the then rectors to the Episcopal Bench. Dr. Blomfield (the late Bishop of London) was rector from 1820 until his consecration as Bishop of Chester in 1828; and Dr. Grey was rector from 1828 until his consecration as Bishop of Hereford in 1832. In the chancel is the monument to Sir Paul Pindar, whose residence in Bishopsgate-street Without is now



the Sir Paul Pindar's Head public-house. He was a rich merchant (*temp.* James I. and Charles I.), and like many other good subjects, was ruined by his attachment to the latter monarch. He was charitable and hospitable, and often gave "the parish venison" for public dinners: yet the parishioners made him pay for a license for eating flesh. Sir Paul presented the parish yearly with a venison pasty; for in 1634 we find charged in the parish book 19s. 7d. for the mere "flour, butter, pepper, eggs, making, and baking." Another curious entry is in 1578: "Paid for frankincense and flowers, when the Chancellor sate with us, 11s.

The ecclesiastical custom of a new Rector "tolling himself in," or, legally speaking, taking up "the livery of possession," was performed by the Rev. William Rogers, M.A., the present Rector, with the formalities described at p. 46, *BALLS*. The "reading himself in" took place on the following Sunday. The above induction custom seems to imply the general authority of the Rector over the peal of bells; and there is an old saying, that the number of strokes given on the occasion will correspond with the years the incumbent is to hold the living.

**BOW CHURCH**, see *St. MARY-LE-BOW*, page 183.

**ST. BRIDE'S**, or *St. Bridget*, Fleet-street, was built by Wren, upon the site of the old church, destroyed in the Great Fire. It was completed in 1703, cost 11,430*l.*, and is remarkable for its graceful steeple. "Ye first stone was layed on the 4th day of October, 1701, and was finished, and the wether-cocke was put up in September, 1703; it being in height 234 feet 6 inches from the surface of ye earth to ye top of the cross, ye wether-cocke from ye dart to ye end is 6 feet 4 inches." In June 1764, this beautiful steeple was so damaged by lightning, that it was found requisite to take down eighty-five feet of the stone-work, and in restoring it, the height was lowered eight feet: the whole cost was 3000*l.* In 1803 the steeple was again struck by lightning: "The metal vane, the cramps with which the masonry was secured, and the other ironwork employed in the construction, led the electric fluid down the steeple, in the absence of any continued or better conductor; and as at each point where the connexion was broken off, a violent disruption necessarily ensued, the stonework was rent in all parts and projected from its situation. One stone, weighing nearly eighty pounds, was thrown over the east end of the church, and fell on the roof of a house in Bride-lane; while another was forced from the bottom of the spire, through the roof of the church, into the north gallery." (*Godwin's Churches of London*, vol. ii.) The *Philosophical Transactions* for 1764 also contains two scientific investigations of the above damage. The upper part was, for a long time, preserved on the premises of a mason in Old-street Road. The entire spire is one of Wren's most beautiful designs, and consists of four stories, the two lower Tuscan, the third Ionic, and the fourth Composite, terminating in an obelisk, with a ball and vane. In height and lightness it approaches nearer to the exquisite spires of the Pointed style than any other example; the details, however (in Portland stone), are hastening to decay. In the north face of the tower is a transparent clock-dial, first lit with gas in 1827, and one of the earliest in the metropolis. In the tower is a peal of twelve bells (*see* p. 47); and the Organ, by Harris, is good. The interior is handsome: the great eastern window, above the altar, is filled with a copy, in stained glass, of Rubens's "Descent from the Cross," in Antwerp Cathedral: this was executed by Muss in 1824-5, and is a fine production. The marble font bears the date 1615. Richardson, the author of *Clarissa Harlowe*, and who printed his own novels in Salisbury-square, is buried in the church; and in the vestibule, beneath the tower, is a tablet to Alderman Waithman (interred here), who sat in five Parliaments for the City of London. The registers of *St. Bride's* were saved at the destruction of the first church: they commence from 1587: and the vestry-books, which date from 1653, minutely chronicle the Great Fire, a relic of which is the doorway into a vault, to the right of the entrance from Bride-passage. In the old church were buried Wynkin de Worde, whose printing-office was in Fleet-street; Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset (d. 1608), the poet, who commenced *The Mirrour for Magistrates*; Sir Richard Baker, the chronicler, who died in the Fleet Prison, 1644-5; Richard Lovelace, the poet, who died a broken cavalier, "very poor in body and purse," in Gunpowder-alley, Shoe-lane, in 1658. The register also records the burial of Ogilby, the translator of Homer (d. 1676); Mary Carlton, or Frith, the "English Moll" of *Hudibras*, alias Moll Cutpurse, an infamous cheat and pick-pocket, hanged at Tyburn 1672-3; also, the burial of Flatman, the poet and painter:

Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,  
And rides a jaded Muse whipt with loose reins.  
*Lord Rochester.*

The present church and much of its elegant spire were hidden by houses until after a destructive fire in Bride-passage on Nov. 14, 1824, when an avenue was opened from Fleet-street: it was designed by J. B. Papworth; this improvement cost 10,000*l.*, of which Mr. Blades, of Ludgate-hill, advanced 6000*l.*

One of Milton's London abodes was in St. Bride's churchyard: here, after his return from Italy, he lodged with one Russel, a tailor, and devoted himself to the education of his nephews, John and Edward Phillips, and to the politics of the day. Thence, however, he soon removed to "a pretty garden-house" in Aldersgate-street.

**BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' CHURCH** (the) was opened April 30, 1845, in the Danish Church, Welldclose-square, Ratcliffe Highway. An inscription over the entrance states it to have been built in 1696, by Caius Gabriel Cibber, the sculptor, at the cost of Christian V., King of Denmark, for such merchants and seamen, his subjects, who visited the port of London. The architect and his son, Colley Cibber, are buried in the vaults; and in the church is a tablet to Jane Colley. The pulpit has four sand-glasses in a brass frame, by which preachers formerly regulated the length of their sermons.

**CAMDEN CHURCH**, Camberwell, has a Byzantine Chancel, G. G. Scott, R.A., architect. The stained glass window is by Ward, Frith-street, assisted by hints from Mr. Ruskin (a member of the congregation). The carving and decorations throughout the church are good.

**CATHERINE CREE** (or Christ Church), on the north side of Leadenhall-street, was rebuilt in the year 1629, and consecrated by Laud, Bishop of London, Jan. 16, 1630-31; when persons were stationed at the doors of the church to call with a loud voice on his approach, "Open, open, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may enter in." When Laud had reached the interior, he fell on his knees, and lifting his hands, exclaimed, "This place is holy, the ground is holy; in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I pronounce it holy;" then throwing dust from the ground into the air, he bowed to the Chancel, and went in procession round the church. These and other ceremonies, fully described in Rushworth, were made grave accusations against Laud, and brought about his death. The present church is debased Gothic and Corinthian. Among the monuments removed from the old church is a canopied figure of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton (d. 1570), from whom Throgmorton-street is named. By the Will of Sir John Gager, Lord Mayor in 1646, provision is made for a sermon to be annually preached on the 16th of October, in St. Catherine Cree Church, in commemoration of his happy deliverance from a lion, which he met in a desert whilst travelling in the Turkish dominions, and which suffered him to pass unmolested.

The old church was the reputed burial-place of Holbein, upon which Mr. W. H. Black, F.S.A., remarks, in connexion with the recent discovery of the great Painter's Will:—

Walpole observes that "the spot of his (Holbein's) interment was as uncertain as that of his death;" and he might have added (if the circumstances of the "Plague" had been considered)—1554 was not a Plague year—of the time of his death also. He alluded to Strype's story of Lord Arundel's desire to erect a monument to the painter's memory. Strype's words are (speaking of St. Catherine Cree Church):—"I have been told that Hans Holbein, the great and imitable painter in King Henry VIII.'s time, was buried in this church; and that the Earl of Arundel, the great patron of learning and arts, would have set up a monument to his memory here had he but known whereabouts the corpse lay." So uncertain is tradition, that, although this rumour must have originated in a knowledge of the neighbourhood where Holbein died, yet a wrong place is assigned for his burial; for Cree Church and Undershaft are situate in the same street, on the same side of the way, and within 200 yards of each other. The beautiful pile of Undershaft escaped the Fire of London, but the register from 1538 to 1579 inclusively, has not been preserved; and if it were extant who would believe that a John Holbein, dying and buried in 1543, was the Hans Holbein whose life had been prolonged by all biographers to 1554, unless upon the infallible testimony of the Will now brought to light?—*Archæologia*, vol. xxxix.

**ST. CHAD**, Haggerston, has all seats free: "*altar cross, and lights at every celebration of the Holy Communion.*"—*Mackeson.*

**CHRIST CHURCH**, Broadway, Westminster, was designed in 1842, in the Early



Pointed style, by Poynter; upon the site of the former New Chapel: the spire not built. It has some good stained glass by Willement, especially in the centre window. The New Chapel was built about 1631; Archbishop Laud contributing to the funds 1000*l.* and some most curious glass. At the Rebellion, Sir Robert Harley defaced the window, laid the painted glass in heaps upon the ground, and trod it to pieces, calling his sacrilegious antics "dancing a jig to Laud." The troopers of the Commonwealth stabled their chargers in the church aisles; and Cromwell and his officers are said to have used it as a council-room. In the adjacent ground was buried Sir William Waller (d. 1688), the famous Parliamentary General in the Civil Wars. On June 26, 1739, Margaret Patten was interred here, at the age of 136 years (?): she was born at Lochborough, near Paisley, and was brought to England to prepare Scotch broth for King James II.; but after his abdication she fell into poverty, and died in St. Margaret's Workhouse, where her portrait is preserved. "None would recognise the description given of this burial-ground—now so crowded upon by houses—towards the beginning of the last century, that it was 'the pleasantest churchyard all about London and Westminster.'"—(*Walcott's Westminster*, p. 286.)

CHRIST CHURCH, Clapham, of Gothic geometrical design, by Ferrey. "Incense and the vestments are used; this was the first church in London at which they were used."—*Mackeson*.

CHRIST CHURCH, Down-street, Piccadilly, a stone building; Messrs. Francis, architects; style, "Middle Pointed French Gothic;" only the eastern half built.

CHRIST CHURCH, Highbury, designed by T. Allom, in 1848, has a tower and spire in the angle between the North Transept and Nave, the spire having gabled and crocketed lucarnes. Internally, the plan is equally novel, in the centre becoming an octagon of eight arches, so as to allow the pulpit and reading-desk, placed against the pillars of the Chancel arch, to be distinctly seen from all parts of the church.

CHRIST CHURCH, Newgate-street, was built by Wren between 1687 and 1704, and occupies part of the site of the ancient Grey Friars' Church, destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666. The tower rises directly from the ground, and with the steeple is 153 feet high; the basement-story being open on three sides, and forming a porch to the church. A large gallery at the west end is appropriated for the Christ's Hospital Boys; and here, since 1797, have been preached the "Spital Sermons." In 1799, the Spital Sermon on Easter Tuesday was preached by the celebrated Dr. Parr, who occupied nearly three hours in its delivery.

The Spital Sermons originated in an old custom by which some learned person was appointed yearly by the Bishop of London to preach at St. Paul's Cross, on Good Friday, on the subject of "Christ's Passion;" on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday following, three other divines were appointed to uphold the doctrine of "The Resurrection" at the Pulpit Cross in the "Spital" (Spitalfields). On the Sunday following, a fifth preached at Paul's Cross, and passed judgment upon the merits of those who had preceded him. At these Sermons, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen attended; ladies also on the Monday forming part of the procession; and at the close of each day's solemnity, his Lordship and the Sheriffs gave a private dinner to such of their friends among the Aldermen as attended the Sermon. From this practice, the civic festivities at Easter were at length extended to a magnificent scale. The children of Christ's Hospital took part in the above solemnities; so that, in 1594, when it became necessary to rebuild the Pulpit Cross at the Spital, a gallery was erected also for their accommodation. In the Great Rebellion, the pulpit was destroyed, and the Sermons were discontinued till the Restoration; after which, the *three* Spital Sermons, as they were still called, were revived at St. Bride's Church, in Fleet-street. They have since been reduced to two, and from 1797 have been delivered at Christ Church, Newgate-street. It was on their first appearance at the Spital that the children of Christ's Hospital wore the blue costume by which they have since been distinguished. Instead of the subjects which were wont to be discussed from the Pulpit Cross of St. Mary's Spital, discourses are now delivered commemorative of the objects of the five sister Hospitals; and a Report is read of the number of children maintained and educated, and of sick, disorderly, and lunatic persons for whom provision is made in each respectively. On each day, the Boys of Christ's Hospital, with the legend "He is risen" attached to their left shoulders, form part of the civic procession; walking on the first day in the order of their schools, the King's Boys bearing their nautical instruments; and on the second, according to their several wards, headed by their nurses.—Abridged from the Rev. Mr. Trollope's *History of Christ's Hospital*.

CHRIST CHURCH, Poplar, cruciform, with spire, was built at the expense of Alderman William Cubitt, twice Lord Mayor; some stone from old London Bridge was used in the building: it has five bells and a good organ.

CHRIST CHURCH, Spitalfields (originally a hamlet of St. Dunstan's, Stepney), was

built by Hawksmoor, a pupil of Wren, and consecrated July 5, 1729. It is entirely of stone, very massive, and has one of the loftiest spires in London, 225 feet high, or 23 feet higher than the Monument. It contains a peal of 12 bells, scarcely inferior in power and sweetness to any in the kingdom; the tenor weighing 4928 lbs. It has a large organ, the masterpiece of Bridge, containing 2126 pipes. Here is a monument to Sir Robert Ladbroke, a whole-length figure, in the full dress of Lord Mayor: one of the early works of Flaxman. This church was greatly injured by fire on Feb. 17, 1836, shortly after the parishioners had finished paying 8000*l.* for repairs. On the morning of Jan. 3, 1841, the spire and roof of the church were greatly damaged by lightning, at ten minutes before seven, when the clock stopped. The lightning struck the cone, or upper part of the spire; thence it descended to a room above the clock-room, forcing the trap-door from the hinges down to the floor, melting the iron wires connected with the clock, scorching the wooden rope-conductors, breaking many of the windows, and making a considerable fracture in the wall, where the lightning is supposed to have escaped. The roof was partially covered with large stones, which broke in the lead-work by their weight in falling; and the lead near the injured masonry was melted in several places.

ST. CLEMENT'S, Eastcheap, Clement's-lane, City, is of uncertain foundation: it was rebuilt, except the south aisle and steeple, in 1658, but destroyed in the Great Fire; after which it was rebuilt by Wren in 1686, and made to serve the two districts of St. Clement and St. Martin Orgar, which church stood in St. Martin's-lane. The tower remains to this day, and serves as an entrance to the site of the old church, occupied as a burial-ground for the united parishes. St. Clement's Church has little that is noteworthy; but the parishioners were satisfied with its architect: for we find in the Register-book, date 1685, "To one-third of a hogshead of wine given to Sir Christopher Wren, 4*l.* 2*s.*" The tower is 88 feet high. The church has a fine organ, and an elaborately carved pulpit and desk, and sounding-board; and a marble font, with a curious oak cover. In the list of rectors is Dr. Benjamin Stone, presented to the living by Bishop Juxon in 1637; but deemed popishly affected, and declared unfit to hold office, in Cromwell's time, and confined in Crosby Hall; thence removed to Plymouth, and set free by paying 60*l.* fine: but Stone recovered his benefice in 1660. Another celebrated rector was Bishop Pearson, who, in the old church, delivered the Lectures forming his *Exposition of the Creed*, which, when published in 1658, he dedicated to the parishioners of St. Clement, Eastcheap; the work is to this day used as a text-book in the examination of candidates in divinity. Among the former organists at this church were Purcell, Battishill, and Whitaker.

ST. CLEMENT'S DANES, Strand, the first church west of Temple Bar, is said by Stow to have been so called "because Harold, a Danish king, and other Danes, were buried there." Strype gives another reason: that the few Danes left in the kingdom married English women, and compulsorily lived between Westminster and Ludgate; and there built a synagogue, called "*Ecclesia Clementis Danorum*." This account Fleetwood, the antiquary, Recorder of London in the reign of Elizabeth, reported to the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, who lived in this parish. The body of the old church was taken down in 1680, and rebuilt to the old tower in 1682, by Edward Pierce, under the gratuitous directions of Wren, as recorded on a marble slab in the north aisle. In 1719, Gibbs added the present tower and steeple, about 116 feet high, with a peal of ten bells. The clock strikes the hours twice, "the hour being first struck on a larger bell, and then repeated on a smaller one, so that has the first been miscounted, the second may be more correctly observed." (A. Thomson's *Time and Timekeepers*, p. 77.) In addition to the clock is a set of chimes, which play the old 104th Psalm, though somewhat crazily. In the church are buried Otway and Nat Lee, the dramatic poets; and Rymer, compiler of the *Fœdera*, &c.

Dr. Johnson was a constant attendant at the service of St. Clement's Danes, in one of the pews of which (No. 18), in the north gallery, he had a seat for many years against the large pillar at the end, which bears the following inscription, written by the Rev. G. Croly, LL.D., Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook:—

"In this pew and beside this pillar, for many years attended Divine Service, the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, the philosopher, the poet, the great lexicographer, the profound moralist, and chief



writer of his time. Born, 1709; died, 1784. In remembrance and honour of noble faculties, nobly employed, some inhabitants of the parish of St. Clement Danes have placed this slight memorial, A.D. 1851."

ST. CLEMENT'S, Islington, of Gothic design, G. G. Scott, R.A., architect, was erected at the sole expense of George Cubitt, Esq., M.P.: it has three good bells; organ by Walker; and stained windows in the Chancel by Clayton and Bell.

ST. CLEMENT'S, York-place, Barnsbury, is a spacious brick church, designed by G. G. Scott, R.A., and built at the expense of George Cubitt, Esq., M.P.; cost nearly 8000*l.*; opened 1865. The west front is striking; it is lofty, has a good doorway, over which are lancet windows, and above these a well-carved seated statue of St. Clement, within a niche; whilst the gable is crowned by a stepped open bell-cote, having two large bells in the lower and a smaller one in the upper stage. The interior is spacious; the Nave, of six bays, is divided from the aisles by cylindrical stone columns, which support tall brick arches, and a clerestory with triplet lancet windows over each arch. The Chancel is similarly lighted, and has a painted oval light, filled, like the windows below, with painted glass. The Chancel arch is noble, and the roof an open timber one, of high pitch: the walls are of plain yellow brick.

ST. DIONIS' BACKCHURCH (behind the line of Fenchurch-street), is the third church upon this site, and was rebuilt by Wren after the Great Fire of 1666: it has a tower 90 feet high. In the vestry-room are preserved four of the large syringes, at one time the only engines used in London for the extinction of fires; they are about 2 feet 3 inches long, and were attached by straps to the body of the fireman. The organ, for which, in 1722, the sum of 741*l.* 9*s.* was subscribed, was built by Byfield, Jordan, and Bridge: "this magnificent instrument is in its original state."—(*Dr. Rimbault.*) There is a peal of ten bells, for which, in 1727, a sum of 479*l.* 18*s.* was subscribed.

ST. DUNSTAN'S-IN-THE-EAST, between Tower-street and Upper Thames-street, was nearly destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, and was restored by Wren in 1698: it has a stone tower and spire, supported on four arched ribs, springing from the angles of the tower: this is Wren's best work in the Pointed style; but it generally resembles the spire of St. Nicholas' Church, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, built in the fifteenth century. John Carter, however, says:—"St. Nicholas's tower is so lofty, and of such a girth, that, to compare great things with small, our London piece of vanity is but a mole-hill to the Newcastle 'mountain,' the pride and glory of the northern hemisphere." There is a tradition, that the plan of St. Dunstan's tower and spire was furnished by the architect's daughter, Jane Wren, who died in 1702, aged 26, and was buried under the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral. Lady Dionysia Williamson, in 1670, gave 4000*l.* towards the rebuilding of St. Dunstan's. After the dreadful storm in London through the night of the 26th November, 1703, Wren hearing next morning that some of the steeples and pinnacles had been damaged, quickly replied, "Not St. Dunstan's, I'm quite sure." The old church had a lofty leaden steeple. The body of the present church was rebuilt of Portland stone, in the Perpendicular style, by Laing and Tite, in 1817. The interior is divided into three aisles by clustered columns and pointed arches. The east window represents symbolically the Law and the Gospel; the north, Christ Blessing Little Children; and the south, the Adoration of the Magi. In the vestry is a wood carving, by Gibbons, of the arms of Archbishop Tenison. In the south churchyard is a Rookery.

ST. DUNSTAN'S-IN-THE-WEST, Fleet-street, was designed by John Shaw, F.R.S. and F.S.A., in 1831-33, set back 30 feet from the site of the former church, which projected considerably beyond the street-line. It just escaped the Great Fire of 1666, which stopped within three houses of it; as did also another fire in 1730. A View in 1739 shows the oldest portion to be the tower and bell-turret, the latter containing a small bell which was rung every morning at a quarter before seven o'clock. The body of the church is Italianized Gothic, with battlements and circular-headed windows; shops with overhanging signs are built against the south and west walls, though previously the churchyard was thus built in, and was a permanent station for booksellers, as appears by many imprints. Thus, "Epigrams by H. P." &c.—"and are to be soule by John Helme, at his shoppe in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, 1608, qto." John

Smethwick had "his shop in St. Dunstan's churchyard, in Fleet-street, under the Dial;" and here, in 1653, Richard Marriott published the first edition of Walton's *Angler*, for 18*d*. The church clock was one of London's wonders: it had a large gilt dial, overhanging Fleet-street, and above it two figures of savages, of life-size, carved in wood, and standing within an alcove, each bearing in his right hand a club, with which they struck the quarters upon two suspended bells, moving their heads at the same time. This clock and figures were the work of Mr. Thomas Harrys, in 1671, then living at the lower end of Water-lane, who received for his work 35*l*. with the old clock, and the sum of 4*l*. per annum to keep the whole in repair.\* Originally the clock was within a square ornamental case with a semicircular pediment, and the tube from the church to the dial was supported by a carved figure of Time, with expanded wings, as a bracket; when altered, in 1738, it cost the parish 110*l*. Strype calls the figures "two savages, or Hercules;" Ned Ward, "the two wooden horologists;" and Cowper, in his *Table Talk*, likens a lame poet to—

"When labour and when dulness, club in hand,  
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's, stand."

In 1766, the elegant statue of Queen Elizabeth, which stood on the west side of Ludgate, was put up at the east end of St. Dunstan's Church; and the other figures, King Lud and his two sons, were deposited in the parish bone-house. The old church was taken down in December, 1829, when the materials were sold by auction: the bell-turret for 10*s*.; the flag and flag-staff for 12*s*.; and an iron standard, with copper vane, warranted 850 years old (?), weighing three-quarters of a cwt., was sold for 2*l*. 1*s*. At another sale, in 1830, the statue of Queen Elizabeth sold for 16*l*. 10*s*., and a stained-glass window for 4*l*. 5*s*. The clock, figures, &c. were purchased by the late Marquis of Hertford, and placed in the grounds of his villa in the Regent's Park, where they strike the hours and quarters to this day. The new church of St. Dunstan was consecrated July 31, 1832, which the architect did not live to witness, he having died July 30, 1831, the twelfth day after the external completion of the edifice.† It is in the latest Pointed style, and has a lofty tower surmounted by an elegant lantern, 130 feet high (of Ketton stone), different from any other in the metropolis, but resembling St. Botolph's, Boston, Lincolnshire; St. Helen's, York; and St. George's, at Ramsgate, built in 1825. Over the entrance-porch are sculptured the heads of Tyndale, the Reformer; and Dr. Donne, who was once vicar of the church: they are considered faithful portraits. Above is a clock, with three dials, curiously coloured and gilt in the embellished taste of the architectural period; and a belfry, with eight fine bells from the old church, the sound of which receives effect from the four large windows which are the main features of the tower. The enriched stone lantern is perforated with Gothic windows of two heights; the whole being terminated by an ornamental pierced and very rich crown parapet. The body of the church is of octagon form, and has eight recesses, with as many windows above, containing good stained glass. The roof is formed by eight iron spandrel-beams, projecting from an angle towards the centre, and there connected by an iron ring; and from the enriched keystone hangs the chandelier. The *northern* recess contains the altar-table, of oak elaborately carved: and the altar-piece presents three admirably carved canopies, of foreign workmanship. Above is a large Pointed window, filled with stained glass, by Willement, in the ancient manner: it contains figures of the Evangelists; the crown of thorns and the nails; the spear and sponge upon a reed; the Holy Lamb; and the inscription, in black letter, "Deo et ecclesie fratres Hoare dicaverunt, anno Domini MDCCCXXXII." This is, altogether, one of the most elegant church interiors in the metropolis. In May, 1839, the statue of Queen Elizabeth, already mentioned, was placed in a niche, flanked with two pilasters, above the doorway of the parochial schools, east of the principal entrance to the church. On the west side is the Law Life Insurance Office, designed by John Shaw, in the style that prevailed between the last period of Pointed

\* So early as 1478 there was a similar piece of mechanism in Fleet-street. Stow describes a conduit erected in the above year, near Shoe-lane, with angels having "sweet-sounding bells before them: whereupon, by an engine placed in the tower, they, divers hours of the day and night, with hammers chimed such an hymn as was appointed." There is, we believe, a like contrivance to that at St. Dunstan's, at Norwich Cathedral. (See also *Paul's Jews*, p. 106.)

† The interior was finished by his son, John Shaw.



architecture (of which St. Dunstan's Church is an example), and the complete revival of the architecture of Greece and Rome. In the old church was a large hour-glass, in silver frame; of the latter, in 1723, two heads were made for the parish staves. The Rev. William Romaine was rector of the old church in 1749, when it was generally so crowded that the pew-opener's place was worth 50*l.* per annum. The font is ancient.

ST. DUNSTAN'S, Stepney, a Perpendicular church, is famed in story for its legend of "The Fish and Ring," and the popular ballad of "The Cruel Knight, or Fortunate Farmer's Daughter;" her identity is referred to Lady Berry, whose tomb is on the outer east wall, with the fish and annulet in the arms thereon: but the finding of a ring in a fish is an incident of much greater antiquity than Lady Berry's time (1696), and occurs in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. The churchyard is noticed in the *Spectator*, by Steele, for the number and oddity of its epitaphs. Here lies the father of Dr. Mead, who was born over the antique brick gateway opposite the rectory, and first began practice at Stepney; also Rev. W. Vickers, author of the *Companion to the Altar*; and Roger Crab, who lived long on bran, dock-leaves, grass, and water. Within the church is the splendid tomb of Sir Henry Colet, Lord Mayor in 1486 and 1495, and father of the founder of St. Paul's School. Here also is a marble monument of the Good Samaritan, by Sir R. Westmacott, R.A., to B. Kenton, Esq. (d. 1800), leaving 63,500*l.* to charity schools, and 30,000*l.* to his friends. In the western porch is a stone reputed to have been brought from the wall of Carthage.

ST. EDMUND'S (the King and Martyr), Lombard-street, has also been called St. Edmund's Grass Church, because of a grass-market held here: whence Grasschurch-street, now Gracechurch-street. The church was destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren: it has a tower and incongruous steeple, 90 feet high, and a projecting bracket clock. The altar-piece has some fine carvings, and two paintings of Moses and Aaron by William Etty, 1833: above is a stained glass window, with the arms of Queen Anne, "set up in the memorable year of union, 1707;" besides two other stained glass windows, of superior excellence, representing St. Paul and St. Peter.

ST. ETHELBURGA'S, Bishopsgate-street, a Gothic church, which escaped the Great Fire, and retains some of its Early English masonry; it has been restored by Withers: it was anciently in the patronage of the Convent of St. Helen. It is well known for the "short services for City men," and, according to tradition, is frequented by sailors returning from voyages, or immediately previous to sailing. Here incense is used on Saints' Days; and stoles and altar vestments, according to the canonical colours. (*Mackeson*.) Traces of a reredos were found during the repairs, and Roman coins and bricks have been discovered in the churchyard. The western arch is said to have formed part of the gateway of St. Helen's Priory. Under it John Hudson and many of his crew came to receive the Holy Sacrament before they left their native shores in 1610 (Rev. Mackenzie Walcott, *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1863.) The church-wardens of St. Ethelburga appear, from the accounts, to have provided profusely for their Ascension-Day dinner, 1686:—"Three quarters of lamb; 600 of sparagrasse, sallatering, and spinnage; 400 oranges and lemmons, three hams, Westphalia bacon, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of tobaccocoe." There are also charges for "yew and box to decke ye church;" "hearbes" for the same; "wands and nasegays," "strawings and greenes." Dryden's antagonist, Luke Milbourne, died, April 15, 1720, rector of St. Ethelburga's. "The view of this church, by West and Toms (1737) exhibits several of the adjoining houses, and is one of the most interesting of Old London illustrations."—*Cunningham*.

ST. ETHELREDA'S, Ely-place, Holborn, is all that remains of the ancient palace of the Bishops of Ely, and retains much of its original aspect: the interior roof is boldly arched; on each side is a row of noble windows, though their tracery has disappeared; the pinnacle-work between and overtopping them is very fine, and at the east end is "one fine Decorated window, of curious composition." Evelyn records the consecration here of Dr. Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, in 1668, when Dr. Tillotson preached; and April 27, 1693, Evelyn's daughter Susannah was married here to William Draper, Esq., by Dr. Tenison, then Bishop of Lincoln. Cowper thus chronicles an amusing

occurrence in this chapel, at the time of the defeat of the Young Pretender by the Duke of Cumberland, in 1746:—

“So in the chapel of old Ely House,  
When wandering Charles, who meant to be the Third,  
Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,  
The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,  
And eke did roar right merrily two staves,  
Sung to the praise and glory of *King George*.”

The chapel, after being leased to the National Society for a school-room, was for some time closed; but on Dec. 19, 1843, was opened for the service of the Established Church in the Welsh language; this being the first performance of the kind in London.

ST. GEORGE'S, Campden-hill, Kensington, E. B. Keeling, architect, cost 7000*l.*, defrayed by Mr. J. Bennett. In plan it is cruciform, and has a tower with a lofty spire, and an apsidal Chancel. It is of Early Second Pointed style, but of French character. The tower is ornamented with bands, mouldings, and dressings. The entrance is by a continued porch or Galilee at the west. The interior is lofty, lined with various coloured bricks, and shafts of red Mansfield stone. The roof is of very high pitch, and decorated in polychromy; behind the altar is a tall reredos. Opened 1864.

ST. GEORGE'S, Hanover-square, was completed by John James in 1724; the parish being taken out of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. St. George's is built upon ground given by Lieut.-Gen. W. Stewart: it has a stately and august Corinthian portico, and a handsome and well-proportioned steeple; still, it can only be viewed in profile; but “were it not for two or three intervening houses, it would be seen in the noblest point of sight in the world.” The interior has a large altar-picture of the Last Supper, attributed to Sir James Thornhill; above it is a painted window, foreign, of the 16th century, with the Virgin and Child, the Crucifixion, ecclesiastical personages, masonic emblems, &c.; the altar-piece, in its sculptured framework, and the painted glass in its architectural recess, is effective; but this Gothic window in a Roman church is a glaring absurdity.

“The view down George-street, from the upper side of Hanover-square, is one of the most entertaining in the whole city: the sides of the square, the area in the middle, the breaks of building that form the entrance to the vista, but above all, the beautiful projection of the portico of St. George's Church, are all circumstances that unite in beauty, and make the scene perfect.”—*Ralph*.

St. George's, Hanover-square, also possesses a burial-ground at a short distance on the Bayswater-road. Here is the grave of Sterne, with a stone set up by two “Brother Masons:” here, too, lay Sir Thomas Picton, who fell at the Battle of Waterloo, in 1815; his remains were removed to St. Paul's Cathedral in 1859.

ST. GEORGE'S IN THE EAST, Ratcliffe Highway, designed by Hawksmoor, 1715–29, in an original and massive style, has a very picturesque spire. The altar-piece is a painting of “Jesus in the Garden,” by Clarkson. In the churchyard is buried Joseph Ames (d. 1759), author of *Typographical Antiquities*, originally a plane-maker, and afterwards a shipchandler at Wapping; he lies in a stone coffin, in *virgin earth*, at the depth of eight feet. This church was, for a considerable period, the scene of disgraceful riots upon the plea of opposition to the manner of conducting the service.

In this parish are the Schools and Asylum founded by Mr. Raine, a wealthy brewer, in 1717 and 1736; who also provided that on May 1 and December 28, annually, a marriage-portion of 100*l.* should be presented to two young women, former inmates of the School, and who have attained the age of twenty-two years. The bridegrooms must be inhabitants of St. George's-in-the-East, or of Wapping, or Shadwell; and the young women draw lots for the portion, one hundred new sovereigns, usually put into a handsome bag, made by a young lady of St. George's parish, and presented at a dinner of the trustees. In the morning a discourse is preached in the Church, “On Diligence and Industry in our Calling;” after which the drawing takes place at the Asylum.

ST. GEORGE'S, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, was designed by Hawksmoor in handsome style, and was consecrated in 1731; a district for its parish being taken out of that of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. This church is remarkable for standing north and south; the tower and steeple are placed by the side of the main edifice, the favourite practice of Palladio. Upon the tower, on the four sides, rises a range of unattached Corinthian pillars and pediments; above is a series of steps, with lions and unicorns at the corners, guarding the royal arms, and which supports at the apex, on a short column, a statue,



in Roman costume, of George I. The design is from Pliny's description of the first mausoleum, the tomb of King Mausolus, in Caria. Walpole calls this steeple a master-stroke of absurdity, and it has provoked this epigram:—

"When Harry the Eighth left the Pope in the lurch,  
The people of England made him head of the Church;  
But George's good subjects, the Bloomsbury people,  
Instead of the church, made him head of the steeple."

More admired is the magnificent portico of eight Corinthian columns, which Hawksmoor added to his design, influenced by Gibbs's portico at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, then just completed; but St. George's is the better, from its height above the level of the street. Here are a tablet to the great Lord Mansfield; and a monument to Mr. Charles Grant, by Bacon, R.A.

ST. GEORGE THE MARTYR, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, built in 1706, as a chapel of ease to St. Andrew's, Holborn, was declared a parish church in 1723; of which Dr. Stukeley, the Roman-British antiquary, was many years the rector: in his MS. Diary, 1749, formerly in the possession of Mr. Britton, is described the then rural character of Queen-square and its vicinity. The parish burial-ground is in the rear of the Foundling Hospital: a strong prejudice formerly existed against new churchyards, and no person was interred here till the ground was broken for Robert Nelson, author of *Fasts and Festivals*, whose character for piety reconciled others to the spot: people like to be buried in company, and in good company. Nancy Dawson, the dancer, of Covent Garden and Drury-lane Theatres (noted for hornpipes) lies here.

ST. GEORGE THE MARTYR, Southwark, was built in 1733-36, by John Price, upon the site of the old church; the parish having been originally given by William the Conqueror to the noble family of Arderne, and for some time attached to the Priory of Bermondsey. Stow describes the former church as almost directly over against Suffolk House, formerly the mansion of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the brother-in-law of Henry VIII.; now the site of the premises of Mr. Pigeon, the distiller. There were buried in the old church, Bonner, Bishop of London, who died in the Marshalsea; and Rushworth, author of the *Collections*, who died in the King's Bench; both these prisons being in the parish. Edward Cocker, engraver and teacher of writing and arithmetic, is also stated upon a sexton's evidence to have been interred here: his *Arithmetic*, a posthumous work, was first published "by John Hawkins, writing-master, near St. George's Church." The present church has a lofty stone spire and tower, with a fine peal of eight bells; the large bell is tolled nightly, and thought to be a relic of the curfew custom. Hogarth, in his plate of Southwark Fair, represents Figg, the famous prizefighter, and Cadman, flying by a rope from the tower of St. George's Church; the fair being held in that part of the Mint which lies in the rear of the houses opposite.

There is preserved a curious handbill, or *affiche*, printed in black letter, which must have been promulgated previous to the suppression of religious houses in the reign of Henry VIII. It is surmounted by a small woodcut of St. George slaying the Dragon, and by a child. It appears from Staveley's *History of Churches in England*, p. 89, that the monks were sent up and down the country with briefs of a similar character to the above, to gather contributions of the people; and it is most probable that the collectors were authorized to grant special *indulgences* proportionate to the value of the contributions. One of these handbills is reprinted in *Notes and Queries*, No. 64.

ST. GILES'S, Camberwell, is one of the largest churches built in England since the Reformation: it occupies the site of the old brick church, burnt on Sunday, Feb. 7, 1841. The new church, designed by Scott and Moffatt, is massively built entirely of stone, and was consecrated Nov. 21, 1844: it is in the Transition style, from Early English to Decorated; cruciform in plan, with a large central tower and spire, 207 feet high, and the tower thirty feet square; it has a fine peal of bells, by Mears. The outside length of the church exceeds 153 feet. The interior has an open timber roof, and oak fittings, a very powerful Organ by Bishop; and several stained glass windows by Ward and Nixon, the largest, over the altar, enriched with the symbolism of the thirteenth century.

ST. GILES'S, Cripplegate, is the successor of a church founded by Alfun, subsequently the first hospitaller of the Priory of St. Bartholomew. It was built in 1090, near the

postern in the City wall, called Cripple-gate, from an adjoining Hospital for lame people (*Camden*), or from the numerous cripples begging there (*Stow*); and it was dedicated to St. Giles, as the patron of cripples; it was small, and its site was "where now standeth the vicarage-house." In the year 1545, it suffered greatly from fire, but was soon repaired, and partially rebuilt; and in 1682, the tower was raised 15 feet; it has a peal of twelve bells, besides one in the turret, and a very musical set of chimes, said to have been constructed by a working mechanic. The interior is divided into a Nave and aisles by clustered columns and pointed arches, and the ceiling of the Chancel is painted with cherubim. Here are buried John Fox, the martyrologist, described in the register as "householder, preacher;" John Speed, the historian, with his bust, once painted and gilt; John Milton and his father, under the clerk's desk: a bust of the poet, by Bacon, R.A., with a tablet, were set up on the north side of the nave, by Samuel Whitbread, in 1793. The entry in the parish register is: "12 November, 1674, John Milton, gentleman, consumpcon, cancell." In the Chancel, too, are tablets to Constance Whitney and Margaret Lucy, both descendants of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, Warwickshire: the former represents a female rising from a coffin, and has been erroneously supposed to commemorate a lady who, having been buried while in a trance, was restored to life through the cupidity of a sexton in digging up the body to get possession of a ring left upon her finger. Several of the actors from the Fortune Theatre, Golding-lane, are buried here. Here, too, rests Sir Martin Frobisher, one of the earliest of the Arctic voyagers (d. 1594-5); and Henry Welby, the Grub-street hermit, yet a man of exemplary charity (d. 1636). And the register records the marriage of Oliver Cromwell with Elizabeth Bowchier, August 20, 1620. In 1861, the restoration of the church was commenced, "in honour of the memory of John Milton;" a monument has been erected, as a memorial of the poet, in the south aisle, near the chancel. The cenotaph is nearly 13 feet high, and about 8 feet wide at the base; and the body of the work, consisting of carved Caen stone, is divided by pillars of coloured marble, thus forming three canopied niches. In the central niche the bust of the poet, which was executed by Bacon, has been placed. Beneath this is a marble tablet, with the following simple record:—"John Milton, author of '*Paradise Lost*.' Born December, 1608. Died November, 1674." The date of his father's death in 1646, and the name of Mr. Samuel Whitbread, who placed the tablet in the church in 1793, are also engraved thereon. Milton lived in the parish—first in Barbican, subsequently in Jewin-street, and finally, in Artillery-walk, where he died. There is an apocryphal story of the poet's remains being irreverently disturbed, and scattered, in the year 1790; but the evidence of identity is weak, and it is recorded that the corpse then found was that of a female, and of smaller stature than that of the poet. The story of the assumed desecration is told in "*The Diary of General Murray*," in the *Monthly Magazine*, August, 1833. The restoration of the church includes windows of rich memorial glass contributed by parishioners; the reconstruction of the Chancel with an open roof, and the reglazing of a magnificent window, long blocked up. In the adjoining burial-ground remains a bastion of the old London wall.

ST. GILES'S-IN-THE-FIELDS, on the south side of High-street, was formerly *in the fields*, and the parish the village of St. Giles; the church being traceable to the chapel of a Hospital for Lepers, founded about 1117, by Queen Matilda, consort of Henry I. The ancient church was taken down in 1623, and a brick edifice was erected in its place: this was removed in 1730, and the present church, designed by Henry Flitcroft, was completed in 1734. It is built of Portland stone, and has a tower and spire, 160 feet high, with eight bells. Above the entrance gateway, in the lunette, is "The Day of Judgment," in alto-relievo, brought from the Lich-gate, or Resurrection-gate of the old church in 1687; it is well described by Mr. George Scharf, jun., in a paper read to the Society of Antiquaries, in 1855, upon "Representations of the Last Judgment:"—

The figures (he tells us) are very small in proportion to the semicircular lunette they occupy. The Saviour stands in the clouds, surrounded by rays, holding the banner of redemption, and with His right hand pointing upwards. Angels playing musical instruments, and tumultuously expressing the joys of heaven, completely surround Him. Neither the Virgin Mary nor Apostles are to be seen in order. The prominent attitudes of the rising dead, and of the condemned, betray markedly the influence of Michael Angelo; they have been directly and ignorantly copied from his outline conception.



This alto-relievo is very curious, and, being both elaborate and well preserved, deserves to be carefully drawn and published. (It forms one of the many illustrations of Mr. Scharf's paper in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxxvi. part 20.) The treatment is very unworthy of the subject, but, as a piece of carving, it is remarkably good.

This sculpture was formerly placed over the north-western gateway, which has been taken down, and a new gateway erected opposite the western or principal door of the church, over which is placed the alto-relievo.

At St. Giles's were buried Chapman, the translator of Homer; Lord Herbert of Chisbury, who lived in Great Queen-street; Shirley, the dramatist, and his wife; Sir Roger L'Estrange, the political writer; and Andrew Marvell, "a man in whose reputation the glory of the patriot has eclipsed the fine powers of the poet." The monument to Chapman, built by Inigo Jones at his own expense, is now in the churchyard, against the south wall of the church. In the churchyard, too, is the altar-tomb of Richard Pendrell, who aided in the escape of Charles II.; and a few years since was revived the custom of decorating this tomb on Restoration Day (May 29) with branches of oak. The finest monument in the present church is the recumbent effigies of the Duchess Dudley (d. 1670), preserved in grateful memory of her munificence to the parish. At the place of public execution, a short distance north-west of the church, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, was hung in chains and roasted over fagots in 1417, during the reign of Henry V., his early friend. The phrase, "St. Giles's Bowl," is referred to the custom of giving, at the Hospital gate, every malefactor on his way to Tyburn a bowl of ale, as his last worldly draught, which practice was also continued at an hostel built upon the site of the monastic house; of this the Bowl Brewery, taken down in 1849, was the representative; and the bowl itself is said to be in existence. The transparent clock-dial of the church was lit with gas in 1827, the first in the metropolis; and opposite, in 1842, was made one of the earliest experiments with wood-paving. In Endell-street, in 1845, was built a district church, in the Early Pointed style, by Ferrey—a timely provision for the spiritual destitution of the parish. St. Giles's possesses a cemetery in the Lower St. Pancras-road, where are buried, each beneath an altar-tomb, John Flaxman, our greatest English sculptor; and Sir John Soane, the architect. (*See CEMETERIES*, p. 82.)

ST. GREGORY BY ST. PAUL'S was contiguous to the Lollards' Tower, which had once been used as a prison for heterodox divines. It stood at the south side of the Cathedral, in Castle Baynard Ward. It was very ancient, for the body of Edmund, king of the East Angles, who was martyred by the Danes in 870, rested there for three years.—*Newcourt*.

ST. HELEN'S, Bishopsgate, on the east side of Bishopsgate-street Within, was once the church of the Nunnery of St. Helen, the site of which, judging from pavements found here, was originally occupied by a Roman building.

The church consists of two broad aisles, 122 feet in length, and two chantry chapels. The north aisle, known as the Nuns' Quire, was appropriated to the use of the inmates of the Convent, and separated from the south or parish aisle by a wooden screen; this screen, together with the altar, was removed at the dissolution of the House. Fortunately, 17 of the original carved miserere seats have been preserved, and the hagioscope which formerly communicated with the crypt still remains. The interior of the edifice, with its columns and pointed arches, is picturesque: it contains more monuments, perhaps, than any other church in the metropolis; and these being altar-tombs upon the floor, increase the appearance of antiquity and solemnity. They include a freestone altar-tomb, with quatrefoil panels enclosing shields; upon the ledger lie full-length alabaster effigies of Sir John Crosbie and his first wife Annes or Agnes; the knight wears his aldermanic gown over plate armour. Also, a canopied monument to Sir W. Pickering, in dress armour, reclining upon a pillow of matting (d. 1542); several kneeling figures, elaborately painted and gilt, in memory of Sir Andrew Judd (in armour) (d. 1558); a very large sculptured altar-tomb to Sir Thomas Gresham, who founded the Royal Exchange; a monument representing Martin Bond, captain of the trained bands at Tilbury when the Spanish Armada was expected—he is sitting within a tent, with sentries, &c. (d. 1643); a tomb of Francis Bancroft (d. 1726), built in his lifetime, when he directed that his body should be embalmed, and placed

in a coffin unfastened; and a table monument by N. Stone to Sir Julius Caesar, Master of the Rolls to James I. (1636), the monument erected in the previous year, with the Latin inscription sculptured, as if on a folded deed, an engagement of the deceased to pay the debt of nature whenever it shall please God to appoint it. In the vestibule also are several elaborate monuments, displaying figures; and an alms-box supported by a curiously-carved figure of a mendicant. Here are also fine monumental brasses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The church was restored in 1866.

ST. KATHARINE's, the church of the Royal Hospital of St. Katharine, rebuilt in 1827, on the east side of the Regent's Park, after the demolition of the ancient Hospital and Church, "at the Tower," for the site of St. Katharine's Docks.

More than 700 years ago, in the reign of King Stephen, 1148, Queen Matilda founded and endowed, on the east side of the Tower of London, a Hospital dedicated to St. Katharine; the foundation was confirmed by the grants of succeeding sovereigns, and the revenues increased by Queen Eleanor, and other royal donors. The mastership is in the gift of the Queen Consort; if there be no such personage, the Queen Dowager. Provision was made for a master, who, according to an ordinance of Queen Philippa, was to be a priest. There were to be maintained also three Brothers, who were to be priests, and three Sisters, all under obligation of perpetual chastity, and to "serve and minister before God," and do works of charity. Masses were to be said daily in the chapel, one to be for the souls of all the Kings and Queens of England. Provision was to be made also for 24 poor men and 10 poor women; and the charter of Queen Eleanor directed that when in future times the means of the Hospital should augment, the number of chaplains and poor men and women relieved should be increased. In the reign of Henry VIII. the income was about 365*l.* a year.

The Church and Hospital, in the Regent's Park, designed by A. Poynter, is in the florid Gothic style, has octagonal towers, with a large painted window of beautiful tracery. Among the relics of the old church is a finely enriched tomb, part of a chantry chapel, thus inscribed:

"This monument was erected in the Collegiate Church of St. Katharine, near the Tower, to the memory of John Holland Duke of Exeter, Earl of Huntingdon and Ivry, Lord of Sparr, Admiral of England, Ireland, and Aquitaine, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, and Constable of the Tower. He died the V. of August, M.CCCCXLVII. Also, to the memory of his two wives, viz.: Anne, daughter of Edmund Earl of Stafford, by whom he had issue Henry Holland, the late Duke of Exeter of that surname, who married Anne, sister of King Edward the Fourth, and died without issue; and Anne, daughter of John Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, by whom he had issue one daughter, mother to Ralph Nevil, third Earl of Westmoreland." Below is engraved—

"These remains, having been carefully removed from the original place of interment, were deposited in this chapel, as were those of the other persons whose monuments and gravestones were transferred to it from the Collegiate Church aforesaid."

In some parts along the mouldings are well-designed groups of sporting subjects—"Reynard" and the goose, monkeys in chains, and other quaint devices. The shields of arms and crests are coloured and gilt. The effigies represent the Duke, one of his wives, and his sister.

The old wood pulpit from St. Katharine's is also preserved, and is a curious example of the elaborate carved work of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: in the panels are two views of old St. Katharine's. Some of the carved seats, similar to those in Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, have also been saved; as have likewise some of the corbels formed by crowned angels, bearing shields. These, with additions, have been arranged round the present church, with the arms and dates of the reigns of the English Queens from Matilda's time. The Organ, of about the reign of George II., has also been preserved; and among the old monuments is one with this inscription on a *gold* plate within a frame:

"Here dead in part whose best part ne'er dyeth,  
A benefactor, William Cuttunge, lyeth;  
Not deade if good deedes could keepe man alive,  
Nor all deade, since good deedes doe men revive.  
Gonville and Kaies his good deedes men record,  
And will, no doubt, his praise for them afford:  
Sainte Katrins eke neer London can it tell:  
Goldsmaythes and Marchant Taylers know it well.  
Two Country's towns his civil bounty bleste,  
East Dareham and Nortonfitzwarren West:  
More did he then this table can unfold,  
The worlde his faime this earth his earth doth hold.  
"He decessed ye 4 daie of March, 1599."



According to an official Report issued in 1866, the income of the Hospital now exceeds 7000*l.* a year; and if the system of letting the estates on leases for lives with fines for renewal were abandoned, the income would probably be nearly 11,000*l.*, to be increased to nearly 15,000*l.* when the Tower-hill leases fall in in the year 1900. The site of the Hospital has now become a dock, and when the new hospital was about to be erected in the Regent's Park, unfortunately, the removal was made in such a manner as to involve much expense that might have been avoided. To the inquiry, "What is done with this 7000*l.* a year?" an answer is given in this Report. The Master receives nearly 1500*l.* a year, increased to 2000*l.* by the rent of his official house, which, as he is non-resident, he lets. His house and gardens occupy two acres, and it is considered to be, for its size, one of the most desirable residences in London. He attends the meetings of the Chapter, which are held about three times in a year; but is seldom, if ever, at the chapel; he occasionally visits the schools; but these are considered to be sufficiently superintended by the Brothers and Sisters in residence. He was appointed by Queen Adelaide, whose vice-chamberlain he was. Each of the three Brothers receives above 360*l.* a year, and has also a sufficiently convenient residence, though much less costly than the Master's. Each Brother is in residence four months in the year. One of them has been presented by the Hospital to the living of Kings-thorpe, near Northampton, with a net income of 700*l.* a year and a house. The junior Brother became British vice-consular chaplain at Dieppe in 1863, and has since let his official residence, which is considered to be worth 100*l.* a year; but he occupies rooms in it during his term of residence. Each of the three Sisters receives about 240*l.* a year, besides having a residence provided. The senior Sister has always been non-resident, and lets her house. The junior has done the like until recently, her duties as preceptress to the Royal Princesses requiring her constant attendance at Court; but these having ceased, she has now virtually, if not actually, entered upon residence. There are various officers and attendants provided for the establishment. There remain funds sufficient to pay 10*l.* each to 20 Bedesmen and 20 Bedeswomen (decayed tradespeople and worn-out governesses and servants), and to maintain a school in which 33 boys and 18 girls, the children of clerks, tradespeople, artificers, and servants are freely educated and clothed, and then apprenticed or presented with outfits for entering domestic service.

It is suggested in the Report that the large and increasing resources of this institution should by competent authority be made productive of more extended benefit than they are at present. Thus, a scheme has been propounded, which proposes the restoration of the Hospital to the east of London; and the establishment there of a collegiate church, with the Master and Brothers for dean and canons, each of them, by virtue of his office, holding a benefice, with cure of souls, in that quarter; the three Sisters, with stipends of not less than 250*l.* a year each, to reside within the limits of these parishes of places, and superintend and direct the work of the bedeswomen, who should also reside within the same limits, and perform the duties of parochial mission women and nurses; the bedesmen, also resident in the limits, to perform the duties of Scripture readers, or lay assistants. The four benefices might either be acquired by exchange, or newly constituted by the Crown. The scheme contemplates also that a portion of the income of the foundation be devoted to educational or eleemosynary purposes in the east of London. The scheme was proposed by, or on behalf of, a Committee of the local clergy, comprising seven incumbents in the immediate neighbourhood of the site of the ancient Hospital, which forty years since was required and taken for the construction of St. Katharine's Docks.

ST. JAMES'S, Aldgate, Mitre-square, was built on the site of the wealthy Priory of the Holy Trinity, in tasteless style, 1622. Here is service on great festivals and on the last night of the year. And here, every Whit-Tuesday evening is preached the "Flower Sermon," on a topic allied to flowers. The church is decked with flowers, and the congregation carry nosegays, and a bouquet is placed in the pulpit. On Whit-Tuesday evening, 1866, the Sermon was preached by the Rev. W. M. Whittemore, the Rector. His text was Genesis i. 11, "Let the earth bring forth grass."

The following is an outline of the discourse:—Pleasantness of a walk in the fields, conversing with dear friends, resting from the care and toil of a busy City life, enjoying the sights and sounds of nature,

and striving to gather spiritual lessons from the objects around us. A single blade of grass, how much it may teach us! How full of testimony to the goodness of the Creator, who has covered the earth with this enamelled carpet of soft, fragrant verdure, to refresh and gladden our hearts. How full, also, of solemn teachings of our frail mortality. All flesh is grass. This was shown to be true literally, as well as figuratively. Then the preacher brought out several lessons, which he bade his youthful hearers to remember. 1. The value of little things. A blade of grass is full of creative skill; the combining of many little blades covers the hills and valleys of the world. 2. The union of firmness with gentleness of character. The grass bends easily, yet is coated with flint, and its root is remarkably tenacious. 3. Discrimination necessary in striving to be useful. Some one sowed grass-seed, as he thought, but it grew up chiefly chickweed and groundsel. 4. Unity may consist with great diversity. There are 5000 species of grasses, yet they have many features of aspect, structure, and growth in common, so that no class of plants is so easily identified.

ST. JAMES'S, Clerkenwell, on the north side of Clerkenwell-green, has replaced the church of a Benedictine monastery, founded about 1100; it served the nuns and inhabitants until the Dissolution of the convent, when it was made parochial, and dedicated to St. James the Less instead of the Virgin Mary. In the Sutherland View of 1543, we see it far in the fields. In 1623, the steeple and tower both fell, and destroyed part of the church; both were rebuilt. In 1788, the whole was taken down, rebuilt by Carr, and consecrated in 1792. In the vaults are preserved some coffins from the old church, and among them that of Bishop Burnet, who died 1714-15 in St. John's-square, close by, though the fanatic rabble threw dirt and stones at his funeral procession. His handsome mural monument was removed to the present church, which has a peal of eight musical bells.

ST. JAMES'S, Garlick Hithe, on the east side of Garlick-hill, Upper Thames-street, is named from its being near the chief garlick market of the City. It was rebuilt in 1326: among the persons interred here was Richard Lyons, a wine-merchant and lapidary, beheaded in Cheapside by Wat Tyler in the reign of Richard II. Stow describes his "picture on his gravestone very fair and large, with his hair rounded by his ears, and curled; a little beard forked; a gown girt to him down to his feet, of branched damask, wrought with the likeness of flowers: a large purse on his right side hanging in a belt from his left shoulder; a plain hood about his neck, covering his shoulders, and hanging back behind him." The following citizens who had served Mayor were also buried here: John of Oxenford, Mayor in 1341; Sir John Wroth, or Wroth, 1360; William Venor, 1389; William More, 1385; Robert Chichell, 1421; James Spencer, 1527. The old church was destroyed in the Great Fire: it was rebuilt by Wren, 1676-83, with a tower and lantern, 98 feet high, and a projecting clock-dial, with a carved and gilt figure of St. James: a large organ, built by Bernard Schmidt, in 1697; and a clever altar-picture of the Ascension, by A. Geddes. In this church Steele heard the Common-Prayer service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be inattentive. Steele proposed that this excellent reader (Mr. Philip Stubbs, afterwards Archdeacon of St. Alban's), upon the next and every annual assembly of the clergy of Sion College, and all other convocations, should read before them.—*Spectator*, No. 147, August 18, 1711.

Here is a curious story, by Newcourt, of Arthur Bulkley, D.D., Rector of St. James's in 1531, who was promoted to the Bishopric of Bangor in 1541. "This man sold away five fair bells out of the steeple of his cathedral, and it is certainly reported, that going to the sea-side to see them shipped off, he had not set three steps on his way homeward before he was stricken with blindness, so that he never saw afterwards."

ST. JAMES THE LESS, Garden-street, Westminster, was built in 1861, at the expense of Miss Monk, in memory of her father, the late Bishop Monk, of Gloucester, a Canon of Westminster; G. E. Street, architect; style, Byzantine Gothic; cost about 8500*l*. The church is situated in the poor district of St. Mary, Tothill-fields. It consists of a Nave and Chancel, with north and south aisles to both. It has a detached steeple, forming ante-porch, with porch connecting it with the north aisle. The height of the tower and slated spire is 134 feet. The materials used are mainly red and black bricks, stone, and marble. The apse has windows of three lights, with a rose-window in the head, filled with stained glass, representing types and antitypes of Christ. Between these descend the groining-ribs, to rest upon banded shafts of polished marble. The reredos below the line of lights is of white stone, inlaid (with a black composition) with figures of holy women, commencing on the left with Mary



the mother of James, then Mary Magdalen, St. Elizabeth, and the Virgin Mary; then, on the other side of the reredos proper, come the wife of Manoah, Hannah, Ruth, and Sarah. Bands of red and yellow tiles are inserted between these figures, which are represented in niches, dividing them into twos. Immediately over the altar is a cross of vari-coloured Irish marbles, set with studs of Derbyshire spar. Within the apse come the transept aisles; in that on the left is the Organ. Two drop arches, on broad shafts of polished granite, with carved caps, and resting on tall plinths (the height of the choir seats), divide these Transept aisles from the Choir. Each Transept aisle is, in itself, divided by a shaft of Bath stone in its centre, whence spring arches to the side piers of the Choir. The two shafts which are on each side of the Nave are of polished red granite, with bands of Bath stone midway of their heights; the caps are carved, illustrative of the Parables and Miracles. Over the Chancel arch is a fresco painted by G. F. Watts, representing a sitting figure of Our Lord in the centre, with groups of angels on each side, and the four Evangelists below, on a gold ground. The pulpit is of stone and marble, and is very richly sculptured: it contains figures of the four Doctors of the Western Church and the four Evangelists, and on the panels, which are divided from each other by shafts of green marble, are illustrations of preaching:—1. St. John the Baptist preaching; 2. Dispute with the Doctors; 3. The Sermon on the Mount; 4. St. Augustine of Canterbury preaching. The Chancel is groined in brick, with stone ribs. The screens and gates round the Chancel are of wrought iron and ornamental brasswork. The pavement of the body of the church is formed of Maw's tiles, and that of the Chancel has marble inserted. The steps leading to the Chancel and altar are of black Isle of Man limestone. The roof has been painted by Clayton and Bell, with the Tree of Jesse and the Genealogy of our Lord, typical busts of the personages being introduced in medallions along the sides of the span in a line on either hand. The stained glass throughout is also by Clayton and Bell.

ST. JAMES'S, Piccadilly, or St. James's, Westminster, was built by Wren, at the cost of Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's, whose arms are placed above the south door; consecrated Sunday, July 13, 1684; it was originally a chapel of ease, and constituted a parish church in 1685. It has a tower and spire, 150 feet high; the latter was not the work of Wren. It was built a few years after the church, and was from a design supplied by one Mr. Wilcox, a carpenter in the parish, which, strange to say, was made choice of by the Vestry in preference to a design for the same furnished by Wren himself, the cost of the erection of which was estimated to exceed the other by only 100*l*. It was covered with cement in 1850, when the interior of the church was repaired throughout. The clock was the gift of Mr. H. Massey, and the original dial was gilded and painted by Mr. Highmore, H.M. Serjeant-Painter: its diameter is 10 feet. The interior, Wren's masterpiece, is in its plan Basilical, Nave and aisles being formed by two ranges of six piers and columns, in two stories. The piers, which are of the Doric order, panelled, carry the galleries; the fronts of the latter of oak, with carved enrichments, forming the entablature of the order, with a low attic above, to complete the breastwork. The upper order is the Corinthian; columns rise from the breastwork of the galleries, and the highly-enriched entablature of these, stretching across from each column to the side walls, serves as imposts to a series of transverse arches from column to column, forming the covering of the aisles; whilst from the abacuses also springs the great semicircular vault that covers the Nave; the whole roof being divided into sunk panels, ornamented with festoons of drapery and flowers in relief, "producing," as Mr. J. Gwilt observes, "by its unity, richness, and harmonious proportions, a result truly enchanting." These ceilings and their enrichments, as now seen, were put up in 1837, when the decayed state of the timbers had rendered an entire new roof to the church necessary. The work was strictly a restoration. Wren, in a letter printed by Elmes, says:—"I can hardly think it practicable to make a single room so capacious, with pews and galleries, as to hold 2000 persons, and all to hear the service and see the preacher. I endeavoured to effect this in building the parish church of St. James's, Westminster, which, I presume, is the most capacious, with these qualifications, that hath yet been built."

The noble Organ was built for James II., and intended for his Roman Catholic Oratory at Whitehall, but given to this parish by Queen Mary in 1691.

It is in two oaken cases, standing one before the other, the organist's place being between them; his face to the great organ, and his back to the smaller one, to the latter of which the action passes beneath his feet and seat. The great case is in the florid style of the period of its original construction (Louis XIV.). The carving of Fames, angels, cherubs' heads, &c. with which it is adorned, strikingly mark, by their great beauty, the master-hand of Gibbons. This favourite old instrument, originally made by the celebrated Renatus Harris, anno 1678, was entirely rebuilt by the late Mr. Bishop, in 1852, on a much more comprehensive scale, but retaining the old pipes—for these, the mellowing hand of time had rendered of more than ordinary value—when also the old case was restored, with the original decoration, and the detached front choir added.

In 1738, the Prince of Wales gave crimson velvet and gold hangings, valued at 700*l.*, for the holy table and pulpit. The end above the altar-screen is nearly all occupied by a Venetian window, in 1846 filled with stained and painted glass.

The window is illustrative by six principal pictures—one to a compartment—of the narrative of our Blessed Lord's Sacrifice for the Redemption of Mankind. In the lower central division is displayed the Crucifixion, with the praying in the Garden of Gethsemane, on the left; and the Bearing of the Cross on the right. The upper central compartment is the Ascension, with the Entombment on the left, and the Resurrection on the right. Very wide mosaic borders surround each of these pictures, in which, as well as in the other parts of the filling in, are numerous minute representations of other scriptural subjects; with details of immense variety, consisting of religious emblems, symbols, monograms, &c. &c. For this glass Wailes, of Newcastle, received 1000*l.*

It is intended also to fill in with stained and painted glass the whole of the ten gallery windows, designed to form, when completed, a series of paintings, illustrative of the history of our Blessed Saviour's life and ministry, commencing with the "Nativity," in the easternmost window on the south side—the succeeding windows to carry on the subject, progressively, as follows:—No. 2. The Adoration of the Magi; 3. Baptism of Christ; 4. Christ and the Woman of Samaria; 5. Christ with Peter on the Sea. And returning eastward on the north side with—6. The Transfiguration; 7. Christ with Martha and Mary; 8. Christ Blessing Little Children; 9. The Raising of Lazarus; 10. Entry into Jerusalem. Thus connecting the narrative with the Passion, as represented in the great altar window. Nos. 2 and 4 have been executed (also by Mr. Wailes) at a cost of 125*l.* each.

Evelyn, in his *Diary*, thus describes the altar and east end of the church:—

Dec. 16, 1684.—I went to see the new church at St. James's, elegantly built. The altar was especially adorned, the white marble inclosure curiously and richly carved, the flowers and garlands about the walls by Mr. Gibbons, in wood: a pelican, with her young at her breast, just over the altar in the carved compartment and border invironing the purple velvet fringed with (black) I. H. S. richly embroidered, and most noble plate, were given by Sir E. Geere, to the value (as was said) of 200*l.* There was no altar anywhere in England, nor has there been any abroad, more handsomely adorned."

The wood is lime, with cedar for the reredos; the marble scrolls have been replaced by bronze. In addition, a noble festoon ending in two pendants, which extends nearly the whole length of the screen, displays all the varied representations of fruit and flowers, in the highest relief. This elaborate and delicate work having become much injured by the casualties of 160 years, was in 1846 thoroughly repaired by two Italian artists—a work of protracted labour; several thousand bits of carving, more or less minute, requiring to be added, in order to restore the groupings to their pristine state.

Facing the western entrance is the white marble font, exquisitely sculptured by Gibbons: it is nearly five feet high, and the bowl is about six feet in circumference. The shaft represents the tree of life, with the serpent twining round it, and offering the forbidden fruit to Eve, who, with Adam, stands beneath: these figures are 18 inches high. On the bowl are bas-reliefs of the Baptism of the Saviour in the Jordan; the Baptizing of the Treasurer of Candace by St. Philip the Deacon; and the Ark of Noah, with the dove bearing the olive-branch. The cover of this font (shown in Vertue's engraving), held by a flying angel and a group of cherubim, was stolen about the beginning of the present century, and subsequently hung up as a sign at a spirit-shop in the neighbourhood.—(Brayley's *Londiniana*, vol. ii. p. 282.)

In the church are interred Charles Cotton, the companion of Walton in the *Complete Angler*; Dr. Sydenham, with a marble tablet erected by the College of Physicians, in 1810; Hayman, the portrait-painter; the two Vanderveldes, the marine painters; and Michael Dahl, the Swedish portrait-painter; Dr. Arbutnot, the friend of Pope, Swift, Gay, and Prior; Benjamin Stillingfleet, the naturalist, so touchingly deplored by Pennant, in the preface to his *British Zoology*; Dr. Akenside, the poet; James Dodsley, the bookseller, with a tablet; G. H. Harlow, who painted "The Trial of Queen Katherine;" also Sir John Malcolm. Here lies Thomas d'Urfey, dramatist and song-writer, to whom there is a tablet on the outer south face of the church-tower, inscribed "Tom d'Urfey, dyed February 26, 1723." In the vestry are the portraits of the St. James's rectors, that of Dr. Birch alone missing: the first rector, Dr. Tenison;



the third, Dr. Wake; and the seventh, Dr. Secker; became Archbishops of Canterbury. (See Walcott's *Handbook of St. James's*.)

Nollekens, the sculptor, when a lad, had an idle propensity for bell-tolling, and whenever his master missed him, and the dead-bell of St. James's Church was tolling, he knew perfectly well what "Joey" was at.

The church exterior and interior were in 1857 greatly improved; and an ornamental arched entrance to the churchyard, and a large Vestry-hall erected.

ST. JAMES'S, Shoreditch, Curtain-road, of Early English architecture, erected 1838, "stands on a site occupied by a theatre in Shakspeare's time. He lived close by, in a place called Gillum's Field. At this theatre a *curtain* was for the first time used; hence the name of the road. The theatre was afterwards removed to South Lambeth. Tradition says that Shakspeare himself acted at the theatre, and that his Hamlet was first performed there."—Mackeson's *Churches*.

ST. JAMES'S, Spa-road, Bermondsey, contains a large altar-picture, painted for 500*l.*, by John Wood, upon conditions detailed at p. 49. The subject is the Ascension of our Saviour; the figures are considerably above the natural size: on a canvas of 275 square feet (25 feet by 11), in the upper part, a full-length figure of the Saviour occupies nearly one-half of the picture; a nimbus around the head illuminating the upper sky; the eleven disciples are in various positions, standing, kneeling, prostrated, with uplifted hands and faces, and bodies bent with reverential awe and devotion; and their personal identity, costume, and colouring, are very successful.

ST. JOHN'S, formerly ST. AUGUSTIN'S, at Hackney, was taken down in 1798, except the tower, of the sixteenth century, which still remains, with a clock and a peal of eight bells; the body of the church was rebuilt northward of the ancient edifice; eastward is the chapel of the Rowe family, built in 1614, and preserved as a mausoleum. The churchyard has thoroughfare paths, lined with lofty trees, but the funeral yew is not among them. The old church, before its demolition, was extremely rich in monuments and brasses, some of which were removed to the porches and vestibules of the new church.

ST. JOHN'S, Bethnal Green, designed by Sir John Soane in 1828, was the first church consecrated by Bishop Blomfield in the diocese of London. (See *Gentleman's Magazine*, Feb. 1831.)

ST. JOHN'S, Clerkenwell, a modern church, in St. John's-square, has an ancient crypt (part of the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem), in which the detection of the Cock-lane Ghost hoax was consummated.

"While drawing in the crypt of St. John's, Clerkenwell, in a narrow cloister on the north side (there being at that time coffins, and fragments of shrouds, and human remains lying about in disorder), the sexton's boy pointed to one of the coffins, and said the woman in it was 'Scratching Fanny.' This reminding me of the business of the Cock-lane Ghost, I removed the lid of the coffin, which was loose, and saw the body of a woman, which had become adipocere; the face perfect, handsome oval, with aquiline nose. [Will not arsenic produce adipocere?] She was said to have been poisoned, although the charge is understood to have been disproved. I inquired of one of the churchwardens of the time (Mr. Bird, I believe), and he said the coffin had always been understood to contain the body of the woman whose spirit was said to have haunted the house in Cock-lane."—*Communicated by John Wykeham Archer*, 1851.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, designed by Hugh Smith, in the Norman or Romanesque style, was opened in 1846, its west front having two towers, and a spire 120 feet high, and a large wheel-window beneath the intervening gable. The second spire has not been built.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, Horselydown, one of the Fifty New Churches (10 Anne), was finished in 1732: it has a tower, with an ill-proportioned Scamozzian Ionic column, seen to the eastward from the London and Greenwich Railway.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, Smith-square, Westminster, was the second built of the Fifty New Churches (10 Anne), finished in 1728, after the designs of Archer, pupil of Vanbrugh; before which it began to settle, and a tower and lantern-turret were added at each corner to strengthen the main building; "and these would have been

beautiful accompaniments to the central tower and spire intended by the architect." (*Elmes.*) These towers reminded Lord Chesterfield of an elephant thrown on its back, with its four feet erect in the air; and Charles Mathews, of a dining-table upside-down, with its four legs and castors. Meanwhile, justice has not been done to the originality and powers of the architect: the whole composition is impressive, and its boldness loses nothing by the graceful playfulness of the outline; it has some inaccuracies of detail, but is, altogether, a very striking production of the Vanbrugh school. (*Donaldson.*) It has semicircular apses east and west, and imposing Doric porticoes north and south. The interior of the church (said to have been the first in London lit with gas) is without columns, and is highly embellished: the east window is filled with ancient painted glass brought from Normandy; and above the altar-table is a copy of the celebrated picture of Christ bearing his Cross, by Ribalta, in the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford. The elegant marble font, designed by C. Barry, jun., sculptured by J. Thomas, was placed here in 1847. The Organ, erected by a German builder, in 1727, and repaired by Hill, in 1840, is handsome and powerful. Churchill, the satirist, born in the parish, succeeded his father in 1758, in the curacy and lectureship of this church: he soon disgraced the holy office, and substituted for the clerical costume a blue coat, gold-laced waistcoat and hat, and large ruffles; remonstrances ensued, and he resigned.

St. John's burial-ground contains "the ashes of an Indian chief, who died of small-pox, in 1734, and was buried in the presence of the Emperor Toma, after the custom of the Karakee Creeks, sewn up in two blankets, between two deal boards, with his clothes, some silver coins, and a few glass beads."—*Walcott's Westminster*, p. 314.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, Waterloo-road, was built in 1822–24, from the design of F. Bedford: it has a Grecian-Doric hexastyle portico, and lofty steeple, with an excellent peal of eight bells; tenor, 1900 lbs. weight. The font is of white marble, and was brought from Italy. In a vault here is interred R. W. Elliston, the comedian. The site of St. John's was a swamp and horse-pond; the district commences at the middle of Westminster Bridge, whence an imaginary boundary-line passes through the middle of the River Thames and Waterloo Bridge.

ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM, South Hackney, Middlesex; a large and beautiful church in the best Pointed style, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, by E. C. Hakewill; consecrated July 20, 1848. The plan is cruciform, with a tower and spire of equal height, together rising 187 feet; the latter has graceful lights and broaches, and the four Evangelists beneath canopies at the four angles; the Nave has side aisles with flying buttresses to the clerestory; each Transept is lit by a magnificent window, 29 feet high; and the Choir has an apsis with seven lancet windows: entire external length, 192 feet; materials, Kentish rag and Speldhurst stone. The principal entrance is at the west, through a screen of open arches. The roof, of open-work, is of 60 feet highest pitch, with massive arched and foliated ribs; and the meeting of the Transepts, Chancel, and Nave is very effective. The Chancel has a stone roof, and the walls of the apse are painted and diapered—red with fleur-de-lis, and blue powdered with stars; the pulpit and reading-desk are also diapered; and the seats are of oak, and mostly formed of stall-ends with finials: the two first seats are well-carved; on one is the crest of the Rector and the badge of the patron Saint; and on the other side the dove with the olive-branch, and the lynx, as an emblem of watchfulness. All the windows are filled with painted, stained, or richly-diapered glass, by Wailes, Powell, &c.; and a memorial clerestory window, Christ Blessing Little Children, and Raising Jairus's Daughter, is beautifully painted by Ward and Nixon. The altar-floor is laid with Minton's tiles; the font is nicely sculptured; the Organ is from the old church at Hackney: the tower has a fine peal of eight bells.

ST. JOHN'S, Notting-hill, an Early English cross church, designed by Stevens and Alexander, and consecrated Jan. 22, 1845, stands upon an elevated portion of Kensington Park, facing Ladbroke Grove, and has a tower 156 feet high, seen to picturesque advantage.

ST. JOHN'S, Oxford-square, Paddington, is a debased imitation of New College



Chapel in the exterior; architect, Fowler: it possesses a good stained glass window of the Twelve Apostles.

ST. JUDE'S, Gray's Inn Road, was the first church which received aid from the Bishop of London's Fund; founded, November, 1862; style, Early English; architect, Joseph Peacock. The tower, at the south-east angle, is 100 feet high, terminating with an iron finial. All the chancel windows are of stained glass. The three lancet windows, the gift of a lady, represent the Birth, Crucifixion, and Resurrection, of Our Lord. The large rose-window is a thank-offering of the congregation: in the centre circle is the Ascension; and in the tracery around the Annunciation are—Disputing in the Temple, the Baptism, the Agony, Bearing the Cross, the First Appearance to Mary, the Journey to Emmaus, and the Pentecost. The reredos is of Caen stone, and represents the Last Supper carved in relief, the wall on each side being richly covered with tiles in pattern. The Organ, which is of original arrangement, is in the Chancel aisle, under the tower, and is free and open to the choir.

ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY, King-street, Cheapside, was commenced by Wren, in 1671, upon the site of the old church, destroyed in the Great Fire: it has a tower and steeple 130 feet high, with, for a vane, a gilt gridiron, the emblem of St. Lawrence; the east end, in King-street, is so pure as to be almost Grecian. The interior has some excellent plaster-work, in wreaths and branches; and the organ-case, pulpit, and doorways are richly-carved oak. In the centre is a large pew for the Lord Mayor and Common Council, the church being used for Corporation Sermons. Here Tillotson was Tuesday lecturer; was married 1663-4; and buried in 1694, three years after he was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury: his sculptured monument is on the north wall of the church. The Vestry-room walls are entirely cased with fine dark carved oak; and the ceiling has elaborate plaster foliage, and a painting, by Thornhill, of St. Lawrence. In the old church, mentioned 1293, was buried Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire, whose daughter Anna married King Henry VIII., and was the mother of Queen Elizabeth: here lay also the remains of Richard Rich, mercer (d. 1469), from whom descended the Earls of Warwick. There are a fine peal of bells, two good windows by Clayton and Bell, and an excellent Organ by Schmidt.

ST. LEONARD'S, Eastcheap, destroyed in the Great Fire, and not rebuilt, had a curious affix. Newcourt oddly says:—"On Fish-street-hill, in the Ward of Bridge Within, stood St. Leonard *Milk Church*, so called after one William Melker, the builder thereof."

ST. LEONARD'S, Shoreditch (anciently *Soresdich*), occupies the site of a church mentioned in grants early in the thirteenth century. The last church (which had four gables in a line, and a low square tower) was taken down in 1736: and the present church built by the elder Dance in 1740: it has a steeple imitated from that of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, and a fine peal of twelve bells. The Organ is by Bridge.

Holywell-street, in this parish, now High-street, Shoreditch, was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I. inhabited by players of distinction, connected with the Curtain Theatre, the Blackfriars Theatre, and the Globe on the Bankside. The parish register (within a period of sixty years) records the interment of the following celebrated characters:—Will Sommers, Henry VIII.'s jester; Richard Tarlton, the famous clown of Queen Elizabeth's time; James Burbage, and his more celebrated son, Richard Burbage; Gabriel Spenser, the player, who fell in 1593, in a duel with Ben Jonson; William Sly and Richard Cowley, two original performers in Shakespeare's plays; the Countess of Rutland, the only child of the famous Sir Philip Sidney; Fortunatus Greene, the unfortunate offspring of Robert Greene, the poet and player. Another original performer in Shakespeare's plays, who lived in Holywell-street, in this parish, was Nicholas Williamson *alias* Tooley, whose name is recorded in gilt letters on the north side of the altar as a yearly benefactor of *St. 10s.*, still distributed in bread every year to the poor of the parish, to whom it was bequeathed.—Cunningham's *Handbook*, p. 235.

In the register is entered, among the "Burialles, Thomas Cam, y<sup>e</sup> 22d inst. of Januarye, 1588, Aged 207 years, Holywell-street. George Garrow, parish clerk." [Is not 2 written for 1 in the number of years?] At St. Leonard's is annually preached the endowed Lecture founded by Mr. Thomas Fairchild, gardener, who carried on his business in Selby's Gardens, extending from the west end of Ivy-lane to the New North-road. By his will, in 1728, he bequeathed the sum of 25*l.*, the interest of which he desired might be given annually to the lecturer of St. Leonard's, for preaching on Whit-Tuesday a sermon on "The Wonderful Works of God in the Creation," or "On the Cer-

tainty of the Resurrection of the Dead, proved by certain changes of the Animal and Vegetable parts of the Creation." The bequest came into operation in 1730, and has been continued ever since. The sum bequeathed by Mr. Fairchild was increased by subscriptions to 100*l.* South-Sea Annuities, producing 3*l.* per annum, which was transferred to the President and Council of the Royal Society. To the subscription added to the bequest, Archdeacon Denne added 29*l.* out of the money he, the first lecturer, had received for preaching the sermon. It was the custom for the President and Fellows of the Royal Society to hear this sermon preached. Stukeley records:—"Whitsunday, June 4, 1750, I went with Mr. Folkes, and other Fellows, to Shoreditch, to hear Dr. Denne preach Fairchild's sermon, On the Beautys of the Vegetable World. We were entertained by Mr. Whetman, the vinegar-merchant, at his elegant house by Moorfields; a pleasant place, encompassed with gardens well stored with all sorts of curious flowers and shrubs, where we spent the day very agreeably, enjoying all the pleasures of the country in town, with the addition of philosophical company."—*MS. Journal.*

ST. LUKE'S, Nutford-place, Edgware-road, was erected in 1856, Ewan Christian, architect, as a thank-offering for the exemption from cholera, where, at the time, fifty in a thousand was the rate of mortality in some parishes, and only two in a thousand suffered. The cost was 13,782*l.*, of which 6000*l.* was for the site; the church was built chiefly for working-men, by whom it is well attended.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, Chelsea (the Old Church), near the river, consists of a Nave, Chancel, and side aisles; the chancel rebuilt early in the sixteenth century; chapel at the east end added by Sir Thomas More about 1520; and the tower of brick, built 1667-1674. The interior has been much altered. Its tombs of "divers persons of quality" are very interesting. In the chancel is an ancient altar-tomb, without inscription, supposed to belong to a Bray, of Eton. Here, on the south wall, is the black marble tablet, erected by Sir Thomas More, in 1532 (see *ante*, p. 90), with the famous biographical epitaph, in Latin, from More's own pen, and the following to More and his two wives:—

"Chara THOMÆ jacet hic JOANNA uxoreula MORI,  
Qui tumulum ALICIAE hunc destino, quique mihi.  
Una mihi dedit hoc conjuncta virentibus annis,  
Me vocet ut puer, et trina puella patrem.  
Altera privignis (quæ gloria rara noverce est)  
Tam pia, quam quatis, vix fuit ulla suis.  
Altera sic mecum vixit, sic altera vivit,  
Charior incertum est, quæ sit an illa fuit.  
O simul, O juncti poteramus vivere nostros,  
Quam bene, si fatum religioque sinant.  
At societ tumulus, societ nos, obsecro, cælum!  
Sic mors, non potuit quod dare vita, dabit."

This elegant Latin is considered to be not excelled by any epitaph in that or any other language. In the biographical epitaph, the word "hereticisque" was purposely omitted when the monument was restored on both occasions: there is a blank space left. Over the tomb are the crest of Sir Thomas More, namely, a Moor's head; the arms of himself and his two wives.

Sir Thomas More is stated to have been buried here, but this is disputed: most probably, he was buried in the chapel of St. Peter-in-the-Tower; though Aubrey distinctly states that "after More was beheaded, his trunk was interred in Chelsey Church," beneath the monument already described. The decapitated head of More was long kept in the Tudor mansion of Baynard's, in Surrey, by More's favourite daughter, Margaret Roper, who once lived here. The skull of Sir Thomas was finally deposited in the vault of the Ropers, in St. Dunstan's Church, in the suburbs of Canterbury, where it was seen by E. W. Brayley, about sixty years ago.—(See Note in Brayley's *Survey*, vol. v. p. 183.)

The Rev. Mr. Blunt suggests that the ancient dedication of the church was to All Saints, though it has long been appropriated to St. Luke. The Chancel, with the chantries north and south of it, are the only portions of ancient work left. The north chantry, called the Manor Chantry, once contained the monuments of the Brays, now in very imperfect condition; having been destroyed or removed to make space for those of the Gervoise family. There remains, however, an ancient brass in the floor. Of the south, or More Chantry, Mr. Blunt states that the monument of Sir Thomas More was removed from it to the chancel, and the chantry had been occupied by the monuments of the Georges family, now also removed, displaced, and destroyed. Notwithstanding the current contrary opinion, founded on Aubrey's assertion, the More monument (says Mr. Blunt) is the original one for which Sir Thomas More himself dictated the epitaph.

Mr. Burnell, the architect of the improvements effected subsequently to 1857, speaks positively as to the non-existence of a crypt which conjecture had placed under the More chantry. The foundation



of the west end of the church, before it was enlarged in 1666, he found west of Lord Dacre's tomb. On the north side of the chancel an ambry, and on the south a piscina, were found, coeval with the chancel (early fourteenth century). The arch between the More Chantry and the chancel is a specimen of Italian workmanship, dated 1528, a date confirmed by the objects represented in the carved ornaments, those objects being connected with the Roman Catholic ritual. It is a remarkably early instance of the use of Italian architecture in this country.

Here are these monuments: one with kneeling figures, to Thomas Hungerford; to the daughter of Sir Theodore Mayerne, wife of Peter de Caumont, Marquis de Cugnac; Jane Dudley, Duchess of Northumberland, beheaded for proclaiming Lady Jane Grey, mother of Queen Elizabeth's favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; her daughter Mary was the mother of Sir Philip Sidney ["her monument at east end of south chapel is not unlike Chaucer's in Westminster Abbey, but sadly mutilated;"]—*Cunningham*; Gregory, Lord Dacre, and Lady Ann, his wife: the latter founded the almshouses in Westminster which bear her name; she was sister to Sackville, Earl of Dorset, the poet. In a chapel of the north aisle lie the Laurence family, after whom "Lawrence-street," Chelsea, was called. In the same aisle is the monument (said by Walpole to be by Bernini, and cost 500*l.*), to Lady Jane Cheyne, and wife of Charles Cheyne, Esq., whence *Cheyne-row*; she is represented lying on her right side, and leaning on a Bible.

In the south-west corner of the church is a mural monument to Dr. Edward Chamberlayne, with a punning Latin epitaph: it mentions that some of his books [MSS.], inclosed in wax, were buried with him; yet when his tomb fell into decay not a vestige of them could be found. From a Latin epitaph on his daughter, we learn that on June 30, 1690, she fought valiantly in men's clothing six hours against the French, on board a fire-ship under the command of her brother.

In the church are interred, *without monuments*, the mother of John Fletcher, the poet; the mother of George Herbert and Lord Herbert of Cherbury: Dr. Donne preached her funeral sermon in this church, and Izaak Walton tells us he heard him; Thomas Shadwell, the Mac-Flecknoe: his funeral sermon was preached in this church by Nicholas Brady, Nahum Tate's associate in the Psalms; Abel Boyer, author of a *Life of Queen Anne* and the French Dictionary which bears his name; Cipriani, the elegant painter and designer; Dr. Martyn, translator of Virgil; Henry Mossop, the actor; Dr. Kenrick, the annotator of Shakspeare; Sir John Fielding, the magistrate; and Henry Sampson Woodfall, printer of *Junius*.

In the churchyard is the mystic monument of the great naturalist and virtuoso, Sir Hans Sloane, M.D., who attended Queen Anne in her last illness, and was the first medical man created a baronet; his collections became the nucleus of the British Museum. Here, too, is a pyramidal monument erected by the Linnean and Horticultural Societies to Philip Miller, author of the *Gardeners' Dictionary*; he was nearly fifty years gardener to the Apothecaries' Company's Garden at Chelsea.

The Register, under Feb. 13, 1577-8, records the baptism of "Charles, a boy by estimacon 10 or 12 yers olde, brought by Sir Walter Rawlis from Guiane." John Larke, presented to the rectory of Chelsea, in 1530, by Sir Thomas More, was executed at Tyburn, in 1544, for following the example of his patron, in denying the King's supremacy.

ST. LUKE'S NEW CHURCH, Chelsea, was founded in 1820; Savage, architect, one of the restorers of the Temple Church; style, Gothic, 14th and 15th centuries. The building is of brick, cased with Bath stone. It has a pinnaced tower, 142 feet high, with arched entrance porch. The north and south fronts have bold buttresses; and the east front is magnificent. The vaulting, 60 feet in height, is entirely of stone; and under the clerestory windows is a triforium; the Nave is divided from the aisles by an arcade and clustered pillars. The altar-screen is ably sculptured, and in the centre is a picture of the Ascension, stated to be by Northcote. The interior length of the church is 130 feet. The Organ, built by Nicholls, contains 33 stops and 1876 pipes, and is one of the most powerful instruments in the metropolis.

In the churchyard lie Blanchard and Egerton, the actors, side by side. Captain M'Leod, who wrote the *Voyage of the Alceste*, 1817; and Alexander Stephens, who wrote a *Life of John Horne Tooke*, and edited the *Annual Biography and Obituary*. In a cemetery in the King's-road, given to St. Luke's parish in 1733, by Sir Hans

Sloane, is buried Andrew Millar, the bookseller, who lived in the Strand, "at Buchanan's Head" (see his imprint to *Thomson's Seasons*); his grave is marked by an obelisk in the centre of the ground.

ST. LUKE'S, near the centre of Old-street-road, is one of the fifty Queen Anne churches, and was consecrated on St. Luke's day, Oct. 16, 1733. It is built of stone, and has an obelisk spire, a masterpiece of absurdity. The parish was taken out of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

ST. MAGNUS THE MARTYR, London Bridge, was burnt in the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren, 1676. It has a tower, octagon lantern, cupola, and spire, added in 1705, which are very picturesque. The footway under the tower, on the east side, was made in 1760, through the recesses and groined arches originally formed in the main building by Wren, as if he had seen its necessity whenever the street leading to Old London Bridge required widening.

This improvement was made after the destruction of the church roof by fire, April 18, 1760, which began in an oilman's premises in Thames-street, adjoining the church, and consumed seven houses and all the warehouses on Fresh Wharf. This conflagration was occasioned by the neglect of a servant, who left some inflammable substances boiling while he went to see Earl Ferrers return from his trial and condemnation for murder: before the man could get back, the shop was in flames.

Miles Coverdale was for a short time rector of St. Magnus: he was buried in St. Bartholomew's by the Exchange, which being taken down in 1840, Coverdale's remains were removed, and interred in St. Magnus', where a monument to his memory was erected in 1837.

The inscription upon Coverdale's tomb states:—"On the 4th of October, 1535, the first complete English version of the Bible was published under his direction." The third centenary of this event was celebrated by the clergy throughout the churches of England, October 4, 1835; and several medals were struck upon the occasion.

The handsomely carved and gilt projecting dial, affixed to St. Magnus' tower, was the gift of Sir Charles Duncomb, in 1709, and cost 485*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.*: Sir Charles, it is related, when a poor boy, had once to wait upon London Bridge a considerable time for his master, whom he missed through not knowing the hour; he then vowed that if ever he became successful in the world, he would give to St. Magnus' a public clock, that passengers might see the time; and this dial proves the fulfilment of his vow. It was originally ornamented with several richly gilded figures: upon a small metal shield inside the clock are engraven the donor's arms, with this inscription: "The gift of Sir Charles Duncomb, Knight, Lord Maior, and Alderman of this ward. Langley Bradley fecit, 1709." Sir Charles also presented the large Organ in St. Magnus' Church: it was built by Jordan, in 1712, as announced in the *Spectator*:

"Whereas, Mr. Abraham Jordan, senior and junior, have with their own hands, joinery excepted, made and erected a very large Organ in St. Magnus' Church, at the foot of London Bridge, consisting of four sets of keys, one of which is adapted to the art of emitting sounds by swelling the notes, which never was in any Organ before; this instrument will be publicly opened on Sunday next, the performance by Mr. John Robinson. The abovesaid Abraham Jordan gives notice to all masters and performers, that he will attend every day next week at the said church, to accommodate all those gentlemen who shall have a curiosity to hear it."—*Spectator*, Feb. 8, 1712.

This instrument still exists, but has been much altered and modernized by Parsons; and at present, only three of the original four sets of keys remain.—*A Short Account of Organs, &c.*, 1847.

The tower has a peal of ten bells. A bronzed or copper medalet, date 1676, bears on its obverse a view of old St. Magnus' Church. Here was buried Hervey Yevele, or Zenely, described by Stow as *Free-Mason* to Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV.: he assisted to erect the tomb of Richard II. in Westminster Abbey, between 1395 and 1397, and prepared plans for raising the walls of Westminster Hall.

ST. MARGARET'S, Lothbury, destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren in 1690, has a steeple 140 feet high; two carved and painted figures of Moses and Aaron, brought from St. Christopher-le-Stocks, when that church was taken down; and a marble font attributed to Gibbons, resembling that in St. James's Church, Piccadilly. The Organ is by England.

ST. MARGARET PATTEN'S, Fenchurch-street, destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren in 1687, contains a fine altar-picture—Angels ministering to Christ in



the Garden—scribed to Carlo Maratti. About the altar-piece are some exquisitely carved flowers. Against the south wall is a large monument, by Rysbrack, to Sir P. Delme, Lord Mayor in 1723. The church was named from the patten-makers, who formerly mostly lived in the neighbourhood.

ST. MARGARET'S parish church, Westminster, is placed a short distance from the north door of Westminster Abbey: it was originally built about 1064, by Edward the Confessor, for the people who had thickly settled around the Abbey, and were greatly increased by those who sought here the privilege of Sanctuary. This Norman edifice was destroyed, and the church rebuilt in the reign of Edward I., of which period there exist a few remains. It was considerably altered in the time of Edward IV., when, probably, a flight of steps led up to the church-door, the surrounding level having been raised about nine feet above the original surface: a stone cross and a pulpit formerly stood here, as at St. Paul's. Soon after the ancient Chapel of St. Stephen had been given up for the sittings of the House of Commons, it is supposed the members attended Divine Service in St. Margaret's, as the Lords went to the Abbey Church. On Sept. 25, 1642, the Covenant was read from St. Margaret's pulpit, and taken by both Houses of Parliament, the Assembly of Divines, and the Scots Commissioners. Here also were preached the lengthy Fast-day Sermons; and Hugh Peters, "the pulpit buffoon," persuaded the Parliament to bring Charles "to condign, speedy, and capital punishment," while the churchyard was guarded by soldiers with pikes and muskets. St. Margaret's did not escape plunder by the Puritans; but in 1660, "the State's Arms," richly carved and gilt, were set up in the church, and they are still preserved in the vestry. In 1641, a gallery was built over the north aisles; and in 1681, another over the south aisles, "exclusively for persons of quality," the latter erected at the expense of Sir John Cutler, the miser satirized by Pope. Doctors Burnet and Sprat, old rivals, once preached here before Parliament in one morning; and on Palm Sunday, 1713, Dr. Sacheverell preached here first after the term of his suspension: 40,000 copies of this sermon were sold. In 1735, St. Margaret's was repaired at the expense of Parliament, when the tower was faced with Portland stone and raised 20 feet, being now 85 feet high: it has a fine peal of ten bells, the tenor weighing 26 cwt. In 1753 was placed over the altar-table a relieve of our Lord's Supper at Emmaus, sculptured in limewood, by Alken of Soho, from Titian's celebrated picture in the Louvre. In 1758, the east end was rebuilt and made apsidal; and the great east window removed, and replaced by the present beautiful cinque-cento window, said to have occupied five years executing, at Gouda in Holland, intended as a present from the magistrates of Dort to Henry VII.

This celebrated glass painting represents the Crucifixion, with angels receiving the blood-drops from the Saviour's wounds; an angel wafts the soul of the good thief to paradise, and a dragon (the devil) hears the soul of the wicked thief to eternal punishment. The six upper compartments are filled with as many angels, bearing the cross, the sponge, the crown of thorns, the hammer, the rods, and nails. In the lower compartment (right) is Arthur Prince of Wales, eldest son of Henry VII., and above him St. George and the red and white rose; and to the left is Catherine of Aragon, Arthur's bride, with above her the figure of St. Cecilia, and a bursting pomegranate, the emblem of Granada. The window is also said to have been ordered by Ferdinand and Isabella, on Prince Arthur being affianced, in 1499, to the Princess Catherine, their portraits being procured for the purpose. It was probably finished after his brother's death, to be sent as a gift to Henry VIII. The king gave it to Waltham Abbey, where it remained until the Dissolution, A.D. 1540; when the last abbot sent it for safety to his private chapel at New Hall, which, by purchase, subsequently became the property of Sir Thomas, father of Anne Boleyn, queen of Henry VIII. The chapel remained undisturbed until General Monk becoming possessor of New Hall, to save the window from destruction by the Puritans, had it buried underground. After the Restoration, Monk replaced the window in the chapel. Subsequent to his death, the seat fell into decay, and the chapel was taken down: but the window was preserved for some time cased up, until purchased by Mr. Conyers, of Copt Hall, Essex, by whose son it was sold, in 1758, to the churchwardens of St. Margaret's for 400 guineas: it was then placed in the church, re-opened in 1759, a fine anthem for the occasion being composed by Dr. Boyce. A prosecution was now instituted against the parishioners by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, for putting up what was attempted to be proved "a superstitious image or picture." After seven years' suit, the bill was dismissed; in memory of which Mr. Churchwarden Peirson presented, as a gift for ever, to the churchwardens of the parish, a richly-chased cup, stand, and cover, silver-gilt, weighing 93 oz. 15 dw., which is the loving-cup of St. Margaret's, and is produced with especial ceremony at the chief parochial entertainments.

St. Margaret's is otherwise rich in painted glass: the north-east window is filled with gold mosaic designs, the Holy Monogram, the red and white roses, and portulias, and a saint (Iago of Compostella?) bearing an open book. The crescent beside the rose, Mr. Rickman thought, denoted some "expectancy of regal amplitude;" so Shakspeare:

"Pompey. My power 's a crescent, and my auguring hope  
Says it will come to the full."—*Ant. and Cleop.* act ii. sc. 1.

In this and the south-east windows are the arms of Edward the Confessor, represented as blazoned by the heralds *temp.* Henry VIII. The saint in the centre is St. Michael overcoming the dragon.—Abridged from Walcott's *Westminster*.

The Chancel is decorated in polychrome by Willement: and over the reredos are crocketed canopies, coloured ruby, azure, and emerald diaper, and richly gilded. In 1802, the present beautifully carved pulpit and reading-desk, by Lenox, were erected; the Speaker's chair of state was placed in the front of the west gallery; and a new Organ, by Avery, was built. Altogether, the votes of the House of Commons for the repairs of this church have been frequent and considerable. Upon certain occasions, as Restoration Day (May 29), the Chaplain of the House of Commons preached here; when the House was usually represented by the Speaker, the Serjeant-at-Arms, the clerks and other officers, and some eight or ten members. These and similar observances, as on Jan. 30, King Charles's Martyrdom, and Nov. 5, Gunpowder Plot, have been discontinued since 1858. The church originally consisted of a Nave and Choir, with side aisles; with chapels or altars in the latter to St. Margaret, St. George, St. Katherine, St. Erasmus, St. John, and St. Cornelius, besides two to St. Nicholas and St. Christopher: the churchwardens' accounts bear evidence of the maintenance of these shrines. In the ambulatory is a carved stall of the 16th century.

Among the names of the more eminent of the Puritans who preached in St. Margaret's, are those of Calamy, Vines, Nye, Manton, Marshall, Gauden, Owen, Burgess, Newcomen, Reynolds, Cheynell, Baxter, Case (who censured Cromwell to his face, and when discoursing before General Monk, cried out, "There are some will betray three kingdoms for filthy lucre's sake," and threw his handkerchief into the General's pew); the critical Lightfoot; Taylor, "the illuminated Doctor;" and Goodwyn, "the windmill with a weathercock upon the top."—Walcott's *Westminster*.

The monuments are very numerous: among them are a tablet to Caxton the printer, by Westmacott, raised 1820 by the Roxburgh Club; alabaster figures, coloured and gilt, to Marie Lady Dudley (d. 1600); brass tablet, put up by subscription, 1845, to Sir Walter Raleigh, whose body was interred within the Chancel of this church on the day he was beheaded in the Old Palace-yard, Oct. 29, 1618; a black marble slab to James Harrington (d. 1677), who wrote *Oceana*; monument near the porch-door to Mrs. E. Corbet, with what Johnson considered "the most valuable of all Pope's epitaphs;" monument to Captain Sir Peter Parker, Bart., R.N., with bas-relief of his death, 1814, and lines by Lord Byron, in Chancel north aisle: a curious tablet of Cornelius Van Dun (d. 1577), with a coloured bust in the uniform of the Yeomen of the Guard: and a small monument to Mrs. Joane Barnett (d. 1674), who left money for a yearly sermon and poor widows: she is said to have sold oatmeal cakes hard by the church-door, in memory of which a large oatmeal pudding is a standing dish at the "Feast." There is but one ancient brass in the church, the rest having been sold in 1644, at 3*d.* and 4*d.* per pound, as the churchwardens' accounts attest. Weever records the burial here of John Skelton, Poet Laureate to Henry VIII. (d. 1529); and the registers contain the burial of Thomas Churchyard, "Court Poet" (d. 1604). Soon after the Restoration, several bodies were disinterred from the Abbey, and deposited in a pit in St. Margaret's churchyard: among them was the corpse of Oliver Cromwell's mother, from Henry VII.'s Chapel; Sir W. Constable, one of the judges in the trial of Charles I.; Admiral Blake; John Pimpe; Thomas May, the poet, &c. Here, too, are buried Sir William Waller, the Parliament General (d. 1668); Hollar, the engraver (d. 1677), in the churchyard, "near N.W. corner of the tower" (*Aubrey*); Thomas Blood, who attempted to steal the regalia (d. 1680); Gadbury the Cavalier astrologer, and helpmate of Lilly (d. 1704); Frances Whate (d. 1736), a charwoman, buried in the church; John Read, the "Walking Rushlight," and the oldest general in the service (d. 1807). The churchyard is extremely crowded with bodies. In the report on Extramural Sepulture, 1850, Dr. Reid stated, "that the state of the burying-ground around St. Margaret's Church is prejudicial to the air supplied at the Houses of Parliament, and also to the whole neighbourhood;" that "these offensive emanations have been noticed at all hours of the night and morning;" and that even "fresh meat is frequently tainted" by the deleterious gases issuing from this churchyard. The removal of the church was proposed even in Stow's time, and has often been revived: it was favoured by Sir Charles Barry, in his design for the completion of the New Palace of Westminster: if allowed to remain, the church should be restored, to harmonize with the Abbey, to which it was originally an adjunct. Among the be-



quests is an endowment, founded in 1781, by the will of Mr. Edward Dickenson, who left 5000*l.* stock, the interest of which was to be divided, on the first month after Easter-day, between three newly-married couples from each parish of St. Margaret and St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, and of Acton. The distribution takes place with the approbation of the Bishop of London; and petitions are taken into consideration by the trustees on the Wednesday in Easter week, when they decide on the nine couples to receive the bounty, 15*l.* each.

A celebrated heirloom of the parish is the "*Overseers' Box*," originally purchased at Horn Fair for fourpence, and presented by a Mr. Monek to his brother Overseers, in 1713. In 1713, the Society of Past Overseers commemorated the gift by adding to the Box a silver rim; and in 1726 were added a silver side-case and bottom. In 1740, an embossed border was placed on the lid, and the bottom enriched with an emblem of Charity. In 1746, Hogarth engraved inside the lid a bust of the Duke of Cumberland, in memory of the battle of Culloden. In 1765 was added to the lid a plate with the arms of the City of Westminster, and the inscription:—"This Box is to be delivered to every succeeding set of Overseers, on penalty of five guineas." The original Horn Box thus ornamented has been placed in four additional cases, each ornamented by its several custodians, the senior Overseer for the time being, with silver plates engraved with the following subjects:—Fireworks in St. James's Park (Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle), 1749; Admiral Keppel's Action off Ushant, and his Acquittal by Court Martial; Battle of the Nile, 1798; Repulse of Admiral Linois, 1804; Battle of Trafalgar, 1805; Action between San Fiorenzo and La Piedmontaise, 1808; Battle of Waterloo, 1815; Bombardment of Algiers, 1816; House of Lords at Trial of Queen Caroline; Coronation of George IV., and his visit to Scotland, 1822. Portraits:—Wilkes, Churchwarden in 1759; Nelson, Duncan, Howe, and Vincent; Fox and Pitt, 1806; the Prince Regent, 1811; Princess Charlotte, 1817; and Queen Charlotte, 1818. Views:—Interior of Westminster Hall, with Westminster Volunteers attending Divine Service, on Fast-day, 1803; the old Sessions House; St. Margaret's Church from north-east, the west front, tower, and altar-piece. In 1813 was added to the outer case a large silver plate portrait of the Duke of Wellington, commemorating the centenary of the box. The top of the second case represents the Governors in their board-room, inscribed, "The original Box and cases to be given to every succeeding set of Overseers, on penalty of fifty guineas, 1783." Outside the first case is engraved a cripple. In 1793, a contumacious Overseer detained the Box, and it was deposited "in Chancery" until 1796, when it was restored to the Overseers' Society; this event being commemorated by the addition of a third case, of Justice trampling upon an unmasked man and a serpent, and the Lord Chancellor (Loughborough) pronouncing his decree. On the fourth, or outer case, is the Anniversary meeting of the Past Overseers' Society, and the delivery of the Box to the succeeding Overseer, who must produce it at certain parochial entertainments, with three pipes of tobacco at least, under the penalty of six bottles of claret; and must return the whole safe and sound, with some addition, under penalty of two hundred guineas. Within the Box is a mother-of-pearl tobacco-stopper, with a silver chain.—Abridged from Walcott's *Westminster*.

ST. MARK'S, Kennington Common, a Doric church, designed by Roper, and built in 1824, on the spot formerly the place of execution for Surrey, and where several persons suffered death in the Stuart cause. Here was executed "Jemmy Dawson," 1746.

ST. MARK'S, Old-street-road, St. Luke's, a beautiful Early English Church, designed by Ferrey, and built in 1848: it has a noble four-storied tower and spire, rising from the ground 125 feet; and the windows throughout the edifice are fine.

ST. MARK'S, Victoria Docks, near the little village of Silvertown, was built for the accommodation of the "Londoners over the border." The style is English Decorated, fifteenth century: materials, inside and outside, white and coloured bricks; Teulon, architect. It contains 1000 sittings, and cost 7000*l.*: the Organ, a gift, is fine.

ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS, north of the western extremity of the Strand, is the second church built upon this site; the first having been erected by Henry VIII., from his disliking the funerals of inhabitants passing Whitehall in their way to St. Margaret's, at Westminster, as they had no parish church. It is probable that there was a building before this, but "only a chapel for the use of the monks of Westminster when they visited their Convent (*Covent*) Garden, which then extended to it."—(*J. Gwilt*.) The old church had a low square tower, and was strictly "in the fields:" in 1607, Henry Prince of Wales added a chancel. In this ancient church was buried Nicholas Stone, the sculptor, his monument adorned with his bust finely carved in profile, with tools used in sculpture, compasses, &c.: he was engaged in the building of the Banqueting-house, Whitehall. No doubt the sculpture, scrolls, and other ornaments in stone were of his work. In this church also were interred Paul Vansomer, portrait-painter, scarcely inferior to Vandyck; Nicholas Lanieri, painter, musician, and engraver, and who bought pictures for Charles I.; Nicholas Lyzard, who had been in the service of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and who was sergeant-painter to Queen Elizabeth; Nicholas Hilliard, limner, jeweller, and goldsmith to Queen Elizabeth, and afterwards to King James I.: he was, perhaps, the best miniature-painter who

had appeared: also Sir Theodore Mayerne, the physician, a friend of Vandyck, to whom he communicated valuable information relating to pigments; also Dobson, the English Vandyck; George Farquhar, the comic dramatist; Nell Gwynne was interred in the church; and Jack Sheppard in the burial-ground. In the church was buried, Oct. 31, 1679, Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, found murdered in a ditch near Chalk Farm: the corpse was brought from Bridewell Hospital with great pomp, eight knights supporting the pall, and attended by all the City aldermen, 72 London ministers, and above 100 persons of distinction. At the funeral sermon two divines stood by the preacher, lest he should be assassinated by the Papists. The Hon. Robert Boyle was buried here, and his funeral sermon was preached by his friend Dr. Burnet. The Organ was built by Schmydt, in 1676, and he himself was the first organist here, and played for a salary. Edward, a son of the celebrated Henry Purcell, was elected organist in 1726. The old church was taken down in 1720-21, and the present church commenced from a design by Gibbs, when King George I., by proxy, laid the first stone, March 19, 1721, gave the workmen 100 guineas, and subsequently, upon being chosen churchwarden, presented the Organ, built by Schreider; but this has long given place to another Organ, built by Gray.

The present church was consecrated in 1726: the cost of its erection was 36,891*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.* Its length, including the portico, is equal to twice its width: it is in the florid Roman or Italian style, and has a very fine western Corinthian hexastyle portico: the east end is truly elegant, and the round columns at each angle of the building render it very effective in profile. The tower and spire rise out of the roof, behind the portico. The interior is richly ornamented, "a little too gay and theatrical for Protestant worship." In 1842, 45 feet of the spire were struck by lightning, and had to be restored at the expense of 1000*l.*: the ball and vane were also regilt; the latter is 6 feet 8 inches high and 5 feet long, and is surmounted with a *crown*, to denote this the parish of the Sovereign; and in its registers are entered the births of the royal children born at Buckingham Palace. The tower has a fine peal of twelve bells; but the story of Nell Gwynne having left a legacy, paid weekly to the ringers, has no foundation in fact. High in the steeple hangs a small shrill bell, formerly called the Sanctus, and now the Saint's or Parson's Bell. "It was rung before the Reformation, when the priest came to the *Sanctus*, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth!' so that those without the church might participate in the devotions of those present at the most solemn part of the divine office."—*The Parish Choir*, No. 59.

The churchyard was paved in 1829; and in 1831, the vaults beneath the church were reconstructed, each vault being 10 feet high, 20 wide, and 40 long. Here is preserved the old parish whipping-post, with a carved head.

In the present church rest Roubiliac, the sculptor; and Scott, the author of a *Visit to Paris*, who was killed in a duel in 1821. The remains of John Hunter were deposited in the vaults in 1793, whence they were removed with fitting ceremony in 1859 to Westminster Abbey.

ST. MARTIN'S, Gospel Oak Fields, between Kentish Town and Haverstock-hill, is a carefully finished specimen of that now rare style, the Third Pointed, or Perpendicular. The tower at the north-west, almost detached from the body of the church, is square, lofty, has rather large windows, and an angle turret crowned by a small spirelet, shorter pinnacles capping the other angles; of which form we remember no other example about London. There are also two capped turrets at the junction of the Nave and Chancel. The windows have florid tracery; the roof is an elaborate one, on the hammer-beam principle, and is of dark varnished timber, rich in effect. With the parsonage, this church is estimated to cost 13,000*l.*, defrayed by Mr. J. B. Aleroft; architect, E. B. Lamb. It will accommodate 1000 worshippers, who will all have an almost uninterrupted view of the Chancel, reading-desk, and pulpit; 400 sittings are free. The tower contains six bells, of deep tone.

ST. MARTIN'S, Ironmonger-lane, was a small church, and also called St. Martin Pomary, "on what account (saith the antiquary) he knoweth not; but it is supposed from apples growing there."

ST. MARTIN'S LUDGATE, near the site of the City gate of that name, in Ludgate-street, was rebuilt by Wren after the Great Fire: the steeple has a small gallery, and



risers 168 feet. Between Ludgate-street and the body of the church is an ambulatory, the whole depth of the tower, so as to lessen within the church the noise from the street. In the vestry-room are a carved seat (date 1690), and several curious coffers or chests. The font has a Greek inscription, a palindrome, *i.e.*, it reads the same backwards as forwards. In the old church was the following epitaph, dated 1590 :—

Earth goes to	}	Earth	(As mold to mold
Earth treads on			(glittering in gold
Earth as to			(Return here should
Earth shall to			(Goe ere he would
Earth upon	}	Earth	(Consider may
Earth goes to			(Passed away
Earth though on			(Is stout and gay
Earth shall from			(Passe poor away.

The spire of St. Martin's, backed by the campanile towers and majestic dome of St. Paul's, seen from Fleet-street, is a fine architectural group; although the injudicious have condemned the spire as an obstacle in the view. Extraordinary antiquity has been claimed for the ancient church of St. Martin: according to Newcourt, it is alleged that Cadwallo, the valiant King of the Britons, after he had reigned for forty years, died in 677, and was buried in this place; and Robert of Glo'ster tells us of the said monarch—

"A Church of St. Martyn, livyng he let reze,  
In whych yat men shold Goddys seruyse do,  
And sing for his soule and al Christene also."

The former church was dated 1437. Samuel Purchas, known by his *Pilgrimages*, was rector here in 1613: he is styled "the English Ptolemy," but gained more fame than profit by his publications.

ST. MARTIN ORGAR, now united to the adjacent parish of St. Clement, near East-cheap, formerly possessed a church on this spot, which, after having served as a place of worship for French Protestants for about twenty years, was pulled down in the year 1820. The old clock-tower remained standing till 1851, together with two adjoining houses belonging to the parish, formerly known as "the rectory." These have been taken down, and a new clock and bell-tower erected, the lower part forming part of the rectory-house; the upper part only being appropriated for the reception of the clock, whilst the cupoletta, which crowns the composition, receives an ancient bell, which is highly valued by the parish. The height is about 110 feet to the top of the pine, which forms the finial. The tower is five diameters high to the top of the cornice, the proportion adopted in most of Wren's towers. The bracket-clock is picturesque.

ST. MARTIN'S OUTWICH (Otteswich), Bishopsgate-street, was originally built in the fourteenth century, in the Pointed style, with a low tiled roof and square tower; and the churchwardens' accounts (1508 to 1545) contain entries of ancient usages previous to the Reformation: as, "Wyne on Relyks Sondaye, 1d.;" "Paschall or Hallowed Taper, tenebur Candell and Cross Candell, License to eate flesh," &c. This church escaped the Great Fire of 1666, but was greatly injured in a conflagration in Nov. 1765, which burnt fifty houses. In 1796, the present church was built by S. P. Cockerell. Its form is oval, with a recess for the chancel, in the ceiling of which is a light filled with stained glass, mostly from the old church. There are also several monuments from the same, including two recumbent stone figures of John Otterwich and his wife, their head-cushions supported by angels; the feet of the man resting against a lion, and those of the female against a dog. Here also is a canopied tomb, date 1500, with remains of brass figures, armorial bearings, and labels against the back; and several stone effigies to the memory of Alderman Staper (1594): "hee was the greatest merchant in his tyme, the chiefest actor in discovere of the trades of Turkey and East India, &c.;" also two brass figures of rectors of the church in the fifteenth century. Few would expect to find these monumental treasures within a church of such unecclesiastical design. It contains also a fine picture of the Resurrection, by Rigaud. The South Sea House, which is in St. Martin's, was given to the parish by Mrs. Margaret Taylor, in 1667.

ST. MARY ABBOTS', Kensington, the mother-church, was rebuilt 1696: here are monuments to Edward, eighth Earl of Warwick and Holland (d. 1759), with his

effigies, seated, and reposing upon an urn; and to the three Colmans: Francis Colman; his son, George, "the Elder;" and his son, "the Younger;" the two latter wrote several comedies, and were proprietors of the Haymarket Theatre. In the churchyard are monuments to Jortin, author of the *Life of Erasmus*, and Vicar of Kensington; and to Mrs. Inchbald (a Roman Catholic), a beauty, a virtue, a player, and authoress of the *Simple Story*. Here, too, is buried William Courten, the traveller and naturalist, whose curiosities, it is said, filled ten-rooms in the Middle Temple: this collection he bequeathed to Sir Hans Sloane, and thus it became part of the nucleus of the British Museum. James Mill, the historian of British India, is buried here; and a son of George Canning, with a headstone by Chantrey. St. Mary's, Kensington, had a "Vicar of Bray" in one Thomas Hodges, collated to the living by Archbishop Juxon: he kept his preferment during the Civil War and interregnum, by joining alternately with either party; although a frequent preacher before the Long Parliament and one of the Assembly of Divines, he was made Dean of Hereford after the Restoration, but continued Vicar of Kensington.—(Murray's *Environs of London*, p. 69.) The Organ is a fine old instrument; and there is a good peal of bells. The ancient church of Kensington (Chenesit) is mentioned in Domesday, and had for its patron Aubrey de Vere, who came over with the Conqueror, from whom he received the manor.

ST. MARY ABCHURCH, Abchurch-lane, was destroyed by the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren in 1686: its tower and spire are 140 feet high: the interior has a large cupola, painted by Sir James Thornhill; and an altar-piece, with fruit and flowers, exquisitely carved by Gibbons, and originally painted after nature by Thornhill. The Organ is by Bishop.

ST. MARY ALDERMARY, Bow-lane, is the third church erected on this site. To the first, Richard Chaucer, vintner, gave his tenement and tavern, with the appurtenances in the royal street, the corner of Kerrion-lane, and was there buried, 1348. It is believed that this was the father of Chaucer the poet. Charles Blunt, Lord Mountjoy, was buried there about the year 1545. In 1510, Sir Henry Keble, Lord Mayor of London, began to rebuild the church. This church was destroyed in the Great Fire, with the exception of the tower, so built by Lord Mayor Keble, the lower part of which was repaired by Sir Christopher Wren, and the upper part new built in 1681, a sum equal to 5000*l.* being furnished for that purpose by the widow of Henry Rogers, in pursuance of his will. The clustered columns, fine groinings, large circular ornamental openings for skylights, the ceilings decorated with flowers, foliage, and shields, and the fine east window, are admired. In 1835 some houses abutting upon the north wall of the church were pulled down, which brought to light a crypt, possibly the vaulted cemetery of the old church, about 50 feet in length and 10 feet wide, having five arches on each side in the Pointed style of architecture. The church is a specimen of Wren's Gothic, for which his apologists plead that he was required to follow the plan of the old church destroyed by fire. The tower, with four turrets, is 130 feet high. In the great storm of 1703, two of these turrets were blown down.

ST. MARY'S, Battersea, a church of tasteless design, built in 1776, is remarkable for containing Roubiliac's elegant monument to the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke, and his second wife, a niece of Madame de Maintenon. In the east window are three portraits: 1. Margaret Beauchamp, ancestor (by her first husband, Sir Oliver St. John) of the St. Johns, and (by her second husband, John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset) grandmother to Henry VII.; 2. the portrait of that monarch; 3. the portrait of Queen Elizabeth, placed here because her grandfather, Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire (father of Queen Anne Boleyn), was the grandfather of Anne, the daughter of Sir Thomas Leighton, and wife of Sir John St. John, the first baronet of the family. Here is a monument to Sir Edward Wynter, who died 1635-6; it has a bas-relief representing the feats thus commemorated in the inscription:

"Alone, unarm'd, a tyger he oppress'd,  
And crush'd to death the monster of a beast;  
Twice twenty mounted Moors he overthrew  
Singly on foot; some wounded, some he slew,  
Dispers'd the rest. What more could Samson do?"

At the top is a large bust of Sir Edward, in a flowing peruke and lace shirt.



ST. MARY-LE-BONE, or St. Mary-at-the-Bourne, at the end of the High-street, verging on the New-road, was originally the mother-church of Marylebone, and was rebuilt in 1741, on the site of an edifice erected about 1400, on the removal of the ancient church of Tyburn, "which stood in a lonely place near the highway (on or near the site of the present Court-house, at the corner of Stratford-place), subject to the depredations of robbers, who frequently stole the images, bells, and ornaments."—(Lysons's *Environ's*, vol. iii. 1795.) In Vertue's Plan, about 1560, the only building seen between the village of St. Giles's and Primrose-hill is the little solitary church of Marylebone: its interior is shown in one of Hogarth's plates of the *Rake's Progress* (the Marriage), where some ill-spelt verses on the vault of the Forset family, and the churchwardens' names, are accurately copied; this plate was published in 1735, and part of the original inscription was preserved in the present church, converted into a parish chapel in 1817, on the consecration of the church in the New-road. In the chapel are tablets to Gibbs, the architect; Baretti, the friend of Dr. Johnson; and Caroline Watson, the engraver; and in the churchyard is a monument to James Ferguson, the Astronomer. Among the burials in the register are James Figg, the prize-fighter; Vanderbank, the portrait-painter; Hoyle, aged 90, who wrote the *Treatise on Whist*; Rysbrack, the sculptor; and Allan Ramsay, portrait-painter, and son of the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*. In Paddington-street are two burial-grounds formerly attached to this church. In 1511, the Marylebone curate's stipend was only 13s. per annum; in 1650, the impropriation was valued at 80*l.* per annum, and Richard Bonner was curate; before the late separation, the value of the living was 1898*l.*

In a Map published in 1742, the diminutive church of St. Mary-le-bone is shown detached from London, with two zigzag ways leading to it, one near Vere-street, then the western extremity of the new buildings, and the second from Tottenham-Court-road. Rows of houses, with their backs to the fields, extended from St. Giles's Pound to Oxford-market; but Tottenham-Court-road had only one cluster on the west side, and the spring-water house. The zigzag way above mentioned, near Vere-street, still retaining its original name of Mary-le-bone-lane, was the communication between the high road and the village. A friend, born in 1780, remembers his father and mother relating how they walked out through the fields, to be married at Marybone Church.

ST. MARYLEBONE (New Church), New-road, opposite York Gate, Regent's-park, designed by T. Hardwick, father of P. Hardwick, R.A., was originally built "on speculation" as a chapel; and was purchased by the parish, and converted into a handsome church, at the cost of 60,000*l.* It has a lofty stone clock-tower and portico; the interior was at first objected to as too theatrical in arrangement: it has an altarpicture of the Holy Family, painted and presented by B. West, P.R.A. Cosway and Northcote, Royal Academicians, are buried here.

ST. MARY-LE-BOW, Cheapside, "for divers accidents happening there, hath been made more famous than any other parish church of the whole city or suburbs."—(Stow.) If not originally a Roman temple, as was once believed, this was one of the earliest churches built by our Norman conquerors. Stow says it was named St. Mary *de Arcubus*, from its being built on arches of stone, the semicircular-arched Norman crypt, extant to this day: and hence is named the "Court of Arches," formerly held in the church. About 1190, Longbeard, ringleader of a tumult, took refuge in the steeple, which was fired to drive him out: in 1271, part of the steeple fell, and killed several persons; and some years after its repair, one Ducket, a goldsmith, fled here for Sanctuary, and was murdered. The old steeple was entirely rebuilt by 1460, when the Common Council ordered that Bow bell should be rung nightly at nine o'clock, a vestige of the Norman curfew; in 1472, two tenements in Hosier-lane (now Bow-lane), were bequeathed "to the maintenance of Bow bell," which being rung for the closing of shops somewhat late, the young men, prentices, and others in Cheap, made this rhyme:

"Clarke of the Bow bell, with the yellow lockes,  
For thy late ringing, thy head shall have knockes."

To which the Clerk replied:—

"Children of Cheape, hold you all still,  
For you shall have the Bow bell rung at your will."

William Copeland, churchwarden, either gave a new bell for this purpose, or caused the old one to be recast, in 1515: Weever says the former. In 1512, the arches and

spire of the tower were provided with lanterns, as beacons for travellers: the latter is shown in the View of London, 1643 (in the Sutherland Collection); it has a central lantern, or bell-turret, and a pinnacle at each corner. The church was rebuilt, as we now see it, by Wren, after the Great Fire of 1666, and the belfry was prepared for twelve bells, though only eight were placed; but two were subsequently added, and the set of ten bells was first rung in 1762. (See BELLS, p. 46.) The earliest monument in the old church was that to Sir John Coventry, Mayor in 1425: Weever gives his epitaph. The present church contains a large marble sarcophagus, with figures of Faith and a cherub, and a medallion bust, by Banks, R.A., of Bishop Newton, twenty-five years rector of this parish, and interred in St. Paul's.

Bow Church is one of Wren's finest works: it is well described in Godwin's *Churches of London*. The large Palladian doorways are noble; and the campanile is one of Wren's most picturesque designs.

The circular peristyle, or continued range of columns, which rises from a stylobate on the top of the tower (a miniature representation of that around the dome of St. Paul's), let it be viewed from what point it may be, is the most beautiful feature of the steeple. By the introduction of the combined scrolls at each angle of the tower, Wren has endeavoured to prevent that appearance of abruptness which would otherwise have resulted from the sudden transition from the square to the circular form, and has caused the outline to be gradually pyramidal from the top of the tower to the vane. The flying buttresses, which appear to support the columns above the peristyle, are introduced chiefly with a view to effect the same end.

The spire was repaired by Sir W. Staines when a young stonemason; and in 1820 it was in part rebuilt by George Gwilt, F.S.A., but was not lowered, as generally believed. Its height is 225 feet; the dragon, ten feet long, was regilt, and a young Irishman descended from the spire point on its back, pushing it from the cornices and scaffolds with his feet, in the presence of thousands of spectators.\* Over the doorway in Cheapside is a small balcony, intended as a place to view processions from. The present bells are much heavier, and more powerful in tone, than the first set. It requires two men to ring the largest (the tenor, 53 cwt., key C). The ringers belong to the Society of "College Youths," founded in 1637, and named from the College of St. Spirit and Mary, built by Sir Richard Whittington, on College-hill, Upper Thames-street, and burnt down in the Great Fire. A book recording the names of the founders and members of the College Youths, from 1637 to 1724, was lost about the latter date, and only recovered in 1840. Another Society, called the "Cumberland Society," rang for a few years at Bow Church. There is a peal called the "Whittington Peal," which can only be rung on twelve bells. (See BOW BELLS, p. 47.)

Independently of ordinary services in the church, prayers are read and the Sacrament administered at eight o'clock in the morning on every festival throughout the year which does not fall on a Sunday. This is in compliance with the will of Mr. Robert Nelson, author of the *Companion to the Festivals and Fasts of the Church of England*, who left for the purpose 3*l.* per annum. Formerly, the Boyle lectures were delivered here, but they have been discontinued for some years past. The Bishops elect of the province of Canterbury attend at this church, previous to their consecration, to take the oaths of supremacy, &c.

ST. MARY'S, Islington, "the old church," is built upon the site of a church with an embattled tower and bell-turret, and which was presumed to be 300 years old when taken down in 1751. One of its oldest monuments was that to "Thomas Gore, parsonne of Isledon and Westhame," who died in 1499: here were also memorials of the Fowlers, and Dame Katherine Brook, nurse who "nourished with her milk" the Princess Mary, daughter of Henry VIII. Dame Alice Owen, foundress of the almshouses and school at the top of Goswell-road, was buried here; and here are two monumental brasses of the Savills. Dr. Cave, the learned ecclesiastical historian, and chaplain to Charles II., who became vicar of Islington at the age of 25, was buried in the old church. The present church was erected by Launcelot Dowbiggin, opened May 26, 1754. It has a tower and stone spire, 164 feet high, and a fine peal of eight bells, each inscribed with a couplet inculcating loyalty, love, and harmony. In 1787, when a lightning conductor was affixed to the spire, one Thomas Bird constructed round it a wickerwork scaffold, with steps within. Among the persons buried here are Dr. Hawes, one of the originators of the Humane Society; Earlom, the mezzo-

\* One of Mother Shipton's prophecies was, that when the Dragon of Bow Church and the Grasshopper of the Royal Exchange should meet, London streets would be deluged with blood! In 1820 both these vane were lying together in a stonemason's yard in Old-street Road, where the upper portion of Wren's spire is preserved to this day.



tinto engraver; and John Nichols, F.S.A., the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, his grave being a few yards from the house in which he was born. During the last forty years more than sixteen churches have been erected in the district of Islington, and Dissenting chapels have multiplied in a similar proportion.

ST. MARY, Lambeth, the mother-church of the manor and parish, stands within the patriarchal shade of Lambeth Palace, and has a Perpendicular tower, lately restored. In the Bishop's Register at Winchester, date 1377, is a commission to compel the inhabitants to erect this tower for their church, then newly built. In the churchwardens' accounts, "pewes" are mentioned as early as the reign of Philip and Mary. The eastern end of the north aisle, built 1522, by the Duke of Norfolk, is called the Howard Chapel. In the church are the tombs of these Archbishops of Canterbury: Parker, d. 1575; Bancroft, d. 1610; Tenison, d. 1715; Hutton, d. 1758; Secker (in passage between church and palace), d. 1768; Cornwallis, d. 1783; Moore, d. 1805.

In burying Archbishop Cornwallis, were found the remains of Thirlby, the first and only Bishop of Westminster: he died a prisoner in Lambeth Palace (*temp.* Elizabeth). The body was discovered wrapped in fine linen, the face perfect, the beard long and white, the linen and woollen garments well preserved; the cap, silk and point lace, as in portraits of Archbishop Juxon; slouched hat, under left arm; cassock, like apron with strings; and pieces of garments like a pilgrim's habit.

Here also are the tombs of Alderman Goodbehere; Madame Storace, the singer; Peter Dollond, inventor of the achromatic telescope; and Elias Aslmole, the antiquary. In the churchyard is the altar-tomb of the Tradescants, father and son:

"These famous antiquarians that had been  
Both gardeners to the Rose and Lily queen."—*Epitaph.*

The tomb is sculptured with palm-trees, hydra and skull, obelisk and pyramid, and Grecian ruins, crocodile, and shells. In the Register are entered the burials of Simon Forman, the astrologer; and Edward Moore, who wrote the tragedy of *The Gamester*. In a window of the middle aisle is painted a pedlar with his pack and dog, said to represent the person who bequeathed to the parish of Lambeth "Pedlar's Acre," provided his portrait and that of his dog were perpetually preserved in one of the church windows. When the painting was first put up is unknown, but it existed in 1608; "a new glass pedlar" was put up in 1703, but removed in 1816.

The name of the benefactor is unknown; but it has been suggested that this portrait was intended rather as a rebus upon the name "Chapman" than upon his trade: for in Swaffham Church, Norfolk, is the portrait of John Chapman, a great benefactor to that parish; and the device of a pedlar and his pack occurs in several parts of the church, which has given rise to nearly the same tradition at Swaffham as at Lambeth. (*Preface to Hearne's Cati Antiquitates*, p. 84.) Besides, Pedlar's Acre was not originally so called, but the Church Hopes, or Hopys (an isthmus of land projecting into the river), and is entered in the Register as bequeathed by "a person unknown."—*Popular Errors Explained*, &c. p. 293.

The church, except the tower, has been rebuilt by Hardwick in correct design; the font is fine, and many of the windows are filled with memorial stained glass. The bells and Communion-plate are of very considerable age, the latter of great value.

ST. MARY-AT-HILL, Eastcheap, "called on the hill because of the ascent from Billingsgate," rebuilt by Wren, after the Great Fire, had this singular custom:

"On the next Sunday after Midsummer, every year, the Fellowship of the Porters of London, time out of mind, came to this church in the morning, and whilst the Psalms were reading, they went up two by two towards the rails of the Communion table, where were set two basins, and there they make their offerings. Afterwards the inhabitants of the parish, and their wives, make their offerings; and the money thus offered is given to the poor, decrepit porters of the Company for their better support."

The church was built by Wren, between 1672 and 1677, the west-end tower being of subsequent date: the exterior of the east end alone remains. In 1848-9, the interior was entirely refitted, with such an extent of carving as had not been executed before in the City for many years. The pillars supporting the organ gallery are ornamented with fruit and flowers. The great screen has a frame of oak; the Rector's pew and reading-desk are enriched with carved open tracery, and brackets surmounted with the royal supporters, bearing shields with V.R. 1849. The pulpit is entirely new, and is very elaborately carved: in the sounding-board are bosses of flowers of 12-inch projection; from the eyes of the volutes garlands of flowers are suspended, which pass through the split trusses, and fall down, crossing and uniting behind; and within the pulpit, at the back, is a well-executed drop of fruit and flowers: on the front of the

organ-gallery are bold clusters of musical trophies and garland of flowers, with birds and fruit; and the royal arms, with a mantle scroll, about ten feet long, form a perforated screen on the top of the gallery. All the carved work is by W. Gibbs Rogers. The organ was built by Hill, on the German plan, and contains two manuals and a pedal organ. Brand, who compiled the *Popular Antiquities*, and was Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, was Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill from 1789 till his death in 1806: he is buried in the Chancel. Dr. Young, author of *Night Thoughts*, was married here.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE, Bermondsey, was originally founded by the monks of Bermondsey, it is supposed, early in the reign of Edward III.; but taken down in 1680, when the present church was built upon the same site: in 1830, the west front was remodelled, the tower repaired, and the large pointed window restored. Among the communion plate is an ancient silver salver, supposed to have belonged to the Abbey of Bermondsey: in the centre, a knight in plate armour is kneeling to a female, about to place a helmet on his head, at the gate of a castle or fortified town: from the fashion of the armour and the form of the helmet, this relic is referred to the age of Edward II. In the church is a monument to Dr. Joseph Watson, more than thirty-seven years teacher to the first public institution in this country for the education of the deaf and dumb, established in this parish, 1792. In the churchyard is buried Mrs. S. Utton, who was tapped twenty-five times for dropsy, and had 157 gallons of water taken from her; also Mrs. S. Wood, tapped ninety-seven times, water 461 gallons; and the husband of the latter, who died 1837, aged 108 years!

The registers commenced in 1538, have been continued with great exactness, and with very few interruptions up to the present time: some of the entries are very eccentric.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN, Old Fish-street, in Castle-Baynard Ward, was rebuilt by Wren, after the Great Fire, and contains a small brass tablet, date 1586, with the figure of a man, and the following lines in black letter:

"In God the Lord put all your truste,  
Repente your former wicked waies,  
Elizabeth our Queen moste iuste  
Bless her, O Lord, in all her daies;  
So Lord encrease good counceilers,  
And preachers of his holie worde  
Mislike all papistes desiers  
O Lord, cut them off with thy sworde.  
How small soever the gift shall be  
Thank God for him who gave it thee.  
III penie loaves to III poor foulkes  
Geve every Sabbath day for aye."

This church serves as well for the parish of St. Gregory-by-St. Paul's. St. Mary Magdalen, Milk-street, was on the site of the City of London Schools.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN, Munster-square, Regent's Park, was designed by R. C. Carpenter, and consists of a Nave with south aisle, large and lofty Chancel, and tower; style, Geometric, of the fourteenth century. The Nave and Aisle have massive open gabled roofs, of Baltic fir timber. The Chancel roof is arched with timber, boarded and panelled. The east window of the Chancel, which is of seven lights, is filled with stained glass, at a cost of 400*l.* by Hardman of Birmingham, and was one of the last works upon which Pugin was engaged. The lower part of the Chancel is adorned by richly carved arcades, with shafts of St. Ann's marble, and panels in the spandrels. The arcades and the Chancel roof are highly enriched with colour and gilding, executed by Crace. The arcade on the south side of the Chancel is varied, to form sedilia for the officiating clergymen, and the floor is raised three steps above that of the Nave, and is separated from it by a stone septum. The west window of the Nave, a fine one, of five lights, has been filled with stained glass, in memory of the architect. In the service, the Eucharistic vestments are used daily, and incense at high celebration on Sundays.

ST. MARY'S MATFELON, Whitechapel, at the eastern end of High-street, was originally a chapel-of-ease to Stebenhith, or Stepney; its second name being from *Matfel*,



in Hebrew, a woman recently delivered of a son. Stow traces the name to the wives of the parish having slain out of hand a certain Frenchman who had murdered and plundered a devout widow, by whom he had been cherished and brought up of alms. This occurred in 1428, the sixth of King Henry VI.; but Stow also finds the name as early as the twenty-first of Richard II. The old church was taken down, in 1673, and rebuilt nearly as at present: it has a gas-lit clock-dial.

The Parish Register records that Richard Brandon was buried in the churchyard, June 24, 1649; and a marginal note (not in the hand of the Registrar, but bearing the mark of antiquity), states: "This R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles I." He was assisted by his man Ralph Jones, a ragman in Rosemary-lane; and a tract in the British Museum, entitled, "The Confession of Richard Brandon, the Hangman, upon his Deathbed, concerning the Beheading of His late Majesty," printed in 1649, relates that the night after the execution he returned home to his wife, living in Rosemary-lane, and gave her the money he had received, 30*l.*; that about three days before he died, he lay speechless. "For the burial whereof, great store of wines were sent by the sheriff of the City of London, and a great multitude of people stood waiting to see his corpse carried to the churchyard, some crying out, 'Hang him, rogue!' 'Bury him in the dunghill!' others pressing upon him, saying they would quarter him for executing the king, insomuch that the churchwardens and masters of the parish were fain to come for the suppression of them; and with great difficulty he was at last carried to Whitechapel churchyard." See Ellis's *Letters on English History*, vol. iii. second series; and the *Trial of Charles I.* vol. xxxi. *Family Library*.

ST. MARY'S, Newington-butt, was built in 1791-3 by Hurlbatt, in place of a smaller church. It contains a monument with statues to Sir Hugh Brawne, buried in the old church, 1614, and who "for the space of twenty-two years was the whole ornament of the parish." Here, too, is a tablet to Dr. Fothergill; and to Captain M. Waghorn, one of the few persons who escaped from the sinking of the *Royal George*, in 1782. The parsonage-house was originally built of wood, and surrounded by a moat, now filled up. In this parish was a small water-course called the river Tigris, part of Cnut's trench; and a parishioner who died at the age of 109 years, early in the present century, remembered when boats came up as far as the church at Newington.

In the church is buried Mr. Sergeant Davy (d. 1860). He was originally a chemist at Exeter; and a sheriff's officer coming to serve on him a process from the Court of Common Pleas, he civilly asked him to drink; while the man was drinking, Davy contrived to heat a poker, and then told the bailiff that if he did not eat the writ, which was of sheepskin and as good as mutton, he should swallow the poker! The man preferred the parchment; but the Court of Common Pleas, not then accustomed to Mr. Davy's jokes, sent him to Westminster Hall, and for contempt of their process, committed him to the Fleet Prison. From this circumstance, and some unfortunate man whom he met there, he acquired a taste for the law; and on his discharge he applied himself to the study of it in earnest, was called to the bar, made a sergeant, and was for a long time in good practice.—See Manning and Bray's *History of Surrey*.

ST. MARY'S, Paddington, on the Green, was rebuilt in 1788-91; and its churchyards are remarkable as the burial-place of several eminent artists; among whom are, Bushnell, the sculptor of the statues on Temple Bar; Barrett, the landscape-painter; Banks and Nollekens, the sculptors; Vivares, Hall, and Schiavonetti, the engravers; Caleb Whitefoord (see Goldsmith's *Retaliation*); Mrs. Siddons, the great actress; Collins, the painter; and Haydon, historical painter. Hogarth was married in this church to the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, March 23, 1729.

ST. MARY'S, Rotherhithe, close to the shaft of the Thames Tunnel, was rebuilt in 1736-39, upon the site of the old church, which had stood above 400 years. This new church has a lofty spire: in the vestry-room is a portrait of King Charles I., in his robes, kneeling at an altar, and holding a crown of thorns, the composition resembling the frontispiece to the *Eikon Basilike*. In the churchyard is buried Prince Lee Boo, a native of the Pellew Islands, d. Dec. 29, 1784, æt. 20; over his remains a monument has been erected by the East India Company, in testimony of his father's humane and kind treatment of the crew of the *Antelope*, wrecked off Goo-roo-raa, one of the Pellew Islands, on the night of August 9, 1783.

ST. MARY'S SOMERSET (Summer's hith, or wharf), was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, and rebuilt by Wren in 1685: it has a tower, with pedestals and urns and obelisks upon the summit, 120 feet high; and the keystones of the arches are sculptured with grotesque heads.

ST. MARY'S, Stoke Newington (2½ miles north from London), in the patronage of the Prebendary of Newington, in St. Paul's Cathedral, was repaired, or "rather new

builded" (*Stow*), in 1563, of hewn stones, flint, and pebbles, but has been much modernized. It has a square embattled tower, about 60 feet high, with six bells, with an additional bell in a wooden cupola, and a clock made 1723. The chapel, and a portion of the body of the church, under two other roofs, formed the whole of the ancient structure. The painted altar-window represents the Virgin Mary and the Purification, the Birth and Preaching of St. John the Baptist, and the arms of Queen Elizabeth; and in the Chancel windows are the arms of the Drapers' Company and the City of London. Among the communion-plate is a large silver offertory alms-dish. In the Chancel is an elegant coloured alabaster monument to John Dudley, Esq., and his widow, afterwards married to Thomas Sutton, Esq., founder of Charterhouse: the writer of the long Latin inscription was rewarded with 10s., according to the roll of Mr. Dudley's funeral expenses: and the tomb was restored in 1808 by subscription of grateful Carthusians. Behind the church is Queen Elizabeth's Walk, a grove of tall trees; and at Newington Green is King Harry's Walk. At Stoke Newington lived many years Mrs. Barbauld, the amiable educationist, who taught Lord Denham when a boy the art of declamation; and Mr. Barbauld, her husband, was for four years morning preacher to a Unitarian congregation at Newington-green.

ST. MARY-LE-STRAND, erected on the site of a very ancient church, St. Ursula of the Strand, and nearly upon the site of the old Maypole, was the first built (1714-17) of Queen Anne's Fifty Churches, but was to our day called "the New Church." It was not consecrated till Jan. 1, 1723. Gibbs, the architect, was desired by the Commissioners "to beautify it," on account of its public situation: hence it is overloaded with ornament. It was originally to have had only a small bell-tower at the west end, changed to a steeple, which therefore appears to stand on the roof; it consists of three receding stories, surmounted by a vane: when it was last repaired, at an expense of 47l. 10s., the scaffolding cost 30l. The exterior of the body is of two stories, Ionic below, the lower wall "solid, to keep out noises from the street;" and Composite above, surmounted by a balustrade and urns: during the procession to proclaim Peace, in 1802, one of these urns was accidentally pushed down on the crowd below, when three persons were killed, and several others much hurt. The west end has a semicircular Ionic portico, and occupies the Maypole site. The interior is grand, but too florid, with Corinthian and Composite pilasters, ceiling crowded with ornaments, and the semicircular altar-part, with the triangular symbol of the Trinity glorified, and cherubim, &c. The windows are hung with crimson drapery, and in the side intercolumniations are paintings of the Annunciation and the Passion, by Brown. The old church was "next beyond Arundell House, on the street side," and was "called of the Nativitie of our Lady (St. Mary), and the Innocents of the *Strand*." (*Stow*.) Seymour states, that its site became part of the garden of Somerset House, and that when the Protector pulled down this old church, he promised to build a new one for the parishioners, but death prevented his fulfilling that engagement. The Rev. Joshua Denham was rector of St. Mary-le-Strand; he wrote a brief *History of the Church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West*.

ST. MARY'S, Windham-place, Marylebone, was designed by Sir Robert Smirke, R.A., and consecrated Jan. 7, 1824, when the Rev. T. Frognall Dibdin, D.D., was instituted rector. This church has a large painted east window, of the Ascension, said to have cost 250 guineas. The circular tower and cupola, 135 feet high, are picturesquely effective.

ST. MARY'S WOOLNOTH, one of the most striking and original churches in the metropolis, is between the western ends of Lombard-street and King William-street. This has been the site of a Christian church from a very early period, and previously of a pagan temple. The church was rebuilt early in the fifteenth century, much injured by the Great Fire, and repaired by Wren in the following year; to this Alderman Sir R. Viner, living in Lombard-street, contributed liberally, to commemorate which, says *Stow*, "a number of vines were spread over that part of the church which faced his house." In 1716, the church, as we now see it, was rebuilt by Hawksmoor: the west front, which has an elongated tower, like two towers united, has no prototype in



England; but its details are so heavy as to indicate rather a fortress and prison than a church. The interior, on the model of a Roman atrium, is nearly square: it has twelve Corinthian columns, admirably arranged, and is profusely ornamented with panels and carved mouldings. It contains an Organ built by Father Schmidt, in 1681. Here is a tablet to the Rev. John Newton, the friend of Cowper, and Rector of this church for twenty-eight years: it bears this inscription, written by himself:

"John Newton, clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long laboured to destroy."

"I remember, when a lad of about fifteen, being taken by my uncle to hear the well-known Mr. Newton (the friend of Cowper the poet) preach his wife's funeral sermon in the church of St. Mary's Woolnoth, in Lombard-street. Newton was then well stricken in years, with a tremulous voice, and in the costume of the full-bottomed wig of the day. He had, and always had, the entire possession of the ear of his congregation. He spoke at first feebly and leisurely, but as he warmed, his ideas and his periods seemed mutually to enlarge: the tears trickled down his cheeks, and his action and expression were at times quite out of the ordinary course of things. It was as the '*mens agrestis*' molem et magno se corpore miscens.' In fact, the preacher was *one* with his *discourse*. To this day I have not forgotten his text, Hab. iii. 17-18: 'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.' Newton always preached extemporaneous."—Dr. Dibdin's *Reminiscences of a Literary Life*, vol. i. p. 162.

The origin of Woolnoth is uncertain; but is attributed to the beam for weighing wool, which stood in the churchyard of St. Mary's Woolchurch, in the Stocks Market, on the site of the Mansion-house: this church was burnt in 1666, and the parish is now united to St. Mary's Woolnoth.

St. Mary's Woolnoth was saved from destruction in 1863, although it had been some time *priced* for sale. At a vestry meeting, the Lord Mayor (Alderman Rose) as a parishioner by his tenancy of the Mansion House, ably supported the opposition to the "amalgamation" scheme, and an amendment rejecting it was carried unanimously. In the Report of the Ecclesiological Society, the committee recorded that the parishioners had successfully resisted a scheme put forward under the auspices of the Bishop of London's Act for the demolition of the remarkable church of St. Mary Woolnoth (Hawkmoor's *chef-d'œuvre*), which it was proposed to destroy for the convenience of the General Post Office."

ST. MATTHEW'S, Oakeley-crescent, City-road, built by G. G. Scott, in 1848, in the Early English style, has an ornamented four-storied tower and spire, eastern lancet windows, filled with stained glass, and other meritorious details; a picturesque stone porch was added July, 1866.

ST. MATTHIAS, Stoke-Newington, a Gothic church, Butterfield, architect; seats, all free. Incense and the Eucharistic vestments are used; and all expenses are paid from the weekly offertory, except a small endowment for the incumbent.

ST. MATTHEW'S, Bethnal-Green, built in 1740, has at the west end a low square tower, with a large stone vase at each angle. A second church, *St. John's*, was built by Sir John Soane, and much resembles the Grecian church of the Holy Trinity, Regent's Park. In 1839, there were only these two churches for a population of 80,000, and schools for about 1000 children. There were next built in the parish ten churches: St. Matthew's, St. John's, St. Peter's, St. Andrew's, St. Philip's, St. James the Less, St. James the Great, St. Bartholomew's, St. Jude's; and St. Simon Zelotes, the latter at the sole expense of Mr. W. Cotton. These churches owe their origin to the exertions of Bishop Blomfield; there have been added three churches since the accession of Bishop Tait in 1856. St. Matthew's church, except the walls, was burnt on the night of Dec. 18, 1859, during a hard frost; the water froze as it was poured on the burning ruins. It was rebuilt by a rate levied on the parish. The upse is very handsomely coloured, and has a carved stone reredos, with cross, and scenes from the life of Christ. There is a good east-end window of the Crucifixion; the stone pulpit and font are finely carved. There is a curious old staff used by the beadle, the head of which (in silver gilt) presents the legend of the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green and his daughter, as in the old ballad; the date 1669.—Mackeson's *Churches*.

ST. MATTHEW'S, Brixton, at the junction of the Tulse-hill and Brixton-hill roads, is of Grecian Doric design, by Porden, and was consecrated in 1824: it has a noble portico, resembling the pronaos of a Grecian temple; at the east end is a tower surmounted

with an octagonal temple, from that of Cyrrhestes, at Athens. In the churchyard is a costly mausoleum of Grecian design, upwards of 25 feet high.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, Paul-street, Finsbury, is built of yellow brick; style, First and Second Pointed; architect, J. Brook; opened, 1865. The interior, designed for "æsthetic service," is of great width, height, and length; and "the deep Chancel, narrower than the Nave, and raised several steps, gives importance to the skilfully-arranged grouping of priests and choristers, banners and crosses, millinery and flowers, and saves even the processions from appearing mean." (*Companion to the Almanack*, 1866.) It will accommodate nearly 1000 persons; cost of site, 4700*l.*, of which one gentleman contributed 3000*l.*; the building cost 7500*l.*, towards which another (or the same) anonymous donor gave 6000*l.* The bare walls look cheerless, but the architect designed them to be covered with paintings and other decorations. And apart from its æsthetic character, the interior is a success; the nave columns scarcely intercept the sight, and the acoustic principles seem good—you hear the preacher and reader well from very different parts of the church, and the tones of the organ produce no awkward reverberation.

ST. MICHAEL'S BASSISHAW (haugh, or hall, of the Basing family), Basinghall-street, was originally founded about 1140, and rebuilt in 1460; here was interred Sir John Gresham, uncle to Sir Thomas Gresham, and Lord Mayor in 1547: at his funeral, on a fast-day, a fish dinner was provided for all comers:

"He was buried with a standard and pennon of arms, and a coat of armour of damask (Damascus steel), and four pennons of arms; besides a helmet, a target, and a sword, mantles and the crest, a goodly hearse of wax, ten dozen of pensils, and twelve dozen of escutcheons. He had four dozen of great staff torches, and a dozen of great long torches. The church and street were all hung with black, and arms in great store; and on the morrow there goodly masses were sung."—*Stow*.

The old church was destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren in 1676-79. It contains a beautifully sculptured monument to Dr. T. Wharton, who did so much to stay the Great Plague of 1665; and here rests Alderman Kirkman, sheriff-elect in 1780, who died, at the age of 39, of a cold taken in aiding to suppress the Riots.

ST. MICHAEL'S, in Chester-square, Pimlico, is a picturesque church in the Decorated style of the fourteenth century, and has a tower and spire rising from the ground at the west end, 150 feet high; Cundy, architect, 1844; the details are very characteristic.

ST. MICHAEL'S, Cornhill, was destroyed by the Great Fire, except the great tower, which contained a celebrated set of ten bells: the body was first rebuilt by Wren, and fifty years later (1729) the tower itself, which is an imitation of the splendid chapel tower of Magdalen College, Oxford, built in the fifteenth century, and 145 feet high; but St. Michael's is only 130: it has a set of twelve bells. The site is presumed to have been occupied by a church since the Saxon dynasty; it had a cloister and pulpit cross. Of the old steeple, destroyed in 1421, a pen-and-ink drawing upon vellum is preserved on the fly-leaf of a vellum vestry-book (*temp.* Henry V.) belonging to the parish. In the old church and churchyard were buried Robert Fabyan, the chronicler and sheriff; and the father and grandfather of John Stow, the antiquary. In the present church was buried Philip Nye, with "the thanksgiving beard," in 1672; Nye was curate of St. Michael's from 1620 to 1633. The architect, in rebuilding the tower, adhered to the Gothic style, and though the details are poor, the general outline is noble and effective. It was long shut in, but some of the houses which intervened between the north side of the tower and Cornhill being cleared away, to obtain an entrance there to the church, a porch has been built, and two stages of the tower itself have been repaired and altered, windows with tracery, and a new circular window with wheel tracery immediately above the porch, having been inserted. The six shafts in the jambs of the principal doorway are of red polished granite.

The sculpture in the gable of the doorway represents Our Lord in the act of benediction. In the tympanum below is a group representing Michael disputing with Satan about the body of Moses. The other carving consists of medallions of angels, bosses of foliage, &c. Architects, Scott and Mason. The church has been entirely refitted with carvings executed by Rogers, under the direction of Scott and Williams, architects.

The pulpit is hexagonal, on a dwarf column of Portland stone, with the hand-rail supported by ornamental brass-work. On the angles are twisted pillars, each with various designs, and supporting



a cornice with branches of the hawthorn. The panels have each a different diaper pattern, with boldly carved symbols of the four Evangelists in roundels. The reading-desk has two double arches and ten pilasters. The centre pillars are round, resting on square bases. On each of the angles are heads of the dragon, in reference to the prowess of the patron saint. The perforated friezes in the screens behind the choir-seats in the chancel are of foliated scroll-work, interspersed with sacred fruits and emblematical flowers—the passion-flower, trefoil, pomegranate, lily, figs, and olives.

Sixteen panels have been carved for the chancel-gates: Moses in the Bulrushes; the Tablets of the Law, with the sword of Justice; the Star of Bethlehem; the Gospel of Peace, over which is a dove; the Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness; the Seven-branch Golden Candlestick; emblems of the Sacrament (wheat and grapes); chalice and paten. Solomon's Glory, represented by three crowns rising out of three full-blown lilies; the Crown of Victory; emblems of the passion-flower; the Resurrection, emblemized by a butterfly issuing from a chrysalis; Light out of Darkness, the Snowdrop; Faith, Hope, and Charity; the Trinity in Unity.

The first seat south of the chancel is a representation of the Agony in the Garden. The cup is enclosed in foliage at the top, and at the back is a branch of olives copied from one gathered by E. T. Rogers, vice-consul of Caiffa, Palestine, in the garden of Gethsemane: around the outer edge of this bench-end are the words, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

The fronts and backs of the seats have a double row of variously enriched panelling, 180 in number, the upper row being alternately relieved by sprigs or branches of sacred flowers bound with labels, and having suitable inscriptions in raised letters, such as "In the midst of judgement He remembers mercy;" "Look upon the rainbow, and praise Him," &c. &c.

At the chancel end of the centre aisle there are seven seats set apart for special purposes. On the right is the royal pew, with an enriched double shield surmounted by the crown, V.E., and the motto "*Dieu et mon droit*;" her Majesty's monogram, Victoria, in the form of a Greek cross, enclosed in foliage and flowers, the rose, thistle, and shamrock. The Diocesan pew has ecclesiastical shield with crozier, mitre, and the crossed swords representing the martyrdom of St. Paul; the Corporation pew, the City arms and representation of St. George, &c.; the pew of the Worshipful Company of Drapers, enriched shield, date, and motto of the company, "Unto God only be honour and glory," surmounted by the triple crown issuing from clouds, with rays of light: on the inside are a triple branch of lilies, the emblem of the Virgin, the patroness of the Company, the shield of Fitzalwyn, the first mayor of London. On the pew of the Merchant Tailors' Company are the shield, &c. of the Company, and in one part is introduced an illustration of a text from St. Augustine's 19th chapter of St. John,—"God is all to thee: if thou be hungry, He is bread: if thou be thirsty, He is water: if in darkness, He is light: and, if naked, He is a robe of immortality." In this instance Mr. Rogers has figured the star of light, the bread, chalice, and the robe, in a manner which describes the text. Next are the pews of the Clothworkers' Company, and the Rector's pew; on the former the tassel is conspicuous, and on the latter the monogram of the Rev. T. W. Wrench, surmounted by a branch of olives. All the bench-ends in this aisle have a shield, emblazoned on the outside, enclosed by Greek foliage: on the inside are fruits and flowers, such as the gourd of Jonah, Syrian dates, nut fruit, oak and acorns, chestnuts, wheat ears, mulberry, pine fruit, the Rose of Sharon, olives, figs, &c. Amongst the carvings on the benches for the north aisle, is a female figure of Charity, seated in an ecclesiastical chair, supported by pelicans: she is feeding and protecting three children, the idea from an early sculpture in Valterra marble. On other seats are the pelican in her piety; the fall of man represented by the serpent coiling round the forbidden tree. On the back is the lily of the valley. The sage-plant of Palestine is combined with the primrose of England, the stork of the wilderness, &c. On some of these are the sage-plant of the East, combined with a branch of oak; the ivy and the anemone, and the common flowers of the East; a cluster of pomegranates and bell-flowers, Aaron's rod, a triple branch of lily rising out of a bulbous root, which is given in the form of a heart. On the device of a Latin cross is suspended the passion-flower; the carving of the scape-goat wandering in the wilderness, with the mark of the High Priest on his forehead: in the background is forked lightning, indicating the wrath of God. On the back of this standard is a crown of thorns,—"*On him was laid the iniquity of us all.*" In the design of these numerous carvings Mr. Rogers has been assisted by his son, Mr. W. H. Rogers.—(See the descriptive pamphlet, by Mr. Rogers.)

The colouring of the walls and ceiling of the church, the altar of alabaster and marble, and the stained glass in the windows, are all executed with great richness.

ST. MICHAEL'S, Crooked-lane, was of ancient foundation, before the year 1304. In 1336, John Loveken, four times Lord Mayor, rebuilt the church, which received several additions and benefactions from Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor in 1374, and formerly servant to Loveken. St. Michael's was a general burial-place of stockfish-mongers; Loveken and Walworth rested here. The church was destroyed in the Great Fire, but rebuilt by Wren in 1687; it had a Portland stone tower, 100 feet high, and a picturesque steeple, with clock, vane, and cross. This handsome church was taken down in 1831, in forming the New London Bridge approaches. Crooked-lane, "so called of the crooked windings thereof," was then in part taken down; it was famous for its bird-cage and fishing-tackle shops.

ST. MICHAEL'S PATERNOSTER ROYAL, Thames-street, is partly named from its neighbourhood to the Tower Royal, wherein our sovereigns, as early as King Stephen, resided. The church was rebuilt by the munificent Whittington, who was himself buried in it, under a marble tomb with banners, but his remains were twice disturbed: once by an incumbent, in the reign of Henry VI., who fancied that money was buried with him; and next by the parishioners, in the reign of Mary, to rewrap the body in lead, of which it had been despoiled on the former occasion (Godwin's *Churches of*

*London*). Whittington's church was destroyed by the Great Fire, but rebuilt by Wren, and has a somewhat picturesque steeple. The interior has a beautiful altar-picture, by Hilton, R.A., of Mary Magdalen anointing the feet of Christ: this fine work was presented by the Directors of the British Institution in 1820. There was long no memorial to Whittington in the present church, until the Rector contributed a handsome painted window. The rights and profits of the old church Whittington bestowed on a College and almshouses close by, the site of which is now occupied by the Mercers' Company's School.

ST. MICHAEL'S, Queenhithe, destroyed in the Great Fire, was rebuilt by Wren in 1677: it is chiefly remarkable for its spire, 135 feet high, with a gilt vane in the form of a ship in full sail, the hull of which will contain a bushel of grain—referring to the former traffic in corn at the Hithe.

ST. MICHAEL'S, Wood-street, Cheapside, stands at the corner of Huggin-lane, named from a resident there about the time of Edward I., and known as "Hugan in the lane." The old church was destroyed by the Great Fire, and the present edifice completed in its place by Wren, in 1675: it is of very unecclesiastical design, but the Wood-street front is well-proportioned Italian. The head of James IV. of Scotland, slain at Flodden Field, Sept. 9, 1513, is said by Stow to have been buried here; the body was conveyed, after the battle, to London, and thence to the monastery of Sheen, in Surrey, where it was seen by Stow, lapped in lead, but thrown into a waste room. "Some workmen, for their foolish pleasure, hewed off his head, which Launcelot Young, master-glazier to his Majesty, brought to his house in Wood-street, where he kept it for a time; but at length gave it to the sexton to bury amongst other bones," &c. This statement is contradicted by the Scottish historians; but Weever is positive that Sheen was the place of James's burial.

ST. MILDRED'S, Bread-street, destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren, 1677-83, is remarkable for being roofed by a large and highly enriched cupola; and has a pulpit and sounding-board and altar-piece exquisitely carved in the style of Gibbons.

ST. MILDRED'S, Poultry, was destroyed by the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren; when was united with it the parish of St. Mary Colechurch, the church of which stood at the south end of the Old Jewry; its chaplain was "Peter of Colechurch," who in part built old London Bridge. St. Mildred's has a tower 75 feet high, surmounted by a gilt ship in full sail. In the former church was buried Thomas Tusser, who wrote the *Points of Husbandrie*, and was by turns chorister, farmer, and singing-master.

ST. NICHOLAS COLE ABBEY, Fish-street-hill, destroyed by the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren in 1677, has a tasteless steeple, 135 feet high, but some fine interior carvings; the parish register-books contain a list of persons, with their ages, whom King James II. at his coronation touched for the cure of the Evil.

ST. OLAVE, Hart-street, escaped the Great Fire: it is of Norman, Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular work; the foundation and walls are of rubble, and the upper part brick. There does not exist any account of its erection; and the first mention of its Rector, William de Samford, who held that office prior to 1319, and whose salary was 2½ marks per annum, refers to an earlier structure than the present St. Olave's. It has an interesting interior, with clustered columns and pointed arches and windows, and the ceilings of the aisles powdered with stars. This church is often mentioned in the *Diary* of Samuel Pepys, Secretary to the Navy (*temp.* Charles II. and James II.), who lived in a house belonging to the Navy Office, in Seething-lane, and resided subsequently in Hart-street: he was buried in St. Olave's at nine at night, "in a vault of his own makeing, by his wife and brother," "by y<sup>e</sup> Communion Table," June 4, 1703; and there is a monument to his wife in the chancel. There are also several figure tombs and brasses; and a marble figure of Sir Andrew Riceard (d. 1672), who bequeathed the advowson of the living to the parish. There is likewise a monument to John Orgone and Ellyne his wife, with a quaint inscription, which is sometimes found in Latin:—



"As I was so be ye,  
As I am you shall be,  
That I gave that I have,  
That I spent that I had,  
Thus I ende all my cost,  
That I lett that I loste.—1584."

St. Olave's was repaired in 1863; one of the towers at the west end of the south aisle, hitherto bricked up, has been thrown into the church, and now forms a baptistry; the roof, which is of oak, has been varnished, and the bosses, &c., gilt. A new reredos has been erected, from a design of G. G. Scott; it is composed of Caen stone, and has five panels of alabaster. In the churchyard are interred a number of victims to the Great Plague: the first entry in the register is dated July 24, 1665: "Mary, daughter of William Ramsay, one of the Drapers' Almshouses;" and there is a tradition that the pestilence first appeared in the Drapers' Almshouses, Cooper's-row, in this parish. Here is a peal of six bells, five made by Anthony Bartlet, in 1662; the sixth by James Bartlet, in 1694.

St. OLAVE's, Jewry, a brick church, rebuilt by Wren, in 1763-76, upon the site of the old church, destroyed in the Great Fire, is alone remarkable for containing the remains of Alderman Boydel, the eminent engraver and printseller, who expended a large fortune in founding the English School of Historic Painting: he was Lord Mayor in 1790 (d. 1804); and on the north wall of the church is a tablet to his memory, surmounted by his bust.

St. OLAVE's, Tooley-street, Southwark, in Bridge Ward Without, was designed in 1737-39, by Flitcroft, a pupil of Kent; the funds being mostly advanced by a French emigrant, on an annuity for his life; and he dying soon after, it became a saying that the Organ had cost more than the church: it had a richly-decorated interior, and a fine peal of bells. The interior was burnt almost to the walls on August 19, 1843; when also was destroyed Watson's Telegraphic Tower, originally a shot manufactory. St. Olave's Church has since been handsomely restored. The former church was of the fourteenth century, with a low square tower and bell-house. The first church was certainly founded prior to the Norman Conquest, from its dedication to St. Olave, or Olaf, King of Norway, who, with Ethelred, in 1008, destroyed the bridge at London, then occupied by the Danes. The present church is nearly on the site of this exploit; for the first bridge was somewhat eastward of the old bridge, taken down after the building of the present bridge. St. Olave has been corrupted into St. Oley and Tooley-street.

St. PANCRAS-IN-THE-FIELDS, one of the oldest churches in Middlesex, is situated on the north side of the road leading from King's Cross to Kentish Town. Norden, in his *Speculum Britannia*, describes it, in 1593, as standing "all alone, utterly forsaken, old and wether-beten;" "yet about this structure have bin manie buildings, now decayed, leaving poore Pancras without companie or comfort." St. Pancras is a prebendal manor, and was granted by Ethelbert to St. Paul's Cathedral about 603. It was a parish before the Conquest. Its ancient church, which Stukeley says occupied the site of a Roman camp, was erected about 1180; it consisted of a nave and chancel, built of stones and flints, and a low tower, with a bell-shaped roof. St. Pancras contained, in 1251, only forty houses. Pancras was corrupted to "Pancridge" in Queen Elizabeth's time. In 1745 only three houses had been built near the church. In 1775 the population was not 600. It is now the most extensive parish in Middlesex, being eighteen miles in circumference. The annual value of land (including the houses built upon it, the railways, &c.) is 3,798,521*l*.

"Of late," says Strype, "those of the Roman Catholic religion have affected to be buried here, and it has been assigned as a reason that prayer and mass are said daily in St. Peter's at Rome for their souls, as well as in a church dedicated to St. Pancras, in the south of France." In Windham's *Diary*, we find another explanation of the choice:—"While airing one day with Dr. Brocklesby, in passing and returning by St. Pancras Church, he (Dr. Johnson) fell into prayer, and mentioned, upon Dr. Brocklesby inquiring why the Catholics chose that spot for their burial-place, that some Catholics in Queen Elizabeth's time had been burnt there." It is also understood that this church was the last whose bell tolled in England for mass, and in which any rites of the Roman

Catholic religion were celebrated before the Reformation. The crosses with "Requiescat in Pace," or the initials of those words, "R. I. P.," on the monuments and tombstones, are very frequent. At the beginning of the present century the French clergy were buried here at the average rate of thirty a-year. There is said to have been in the church a silver tomb, which was taken away at the time of the Commonwealth. The edifice, reconstructed and enlarged by A. D. Gough, was reopened July 5, 1848: the style adopted was Anglo-Norman: the building was lengthened westward; the old tower was removed, and a new one built on the south side; and to the west end was added a Norman porch, and a wheel-window in the gable above. In the progress of the works were found Roman bricks, a small altar-stone, Early Norman capitals, an Early English piscina, and Tudor brickwork. Under the old tower, which was then removed, is said to have been privately interred, in a grave 14 feet deep, the body of Earl Ferrers, executed at Tyburn, in 1760. The Chancel windows are filled with stained glass, by Gibbs, as is also the western wheel-window. On the north wall, opposite the baptistery, is the Early Tudor marble Purbeck memorial, supposed to have belonged to the Gray family, of Gray's Inn; the recesses for brasses removed, and neither dates nor arms remaining. On the south-east interior wall is the marble tablet, with palette and pencils, to Samuel Cooper, the celebrated miniature-painter; the arms are those of Sir Edward Turner, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Charles II., at whose expense it is probable the monument was erected. The ancient communion-plate of the church, date 1638, discovered in 1848, is now again in use.

In the burial-ground of Old St. Pancras are deposited scions of the noble families of Abergavenny, Arundell, Barnewall, Calvert, Castlehaven, Clifford, Dillon, Fleming, Howard, Litchfield, Montagu, Rutland, Waldegrave, Wharton, and other distinguished persons. Here lies Lady Barbara Belasyse, whose father was grandnephew of the Lord Falconberg who married Cromwell's daughter. Among the illustrious foreigners interred here are Count Harlang; Louis Charles, Count de Herville, Mareschal of France; Philip, Count de Montlosier, Lieutenant-General in the French army; Angelus Franciscus Talara de Chalmaret, Bishop of Coutances, in Normandy; Francois Claude Amour, Marquis de Bouillé; Augustinus Renatus Ludovicus Le Mintier, Bishop and Count of Treguier; Alexandre Marquis de Lire; Louis Claude Bigot de St. Croix, dernier Ministre de Louis XVI.; Louise d'Esparbes, de Lussan, Comtesse de Polastron, Dame de Palais de la Reine de France; Louis André Grimaldi d'Antibes des Princes de Monaco, Evêque, et Comte de Noyon, Pair de France; Jean Francois de la Marche, Bishop of Pol St. Leon; Henri, Marquis de l'Ostanges, Grand Seneschal of Quercy, and Field Marshal of France; Baroness de Montalembert; Pascal de Paoli, the Corsican patriot, kinsman of the Bonapartes, and as such of the present Emperor of the French; Pasqualino Philip St. Martin, Comte de Front, the inscription on whose tomb is—"A foreign land preserves his ashes with respect."

Near the church door is a headstone to William Woollett, the engraver, and his widow; it was restored some years since. On the north side of the churchyard is an altar-tomb to William Godwin, author of *Caleb Williams*, and his two wives, Mary Wolstoncroft Godwin and Mary Jane. Here, too, is a headstone to John Walker, author of the *Pronouncing Dictionary*. Here, also, were buried Abraham Woodhead, reputed by some the author of *The Whole Duty of Man*; and near him his friend, Obadiah Walker; Dr. Grebe, editor of the Septuagint; Jeremy Collier, who wrote against the immorality of the stage in the time of Dryden; Lewis Theobald, the editor of Shakespeare; Lady Henrietta Beaufort, daughter of an Earl Waldegrave, widow of Lord Edward Herbert, and wife of Beaufort, the singer; S. F. Ravenet, the engraver; Arthur Richard Dillon (of Lord Dillon's family), Bishop of Exeter, Archbishop of Narbonne, and President of the States of Languedoc; the Chevalier D'Eon, &c. And here rests Father Arthur O'Leary, to whom Earl Moira erected a monument, which has been repaired by public subscription.

ST. PANCERAS, near Euston-square, Euston-road, was built by Messrs. Inwood; the first stone being laid by the Duke of York, July 1, 1819. The cella, or body of the church, is designed from the Erechtheum, dedicated to Minerva Polias and Pandrosus, at Athens; and the steeple, 168 feet high, is from the Athenian Tower of the Winds, with a cross, in lieu of the Triton and wand, symbols of the wind, in the original. The clock-dials are but  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter, though at the height of 100 feet, and therefore are much too small. The western front of the church has a fine portico of six columns, with richly-sculptured voluted capitals; beneath are three enriched doorways, designed exactly from those of the Erechtheum, and exquisite in detail. Towards the east end are lateral porticoes, each supported by colossal statues of females, on a plinth, in which are entrances to the catacombs beneath the church, to contain two thousand coffins: each of the figures bears an ewer in one hand, and rests the other on an inverted torch, the emblem of death; these figures are of terra-cotta (artificial stone), formed in pieces, and cemented round cast-iron pillars, which in reality support the entablature.

These figures are ill-executed, as may be seen by reference to the original Caryatides from the Pandrosium, in the Elgin Collection in the British Museum. The St. Pancras figures, and other artificial stone details for the church, were executed by Rossi, from Messrs. Inwood's designs, and cost 5400*l*.



The eastern front varies from the ancient Temple in having a semicircular termination, round which, and along the side walls, are terra-cotta imitations of Greek tiles. The interior is designed in conformity with the general plan of ancient temples. The pulpit and reading-desk are made from the trunk of "the Fairlop Oak," in Hainault Forest, blown down in 1820. The cost of this classic edifice, much too close a resemblance to a Pagan temple to be appropriate for a Christian church, was 76,679*l*. The fine Organ, recently erected, was originally built by Gray and Davison for the New Music Hall at Birmingham, and cost nearly 2000*l*.

ST. PAUL'S, Avenue-road, St. John's-wood, is of red and black brick, in various patterns, with stone window-frames and dressings; the tiled entrance surmounted by a wooden bell-cote. The roof is of high pitch and wide span, and is borne by the walls, which have internal buttresses dividing them into five bays: there are, consequently, no pillars to obstruct light or sound, but all is clear and open: architect, S. S. Teulon; completed 1859.

ST. PAUL'S, Camden New Town, St. Pancras, was built in 1848-9 (Ordish and Johnson, architects); it is majestically situated, and consists of a nave and aisles, with transepts and chancel, and a tower and spire at the west end, 156 feet high; the windows are Decorated, the roofs have crosses and crestings, and the arrangement is very picturesque: this large church, for 1200 persons, cost less than 9000*l*.

ST. PAUL'S, Covent Garden, was commenced for the ground-landlord, Francis Earl of Bedford, by Inigo Jones, in 1631, but not finished till 1638; this being the last of that great architect's works. The Earl's commission is stated to have been for a chapel "not much bigger than a barn;" when Jones replied, "Well, then, you shall have the handsomest barn in England." The truth of this anecdote has been questioned: for the fabric cost 4500*l*., a large sum for those days. Pennant ascribes the church to the second Duke of Bedford, "whom," says Walpole (*Letters*, Sept. 18, 1791), "he takes for the first, and even then would not be right, for I conclude Earl Francis, who died in 1641, was the builder, as the church was probably not erected after the Civil War began." It was built of brick, with a portico at the east front, consisting of a pediment supported by four Tuscan columns of stone, and the roof was covered with tiles: Hollar's print of it shows a small bell-turret surmounted with a cross. Within the pediment was placed a pendulum clock, made by Richard Harris in 1641, and stated by an inscription in the vestry to be the first made.

If this inscription be correct, it negatives the claim of Huyghens to having first applied the pendulum to the clock, about 1657; although Justice Bergen, mechanician to the Emperor Rodolphus, who reigned from 1576 to 1612, is said to have attached one to a clock used by Tycho Brahé. Inigo Jones, the architect of St. Paul's, having been in Italy during the time of Galileo, it is probable that he communicated what he heard of the pendulum to Harris. Huyghens, however, violently contested for the priority; while others claimed it for the younger Galileo, who, they asserted, had, at his father's suggestion, applied the pendulum to a clock in Venice which was finished in 1649.—Adam Thomson's *Time and Timekeepers*, pp. 67, 68.

The ceiling of the interior was beautifully painted by E. Pierce, senior, a pupil of Van Dyck. Inigo Jones was present at the consecration by Bishop Juxon, Sept. 27, 1638. In 1725 it is recorded that the Earl of Burlington gave 300*l*. or 400*l*. to restore the portico, which had been spoiled by some injudicious repairs. Its appearance in the middle of last century is familiar from one of Hogarth's prints of "The Times of the Day." In the picture of "Morning" the front of this church is represented. The church dial points to a few minutes before seven A.M., and two very incongruous groups appear—Miss Bridget Alworthy, with her foot-boy carrying her prayer-book, going to the early service, while some dissipated rakes are staggering out of Tom King's Coffee-house, hard by.

In 1788, the walls of the church were cased with Portland stone; and the rustic gateways at the east front, which Jones had imitated in brick and plaster from Palladio, were then rebuilt with stone. In 1795, the interior of the church was burnt, the fine old roof, the stained glass, and some pictures, including one of Charles I., by Lely, being then destroyed; but the portico and the walls remained, and the edifice was restored by the elder Hardwick. The altar-piece has two figures of angels, sculptured by Banks, R.A. Among the eminent persons interred here are Samuel Butler, author

of *Hudibras*, whose friends could not afford to bury him in Westminster Abbey; Sir Peter Lely, the painter, to whom there was a monument, with a bust by Gibbons, destroyed with the old church; Edward Kynaston, the famed actor of female parts, who played Juliet to Betterton's Romeo; William Wycherley, the witty dramatist, who had "a true nobleman look;" Susannah Centlivre, who wrote *The Wonder*; Grinling Gibbons, the sculptor and wood-carver; Dr. John Armstrong, known by his didactic poem, *The Art of Preserving Health*; and Charles Macklin, the actor, at the supposed age of 107: the two last in a vault under the Communion-table. Another centenarian, named by Strype, is Marmaduke Conway, buried here 1717, at the age of 108 years and some months: he was in the service of the royal family from the reign of King James I. to his dying day, and was much liked by Charles I. for his skill in hawking. Here, too, lie Michael Kelly, the musical composer; and Estcourt, the founder of the original Beef-steak Club. Wolcot (Peter Pindar,) lies beneath the vestry-room; and Butler in the churchyard, abutting on King-street. Dr. Arne's remains are also said to rest here without any tombstone or memorial. In the churchyard lies Sir Robert Strange, the engraver, who published his own prints at "the Golden Head," Henrietta-street. Holland and Edwin, and many players of minor note, are also buried in the churchyard. The portico and overhanging roof of the church are picturesque in effect; and the whole building is impressive from its vastness, and agreeable from the simple rusticity of the order.

Du Val, the famous highwayman, executed at Tyburn, Jan. 21, 1660, after lying in state at the Tangier Tavern, St. Giles, was buried in the middle aisle of St. Paul's; his funeral was attended with flambeaux, and a numerous train of mourners, including many of the fair sex.

Before the portico of St. Paul's Church is erected the hustings for the election of members of Parliament for Westminster. Contests are now restricted to one day; but Westminster was, for many Parliaments, the cockpit wherein battles of Court and people were fought, when "madman's holiday" extended to fifteen days; from Bradshaw and Waller to Fox and Sheridan; Burdett, Cochrane, and Hobhouse; and the popular *dii minores*, Hunt and Cartwright.

ST. PAUL'S, Herne-hill, between Camberwell and Dulwich, was built in 1844-5, by Stevens and Alexander, in the Perpendicular Gothic style of the 15th century. It had a lofty stone tower and spire, and a highly-decorated interior: the ceiling was divided, by moulded beams and Gothic tracery, into panels, elaborately painted; the beams had illuminated Scripture texts; all the windows were filled with stained glass; the open seats were of polished oak; the floor is laid with coloured encaustic tiles, and the chancel-steps with tasteful porcelain, by Copeland; the Decalogue, &c., was written in illuminated characters upon porcelain slabs; and the pulpit panels were filled with paintings of the Evangelists and Apostles. As this was one of the earliest specimens of modern High-Church embellishment, so it was one of the most beautiful. The interior was destroyed by fire in 1858, but has been rebuilt (Street, architect) in an earlier style, and according to stricter ecclesiastical principles. Mr. Ruskin has pronounced the church to be, as it now stands, "one of the loveliest churches of the kind in the country, and one that makes the fire a matter of rejoicing."

ST. PAUL'S, Lormore-square, Walworth, erected 1857, H. Jarvis, architect; Early English, with Transition details; has a tower and spire of good form, at the north-east angle, 122 feet high.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH FOR SEAMEN OF THE PORT OF LONDON, near the London and St. Katharine's Docks, the Sailors' Home, and the Seamen's Asylum, was founded by Prince Albert, May 11, 1846, and consecrated July 10, 1847; H. Roberts, architect. The style is Early English, with a western tower and spire 100 feet high. Prince Albert gave the east window and communion-plate, and was present at the consecration. "In the course of a year it is computed that about 7000 seamen come to this church: a field of usefulness that can scarcely be overrated."—(*Low's Charities of London*, p. 390.) St. Paul's has superseded the Episcopal Floating Church, originally the *Brazen sloop-of-war*: she was moored in the Pool, and fitted with a small organ; and boats were provided on Sundays at the Tower-stairs for the free passage of sailors to attend the ship service, which was under the direct superintendence of Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London.

ST. PAUL'S, Shadwell, named from its being in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, was originally built in 1656; but rebuilt, as we now see it, in



1820-1, by Walters, who died in the latter year: it has a beautiful spire, and is throughout a very meritorious design. The parish, formerly a hamlet of Stepney, was called Chadwelle, from a spring dedicated to St. Chad, within the churchyard.

ST. PAUL'S, Virginia-row, Bethnal-green, W. Wigginton, architect, is an inexpensive church, built for a very poor neighbourhood. It is of ordinary stock brick, with red and black bands; has a four-light east window, with tracery; and at the north-east angle a square chamfered tower of four stages, with a short broach spire.

ST. PAUL'S, Wilton-place, Knightsbridge, designed by Cundy, was consecrated by the Bishop of London, May 30, 1843. It has an Early Perpendicular and eight-pinnacled tower, 121 feet high. It consists of a nave and two aisles, and a chancel, the latter very handsome; here, in advance of the reading-desk and pulpit, is the lectern. On the south are three sedilia; over the Communion-table are three compartments of stonework, terminating in a reredos, above which is the great window of stained glass, by Wailes, portraying the Prophets and the Twelve Apostles: the window and stonework cost 1000*l*. The font is of Caen stone, and has eight sculptured panels, angels holding a shield or book, plant bosses, &c. The Organ is a very powerful one, and has a richly-canopied case; it covers 14 feet square, and is 30 feet high. The roof is open, and is said to be the largest unsupported by pillars of any ecclesiastical edifice in the metropolis. Eight of the side windows are filled with stained glass, by Wailes, representing scenes and actions of St. Paul and other Apostles. The choral service is efficiently performed; the silver-gilt Communion-plate is very massive; the altar appointments are truly Anglican. The cost of this church was 11,000*l*., exclusive of fittings. The Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, M.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, appointed to the incumbency in 1843, resigned in 1850, and was succeeded by the Hon. and Rev. R. Liddell. The furniture and services of this church have given rise to much ritualistic controversy and litigation.

ST. PETER'S, Belsize-park, Hampstead, is a cruciform Decorated church, with a nave, five bays, and a handsome east window of five lights; all the windows are of stained glass, stated to be the work of the incumbent: completed 1859.

ST. PETER'S, Cornhill, was rebuilt of brick by Wren, after the Great Fire; it has a tower and spire 140 feet high, surmounted by an enormous key, the emblem of St. Peter. Here is a tablet recording the death by fire, Jan. 18, 1782, of the seven children of James and Mary Woodmason, of Leadenhall-street. The nave and chancel are separated by a carved wainscot rood-screen, set up by direction of Bishop Beveridge, who was 32 years rector of St. Peter's, and who paid special attention to the appropriateness of church furniture and repairs. An inscription upon a brass plate in the vestry-room describes the old church as founded A.D. 179,—a statement unsupported by facts. Stow records a murderer to have fled to St. Peter's for sanctuary in 1230; and one of the priests was murdered in 1243.

ST. PETER'S, Eaton-square, Pimlico, an Ionic Church; H. Hakewill, architect; consecrated in 1827. The altar-piece, "Christ crowned with Thorns," painted by W. Hilton, R.A., was presented to the church by the British Institution.

ST. PETER'S, Saffron-hill, a district church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, was designed by C. Barry, R.A., in the Anglo-Norman Style, and consecrated in 1832: it has been placed in a proverbially depraved locality, with the most salutary effect.

ST. PETER'S, Sumner-street, Bankside, designed by Edmunds, and consecrated 1839, is in the plain Pointed style, and has an embattled tower 84 feet high.

ST. PETER'S-LE-POOR, Old Broad-street, was taken down in 1788, rebuilt by Jesse Gibson, and consecrated by Bishop Porteus in 1792. The church is traceable to 1181: it was "sometime peradventure a poor parish" (*Stow*), but scarcely now contains one pauper.

ST. PETER'S, Vauxhall, occupies part of the site of the once famous Vauxhall Gardens, was designed by J. L. Pearson, and consecrated in 1864. The style is First Pointed, of French type. It has two aisles, a western vestibule, nave, baptistery attached to the west side of the south aisles, and polygonal aisleless chancel; there are four

bays to the nave, which comprises a sort of blank triforium, to be hereafter filled with pictures, the subjects of which, it is suggested, should be from the Old and New Testaments, on the respective appropriate sides. The triforium of the chancel is open, composed of seven coupled lights, with rear-vaults and detached shafts; the clerestory of the chancel is composed of acute lancets deeply splayed. The reredos of alabaster, carved, is by Poole; the mosaics on the wall are executed by Dr. Salvati, of Venice. Beneath the triforium arcade of the east end it is proposed to place a line of frescoes, representing the Passion. The whole of the church is groined in brick, with stone ribs springing from vaulting-shafts of red stone, with carved capitals. The pulpit is square, and of stone, with an incised picture towards the west, representing St. Peter preaching on the Day of Pentecost: it is also richly carved. "Mr. Pearson's excellent Church of St. Peter's is memorable as the first example, in London, in the present revival, of a church vaulted throughout."—*Report of the Ecclesiological Society.*

ST. PETER'S AD VINCULA, the chapel of the Tower, situate north-west of the White Tower, dates as early as Henry I.: it was restored by Edward III., who added 187. to the original 37. of rectorial endowment. The seats are appropriated to the inhabitants of the Tower. It is a very old rectory, and was put under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London by Edward VI. and Queen Mary: it is extra-parochial. The present chapel was erected *temp.* Edward I.; it is of squared stones and flints, and has a small bell-tower. The interior consists of a chancel, nave, and north aisle, the two latter separated by flat-pointed arches springing from clustered columns; but little of the original building remains. This chapel is extremely interesting, as the burial-place of these eminent persons, executed within the Tower walls or upon Tower-hill: Queen Anne Boleyn (beheaded 1536); Queen Katherine Howard (beheaded 1542); Sir Thomas More (beheaded 1535); Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex (beheaded 1540); Margaret Countess of Shrewsbury (beheaded 1541); Thomas Lord Seymour, Lord Admiral, beheaded 1549, by warrant of his own brother, the Protector Somerset, who in 1552 was executed on the same scaffold; John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland (beheaded 1553).

"There lyeth before the High Altar in St. Peter's Church, two Dukes between two Queenes, to wit, the Duke of Somerset and the Duke of Northumberland, between Queen Anne and Queen Katherine, all four beheaded."—*Stow (Howes's).*

Lady Jane Grey and her husband, Lord Dudley (beheaded 1553-4); Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex (beheaded 1600): under the communion table lies the Duke of Monmouth (beheaded 1684); and beneath the gallery, Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino (beheaded 1746); and Simon Lord Lovat (beheaded 1747). The Register records the burial in this chapel of Sir Thomas Overbury, poisoned in the Tower, 1613: and here lies Sir John Eliot, who died a prisoner in the fortress, his son being refused by King Charles I. permission to remove the body to Cornwall for interment. Also are buried in St. Peter's, John Roettier, "his Majesty's engraver at the Tower;" and Colonel Gurwood, who edited the *Wellington Despatches*. In the north aisle is the altar-tomb, with effigies, of Sir Richard Chohnondeley (Lieutenant of the Tower, *temp.* Henry VII.) and his wife, Lady Elizabeth. In the chancel is a rich marble monument to Sir Richard Blount and his son Sir Michael, Lieutenants of the Tower, sixteenth century; with figures of the knight and his sons in armour, and of his wife and daughters. Here also is the tomb of Sir Allan Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower; and in the nave-floor is the inscribed gravestone of Talbot Edwards, keeper of the Regalia in the Tower when Blood stole the crown. In the Tower Liberties the parochial perambulation on Holy Thursday is triennial: after service in the church of St. Peter, in the Tower, a procession is formed of the headsman bearing an axe, a painter to mark the bounds, yeomen-warders with halberts, the Deputy-Lieutenant, and other officers of the Tower, &c.; the boundary-stations are painted with a red broad arrow upon a white ground, while the Chaplain of St. Peter's repeats "Cursed be he who removeth his neighbour's landmark."

ST. PETER'S, Walworth-road, in the parish of St. Mary, Newington, was built in 1823-5, and cost about 19,000*l.* It is one of Soane's classic churches; the west front decorated with Ionic columns, and the tower has two stories, the lower Corinthian and the upper Composite. The interior is in elegant and original taste,



ST. PETER'S, Great Windmill-street, is in close juxtaposition with the Argyll Rooms. The first stone was laid by the Earl of Derby, in 1860: it was built by subscription of the richer of the parish of St. James's, to supply the wants of the poorer. To the fund of 12,000*l.*, Lord Derby contributed 4500*l.* It is remarkable for its picturesque west front, the only portion not shut in by the surrounding houses: the church cost about 6000*l.*, and the site a like sum: architect, Raphael Brandon; style, Decorated Early English.

ST. SAVIOUR'S, Cedars-road, Clapham Common, built by the Rev. Wentworth Bowyer, rector of Clapham; James Knowles, architect; cost about 10,000*l.*; is cruciform, and has, at the intersection of the nave and transepts, a central pinnacled tower, 120 feet high. The windows are filled with stained glass by Clayton and Bell, a connected series, illustrating the life of our Lord on earth. Under the tower, and in front of the altar rails, is an altar-tomb, bearing on it a recumbent effigy of Mrs. Bowyer, co-foundress of the church, who died just before its completion. The style is Second Pointed: the mouldings, tracery, and carving are good.

ST. SAVIOUR'S, Hoxton, built 1866, J. Brooks, architect, of brick, with stone bands: in the First Pointed Gothic style, of Continental cast. The apse with half-conical roof, the Nave roof 75 feet high, and the spirelet, rising like a sanctus bell, are externally effective; Lancet clerestory windows, good.

ST. SAVIOUR AND CROSS, Wellclose-square, was built at the expense of Christian V King of Denmark, in 1696, by Caius Gabriel Cibber, who erected here a monument to his wife Jane, mother of Colley Cibber, the famous dramatist. King Christian VII. of Denmark, attended the church in 1768 while he remained in this country: it is still used by the Danes, as well as by St. George's Mission.

ST. SAVIOUR'S, Pimlico; architect, T. Cundy; Second Pointed in style, has a tower and spire 190 feet high, only 12 feet less than the height of the London Monument. It cost 12,000*l.*, towards which the Marquis of Westminster contributed 7000*l.*

ST. SAVIOUR'S, Southwark, a short distance from the south foot of London-bridge, ranks in magnitude and architectural character as the third church in the metropolis, and is one of the few churches in the kingdom possessing a Lady Chapel. Roman masonry and pottery have been found below the church floor.

A romantic tradition is associated with this church. Stow, in the account which he received from Linsed, the last Prior, describes it as "Saint Mary over the *Rie*, or *Overy*, that is, over the water. This church, or some other in place thereof, was (of old time, long before the Conquest) an House of Sisters, founded by a mayden named *Mary*, unto the which House and Sisters she left (as was left to her by her parents) the ouersight and profits of a Crosse Ferrie, or traunce ferrie over the Thames, there kept before any bridge was builded." (See LONDON BRIDGE, p. 65.) This story has however, been much discredited. The shrouded figure now in the north aisle has been gossippingly assigned to Audery, the Ferryman, father of the foundress of St. Mary Overie's. There is a curious, although probably fabulous, tract of his life, entitled, "The True History of the Life and sudden Death of old John Overs, the rich Ferry-Man of London, shewing how he lost his life by his own covetousness. And of his daughter Mary, who caused the church of St. Mary Overs in Southwark to be built; and of the building of London Bridge." There are two editions: the first, 1637, with woodcuts; the second, 1774, "Printed for T. Harris at the Looking-Glass on London Bridge." It is among S. W. Musgrave's Biographical Tracts in the British Museum. A synopsis of the story is given in the *Chronicles of London Bridge*, pp. 40-44.

This was originally the church of the Augustine Priory of St. Mary Overie, and was founded by the Norman knights, William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncy. The nave of the church is attributed to Gifford, Bishop of Winchester in 1106 (7th Henry I.); and an arch, an apsis, and other remains of this date, have been uncovered by the removal of the masonry of the church, altered in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV. After the Dissolution of the Monasteries, this church was purchased of Henry VIII. by the people of Southwark; and in 1540, it was made parochial as St. Saviour's, and united with the two parishes of St. Mary Magdalen and St. Margaret-at-Hill. The church is cathedral or cruciform in plan, with a nave, transepts, choir, and Lady Chapel, and a lofty embattled tower at the central intersection; besides Mary Magdalen's and the Bishop's Chapels, now removed. An etching, by Hollar, executed for Dugdale's *Monasticon*, shows the church about 1660. The Choir and Lady Chapel were commenced in the Lancet style, according to an ancient chronicle: "John

anno X<sup>o</sup> (1208). Seynte Marie Overie was that yere begonne." In 1618, the fine perspective of nave and choir was destroyed by an organ-screen, set up in place of the ancient rood-loft. In 1624, the Lady Chapel, which had been let out as a bakehouse for 60 years, was restored; and in 1689, the tower was repaired, and the pinnacles were rebuilt: height 150 feet. From the roof Hollar drew his celebrated Views of London, before and after the Great Fire, lately rendered familiar by Martin's pen-and-ink lithograph. The choir, transepts, Lady Chapel, and tower are the work of Bishop de Rupibus, and afford a good specimen of the architecture of the commencement of the thirteenth century, when the Pointed style flourished in its greatest purity. The windows are lancet-shaped, the buttresses large and massive, united to the choir by segments of arches; the pinnacles which finish the buttresses closely resemble the corresponding works of Wykeham at Winchester. The eastern gable of the choir and the foliated cross on the apex are very fine. "Of the east end," says Mr. George Gwilt, "no remains of the more ancient building existed; for this part of the restoration, the eastern end of Salisbury Cathedral furnished the requisite data, and this is fully borne out by Wyngreerde's Drawing of London, 1543."

For a long interval, the only repairs of the church tended to its disfigurement, by barbarous brick casing and the destruction of beautiful windows; until, in 1818, the repair of the entire edifice was commenced with the tower. Ascending the tower, it will be seen that a great portion of its elevation was open to the church as a lantern, before the present painted ceiling, with its trap, was set up. "This tower," says Mr. Gwilt, "if we may indicate the period of its erection from a well-preserved bust on the north-west pier, must have been built so long ago as the time of King John. It was not so much time, as the tremendous vibration caused by the ringing of a fine peal of twelve bells, containing nearly eleven tons of metal (the tenor bell alone weighing about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons), which split the tower on two sides, causing a fissure of three inches in breadth. The further progress of this impending ruin was checked by the application of cast-iron ties; imperceptibly encircling each angular pier, as well as the four sides of the tower, secured to octangular rings, ample allowances being provided for changes of temperature." The pinnacles and embattled parapets were rebuilt, also windows inserted. This restoration was superintended by Mr. George Gwilt, F.S.A., who also, in 1822-24, took down the east end of the church to the clerestory, and gave the present face to the structure—his own design—consisting of an enriched gable, with an elaborately foliated cross on its apex; pinnaced staircase turrets, with niches at the angles; and a new triple lancet window, in the more florid style of the thirteenth century, instead of the original window of five lights (*temp.* Henry VII.); besides a Catherine-wheel window, of extraordinary richness and beauty. Over the vaulting a cast-iron roof was erected, and covered with copper; and the piers of the flying buttresses on each side were cased with stone, the aisle windows built anew, &c.; in all which Mr. Gwilt has rigidly adhered to the former work, "not only in the general design, but in the minutest details, wherever prototypes could be found." In 1829-30, the transepts were restored from the designs of R. Wallace, architect; groined roofs were added; and in the south was introduced a circular window, designed from that in the ruins of Winchester Palace, Bankside, discovered through a fire in 1814. In the north transept has been inserted a window of circular tracery, in the style of Westminster Abbey; but the side windows, originally of beautiful length, have been injudiciously shortened. Within, the transepts present a beautiful vista, second only to the choir. The four magnificent arches which support the tower remain unaltered.

The Lady Chapel was used by Bishop Gardiner as a Consistorial Court in the reign of Queen Mary. In 1555, a commission sat here for the trial of heretics, Bishop Hooper and John Rogers being the first victims to the stake; but within four years, the Popish vestments were sold for the repairs of the church, and next the valuable Latin records of the Priory were burnt as superstitious remains of Popery. The Lady Chapel was restored in 1832, by public subscription, at the expense of 4027*l.* 19*s.* 1*d.*, Mr. G. Gwilt giving his gratuitous superintendence as architect. It possesses the singularity of four gables, which has a very beautiful effect. The groined roof of the Lady Chapel is very fine. Here is the marble tomb of Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, with his full-length effigies, formerly in the Bishop's Chapel, where also



his leaden coffin was found. Some stained-glass windows, in memory of Protestant martyrs, have been put up in the Lady Chapel, and are effective as seen from the choir.

The Nave, it is believed, the oldest part of the structure, was, in 1839, taken down within 7 feet of the ground, and was sold for 150 guineas!—by order of vestry—the Organ being then moved up to form a temporary end to the Choir. The roof of the nave had wooden bosses, sculptured with grotesque heads, shields, dragons, flowers, fruits, &c. The trusses of the roof had knees, springing from stone corbels, carved into winged angels, bearing shields painted with various colours. The roof of each aisle was groined and ribbed, with bosses at the intersections. The timber roof of the nave was a fine specimen of carpentry, said to have been put up by Bishop Fox (*temp.* Edward IV.) At the west end were Tudor doorways, to let down tapestry on high festivals over the walls. In the ruined nave have been found a semicircular-headed door and some other portions of the Norman church; and a semicircular apse at the north-east corner of the vestry, formerly St. John's Chapel, was brought to light. These fragments, together with some other remains, would seem to show that the church of the date of 1106 was situated on the north side of the present Choir. Thus dismantled stood the roofless walls, and the massive Tudor doorway at the west end, until, in 1838-9, the Nave was rebuilt for Divine Service in poor, incongruous style; and being separated from the Choir, St. Saviour's now presents the anomalous appearance of two churches in one; but had the Nave been restored according to the ancient example, the groined roof of the church would exhibit an uninterrupted perspective of 208 feet. The most picturesque views are from the clerestory vaultings of the Choir. The commonplace oak and plaster of the last century have been removed from the eastern end, thus unveiling the stone altar-screen, a beautiful composition of niches, &c.; and which, from its resembling that in Winchester Cathedral, and bearing Bishop Fox's device of the pelican feeding her young, is inferred to be his workmanship: it was restored in 1833, at the cost of 700*l*.

"In the fifteenth century, sculpture and painting lent their aid to complete and embellish this sumptuous display of architecture. Upon the altar and under the central canopy, in the first range, stood the crucifix; the large niche above was appropriated to the statue of the Blessed Virgin, the patroness of the church; and the corresponding niche in the upper range we may as confidently assign to the representation of the sacred Trinity; the minor niches might be occupied by the sainted bishops of the see. Above the whole, the design was carried on in the painted glass of the east window, inclosed as it were in a richly sculptured frame: in this perfect state, what a magnificent scene was displayed in the Choir!"—*E. J. Carlos, Gentleman's Magazine*, Feb. 1834.

The church is very rich in painted sculpture tombs. In the south transept is the Perpendicular monument of the poet Gower, removed from the north aisle of the nave in 1832, when it was restored and coloured at the expense of the first Duke of Sutherland, a presumed collateral descendant from the poet.\* Here Gower and his wife are buried; the poet beneath the above monument, triple canopied, and richly dight with gold and colour inscription, with the recumbent effigies of Gower in prayer: his hair auburn, and long to the shoulders, and a small forked beard; on his head a purple and gold rose fillet, with the words, "Merci lhu;" a habit of purple, damasked, down to his feet; a collar of esses, gold, about his neck; his head resting upon three gilded volumes, the "*Speculum Meditantis*," "*Vox Clamantis*," and "*Confessio Amantis*;" on the wall at his feet are his arms, and a hat or helmet, with a red hood, ermined, and surmounted by his crest—a dog. Opposite Gower's tomb is the coloured bust of John Bingham, saddler to Queen Elizabeth and James I. In the north transept is a richly-painted, carved, and gilt monument, with angels, rocks, suns, and serpents, to William Austen, Esq., who wrote a poem of "*Meditations*." Next lies Dr. Lockyer, the empiric (*temp.* Charles II.), his reclining effigies in thick curled wig and furred gown:

"His virtues and his pills are so well known,  
That envy can't confine them under stone."—*Epitaph*.

\* "We are afraid, on the showing of Sir H. Nicolas and Dr. Pauli, that the family of the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Ellesmere must relinquish all pretension to being related to, or even descended from, John Gower. They have hitherto depended solely upon the possession of a MS. of the *Confessio Amantis*, which was supposed to have been presented to an ancestor by the poet; but it now turns out, on the authority of Sir Charles Young, Garter, that it was the very copy of the work which the author laid at the feet of King Henry IV., while he was yet Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby!"—Review of Dr. Pauli's edition of the *Confessio Amantis*; *Athenæum*, No. 1537, p. 498. Baker is the only Chronicler who gives the date of Gower's death correctly, namely, 1403, as in his Will; most if not all other writers represent Gower as dying in 1402 or 1403.

In the north aisle is the monument to John Trehearne, gentleman-porter to James I., with the costumed bust of himself and wife. Opposite is the tomb of Alderman Humble (*temp.* James I.), with kneeling figures of himself and his two wives, and representations of their children; and an inscription, slightly varied from a poem attributed to Francis Quarles, commencing—

"Like to the damask rose you see."

Here, too, is an oaken effigy, supposed of one of the Norman knights, founders of the church; and near it is the figure of an emaciated man, wrapped in a shroud, and finely sculptured. The burial register records, under 1607, "Edmond Shakespeare, a player, in the church," the great dramatist's brother, and who, doubtless, was followed to the grave by *him* as chief mourner; under 1625 is "Mr. John Fletcher, a man, in the church" (Beaumont and Fletcher); and Philip Massinger, "a stranger," in the churchyard, 1638-9. Beneath a gravestone in the Choir lies Sir John Shorter, who died Lord Mayor, in 1688; and his wife, who died in 1703: he was the grandfather of Lady Walpole, wife of Sir Robert, and mother of Horace Walpole.

In the church was married, in 1406, Edmund Holland, last Earl of Kent, Lord Admiral of England, and grandson of the Fair Maid of Kent, to Lucia, eldest daughter of Barnaby, Lord of Milan: King Henry IV. gave away the bride at the church-door.

Here, on the termination of his sentence, the Rev. Dr. Sacheverel preached in 1713, on the Christian Triumph, or Duty of Praying for Enemies; and the booksellers gave him 100*l.* for the sermon.

The tower has a fine peal of twelve bells, and in the belfry are recorded exploits performed upon them by the College and Cumberland Youths; though these bells were not rung at the opening of London Bridge, in 1831, from the alleged insecurity to the masonry. The clock, put up in 1795, has a dial 31 feet in circumference; length of minute-hand, 5 feet; circumference of bell, 11 feet 6 inches. The tower, east end, and Lady Chapel, originally concealed by the west side of the old High-street, were opened to view in forming the approaches to New London Bridge, thus presenting, perhaps, the finest architectural group in the metropolis: its restoration in the present century has cost above 60,000*l.*

ST. SEPULCHRE'S, anciently "in the Bailey," at the east end of Skinner-street, and adjacent to Newgate, was damaged in the Great Fire, which just reached Pye Corner, northward of the church. It was rebuilt about the middle of the fifteenth century. The south-west entrance-porch, resembling a transept, has a groined roof, with bold ribs and beautifully-sculptured bosses; adjoining is an ancient chapel, erected by the Popham family. The body of the church was refitted by Wren after the Fire. The Organ, one of the largest and finest in London, was built by Harris, second only to Schmidt, in 1677, and has been enlarged; the pedal organ, with ten stops, or fourteen ranks of pipes throughout, is unequalled in England. St. Sepulchre's was, in Newcourt's time, "remarkable for possessing an exceedingly fine Organ, and the playing is thought so beautiful that large congregations are attracted, though some of the parishioners object to the mode of performing Divine service." The pulpit has a sounding-board, like a parabolic reflector, with ribs of mahogany, the grain radiating from the centre. Among the monuments is that of Capt. John Smith, Governor of Virginia, and a romantic traveller (d. 1631): his eccentric epitaph, recorded by Strype, has disappeared. The benefactions to the parish include that of Mr. Richard Dowe, who left a hand-bell, to be rung, with certain forms, to the condemned criminals in Newgate, and on their way to Tyburn for execution, when it was also customary to present a nosegay to each. St. Sepulchre's tower, "one of the most ancient in the outline in the circuit of London" (*Malcolm*), has four pinnacles with vanes, rebuilt 1630-33, and is 140 feet high: it has a fine peal of ten bells; the clock regulates the hanging of criminals at Newgate. "Unreasonable people," says Howell, "are as hard to reconcile as the vanes of St. Sepulchre's tower, which never looked all four upon one point of the heavens." On April 10, 1600, one William Dorrington threw himself from the roof of this tower, leaving there a written prayer for forgiveness.

On St. Paul's Day, service is performed in the church in accordance with the will of Mr. Paul Jervis, who in 1717, devised certain land in trust, that a Sermon should be preached in the church upon every Paul's Day, upon the excellence of the Liturgy of the Church of England; the preacher to receive 40*s.*



for such sermon. Various sums are also bequeathed to the Curate, the Clerk, the Treasurer, and Masters of the parochial schools. To the poor of the parish he bequeathed 20s. a-piece to ten of the poorest housekeepers within that part of the parish of St. Sepulchre commonly called Smithfield quarter; 4*l.* to the Treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and 6*s. 8*d.** yearly to the Clerk, who shall attend to receive the same. The residue of the yearly rents and profits is to be distributed unto and amongst such poor people of the parish of St. Sepulchre, London, who shall attend the service and sermon. At the close of the service, the Vestry Clerk reads aloud an extract from the Will, and then proceeds to the distribution of the money. In the evening the Vicar, Churchwardens, and Common Councilmen of the Precinct, dine together.

ST. SIMON'S, Moore-street, Chelsea, J. Peacock, architect, is of Gothic design, cruciform, with an interior of some polychromatic display, by means of coloured marble shafts; and it has a very large east window of five lights, filled with stained glass: completed 1859.

ST. STEPHEN'S, Coleman-street, was destroyed by the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren, as we now see it, with a tower and bell-turret 65 feet high. Among the monuments is a marble bas-relief, by E. W. Wyon, erected in 1847, to the Rev. Josiah Pratt, Vicar of the parish, whose missionary labours are personified by the Angel of the Gospel addressing an African, Hindoo, and New Zealander. A curious square oak carving, about 5 feet by 2½, in alto-relief, is inserted over the gateway of St. Stephen's, which Mr. George Scharf thus describes:—

"From the two upper corners seems to hang a festoon of clouds, upon which in the centre, the Saviour is seated in cumbersome drapery, holding the banner of Redemption in the right hand, and the ball and cross in the left; the significant action of the Judge, therefore, entirely lost. He has a large beard and rough hair, but no nimbus.

"Immediately beneath the Saviour, in front of the clouds, Satan is falling. He is represented of a slim human form, with hideous face, horns and bats' wings: his feet are tied together! The entire space below is filled with the dead—all entirely naked—issuing from their coffins, which are shaped like those now in use. At each end some figures are seen issuing from caverns. The central figures below are large, fat children; but otherwise there is no distinction of age or sex. One angel, to the left of the Saviour, sounds the trumpet.

"There are no musical instruments nor indications of entrance to the places of final reward. The Book of Life also is not represented. The remaining space within the line of clouds is filled with winged angels, many of them exceedingly graceful, busied in assisting the aspirants to heaven by reaching their hands over the clouds. Many of the figures, in their excitement, seem ready to scale the walls of heaven; but the treatment of the whole is very unworthy of the subject. As a piece of carving it is remarkably good, and superior to that over the lich-gate of St. Giles's."—*Archæologia*, vol. xxxvi. p. 389. See ST. GILES'S-IN-THE-FIELDS, p. 165.

In the old church was buried Master Antony Munday, who wrote a continuation of Stow's *Survey*, and for more than forty years arranged the City pageants and shows. Of this parish John Hayward was under-sexton during the Great Plague, when he carried the dead to their graves, and fetched the bodies with the Dead Cart and Bell, yet "never had the distemper at all, but lived about twenty years after it."—(See Defoe's *Memoirs*.)

ST. STEPHEN'S THE MARTYR, Avenue-road, Portland-town, is a large Decorated church, by Daukes, with a tower and spire 136 feet high; towards building which two individuals gave 1000*l.* each; the freehold of the site and 500*l.* being also given by the Duke of Portland.

ST. STEPHEN'S THE MARTYR, Rochester-row, Westminster, is a stately church, built and endowed at the sole cost of Miss Burdett Coutts, as a memorial to her patriotic father, Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., M.P. for Westminster thirty years. The site was presented by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and is nearly opposite the Almshouses founded by Emery Hill in 1674. The first stone of the church was laid by Miss Coutts, July 20, 1847; it was consecrated June 20, 1850. The style is the Decorated, of the reigns of the first three Edwards; and the architect, Ferrey. The church consists of a Nave with aisles, and a Chancel; and on the north side a massive tower and spire, 200 feet high, with a peal of eight bells by Mears; all the windows are richly traceried. The Chancel ceiling is coloured blue, powdered with gold stars; the walls are decorated with texts; and the reredos is of the Canterbury diaper, picked out in gold and colour: the altar-cloth was presented by the Duke of Wellington, and the chancel carpet was wrought in Berlin work by forty ladies of rank, the border by the girls of St. Stephen's Schools; the design consists of shields and heraldic devices and panels of the *fleur-de-lis* and Tudor rose, within a Tudor rose border. The Organ, by Hill, has a screen of diapered pipes, and cost 800 guineas. The nave and aisle roofs

are of oak; and the arcade rests upon clustered shafts, with sculptured capitals. The pulpit is of stone, and enriched with tracery; and the font is sculptured with Scripture subjects. The windows are filled with stained glass, by Wailes, and Powell's stamped quarries. The stalls and seats are of oak, and for about 900 persons: in the chancel is a handsome *corona* of gas-burners and candlesticks. Adjoining are Schools, of very picturesque design, also by Ferrey. By an Order in Council, in the *Gazette*, April 9, 1856, no one is to be buried in St. Stephen's Church besides Miss Coutts and Mrs. Brown (widow of Mr. Brown, who is already buried there); and their bodies are to be imbedded "in a layer of powdered charcoal, six inches at least in thickness, and be separately entombed in brickwork well cemented."

ST. STEPHEN'S, Spitalfields, E. Christian, architect, on the east side of Commercial-street, was completed in 1862. It is of yellow brick, with red and black bricks, sparingly introduced; its distinctive feature being the apse, which, instead of serving as the chancel, as is usual, is placed at the west-end of the nave—a fashion borrowed, with some other features, from Germany. Beside it is a parsonage, as quaint as the church. The interior of the church is an exact square, without the apse. The walls are plastered, but the piers and arches are faced with red and white bricks.

ST. STEPHEN'S, Walbrook, is the third church of that name and locality: the first, according to Dugdale, stood on the *west* side of the "Brook;" the second, built in 1428, on the *east* side, was destroyed by the Great Fire; and the present church, Cinque-cento style, was built upon the same site, 1672–79, from the designs of Wren, at a salary of 100*l.* a year; and the parish accounts show that a hogshhead of claret was presented to the architect, and twenty guineas to his lady. The exterior is plain: tower and spire 128 feet high. The interior is one of Wren's finest works, with its exquisitely-proportioned Corinthian columns, and great central dome of timber and lead, resting upon a circle of light arches springing from column to column; its enriched Composite cornice, the shields of the spandrels, and the palm-branches and rosettes of the dome-coffers, are very beautiful; and as you enter from the dark vestibule, a halo of dazzling light flashes upon the eye through the central aperture of the cupola. The fittings are of oak: and the altar-screen, Organ-case, and gallery, have some good carvings, among which are prominent the arms of the Grocers' Company, the patrons of the living, and who gave the handsome wainscoting. The carved pulpit has festoons of fruit and flowers, and canopied sounding-board, with angels bearing wreaths. The church was cleansed and repaired in 1850, when West's painting of the Martyrdom of St. Stephens, presented in 1779 by the then Rector, Dr. Wilson, was removed from over the altar and placed on the north wall of the church. The large east window, painted by Willement, represents the ordination and death of the proto-martyr, to whom the church is dedicated: the other windows, by Gibbs, are a memorial to the late rector, Dr. Croly, the eloquent poet and imaginative prose-writer, whose bust by Behnes, and monument by Philip, are here. In a niche is also placed a bust of the architect of St. Stephen's, Sir Christopher Wren. There are four large windows, two at either end of the church, and thirteen smaller ones. The subjects of the large windows at the west end of the church are the Nativity and Baptism of Christ; at the east end, the Crucifixion and Ascension. The small windows at the north side are illustrative of the Parables of our Lord: the Sower, Good Samaritan, Prodigal Son, Dives and Lazarus, Pharisee and Publican, the Ten Virgins, and the Good Shepherd. On the south side, the miracles represented are—Turning Water into Wine, Raising Jairus's Daughter, Restoring the Blind to Sight, Feeding the Five Thousand, the Pool of Bethesda, and Christ Walking on the Sea. The Organ was built by England, and is very sweet-toned; the case harmonizes with the beautiful architecture of the church.

This church, unquestionably elegant, has been overpraised. The rich dome is considered by John Carter to be Wren's attempt to "set up a dome, a comparative imitation (though on a diminutive scale) of the Pantheon at Rome, and which, no doubt, was a kind of probationary trial previous to his gigantic operation of fixing one on his octangular superstructure in the centre of his new St. Paul's." Mr. J. Gwilt says of St. Stephen's: "Compared with any other church of nearly the same magnitude, Italy cannot exhibit its equal; elsewhere its rival is not to be found. Of those worthy notice, the Zitelle at Venice (by Palladio), is the nearest approximation in regard to size, but it ranks far below our church in point of composition, and still lower in point of effect." Again: "Had its materials and volume



been as durable and extensive as those of St. Paul's Cathedral, Sir Christopher Wren had consummated (in St. Stephen's) a much more efficient monument to his well-earned fame than that fabric affords."

St. Stephen's serves also for the parish of St. Bennet Sherehog. Upon the north side of Pancras-lane is a small enclosed piece of ground, and upon a stone on an adjoining house is inscribed, "Before the dreadful fire, anno 1666, here stood the parish church St. Bennet Sherehog."

Pendleton, the celebrated Vicar of Bray, known by his multiversations, subsequently became rector of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook. It is related that in the reign of Edward VI., Lawrence Sanders, the martyr, an honest but mild and timorous man, stated to Pendleton his fears that he had not strength of mind to endure the persecution of the times; and was answered by Pendleton that "he would see every drop of his fat and the last morsel of his flesh consumed to ashes ere he would swerve from the faith then established." He, however, changed with the times, saved his fat and his flesh, and became rector of St. Stephen's, whilst the mild and diffident Sanders was burnt in Smithfield.

The oldest monument in the church is that of John Lilburne: Sir John Vanbrugh, the wit and architect, is buried here, in the family vault. During the repairs in 1850, it is stated that 4000 coffins were found beneath the church; they were covered with brickwork and concrete to prevent the escape of noxious effluvia.

ST. SWITHIN'S, LONDON STONE, Cannon-street, was destroyed by the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren, in 1680, as we now see it. It has a tower and spire 150 feet high; but is chiefly remarkable for having against its outer south wall, within a modern stone case, all that remains of the ancient "London Stone," a Roman *miliarium*. Before it was removed from the opposite side of Cannon-street it was well secured, for Sir John Fielding, in his *London and Westminster*, 1776, tells us, "it was fixed so very deep in the ground, and was so thoroughly fastened by bars of iron, that the most ponderous carriages could do it no injury."

TEMPLE CHURCH (*St. Mary's*), in the rear of the south side of Fleet-street, was the church of the Knights Templars after their removal from their chief house on the site of old Southampton House, without Holborn-bars.\* It consists of "the Round," built in 1185, and consecrated by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, some two centuries, or nearly so, before the addition of the Gothic Latin Chapel of the time of Edward II., as erected by the Knights of St. John after the expulsion of the Templars. The inscription (from the Saxon) beneath the western entrance is:

"Ab incarnatione Domini MCLXXXV. dedicata hæc ecclesia in honore beate Mariæ, a domino ERACLIO, Dei gratia Sanctæ Resurrectionis ecclesie patriarcha, IV. idus Februarii, qui eam annuam petentibus de injuncta sibi penitentia LX. dies indulxit."

This is one of the four circular churches built in England after the Templars' return from the first and second Crusades; the other three existing at Cambridge, Northampton; and Maplestead, in Essex. The architecture is midway between Romanesque and Early English Gothic: the western entrance semicircular arches and capitals are richly sculptured and deeply recessed; within, Purbeck marble columns, with boldly-sculptured capitals, support a gallery or triforium of interlaced Norman arches; and the clerestory has six Romanesque windows, one filled with stained glass, bright ruby ground, with a representation of Christ, and emblems of the Evangelists; and the ceiling, of Saracenic character, is coloured. On the gallery well-staircase is a "penitential cell." The arcade in the aisle beneath has sculptured heads of astonishing variety, copies executed by Sir R. Smirke in 1827; and here are pointed arches with Norman billets. Upon the pavement are figures of Crusaders, "in cross-legged effigy devoutly stretched," but originally placed upon altar-tombs and pedestals.

These effigies of feudal warriors are sculptured out of freestone. The attitudes of all are different, but they are all recumbent with the legs crossed. They are in complete mail with surcoats; one only is bare-headed, and has the cowl of a monk. The shields are of the heater or Norman shape, but the size is not the same in all; one of them is very long, and reaches from the shoulder to the middle of the leg. Their heads, with one exception, repose on cushions, and have hoods of mail. Three of them have flatfish helmets over the armour, and one has a sort of casque. They have been well restored by Mr. Richardson. The best authorities assign five of them as follow: to Geoffry de Magnaville, Earl of

\* In the rear of the house No. 322, High Holborn, is a room or hall, for some unexplained reason, called "the chapel;" it has a finely panelled oak ceiling, about A.D. 1500; a large window opening, and a pointed doorway, now filled up. A few yards westward may be traced the position of the Round Church of the Templars, which they possessed previous to the erection of the present Temple Church in Fleet-street. Stow relates that adjoining the old Temple Church was the inn of the Bishop of Lincoln; and afterwards a house belonging to the Earl of Southampton, to which the room in question appears to pertain.—*J. Wykeham Archer*, 1850.

Essex, A.D. 1144 (right arm on his breast and large sword at his right)—he is not mentioned by Weever; William Mareschall, Earl of Pembroke, A.D. 1219 (sculptured in Sussex marble, with his sword through a lion's head); Robert Lord de Ros, A.D. 1245 (head uncovered, with long flowing hair), whose effigy is said to have been brought from Helmsley Church, Yorkshire; William Mareschall, junior, Earl of Pembroke, 1231 (with lion rampant on shield, and sheathing his sword); Gilbert Mareschall, Earl of Pembroke, 1281 (drawing his sword, winged dragon at feet).—*A Glance at the Temple Church*, by Henry Cole. See also Richardson's *Illustrations*, 1845.

In 1841 were discovered the ancient lead coffins containing the bodies of these knights, who did not appear to have been buried in their armour; and none of the coffin ornaments were of earlier date than the beginning of the 13th century.

There has also been found in the Church an early inscribed monument, upon which Mr. W. S. Walford has succeeded in deciphering the name of Philip de St. Hilaire, who was of a Norman family, allied with the Clares and the Earl of Arundel at the close of the twelfth century; and the name has been found by Mr. Waterton among the Knights Templars of the century.

In the Temple Round, lawyers received clients as merchants on 'Change:

"Retain all sorts of witnesses,  
That ply i' the Temple under trees;  
Or walk the Round with Knights o' the Posts,  
About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts."—*Hudibras*, pt. iii. c. 3.

Dugdale says: "Item, they (the lawyers) have no place to walk in and confer their learnings but the *church*; which place all the term-times bath in it no more quietness than the Pervise of Paules, by occasion of the confluence and concourse of such as are suitors in the law." "The Round" is the nave or vestibule to the oblong portion, which is the Choir, in pure Lancet style, almost rebuilt in the restorations and alterations in 1839–42 by Savage and Sydney Smirke. The groined roof, richly coloured in arabesque, and ornamented with holy emblems, is rendered very effective by the floods of light from the triple lancet-headed windows.

The Temple Church Organ has a strange history. It was built late in the reign of Charles II. by competition. First was set up an organ by Schmidt, when Dr. Blow and Purcell, then in their prime, performed on the instrument on appointed days, to display its excellence. Another organ was built in a different part of the church, by Harris, who employed Sully, organist to Queen Catharine, to touch this organ, which brought it in favour; and the rival organs competed for nearly a year. At length, Harris challenged Schmidt to make additional reed-stops in a given time; these were the vox humana, Cremorne, the double-cartel, or double-bassoon, and some others; and these stops, which were new to English ears, delighted the crowd at the trial. At length, Judge Jefferies, of the Inner Temple, terminated the controversy in favour of Schmidt; and Harris's Organ was removed. The partisanship ran so high, that, according to the Hon. Roger North, "in the night preceding the last trial of the reed-stops, the friends of Harris cut the bellows of Smith's organ in such a manner that when the time came for playing upon it, no wind could be conveyed into the wind-chest."

The Temple Organ is considered Schmidt's masterpiece, and though additions have been made by Byfield, and by Bishop, it retains all the original pipes in great organ and choir organ. The swell was constructed by Byfield, and perhaps still contains the pipes of the original also. This organ is remarkable for possessing quarter-tones, so that there is a difference of tone between G sharp and A flat, and also between D sharp and E flat. Originally this arrangement occurred only in the choir organ and great organ; and it seems to have been introduced either as an object of curiosity, or to render it in some way more perfect than its rival, since probably Harris was unprepared for the novel contrivance. (See *A short Account of Organs built in England*, 1847.) This organ is a grand instrument, but far too large for the church. The Musical Service here is very fine.

In the little vestry beneath the Organ-gallery is a marble tablet to Oliver Goldsmith, buried in the ground east of the choir, April 9, 1774. The choir-stalls and benches are beautifully carved in oak from ancient examples: the altar is new, in the style of Edward I., and contains five canopied panels, gilt and illuminated; here are an ambry, piscina, and sacarium or tabernacle for the Eucharist; and behind the altar are three ancient niches for sacred utensils. On the south is the monumental effigies of a bishop in pontificals, supposed to be that of Silverston de Eversdon, Bishop of Carlisle, d. 1255, and buried here. To the left is a white marble tomb over the remains of the learned Selden, d. 1654, in Whitefriars; his funeral sermon was preached by Archbishop Ussher. In the triforium are the tombs of Plowden, the jurist; Howell, writer of the *Familiar Letters*; and Edmund Gibbon, an ancestor of the historian: the views of the church from this gallery are very picturesque. Here are also several memorials of eminent lawyers; and among them, a marble bust, by Rossi, of Lord Chancellor Thurlow (d. 1806). On the south wall is a tablet to Ann Littleton (d. 1623), daughter-in-law to Sir Edward Littleton, with a quaint epitaph, ending—



"Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest;  
Till it be called for, let it rest:  
For while this jewel here is set,  
The grave is but a cabinet."

It is mentioned in Dugdale's *Monasticon* that both King Henry II. and his Queen Eleanor directed that their bodies should be interred within the walls of the Temple Chapel, and that the above monarch by his Will left 500 marks for that purpose. The walls are inscribed with Scripture texts in Latin; and between the top of the stalls and the string-course beneath the windows, is the Hymn of St. Ambrose. The windows, by Willement, are among the finest specimens of modern stained glass: the altar subjects are from the life of Christ, the interspaces being deep-blue and ruby mosaic, with glittering borders. Knights Templars fill the aisle windows; but that opposite the organ has figures of angels playing musical instruments.

A brief history of the Templars in England and of this church may be read in the rude effigies of the successive kings during whose reigns they flourished, now painted on the west end of the chancel. At the south corner sits Henry I. (A.D. 1128), holding the first banner of the Crusaders, half black, half white, entitled "Beauseant;" white typifying fairness towards friends; black, terror to foes. This banner was changed during the reign of Stephen (A.D. 1116) for the red cross:

"And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,  
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord."

Henry II. and the Round Church are represented by the third figure. Richard I., with the sword which he wielded as Crusader, and John, his brother, are the next kings; and in the north aisle is portrayed Henry III., holding the two churches; the chancel, or square part, having been added in his reign, and consecrated on Ascension-day, 1240.—Cole's *Glance at the Temple Church*.

Externally, the east end has three high gables, with crosses; and the bell is hung in a new stone turret on the north side. The church has been thrown open to view; and in removing the house over the porch, a western wheel-window was exposed in the Norman Round. The groined western Norman porch has been restored, and covered with a leaded gable roof. The renovated ashlar-work has been carried throughout the Round; a new cone or spire has been placed on the top, in place of the former roof, dormer lights introduced, and the spire terminated in a large metal gilt vane—a strictly mediæval bird. By the clearance of buildings, a sort of new location is given to the Norman Round and porch, and the sunken grassy churchyard with its ancient tombs. These works are by S. Smirke and St. Aubyn. During their progress, the dust and bones of the learned John Selden were "carted away and shot into a dust-hole." Opposite the bell-turret, in the burial-ground, was found a decayed blue flag or slate ledger-stone, inscribed with uncial letters, ending DEN, which slab was once laid over the remains of Selden, whose dust and remains were ignominiously treated as above by the workmen. This is remarkable, seeing that, according to Aubrey, at the time of the interment of Selden, no pains seem to have been spared to render the depository secure. Aubrey tells us:—

"His (Selden's) grave was ten foot deep or better, walled up a good way with brick, of which also the bottom was paved, but the sides of the bottom for about two feet high were of black polished marble, wherein his coffin (covered with black bays) lyeth, and upon that wall of marble was presently lett downe a huge black marble stone of great thickness with this inscription: 'His jacet corpus Johannis Selden, qui obiit die Novembris, 1654.' Over this was turned an arch of brick (for the House would not give their ground), and upon that was throwne the earth, &c.—Letter to *The Times*, late in 1864.

North-east of the Choir is the house of the Master of the Temple, as the preacher at the church is called: it is fronted by a garden, beneath which is the Benchers' Vault. One of the most learned Masters was Hooker, author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*; another eminent Master was Sherlock, afterwards Bishop of London.

The Offertory alms are distributed to the poor, chiefly old servants of the Temple, at Midsummer and Christmas.

In March, 1862, at a short distance south of the Round of the church were excavated some pillars and part of the basement of St. Anne's Chapel, which connected the convent of the Temple with the church. This chapel was taken down in 1827: here Almeric de Montfort, the Pope's chaplain, who had been imprisoned by Edward I., was set at liberty at the instance of the Roman Pontiff.

ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE stood in Knight-riding-street. It was an endowment of the Canons of St. Paul's, and is spoken of so early as 1181. Sir Wm. Littlebury, *alias* Horn (so named, saith Stow, by King Edward IV., because he was an excellent

blower on the horn), was buried here. He bequeathed his house, called the George, in Bread-street, to find a priest for the sanctuary, who was to have a stipend of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* yearly; also to every preacher at Paul's-cross and the Spittle, 4*d.* for ever; to the prisoners at Newgate, &c., 10*s.* at Christmas and Easter, for ever, which legacies were soon forgotten. He further gave four new bells to the church, and 500 marks towards repairing the highways between London and Cambridge. His house, garden, &c., to be sold and bestowed in charity, "as his executors would answer before God." The church of St. Thomas the Apostle was destroyed in the Great Fire, and was not rebuilt.

ST. THOMAS, CHARTERHOUSE, Goswell-street-road, a brick church in the Anglo-Norman style, was designed by E. Blore, and consecrated 1842. A portion is set apart for the Brethren of the Charterhouse.

ST. THOMAS'S, Southwark, in St. Thomas's-street, was originally the church of the Monastery or Hospital of St. Thomas, but was made parochial after the Dissolution: in 1702 it was rebuilt of brick, with a square tower, closely resembling that of the former church. The Register records the marriage, Jan. 27, 1613, of the father and mother of John Evelyn. Johnson, the younger, the sculptor of the Stratford bust of Shakspeare, is ascertained, by Cunningham and Halliwell, to have lived in this parish.

TRINITY, HOLY, Bessborough Gardens, close to Vauxhall Bridge, a district church of St. Margaret's and St. John's, Westminster, was erected at the sole expense of Archdeacon Bentinck, Prebendary of Westminster; the foundation-stone was laid by Mrs. Bentinck, Nov. 8, 1849, on which day also was founded another church, in Great Peter-street, in the same parish. Holy Trinity Church is designed in the Early Decorated style (*temp.* Edward I. and II.): at the intersection of the four arms rises an enriched tower and spire, 193 feet high: the east-end window of seven lights is large and fine. The church has been decorated and furnished by subscription.

TRINITY, HOLY, Bishop's-road, Paddington, a Perpendicular church, built by Cundy in 1844-6; it has a richly crocketed spire and pinnaced tower, 219 feet high, and a magnificent stained chancel-window: the crypt is on a level with the roofs of the houses in Belgrave-square.

TRINITY, HOLY, Brompton, a church in the Early English style, by Donaldson; with a lofty tower, and stained glass of ancient design and colour; consecrated 1829. It occupies, with the burial-ground, the site of a nursery-garden; here flowers and funeral shrubs decorate the graves. John Reeve, the comic actor, is buried here.

TRINITY, HOLY, Hartland-road, Haverstock-hill, is a district church of St. Pancras, and was consecrated 1850. It is built in the Middle Pointed style, Wyatt and Brandon, architects, and consists of a Nave, with north and south aisles, Chancel, and tower and spire 160 feet high; the chancel is novel, the arches producing an elegant play of lines.

TRINITY, Gray's-inn-road, district church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, designed by Pennethorne, was built in 1837-8: it has a pedimented centre, and belfry with cupola roof and cross, and catacombs beneath for 1000 bodies. Adjoining is the old burial-ground of St. Andrew's, its crowded graves interspersed with trees and shrubs.

TRINITY, Albany-street, Marylebone, designed by Soane, R.A., in classic taste, has the first story of the tower of beautiful design; but the second puny, owing to lack of funds. The basement has spacious catacombs.

TRINITY, HOLY, Minorities, was originally the church of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, founded by Matilda, Queen of Henry I., in 1108. The church was without the walls of London, and escaped the Great Fire; but becoming insecure, it was taken down and rebuilt in 1706; the font was taken from the old church; a spring in Haydon-square was the Priory fountain. It is stated by Strype, that Trinity pretended to privileges, as "marrying without a license." In the Chancel is the tomb of the loyal William Legge, who bore the touching message of Charles I. from the scaffold to his son, the Prince of Wales, enjoining him to "remember the faithfullest servant ever prince had." Here, too, is buried Legge's son, the first Earl of Dartmouth; and his



grandson, the second Earl; and annotator of Burnet. Some bones from the battle-field of Culloden are deposited in the churchyard, bearing date 1745.

ST. VEDAST'S, Foster-lane, destroyed by the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren, has an original and graceful spire, in three stories. The interior has a ceiling enriched with wreaths of flowers, and fruits, and foliage; and a carved oak altar-piece, with winged figures, palm-branches, a pelican, &c. In the vestry-room is a print of "West Cheap" in 1585, with the church of St. Michael on the north side of Paternoster-row, the burial-place of the antiquary, Leland (d. 1552). "The only church clock in London—or, perhaps, the kingdom—without a face, is St. Vedast's, Foster-lane, at the back of the Post-Office, which strikes on a small shrill bell, supernumerary to the peal of six."

**TOWERS AND SPIRES.**—The Churches of London give much beauty to every view of the metropolis, and have, moreover, many valuable and interesting associations. In the "Union of Benefices Act is nothing that shall authorize the pulling down the churches of St. Stephen, Walbrook; St. Martin, Ludgate; St. Peter, Cornhill; and St. Swithin, Cannon-street." To preserve the other works of this class, a meeting was held on the top of *St. Paul's*, at which six architects examined the various towers and steeples, with the view of saying which should be preserved. The sight was wonderful, and those present found few spires to the destruction of which they were willing to assent. A memorial was agreed on, and, being signed by the President of the Institute of Architects and members of the Council, presented to the House of Commons, praying that the following towers and steeples be added to those exempted from destruction, namely:

Saint Alban's, Wood-street; Allhallows, Bread-street; Allhallows, Lombard-street; Allhallows, Thames-street; Saint Andrew's, Holborn; Saint Antholin's, Watling-street; Saint Augustine's, Watling-street; Saint Bartholomew's the Great; Saint Benet's, Thames-street; Saint Bride's, Fleet-street; Christchurch, Newgate-street; Saint Dionis' Backchurch; Saint Dunstan's in the East; Saint Dunstan's in the West; Saint Edmund the King's; Saint George's, Botolph-lane; Saint Giles's, Cripplegate; Saint James's, Garlick-hill; Saint Lawrence's, Jewry; Saint Magnus's, London Bridge; Saint Margaret's, Lothbury; Saint Margaret Pattens'; Saint Mary Abchurch; Saint Mary Aldermay; Saint Mary's-le-Bow; Saint Mary's, Somerset; Saint Mary Magdalen's, Old Fish-street-hill; Saint Michael's, Cornhill; St. Michael's, Queenhithe; Saint Michael's Royal; Saint Mildred's, Bread-street; Saint Mildred's, Poultry; Saint Sepulchre's; Saint Vedast's, Foster-lane.

According to Mackeson's trustworthy *Guide to the Churches of London and its Suburbs*, 1866, their entire number is 368.

#### EPISCOPAL CHAPELS.

**ASYLUM (FEMALE ORPHAN) CHAPEL**, Westminster-road, Lambeth, was built for the Charity, established 1758, at the suggestion of Sir John Fielding, the police-magistrate. The chapel service was rendered attractive by the singing of the Orphan children, and by popular preachers, thus contributing to the support of the institution by a collection. The Asylum was rebuilt in the country, in 1866, with the chapel, when the premises in Westminster-road were taken down.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, Kingsland, was an ancient and picturesque wayside chapel, near the toll-gate, and taken down in 1846. Its walls were of flint and rubble, the window-frames of stone, in the Perpendicular style, and in the roof was a wooden bell-turret. It was originally the chapel of a hospital or house of lepers, called "*Le Lokas*," and was long an appendage to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to which it was a kind of outer ward till 1761, when the patients were removed from Kingsland, and the site let for building. Upon the petition of the neighbouring inhabitants, the chapel was repaired, and service performed there, the chaplain being appointed by the governors of St. Bartholomew's. It was so small as scarcely to contain 50 persons. It is engraved in Archer's *Vestiges of Old London*, part i. 1850.

**BEDFORDBURY CHAPEL AND SCHOOL.**—Bedfordbury is a narrow street running out of New-street, Covent Garden, to Chandos-street, and was built about 1637. On the west side of this, a compound edifice, part chapel, part school, has been erected—the school-room placed over the chapel; and opened (not consecrated) with an afternoon service, Dr. Tait, Bishop of London, preaching. The site is about 60 feet by 40 feet. The building is entered from Bedfordbury, through a small gabled tower. The

doorway has an arched head, the tympanum being filled with sculpture representing "The Good Shepherd." The chapel consists of a Nave and south aisle, a small Chancel raised two steps, and a sacarium one step higher. The material employed, inside and out, is brick, relieved with bands of red. The nave is divided from the aisle by a brick arcade, carried on Bath stone columns with carved capitals. The arch to the sacarium is carried on small columns of slate with carved capitals and corbels. The sacarium is decorated in a somewhat novel manner in *sgraffito*. There is a credence table and a reredos, in stone, alabaster, and marble, by Earp, who executed all the carving; the east window, of five lights, is filled with stained glass: the other windows are filled with rough plate-glass (not in quarries). Light is admitted, too, by dormers in the south aisle. The ceiling is boarded, and separated into compartments by the girders which carry the floor of the school-room. A harmonium has been presented to the chapel by Lady Overstone. The building, exclusive of the site, cost 2300*l.*, raised by subscription, headed by the Queen and Prince Albert, 250*l.*; Miss Burdett Coutts, 300*l.*; architect, A. W. Blomfield.

BENTINCK CHAPEL, Chapel-street, New-road, was built in 1772, and opened by the Rev. Mr. Hunt, father of the originator of the *Examiner* newspaper. The Rev. Basil Woodd was minister of this chapel 45 years.

CHARLOTTE CHAPEL, Charlotte-street, Buckingham-gate, was built in 1776 for "the unfortunate Dr. Dodd," who laid the first stone in July. "Great success attended the undertaking," writes Dodd; "it pleased and it elated me." In the following year, June 27, Dodd was hanged at Tyburn for forgery. Charlotte Chapel, now St. Peter's, was also occupied by Dr. Dillon; it was refitted in 1850.

DUKE-STREET CHAPEL, Westminster, was originally the north wing of the house built for Lord Jefferies, Lord Chancellor to King James II., who permitted a flight of stone steps to be made thence into St. James's-park, for Jefferies's special accommodation: they terminate above in a small court, on three sides of which stands the once costly mansion. One portion of it was used as an Admiralty House, until that office was removed by William III. to Wallingford House. The north wing (in which Jefferies transacted his judicial business out of term) was formed into a chapel in 1769, with a daily service; Dr. Pettingale, the antiquary, was for some time incumbent.—See Walcott's *Westminster*, p. 72.

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL CHAPEL, Guilford-street, was designed by Jacobson, in 1747, and built by subscription, to which George II. contributed 3000*l.* Handel gave the large profits of a performance of his music; and his *Messiah*, performed in the chapel for several years under his superintendence, produced the Charity 7000*l.* At the west end of the edifice are seated the children and the choir; and in the centre is the Organ, given by Handel: the altar-piece, "Christ presenting a little Child," is by West, who retouched the picture in 1816. Several blind "foundlings," instructed in music, by their singing, greatly added to the funds of the Charity, by pew-rents and contributions at the doors, and for several years the latter exceeded 1000*l.*; the net proceeds of the chapel have been stated at 687*l.* the year, after paying the professional choir. Beneath the chapel are stone catacombs: the first person buried here was Captain Coram, the founder of the Hospital. Lord Chief-Justice Tenterden is interred here; and his marble bust is placed in the eastern entrance to the chapel. Children who died in the Hospital were formerly buried in the churchyard of St. Pancras.—When the Rev. Sidney Smith came to London, in 1804, he was elected one of the chaplains to the Foundling Hospital, where his sermons were very attractive, especially those on the objects of the Charity, so often misunderstood and misrepresented. The chaplain's salary was but 50*l.* a-year. Mr. Smith resided in Doughty-street, and here he early obtained the acquaintance and friendship of several eminent lawyers in that neighbourhood; the most distinguished of whom were Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Scarlett (Lord Abinger), and Sir James Mackintosh. To these may be added Dr. Marcet, M. Dumont, Mr. Whishaw, Mr. R. Sharpe, Mr. Rogers, &c. Mr. Smith likewise officiated at Berkeley Chapel, May-fair; and at Fitzroy Chapel.—*Lives of Wits and Humourists*, vol. ii. pp. 216-219. 1862.



GRAY'S-INN CHAPEL, on the south side of Gray's-inn-square, on the site of a chapel built long anterior to the Reformation, has special seats assigned to the Benchers, Barristers, and Students, and others unappropriated. It has been much modernized. Here are three good windows by Gibbs, on the north side: 1. Christ in the Temple, in the midst of the Doctors. 2. Christ delivering the Sermon on the Mount. 3. The Ascension. These windows were presented by Samuel Turner, Esq., one of the Benchers, and Dean of the chapel, 1862. In the east window are the arms of the various prelates who have been either honorary Members or Benchers of the Society. A new Organ was set up in 1863. The sermons are preceded by "the Bidding Prayer." The Offertory is dispensed to the poor of the Inn. The music is chiefly from the old English masters, sung by the choir, established 1850. There do not appear to be any records of the Preachers earlier than 1574, when Mr. W. Clerke, or Charke, was appointed: he was afterwards Preacher of Lincoln's-inn and Fellow of Eton. There have been 23 preachers since his day, among whom were Dr. Roger Fenton, one of the translators of the Bible; Dr. Richard Sibbes, the celebrated Puritan, author of the *Crucised Reed*; Dean Nicholas Bernard, Chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, and one of his almoners; Bishop Wilkins, the mathematician; Archbishop Wake; Dean Robert Moss; Archdeacon Stebbing; Bishop Walker King; Dr. Matthew Raine, Head-master of Charterhouse School; and Dr. George Sheppard, an elegant and sound scholar, who died in 1849. He was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Hessey, Head-master of Merchant Tailors' School, &c., the present preacher.

GROSVENOR CHAPEL, South Audley-street, contains in its vault the remains of Ambrose Philips, the Whig poet, whom Pope ridiculed, but Tickell, Warton, and Goldsmith eulogized; of Lady Mary Wortley Montague; and John Wilkes, characteristically designated by himself on a tablet as "a Friend to Liberty."

HANOVER CHAPEL, Regent-street, between Prince's and Hanover-streets, was built in 1823-28, C. R. Cockerell, R.A., architect, and is of the Ionic order of the Temple of Minerva Polias at Priene: it has a well-proportioned portico extending across the footpath, and picturesquely breaking the street-line; two square turrets, of less felicitous design, finish the elevation. The interior is square, and mostly lighted by a large glazed cupola, surmounted with a cross; and the arrangement generally resembles that of St. Stephen's, Walbrook: the altar-piece is a splendid composition of imitative antique marbles, enriched with passion-flowers and lilies, superbly coloured.

HOUSE OF CHARITY CHAPEL, Greek-street, Soho, was built in 1863, from designs by Joseph Clarke, F.S.A., and intended for the Wardens, Sisters, Council, and Associates, together with the inmates of the Hospital, known as the House of Charity.

The chapel has been built on the type of the early apsidal churches, with round aisles. The chapel of St. Croix, attached to the Abbey of Mount Majour, furnished the idea of the applicability of apsidal aisles as being specially adapted to the requirements of the House. The original arrangement of the plan was Basilican. The bema containing the Bishop's chair, with the Clergy round the altar, with the retablo behind, standing in advance on the chord of the arc. The two apsidal divisions on each side of the chapel, as aisles, are for the inmates—for the women on the north side and the men on the south, the easternmost apses being for communicants. The centre of the chapel, which has a lofty iron fleche, besides the celebrants, is occupied by the Associated Members, and there are grilles on either side, as parclooses to ante-chapels from the nature of the ground could not be provided. The chapel is closed from the western narthex by wrought-iron gates, and the narthex (which serves as the entrance from those three) being closed, becomes available on festivals. The chapel has been erected with much care, both as regards solidity and polychromatic effect. The walls are built in a variety of stones, combined with reference to colour, and are lined internally with chalk as a vehicle of future frescoes. The roofs and all the woodwork are of oak. The floor of the sacristy with the marble steps is very striking. The altar is of oak, the retablo of stone, with the super-altar of marble. The ordinary hangings of the altar are exquisitely wrought by the ladies who undertook this costly work. The needlework of the sedilia, the steps, the Bishop's chair in appliqué, are equally worthy of the offering. Mr. Arthur O'Connor, an Associate, executed the painted glass with which the whole chapel is filled. Round the chapels and the bema are low stone seats, with the stall or chair for the Bishop, as visitor, at the extreme end of the latter. The Choir and Clergy have oak stalls set on the paving, with chairs for the Council, Associates, and inmates. The chapel is open to Rose-street, with a low wall in front. The entrance into the interior quadrangle, and to the chapel, is through a covered passage at the west end; and ultimately the chapel will form one side of this court, with a covered way round.

The House of Charity was originally established in 1846, at a house in Rose-street, for affording gratuitous temporary board and lodging to deserving persons, who, by

such afflictions as the death of parents, husband, or employer, are brought almost to the verge of destitution. The house, No. 1, Greek-street, where the institution is now located, was the town residence of Alderman Beckford, the father of the builder of Fonthill Abbey: it is a fine house, and in the requisite alterations its elaborate plaster ceilings, carved chimney-pieces, and wainscot panelling, have been preserved.

ST. JAMES'S CHAPEL, Hampstead-road, is a chapel-of-ease to St. James's, Westminster. In the burial-ground adjoining lie George Morland, the painter (d. 1804), and his wife; John Hoppner, the portrait-painter (d. 1810); and, without a memorial, Lord George Gordon, the leader of the Riots of 1780, who died in Newgate in 1793.

ST. JAMES'S CHAPEL, Pentonville, is a chapel-of-ease to St. James's, Clerkenwell, and was built by T. Hardwick. Here is interred R. P. Bonington, the landscape-painter (d. 1828); and in the burial-ground lies poor Tom Dibdin, the playwright, close by the grave of his friend, Joseph Grimaldi, "Old Joe," the famous clown, who died in 1837.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL, Bedford-row, at the corner of Chapel-street and Great James-street, was the frequent scene of schism from its first erection for Dr. Sacheverell: it was subsequently occupied by the Rev. Mr. Cecil (Low Church); by the Rev. Dr. Dillon, of unenviable notoriety; the Rev. Daniel Wilson (Bishop of Calcutta); the Rev. Mr. Sibthorp, given to change; and by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, who after 22 years' ministry, preached his farewell sermon here, Dec. 3, 1848; and on Aug. 9, 1849, was publicly *baptized* in John-street Chapel, of which he became minister. St. John's has been altered and enlarged, and re-opened in 1866.

KENTISH TOWN CHAPEL, or district church, is a spacious and costly edifice in the Early Decorated style; Bartholomew, architect. It has two lofty steeples, and a large painted altar-window; and four smaller windows, inscribed with the Decalogue, Creed, &c., within sacramental borders of corn and vines; the altar recess has some good sculpture.

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, Strand, is of Romanesque design, G. G. Scott, architect: the choir consists of students, and of boys on the foundation as "Choral Exhibitioners."

ST. JOHN'S-WOOD CHAPEL, north-west of the Regent's-park, is of the Ionic order, and was designed by T. Hardwick: it has a tetrastyle portico, and a tower, surmounted with a Roman-Doric lantern. Here, or in the adjoining cemetery, which is tastefully planted with trees and shrubs, are buried John Farquhar, Esq., of Fonthill Abbey, Wilts, with a medallion portrait; Richard Brothers, "the prophet;" Tredgold, the engineer; Joanna Southcott, "the prophetess," with prophetic quotations from Scripture, in gilt letters upon black marble; John Jackson, R.A., the portrait-painter, &c. "About 40,000 persons lie interred in this cemetery."—(Smith's *Mary-lebone*, 1833.)

LAMB'S CHAPEL was originally founded in the reign of Edward I., in the hermitage of St. James's-in-the-Wall, which was a cell to the Abbey of Gerendon, in Leicestershire, certain monks of which were appointed chaplains here; on which account, and a well belonging to them, called Monks' Well, the street was called Monkswell-street. The chapel of St. James, with its appurtenances, was granted by Henry VIII. to William Lamb, one of the gentlemen of his chapel, and a citizen and clothworker, who gave it to the Clothworkers' Company; they have four sermons preached to them annually, and after the sermon, relieve, with clothing and money, twelve poor men, and as many poor women. Lamb's Chapel (the ancient Hermitage Chapel) contained a fine old bust of the founder, in his livery-gown, placed here in 1612, with a purse in one hand and his gloves in the other; and in the windows were paintings of St. James the Apostle, St. Peter, St. Matthew, and St. Matthias. The chapel was noted for many private marriages. Beneath the old chapel was a crypt, with Saxon or Norman capitals; and upon this crypt the chapel and almshouses were re-built in 1825, Angell, architect; style, Elizabethan. The bust of Lamb, painted in colours, is in the west wall.



**LEADENHALL CHAPEL**, built within the precincts of Leadenhall by Sir Simon Eyre, in 1417, some time an upholsterer, was fair and large, and over the porch was written "Dextra Domini exaltavit me." He gave 3000 marks to the Drapers' Company, that Divine service might be kept up for ever; but his munificent bequests were not carried out as they should have been.

**LINCOLN'S-INN CHAPEL**, one of "the Old Buildings," was built in 1621-23: Dr. Donne laid the first stone, and preached the consecration sermon, the old chapel being then in a ruinous condition. Inigo Jones was the architect of the new chapel, as stated in the print by Vertue, in 1751: it stands upon an open crypt or cloister, in which the students of the Inn met and conferred, and received their clients. Pepys records his going to Lincoln's-inn, "to walk under the chapel, by agreement." It is now enclosed with iron railings, and was used as a burial-place for the Benchers. The chapel has side windows and intervening buttresses, style, *temp.* Edward III.; the large eastern window has a beautifully traceried circle, divided into twelve trefoiled lights. At the south-west angle is a turret with cupola and vane, and containing an ancient bell, traditionally brought from Spain about 1596, among the spoils acquired by the gallant Earl of Essex at the capture of Cadiz. The ascent to the chapel is by a flight of steps, under an archway and porch, the latter built by Hardwick in 1843. The windows are filled with glass, unusually fine: those on the sides have figures of prophets and apostles, by Flemish artists; the great eastern and western windows have armorial embellishments. The carved oaken seats are of the time of James I., but the pulpit is later. The Organ, by Flight and Robson (1820), is of great power and sweetness of tone; and the choral service is attentively performed. In the porch is a cenotaph, with Latin inscription, to the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval; and on the ascent to the chapel is a marble tablet to Eleanor Louisa (d. 1837), daughter of Lord Brougham (a Bencher of Lincoln's-inn), with a poetic inscription, in Latin, by the celebrated Marquis Wellesley, written in his 81st year. Among the remarkable persons buried in the cloister under the chapel are John Thurloe, Secretary of State to Oliver Cromwell; and William Prynne, who preserved many of our public records. In the list of preachers in this chapel are the great names of Gataker, Donne, Ussher, Tillotson, Warburton, Hurd, Heber, J. S. M. Anderson, &c. Here are delivered annually the Warburtonian Lectures.—(Selected principally from a carefully-written account of *Lincoln's-inn and its Library*, by W. H. Spilsbury, Librarian. 1850.)

**ST. LUKE'S CHAPEL**, Consumption Hospital, Fulham-road, built at the cost of Sir Henry Foulis, Bart., in memory of a deceased sister; consecrated June, 1850; style, Early English, E. B. Lamb, architect. It is exclusively for the officers and patients of the Consumption Hospital. The chapel, the details of which are very elegant, consists of a Nave, north and south transeptal projections, and a Chancel; and is connected with the Hospital by a corridor, externally ornamented with pinnaced buttresses and gable crosses, and an octagonal bell-turret. The Organ, by Holdich, is unique. The windows are traceried, and filled with stained glass; the roof is open timbered; the Chancel has florid sedilia of stone, and is separated from the nave by a low traceried screen. The interior fittings are of oak, some bearing the arms and crest of the founder, heraldically: "Arg. three bay-leaves proper; crest, a crescent arg. surmounted by a cross sa.;" the motto is "Je ne change qu'en mourant." The crest has been most frequently used, as applicable to the building—"Christianity overcoming Paganism." The floor is partly paved with tiles of armorial patterns. The seats are specially adapted for the patients. This is stated to be the only consecrated chapel attached to any metropolitan hospital.

**MAGDALEN HOSPITAL CHAPEL**, Blackfriars-road, is attractive by the singing of a choir of the reclaimed women. The "Magdalen House" was originally established in Prescot-street, Goodman's-fields, in 1758; where Dr. Dodd was chaplain, and rendered great service to the Charity by his eloquent preaching.

**MARGARET-STREET CHAPEL**, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, was first converted into a chapel in 1789. Huntington preached here with Lady Huntingdon's people, when he first came to London. In 1833, the minister was the Rev. W. Dodsworth.

who has since seceded to the Roman Catholic Church. At Margaret-street may be said to have been the first development of "Puseyism" in the metropolis. In 1842, the chapel was under the direction of the Rev. Frederick Oakeley, a non-resident Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

"Flowers, and altar-candlesticks, and Gregorian chantings, and scarce-concealed bowings, and strange modes of reading prayers, and frequent services, with a conspicuous cross over the communion-table, served to awake the suspicions of the wary; and in conjunction with a course of zealous and earnest preaching, and the self-denying lives of the chief minister and his friends, to persuade the frequenters of the chapel that here, at least, was a true 'Catholic revival,' and that by the multiplication of Margaret Chapel the whole Anglican Establishment might be at length 'un-Protestantized.' To Margaret Chapel also was due no little of that phase of the movement which consisted in the 'adapting' of Catholic books to 'the use of members of the English Church;' and by the employment of which it has done so much good in preparing the minds of its congregations for the reception of the Catholic faith. This system was soon taken up by no less important a person than Dr. Pusey himself."—*The Rambler, a Roman Catholic Journal*, Feb. 1851.

In 1845, Mr. Oakeley resigned his license as minister of Margaret Chapel, which then fell to his curate, the Rev. Mr. Richards. Mr. Oakeley subsequently joined the Roman Catholic Church. The chapel in Margaret-street was taken down in 1850; the site is included in that of All Saints' Church, described at pp. 146-7.

ST. MARK'S, North Audley-street, a chapel-of-ease to St. George's, Hanover-square, is of original and not inelegant design, by Gandy Deering, R.A., 1828; the order is Ionic from the Erechtheum; the portico has two handsome fluted columns, with an enriched entablature; and above is a turret of Grecian design, with pierced iron-work sides and pyramidal stone roof, with gilt ball and cross. The entrance is a very good example of the portico in antis, *i.e.*, columns standing in a line, in front, with the outer or projecting ends of the side walls of the chapel. Some of the adjoining houses are in the heavy style of Sir John Vanbrugh.

ST. MARK'S CHAPEL, Fulham-road, attached to the National Society's Training College for Schoolmasters, in the Byzantine style; Blore, architect, 1843; cruciform in plan, with semicircular eastern end, and twin towers with high-pitched *broche* roofs, resembling an early German church. The east end has some stained glass of olden character. It serves as a place of worship for the adjoining district, as well as for the inmates of the College; and the musical service, including cathedral service and anthems, is by the students; offertory on Sundays and festivals, to defray the expenses of the chapel.

PERCY CHAPEL, Charlotte-street, was built by the Rev. Henry Matthew, an early patron of Flaxman (*Cunningham*). It was the scene of the showy, eloquent preaching of the Rev. Robert Montgomery, author of *The Omnipresence of the Deity*, a poem.

ST. PETER'S EPISCOPAL CHAPEL, Queen-square, Westminster, was originally a royal gift for the special use of the Judges of Westminster, and was frequented by the members of the Royal Household. In 1840, it was much injured by a fire, which originated in the adjoining mansion of Mr. Hoare; and the altar-piece, then nearly destroyed, was one of the finest specimens of ancient oak-carving in England. Here have officiated the venerable Romaine, Gunn, Basil Woodd, Wilcox, and Shepherd: the latter for fifty years held the chaplaincy, with the lectureship of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. St. Peter's was, about a hundred and fifty years ago, the chapel of the Spanish Embassy; and here preached Antonio Gavin, a secular priest, who having been converted from Popery to the Church of England, was licensed to officiate in this chapel in the Spanish language, by Dr. Robinson, the Bishop of London; and sermons in Spanish preached here by Gavin were published.—*Gent. Mag.*, Feb. 1827.

ST. PETER'S (formerly OXFORD) CHAPEL, Vere-street, Oxford-street, designed by Gibbs, was built about 1724, and was once considered the most beautiful edifice of its class in the metropolis. It has a Doric portico and a three-storied steeple. The Duke of Portland was married at this chapel in 1734. The Rev. F. D. Maurice is the incumbent. "This is a Government church: the Government collects and reserves the pew-rents, and pays 450*l.* to the incumbent. No free seats, no poor, and no district. The offertory alms are paid to the rector of All Souls, Langham-place."—*Mackeson's Churches*.



**ST. PHILIP'S CHAPEL**, Regent-street, midway between Waterloo-place and Piccadilly, was built by Repton, and consecrated in 1820. It has a tower copied from the Lantern of Demosthenes at Athens; and a Doric portico, with sacrificial emblems on the side porticos or wings.

**PORTLAND CHAPEL**, now **ST. PAUL'S**, in Great Portland-street, was built in 1776, on the site of a basin of the Marylebone Waterworks: it was the cause of many fatal accidents, and the scene of as many suicides; there is a view of the basin engraved by Chatelain. The chapel was not consecrated at the time of its erection; but Divine Service was performed in it until 1831, when the consecration was performed, and it was dedicated to St. Paul. At the Portland Hotel, north of the chapel, Captain Sir John Ross lodged after his return from the North Polar Expedition, in 1833.

**QUEBEC CHAPEL**, Quebec-street, Marylebone, was built in 1788, and is celebrated for its sweet-toned Organ and musical service. The interior of the chapel is described as "a large room with sash-windows."

**RAGGED CHURCH**.—In Brewer's-court, Wild-street, exists a ragged church with its affiliated institutions—a ragged school, ragged mothers' meeting, and ragged Sunday-school teachers. The congregation meet every Sunday. Their homes are in Lincoln-court, Wild-court, and other dreary bays, into which is washed up the refuse of a London population. Many of them have been for various terms in prison, or in penal servitude. In winter, every hearer receives a loaf of bread on retiring. Some hearers have no coats, some no shirts, and others ragged trousers. They are visited at their homes by the ministers of the Ragged Church during the week; and on Sunday about a hundred and fifty of them flock to the service and sermon at the church.

**ROLLS CHAPEL** is attached to the Rolls House, between 14 and 15, Chancery-lane, and was originally built of flints, with stone finishings, early in the seventeenth century. Pennant states that it was begun in 1617, and that Dr. Donne preached the consecration sermon. The large west window has some old stained glass, including the arms of Sir Robert Cecil and Sir Harbottle Grimston; and here are a large Organ, and presses in which the Records are kept. Among the monuments are: to Dr. John Young, Master of the Rolls (*temp.* Henry VIII.), a recumbent figure, in a long red gown and deep square cap, the face fine; above, in a recess, is a head of Christ, between two cherubim, in bold relief—this tomb is attributed to Torrigiano; to Lord Kinloss, Master of the Rolls to James I., reclining figure in a long furred robe, and before him a kneeling figure in armour, supposed his son, killed in a desperate duel with Sir Edward Sackville; also, kneeling figure in armour of Sir Richard Allington, his wife opposite, and three daughters on a tablet; and here lies Sir John Trevor, Master of the Rolls (d. 1717), and other Masters. Bishops Burnet, Atterbury, and Butler, were eloquent preachers at the Rolls'; and Butler's volume of fifteen sermons delivered here contains the germ of his great work, the *Analogy of Religion*. Rolls Chapel occupies the site of a house founded by Henry III. for converted Jews, and in 1377, annexed by Edward III. to the new office of Custos Rotulorum, or Keeper of the Rolls, who was his chaplain and preacher: in 1837 the estate was vested by Parliament in the Crown, the salary of the Master of the Rolls being fixed at 7000*l.* a year in lieu of fines and rents.

**TENISON'S CHAPEL**, between Nos. 172 and 174, east side of Regent-street, was founded by Archbishop Tenison, who, in 1700, conveyed to trustees (of whom Sir Isaac Newton was one) this chapel or tabernacle, to be employed as a public chapel or oratory for St. James's parish; at the same time giving 500*l.* to be laid out in the purchase of houses, lands, or ground-rents. Out of the revenues and the Archbishop's charity were to be provided two preachers for the chapel, and a reader "to say Divine Service every day throughout the year, morning and afternoon;" a clerk to officiate; and schoolmasters to teach without charge poor boys of the parish to read, write, cast accounts, and in five years to assist them in becoming apprentices. There are forty boys on the foundation; non-foundationers pay 12*s.* 6*d.* per quarter: the school is at No. 172, Regent-street. The Archbishop of Canterbury for the time being is visitor of

this excellent charity. The chapel was erected in 1702, and was refronted in building Regent-street.

TRINITY CHAPEL, Conduit-street, now a neat brick edifice, was originally a small wooden room upon wheels, resembling a caravan. Evelyn describes it as "formerly built of timber on Hounslow-heath, by King James for the mass priests, and being begged by Dr. Tenison, rector of St. Martin's, was set up by that public-minded, charitable, and pious man." Pennant writes:—

"The history of Conduit-street Chapel, or Trinity Chapel, is very remarkable. It was originally built of wood by James II., for private mass, and was conveyed on wheels, attendant on its royal master's excursions, or when he attended his army. Among other places, it visited Hounslow-heath, where it continued some time after the Revolution. It was then removed and enlarged by the Rector of the parish of St. Martin's, and placed not far from the spot on which it now stands. Dr. Tenison, when Rector of St. Martin's, got permission of King William to rebuild it; so, after it had made as many journeys as the house of Loretto, it was by Tenison transmuted into a good building of brick, and has rested ever since on the present site."

TRINITY (HOLY) CHAPEL, Knightsbridge, was formerly attached to a Hospital belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. There is, in the British Museum, a grant of James I. providing a supply of spring water from Hyde Park, "by pipe of lead." It has always been traditionally told in Knightsbridge, that during the fatal year of the Plague, 1665, the Hospital was given up to plague patients; and it is also said that the inclosed spot on the Green was the burial-place of the victims. The chapel is of ancient foundation, and was rebuilt in 1699; the front was extended in 1789. Many of our readers may possibly remember the quaintly-inscribed stone slabs under the upper windows: one bearing the words, "Rebuite by Nicho. Birkhead, Gouldsmith, of London, Anno Dom. 1699;" and the other (the westernmost), "Capella Sanctæ Individuæ Trinitatis." It was frequently dignified with the name of church. In the list of ministers was the Rev. H. J. Symons, who read the burial service over Sir John Moore at Corunna. He gained the notice of the Duke of York in this pulpit, and quitted it for the Peninsula, with a regiment, to which he was chaplain. The chapel was noted for its irregular marriages; Shadwell, in his play of *The Sullen Lovers*, 1668, speaks of "a person at Knightsbridge, that yokes all stray people together;" and in the *Guardian*, No. 14, March 27, 1713, we read of a runaway marriage being celebrated "last night at Knightsbridge." Here Sir Samuel Morland married his fourth wife, who was recommended to him as an heiress, and Morland, being "distracted for want of moneys," was "led as a fool to the stocks, and married a coachman's daughter, not worth a shilling," and whose moral character proved to be none of the purest; but he got divorced from her. At Trinity Chapel, July 30, 1700, Robert Walpole was married to Katharine Shorter, daughter of a Lord Mayor, and mother of Horace Walpole. (See extracts from the Registers, in *Memorials of Knightsbridge*, pp. 51-92.) The chapel has been rebuilt; Brandon and Eyton, architects. Its roof is entirely new in its construction, introducing an entire range of clerestory lights on each side, to compensate for the want of lights in the side walls; the building being adjoined, on each side, by ordinary houses.

YORK-STREET CHAPEL, on the north side of St. James's-square, is a chapel-of-ease to St. James's. In 1815, it was occupied by Swedenborgians. It was originally the chapel of the Spanish Embassy (then at the present No. 7, St. James's-square); and the "Tower of Castile," the arms of Spain, appears on the parapet of the front.

#### FOREIGN PROTESTANT CHURCHES.

DUTCH CHURCH, Austin Friars. *The German, Dutch, or Flemish Branch* was at first composed of the Polish exile Jean à Lasco, and the members of his church at Embden in East Friesland. To these German Protestants were united the Dutch and Flemish refugees; they are all included in the Charter of Edward VI., as forming one sole nation, *Germanorum*; and the church was subsequently known as the Flemish Church. The "Temple du Seigneur Jésus," in Austin Friars, is occupied by the members of the Dutch Church: on its painted windows is inscribed, "Templum Jesu, 1550." It originally belonged to the House of Augustine Friars, founded by Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex; it had "a most fine-spired steeple,



small, high, and straight." Henry VIII., at the Dissolution, gave away the house and grounds, but reserved the church, which his son, Edward VI., gave to the Dutch or German nation (1550) "to have their service in, for avoiding of all sects of Anabaptists, and such like." From that time to this it has continued to that use. The church contains some very good Decorated windows. Strype says :—

"On the west end, over the skreen, is a fair library, inscribed thus: 'Ecclesiam Londino-Belgiam Bibliotheca, extructa sumptibus Marise Dubois, 1650.' In this library are divers valuable MSS., and letters of Calvin, Peter Martyr, and others, foreign Reformers." The books have been presented to the Library of the Corporation, at Guildhall.

On July 24, 1850, the tercentenary of the Royal Charter of Edward VI. was solemnly commemorated in this church by a special service, as also in the French Protestant Church in St. Martin's-le-Grand; and the members of the consistories of both churches dined together in the evening, and drank "To the memory of the pious King Edward VI."

The present church is the Nave only of the original building, which was granted by Edward VI. to the strangers in London. This contained, also, north and south transepts, choir, chapels of St. John and St. Thomas, chapter-house, cloisters, &c., and there was a remarkable spire, or *flèche*, at the intersection of the cross, all of which were destroyed by the Marquis of Winchester, to whom they had been granted at the Reformation. The church was founded upwards of 600 years ago—namely, in 1253, as an inscription over its western entrance indicates; but the Nave was erected a century later. "It is," wrote Mr. Gilbert Scott, the architect, "a noble model of a preaching nave, for which purpose it was no doubt specially intended, being of great size and of unusual openness." It is upwards of 150 feet by 80 feet internally, supported by light and lofty pillars, sustaining eighteen arches, and lighted by large and numerous windows with flowing tracery. It is, in fact, a perfect model of what is most practically useful in the nave of a church." In November, 1862, the roofs of the nave and north aisle were almost wholly destroyed by fire, when it was proposed to take down the edifice and erect a small chapel on its site. Mr. Scott, however, showed that the walls and internal stonework could be easily restored, and this has been effected. The roof, which is now of wood, and open and elegant in design, substituting an unsightly flat ceiling, is supported on twenty graceful columns, with arches springing from each pillar, and towards the east end there are six dormers in it, three on each side to light up the chancel. The church consists now, as before, of a lofty nave and two side aisles. Its interior is 136 feet in length, by 80 feet; the nave is 50 feet high, and each of the side aisles 37 feet. Besides the main or western door, there is a porch at the south side of the building. In addition to the dormers in the roof, the fabric is lighted by eighteen windows, with flowing tracery, including the western window, which, next to that of Westminster-hall, is said to be the largest of any building in London. The tracery in twelve of the windows, which had been wholly destroyed by time and the fire together, is restored in Portland stone. The prevailing style of architecture throughout the edifice is pure Gothic. The new Organ, by Hill and Sons, has a magnificent effect in this lofty and almost cathedral edifice.

FRENCH.—There are in London two branches of the Church of Foreign Protestants founded by Charter of Edward VI., July 24, 1550. The *French Branch* was at first exclusively composed of the refugees who quitted France before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.\* They first assembled with their German and Dutch brethren in the "Temple du Seigneur Jésus" in Austin Friars; but their number having greatly increased, they subsequently met for public worship in the chapel of St. Mary, dependent on the Hospital of St. Antony, in Threadneedle-street, and belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Windsor. This chapel was taken down in 1841, consequent on the fire which destroyed the Royal Exchange; the congregation having retained almost uninterrupted possession of the site for nearly three centuries. The first church was destroyed in the Great Fire of London, but was speedily rebuilt. The congregation next removed to a new church in *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, nearly opposite the General Post-office: this church, designed by Owen, and opened in 1842, is a tasteful

\* The number of French Protestants who took refuge in England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes is estimated at 80,000. Of these, 13,000 settled in London, in the districts of Long Acre, Seven Dials, Soho, and Spitalfields. At least one-third of these refugees joined the French Church in the years 1686, 1687, and 1688.—*Manifesto*, 1850.

specimen of Gothic, and has a large east window with *flamboyant* tracery, flanked by lofty turrets. We may here mention that about a third of the Nantes refugees met in the first church. James II. gave permission for another French church to be founded in London; in 1688 was opened the *Temple de l'Hôpital*, in Spitalfields, afterwards the *Eglise Neuve*.

During succeeding reigns, there were established in London alone no less than twenty-two foreign congregations, some of which adopted the Anglican rite, while others preserved the discipline of the Reformed Church of France. In a sermon, preached in the French Church of the Artillery in Spitalfields, in 1782, the preacher lamented that, out of twenty flourishing churches which existed on his arrival, nine had been closed, and others were declining; while M. Baup, in 1841, mourned that, of these eleven, three only remained. "As our two sisters, the *Eglise des Grecs* and that of the *Quarré*, have adopted the Anglican rite, we remain the only representatives in London of the Reformed French churches; while we are also alone, among all the foreign churches in this kingdom, in having, in common with the Dutch Church, preserved our rights to the charter of Edward VI."

LA SAVOY, Bloomsbury-street, was designed by Ambrose Poynter, and built for the congregation first established in the Savoy: it is in the Gothic style, and has a Pointed gable, and a large Decorated eastern window.

"In the year 1646, the French Protestant refugees commenced their church services in Pembroke House, near Whitehall. In 1660, the congregation had increased to 2000, with two ministers. Charles II. granted them the use of the Savoy Chapel, in the Strand: they adopted the ritual of the English Church, and received letters-patent from the King, under the title of the French Protestant Episcopal Chapel of the Savoy. The congregation increased so rapidly that, in less than twenty years, there were three separate churches—the Savoy, the Greek Church in Soho, and a church in Spring Gardens. In 1733, the Savoy Chapel was abandoned for want of funds to repair it; and in 1700, the congregation only possessed the Greek Church, in Soho, and after being transferred to a building in Edward-street, Soho, they built the above church in Bloomsbury-street, which was consecrated under the name of St. John, by the Bishop of London, on 22nd of December, 1845. The Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Church was celebrated on the 14th July, 1801."—*Mackeson's Churches*.

SWISS.—There were considerable numbers of Swiss in this country previously to the Rebellion of 1745, when George II. availed himself of the offer of the Swiss to furnish him with a regiment; the monarch acknowledged this devotion by presenting them with a standard, bearing this inscription:—

"These colours were presented by King George the Second to the Swiss residents in this country, as a mark of the sense which his Majesty was graciously pleased to entertain of the offer made by them of a battalion of 500 men towards the defence of the kingdom on the occasion of the Rebellion" (Scottish, 1745).

About 1722, the Swiss, with the approval of George I., granted the ground for building a church near Charing Cross, but they were not sufficiently numerous to raise the funds. But, in 1762, the Swiss having increased in numbers, a congregation of Protestant worshippers met in Castle-street, Holborn, in a building styled the *Eglise Helvétique*. One of the principal promoters of this church was M. François Justin Vulliamy, a native of Berne, who had settled in London, and became the founder of the house of Vulliamy, in Pall Mall, clockmakers; there is in the *Eglise Suisse* a clock given to the church by François Vulliamy, above named. On the 27th of June, 1762, M. Buignon preached the inauguration sermon from the text, "It is good for us to be here." The little chapel in Castle-street was so crowded that there was not standing-room. It was a neat building, and cost little more than 1000*l*. Before the expiry of the lease of the church in Castle-street, in 1770, to endeavour to raise subscriptions and build on lease another church, appeals were made to the Swiss in London, and to all who felt any interest in Switzerland. One curious answer was made to this appeal—the present of a "lottery ticket, No. 2110," by a M. des Barres, as his "voluntary subscription to the building of the chapel;" it is presumed to have turned up a blank. The royal family were memorialized, and a petition in French presented to George III. to aid the fund, but without effect. However, on the 22nd of March, 1775, was laid the first stone of the *Eglise Helvétique*, in Moor-street, Seven Dials. In this church Protestant service was conducted in the French language till 1855. The Prince of Orange, while an exile in England, owing to the troubles arising out of the French Revolution, was a frequent attendant; and the Swiss congregation subsequently numbered among its occasional worshippers the Princess Charlotte, the daughter of George IV. A tablet which is placed in the present *Eglise Suisse* explains the interest which her Royal Highness took in the minister and his flock. The former, Alexandre Sterky, who was born in the Canton de Vaud, in 1767, and died in London in 1838, had been French tutor to the Princess. He was the minister of the church for forty-six years. The present church, the *Eglise Suisse*, Endell-street, was opened in 1855. There are



some three hundred attendants, about two-thirds of whom are Swiss, or of Swiss origin. The entire service is conducted in French. The singing at the *Eglise Suisse* is accompanied by an Organ and the whole congregation. Here are preserved the colours presented by George II.

#### DISSENTERS' CHAPELS.

**ALBION CHAPEL**, Moorgate-street, next to 116, London Wall, designed by Jay, has a pleasing diastyle Ionic portico. It belongs to a United Presbyterian congregation.

**BAPTIST CHAPEL**, Little Wild-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields: here is annually preached a sermon in commemoration of the Great Storm, Nov. 26, 1703. The preacher in 1846, the Rev. C. Woollacott, in describing the damage by the Storm, stated:—

"In London alone, more than 800 houses were laid in ruins, and 2000 stacks of chimneys thrown down. In the country upwards of 400 windmills were either blown down or took fire, by the violence with which their sails were driven round by the wind. In the New Forest, 4000 trees were blown down, and more than 19,000 in the same state were counted in the county of Kent. On the sea the ravages of this frightful storm were yet more distressing: 15 ships of the Royal Navy, and more than 300 merchant vessels, were lost, with upwards of 6000 British seamen. The Eddystone Lighthouse, with its ingenious architect, Mr. Winstanley, was totally destroyed. The Bishop of Bath and Wells and his lady were killed by the falling of their palace. The sister of the Bishop of London, and many others, lost their lives."

This annual custom has been observed upwards of a century. The chapel is built upon the site of Weld House and gardens, the mansion of the son of Sir Humphrey Weld, Lord Mayor of London in 1608. It was subsequently let: Ronquillo, the Spanish ambassador, lived here in the time of Charles II. and James II.: and in the anti-Popish riots of the latter reign the house was sacked by the mob, and the ambassador compelled to make his escape at a back door.

**BAPTIST CHAPEL**, on the west-side of Bloomsbury-street, was designed by Gibson, and opened Dec. 2, 1848: it is in elegant Lombardic style; the central portion has a gable pediment, large wheel-window, flanked by two lofty spires, and is very picturesque. It was built by Sir Morton Peto, at the expense of 12,000*l.*, and will hold from 1500 to 2000 persons. South is the French Protestants' Gothic Chapel; and the tasteless pile to the north is Bedford Chapel. The sole condition which Sir Morton Peto imposed upon the Baptist congregation was that they should repay, at their convenience, one-third of the expense, which he, on his part, undertook should be laid out in opening another chapel for the denomination in some other part of the town. Sir Morton Peto subsequently purchased the building formerly known as the "Diorama," in the Regent's-park, and had it converted at his expense into a chapel for the Baptist denomination, by extensive alterations. The roof, for instance, which was a forest of complicated timbers, depended in a great measure for support upon framed partitions extending across the building in different directions. All these had of necessity to be removed, and a wrought-iron girder, 84 feet span, was substituted. Upon this girder, directly or indirectly, the whole roof is now supported, leaving the area of the chapel unobstructed. The style of architecture adopted is the Byzantine.

Among the houses taken down near Bloomsbury-street, and towards the centre of what is now New Oxford-street, stood the Hare and Hounds public-house, a noted resort of the Londoners of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: till the reign of Charles II. it bore the sign of the Beggar's Bush, when the name was changed, owing to a hunted hare having been caught there, and cooked and eaten in the house.

**BAPTIST CHAPEL**, THE, Notting Dale, built in 1863, is a curiosity in its way. It is a slip (eleven bays) of one of the annexes of the International Exhibition Building, 1862, reconstructed by Mr. Owen Jones, who has made the interior quite gay by the application of his favourite red, white, and blue to the well-remembered old roof timbers, and with greys and yellows and pretty classical borderings round walls and windows, brought the whole into harmony, at a trifling expenditure on common distemper colour and stencil patterns.—*Companion to the Almanac*, 1864.

**CALEDONIAN CHAPEL**, Cross-street, Hatton Garden, was the chapel at which the Rev. Edward Irving first preached in the metropolis.

"Irving's London reputation was made by Canning. Irving removed to London in the year 1822, being then thirty years of age. He came at the invitation of the Caledonian Chapel in Hatton Garden,

where a small sprinkling of Scotch assembled together. Among these was Sir James Mackintosh, who was especially delighted with one phrase which Irving let fall when he spoke of orphans cast upon 'the fatherhood of God.' One night, in the House of Commons, he reported the phrase to Canning. The latter was anxious to hear the tartan, and both he and Mackintosh went the following Sunday to the Caledonian Chapel. A few nights afterwards, from the Treasury bench, Canning had to rise, and to make some remarks on clerical affairs. In the course of his speech he referred to the sermon which he heard from Irving's lips as the most eloquent that he had ever listened to. That speech was the making of Irving. All the fashion of London flocked to him. His chapel was crowded to overflowing. His powers grew as encouragement increased, and he rose into notoriety as the greatest pulpit orator of the day.<sup>15</sup>—*Life of Irving*, by Mrs. Oliphant.

CANONBURY CHAPEL, St. Paul's-road, Islington, was built for a congregation of Evangelical Nonconformists; Habershon, architect. The height of the building to the apex of gables is 57 feet; the interior height to lantern, 60 feet; the span of the roof is 66 feet. There are transverse arches at the four transepts, and three large windows and eight clerestory windows.

The London Congregational Chapel Building Society has stated that "The large and rapidly increasing district of Islington has a population of about 110,000, with church and chapel accommodation for less than 30,000; that is, for little more than one-fourth of the population. That the present number of inhabitants is about twice as great as it was fifteen years ago, and, during that period, very little has been done by all religious bodies for providing increased accommodation for public worship. Only one additional chapel has been erected by the Congregationalists for an additional population of about 55,000 persons."

CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH, Gordon-square, was commenced in the year 1853, for the community who take this title. It was designed by Raphael Brandon, and consists of Chancel (with an eastern chapel, occupying the usual position of a Lady chapel), north chancel aisle (provision is made for a south aisle at some future period), north and south transepts, with lantern at intersection, Nave and aisles. The height from the floor of nave to the ridge is 90 feet. The carving in the chapel is exceedingly well done, especially that in the arches of the last three divisions on the south side of the arcade which encompasses the walls. The Chancel has a stone groined roof, with some excellent carving in the bosses. As an adaptation of the Early English style, this church must be considered one of the most successful modern works.

CONGREGATIONAL NONCONFORMIST CHURCH, Kentish Town, designed by Hodge and Butler, and opened in 1848, is in the Ecclesiastical style of the fifteenth century, and has several richly-traceried windows filled with stained glass, including a splendid wheel-window, 15 feet diameter.

ESSEX-STREET CHAPEL, Strand, the head-quarters of the Unitarians of the metropolis, is built upon part of the site of Essex House, taken down in 1774. In a portion of it was kept the Cottonian Library from 1712 to 1730; one of its large apartments was let to Paterson, the auctioneer, and was next hired by the patrons of Mr. Lindsey and Dr. Disney (Unitarians), to preach in. In 1805, on the death of Dr. Disney, Mr. Thomas Belsham removed to Essex-street Chapel from the Gravel-pit congregation at Hackney, where he had succeeded Dr. Priestley. At Essex-street, Belsham continued pastor during the rest of his life, acquiring great popularity by his eloquent and argumentative preaching; he died in 1829, aged 80, and was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Madge.

HORBURY CHAPEL, Kensington-Park-road, Notting-hill, was built by subscription of the Independent denomination, and opened Sept. 13, 1849. The design, by Tarring, is transition from Early English to Decorated, with a pair of towers and spires; the principal windows are filled with stained glass.

INDEPENDENT CHAPEL, Robinson's-row, Kingsland, was built about 1792: here the Rev. John Campbell, the benevolent South-African missionary, was thirty-seven years minister, and is buried; and a monument to his memory has been erected by his flock.

JEWIN-STREET CHAPEL, Aldersgate-street, was built in 1808, for a congregation of English Presbyterians, who removed thither from Meeting-House-court, Old Jewry. Among the eminent pastors were the eloquent John Herries; Dr. Price, F.R.S., the writer on finance; and Dr. Abraham Rees, editor of the *Cyclopædia* with his name.

MORAVIAN CHAPEL, Fetter-lane, is the only place of worship belonging to the



Moravians (United Brethren) in London, by whom it was purchased in 1738, on their settling in England. The interior is remarkably plain, and bespeaks the simple character of its occupants; there is a small organ, for they have church music and singing; there are no pews, but seats for males and females, apart. The chapel is capacious, but the auditory does not exceed from 200 to 300 persons: the support is voluntary. There is a burial-ground for the members, with a small chapel, at Lower Chelsea, near the Clock-house. At Chelsea, in June, 1760, died Count Zinzendorf, who first introduced the Moravians into this country. The chapel in Fetter-lane lies in the rear of the houses, one of the entrances to it being through No. 32: it was possibly so built for privacy. It escaped the Great Fire of 1666, and was originally occupied by Nonconformists. Turner, who was its first minister, was very active during the Great Plague; and having been ejected from Sunbury, he continued to preach in Fetter-lane till towards the close of the reign of Charles II. Here also Baxter, the eminent Nonconformist divine, preached after the Indulgence granted in 1672; and he held the Friday-morning lectureship until August, 1682.

NATIONAL SCOTCH CHURCH, Crown-court, Little Russell-street, Covent Garden, has a cement Norman façade, with the staircases effective outside features. The minister is the Rev. Dr. Cumming, who preached before Queen Victoria, at Crathie, Balmoral, Sept. 22, 1850; and who ably controverted the claims of Dr. Wiseman the same year.

OLD GRAVEL-PIT MEETING-HOUSE, Hackney, was built in 1715: here Dr. Price, F.R.S., and Dr. Priestley were ministers; next Mr. Belsham, the congregation being Anti-Trinitarians; succeeded by the Rev. Robert Aspland, who remained here till the erection of the New Gravel-pit Meeting-house, "Sacred to one God the Father," in Paradise-fields.

OXENDON CHAPEL, Haymarket, was built about 1675, by Richard Baxter, the Nonconformist divine, in Oxendon-street, on the west side, at the back of the garden-wall of the house of Mr. Secretary Coventry, from whom Coventry-street derives its name. Baxter's principles were so little to the liking of Secretary Coventry, that he instigated the guards of Charles II. to come under the windows and flourish their trumpets and beat their drums whenever Richard preached. Finding that not a word he said could be heard, and that remonstrating with these gentry was dangerous, Baxter sought to dispose of the building. Dr. Lloyd, rector of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, kindly introduced the affair to the vestry of St. Martin's. By his mediation poor Baxter obtained the handsome rental of 40*l.* per annum for the building from the vestry, and it was forthwith consecrated as a "Tabernacle" to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Oxendon Chapel now belongs to the Scotch Secession.

PRESBYTERIAN DISSENTERS' CHAPEL, Mare-street, Hackney, was established early in the seventeenth century: here Philip Nye and Adoniram Byfield, two eminent Puritan divines, preached in 1636; and Dr. W. Bates and Matthew Henry were pastors late in the seventeenth century. The old meeting-house has been taken down, and a new one built opposite, and occupied by Independents.

PRESBYTERIAN MEETING-HOUSE, Newington-green, established soon after the Restoration, was rebuilt about 1708: in the list of ministers are Richard Biscoe, Hugh Worthington, M.A., John Hoyle, Dr. Richard Price, F.R.S., Dr. Amory, Dr. Towers, Mr. Lindsey, Dr. Isaac Maddox (afterwards Bishop of Worcester), Thomas Rees; and Mr. Barbauld, husband of the authoress.

PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, Little Titchfield-street, Marylebone, was built by a congregation of Independents for Huntington, S.S. ("the Coal-heaver," as he called himself), upon his credit with "the Bank of Faith," when he quitted Margaret Chapel: when it was finished, "I was in arrears," says Huntington, "for 100*l.*, so that I had plenty of work for faith, if I could but get plenty of faith to work; and while some deny a Providence, Providence was the only supply I had." This chapel was burnt down, with seven houses adjoining, July 13, 1810, and the site became a timber-yard.

PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, on the east side of Gray's-Inn-lane, nearly opposite Guilford-

street, was built for Huntington, S.S., by his flock, after the destruction of the Titchfield-street Chapel: this second edifice he named from the pulpit for these reasons: that "unless God provided men to work, and money to pay them, and materials to work with, no chapel could be erected; and if He provided all these, Providence must be its name." The chapel was, accordingly, built in Gray's-Inn-lane, and upon a larger scale than the last; it was made over to him as his own, and bequeathed in his will to his widow, who, however, resigned it to the congregation. It was subsequently altered and opened as an Episcopal Chapel, the Rev. T. Mortimer, B.D., minister.

REGENT-SQUARE CHAPEL, Gray's-inn-road, was built for the Rev. Edward Irving, in 1824-5, W. Tite, the architect, adapting the west front from York Cathedral: the twin towers are 120 feet in height. Here the "unknown tongues" attracted large and fashionable congregations.

When the charm of novelty was worn off, the chapel in Cross-street, Hatton Garden, was still insufficient for Mr. Irving's congregation, and they resolved on the erection of another chapel of larger dimensions. For this purpose 7000*l.* was in a short time subscribed, and a piece of ground purchased on the south side of Sidmouth-street, Brunswick-square, for the sum of 1800*l.* The Duke of Clarence had undertaken to lay the foundation-stone, but was prevented by illness, and it devolved upon the Earl of Breadalbane. "I undertook to open Irving's new church in London," says Dr. Chalmers. "The congregation, in their eagerness to obtain seats, had already been assembled three hours. Irving said he would assist me by reading a chapter for me. He chose the longest in the Bible, and went on for an hour and a half. On another occasion he offered me the same aid, adding, 'I can be short.' I said, 'How long will it take you?' 'Only an hour and forty minutes.'" Still Irving drew the crowds. "The excitement which Irving created in London held the throngs together for hours. They were first assembled for hours before he made his appearance, and then they listened to his lofty discourse for hours more. His sermon for the London Missionary Society was three hours long, and he had to take rest twice in the middle of it, asking the congregation each time to sing a hymn."

SCOTCH CHURCH, THE, Swallow-street, Piccadilly, was originally a French Protestant Chapel, founded in the year 1692: it was purchased by James Anderson, and converted into a Presbyterian Meeting-house; and in the *Treasury Crown Lease Book* (No. 1, p. 71) will be found a letter from the Surveyor-General, dated 1729, giving a history of the foundation of this church, and Anderson's petition for a lease, which was granted by the Lords of the Treasury; but the chapel being much out of repair, and the congregation poor, the fine was remitted; the building was then valued at 20*l.* The above document is printed in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S., No. 3. The chapel has been rebuilt of red brick, with a low spire.

SOUTH-PLACE CHAPEL, Finsbury, is of Ionic design, and was built for a Unitarian congregation, under the ministry of Mr. W. J. Fox, the eloquent M.P. for Oldham.

SPA-FIELDS CHAPEL, Exmouth-street, Spa-fields, though consecrated for "Lady Huntingdon's Connexion," nearly 80 years since, was originally built for, and opened as, a place of public amusement, called the Pantheon, in 1770, in imitation of the Pantheon in Oxford-road. The Spa-fields building is circular in plan, and had a statue of Fame on the top. The interior had galleries entirely round the whole; and in the centre was a curious stove, with fire-places all round, from which the smoke was carried off without any chimney, and the building was warmed in the severest weather. There were also a garden, with shrubs and fruit trees, and boxes and tea-rooms for company. Upon the same site was previously the "Ducking Pond House," with a fine view of Hampstead, Highgate, and the adjacent country. The Pantheon lost its character, and was closed in 1776. The pious Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, then proposed to convert the place into a chapel, but was discouraged by Toplady. It was then fitted up, and opened upon Evangelical principles, as Northampton Chapel, and became very popular. In 1779 it was opened "in the Connexion of the Countess of Huntingdon." In 1780, it narrowly escaped being pulled down by the Rioters. The congregation became wealthy and influential: the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, often attended here; the pulpit was for many years supplied with ministers from Cheshunt College. The chapel will hold 2000 persons, and is lighted by a monster ring of gas-jets. Large schools are attached to the chapel. In the large house adjoining, formerly the tea-rooms of the Pantheon, Lady Huntingdon resided twelve years, and here she died in 1791, in her 84th year. She had expended 100,000*l.* in works of charity: she had founded, wholly or in part, 64 chapels in her connexion. The extensive plot of ground in the rear of Spa-fields Chapel became, soon after its opening, a



burial-place for Nonconformists and others. It contains 42,640 square feet, and would decently inter 1361 adult bodies; yet within 50 years 80,000 bodies were deposited here, averaging 1500 per annum. To make room, bones and bodies were burnt for upwards of a quarter of a century, to the constant annoyance of the neighbourhood; until, in 1845, the lessees of the ground were indicted, and the pestilential nuisance stopped. This agitation brought about the Abolition of Burials in Towns. (See *Pinks's History of Clerkenwell*, 1865, pp. 141-151.) The old chapel was noted for the four lofty pillars which supported the roof, they having been presented for the purpose by the States-General of Holland in 1764; and being, consequently, a memorial of the friendly intercourse then subsisting between the English Nonconformists and the Dutch.

STEPNEY MEETING, THE, erected for Congregationalists in 1863, in place of one of the oldest Independent chapels about London, is of Second Pointed Gothic, and of hammered stone in irregular courses, with Bath stone dressings: it has a stone spire, 150 feet high, with clustered pinnacles at the base; and a wheel window with graceful tracery, and filled with stained glass. The roof is high-pitched, curved, and panelled: cost 10,000*l.*; architects, Searle, Son, and Yelf.

SURREY CHAPEL, corner of Little Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road, is of octagonal form, and was built in 1783, for a congregation of Calvinistic Dissenters, the Rev. Rowland Hill, pastor, who preached here in the winter season for nearly 50 years: he had a house adjoining, where he died, aged 88, in 1833, and was buried in a vault under the chapel. Adjacent, in Hill-street, are Almshouses for 24 poor widows, built and maintained by the Surrey Chapel congregation.

SWEDENBORG CHURCH, Argyle-square, King's-cross, was opened Aug. 11, 1844, for the followers of Swedenborg, whither they removed from a small chapel in the City, built about forty years previously. The new church is in the Anglo-Norman style, Hopkins, architect, with two towers and spires, 70 feet high, each terminating with a bronze cross; the intervening gable has a stone cross, and a wheel window over a deeply-recessed doorway. The interior has a finely-vaulted roof; the altar arrangements are peculiar; and there is an Organ and choir. The founder of the sect of Swedenborgians, the learned Baron Swedenborg, who died in 1772, is buried in the Swedish Church, Prince's-square, Ratcliffe Highway.

TABERNACLE, THE, in Moorfields, was built in 1752; previously to which, in 1741, shortly after Whitefield's separation from Wesley, some Calvinistic Dissenters raised for Whitefield a large shed near the Foundry, in Moorfields, upon a piece of ground lent for the purpose, until he should return from America. From the temporary nature of the structure it was named, in allusion to the tabernacles of the Israelites in the Wilderness; and the name became the designation of the chapels of the Calvinistic Methodists generally. Whitefield's first pulpit here is said to have been a grocer's sugar-hogshead, an eccentricity not improbable. In 1752, the wooden building was taken down, the site was leased by the City of London, and the present chapel was built, with a lantern roof: it is now occupied by Independents, and will hold about 4000 persons. This chapel was the cradle of Methodism; the preaching-places had hitherto been Moorfields, Marylebone-fields, and Kennington-common. Silas Todd describes the Tabernacle in Moorfields as "a ruinous place, with an old pantile covering, a few rough deal boards put together to constitute a temporary pulpit, and several other decayed timbers, which composed the whole structure." John Wesley preached here (the Foundry, as it was called), at five in the morning and seven in the evening. The men and women sat apart; and there were no pews, or difference of benches, or appointed place for any person. At this chapel the first Methodist Society was formed in 1740.

TABERNACLE, METROPOLITAN, was built for Mr. Spurgeon, upon part of the site of the Fishmongers' Company's Almshouses, at Newington, in 1861. The exterior has a large hexastyle Corinthian portico, and four angle turrets; the interior is remarkable for its great size, luminousness—it being lighted both from roof and windows—and unecclesiastical appearance: it was modelled from the Surrey Music-hall, in which Mr.

Spurgeon for some time carried on his ministration. The ceiling and galleries are supported by thin iron columns, of salmon colour, with gilt capitals; the florid gallery fronts are white and gold. Instead of a pulpit there are two raised platforms with balconies; from the upper one the minister, with his church officers sitting around him, preaches and conducts the service. The chapel will hold 6500.

TRINITY INDEPENDENTS' CHAPEL, East India-road, Poplar, was erected in 1840-1, by Hosking, at the expense of Mr. George Green, the wealthy shipbuilder of Blackwall, principally for shipwrights in his employ, and for inducing the seamen in the neighbourhood to attend Divine worship. The chapel has a Greek Corinthian portico, and façade with enrichments of shells, dolphins, and foliage; and a classic bell-tower, the summit 80 feet high. The interior has a Keene's-cement pulpit, highly decorated; and a powerful Organ by Walker, in a Grecian architectural case.

UNITED PRESBYTERIANS.—Three or four noteworthy churches were built in 1863. Park Church, Highbury New Park, Habershon, architect, is a modification of the Anglo-Italian of Hawksmoor's time, and has a tower with pinnacled spire. At Clapham, a Presbyterian church has been erected, its chief feature being a lofty Corinthian portico. Another at Shaftesbury-place, Kensington, J. M. McCulloch, architect, is Second Pointed Gothic, with short transepts, a tower with spire, and a large five-light traceried window.

UNITY CHURCH, Islington, T. C. Clarke, architect, was completed in 1862, for the congregation formerly meeting in Carter-lane, City, and is remarkable for its strictly ecclesiastical character. It is cruciform, has a broad Nave with narrow aisles, and a shallow semi-octagonal chancel; a handsome tower with double buttresses, cornice, gurgoyles, &c., and a spire 120 feet high. The principal entrance, in Upper-street, is Second Pointed in style, but Italianized: the window-heads have elaborate tracery, and in the tympanum of the entrance is a relieve of Christ's Charge to Peter. The interior has much good carving, some polychromy; stone pulpit, with shafts and inlay of coloured marbles and alabaster, with reliefs on the panels; large stained-glass windows; and the organ treated as part of the design. The building has a curiously orthodox appearance, considering for whose use it has been constructed: it cost upwards of 10,000*l*.

WEIGH-HOUSE CHAPEL, Fish-street-hill, is named from the Weigh-house of which it occupied the site, whereon formerly stood the church of St. Andrew Hubbard, before the Great Fire. The chapel, which belonged to the Independent connexion, was rebuilt about thirty years ago upon a small freehold plot, which cost 7000*l*., but which was sold, in 1866, to a Railway Company for 95,000*l*., besides compensation to the minister of the chapel, the Rev. Thomas Binney. William Hone, who was persuaded by his Independent friends to try his talent as a preacher, appeared frequently in the pulpit at Weigh-house Chapel, where, in 1835, he was struck by paralysis.

WESLEYAN CHAPEL, City-road, was built in 1778, upon ground leased by the City: thither John Wesley removed from the Foundry in Moorfields, the lease of which had expired; and thenceforth the City-road Chapel became the headquarters of the Society of Methodists. Wesley laid the first stone, in which his name and the date were inserted upon a plate of brass: "This was laid by John Wesley, on April 1, 1777." "Probably," says he, "this will be seen no more by any human eye, but will remain there till the earth and the works thereof are burnt up." John Wesley, who died March 2, 1791, aged 88, was buried here in a vault which he had prepared for himself, and for those itinerant preachers who might die in London.

"During his last illness, Wesley said, 'Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen; and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel.' This was done, according to his will, by six poor men, each of whom had 20*s*.; 'for I particularly desire,' said he, 'that there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, except the tears of them that love me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom.' On the day preceding the interment, Wesley's body lay in the chapel, in a kind of state becoming the person, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band, the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. The face was placid, and the expression which death had fixed upon his venerable features was that of a serene and heavenly smile. The crowds who flocked to see him were so great, that it was thought prudent, for fear of accidents, to accelerate



the funeral, and perform it between five and six in the morning. The intelligence, however, could not be kept entirely secret, and several hundred persons attended at that unusual hour."—*Southey's Life of Wesley*, 3rd edit. vol. ii. p. 403.

WESLEYAN CHAPEL, Kentish Town, is of ecclesiastical character: it is built of stone, has a handsome west window of seven lights, with good tracery; and a tower with a tall stone spire. It has an open-timber roof, and apsidal termination, which serves as an organ-loft, not chancel; in front is the pulpit, large enough to contain three or four ministers; architect, J. Tarring.

WESLEYAN CHAPEL, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, built in 1811, has a tasteful façade, added by Jenkins in 1841, consisting of a small Ionic tetrastyle forming a portico, crowned by a pediment; above is a Venetian triple window, and a handsome cornice. The front is executed in beautiful Talacre stone from North Wales, and is the earliest instance of its being employed in our metropolitan buildings.

WESLEYAN MODEL CHAPEL, East India-road, Poplar, named from its improved plan, was built in 1818, James Wilson, architect, by subscription, to which one person gave 500*l*. The style is Decorated, and the materials are Caen and rag stone. The windows are richly traceried; there are two turrets, each 80 feet high, and the building is finished with a pierced parapet, pinnacles, and roof-cresting.

WESLEYAN CHAPEL, at the angle of the Islington end of the Liverpool-road, is in the Decorated style: it has a turret on the front gable 76 feet in height, and the parapets are pierced with trefoils and quatrefoils. The principal windows have flowing tracery; and the interior, divided by arches and octangular columns, whence spring the roof timbers, is altogether of ecclesiastical character.

"The Wesleyans have now five or six edifices in London, clothed in the Gothic dress of various periods, and following the usual arrangements of a mediæval church, except having no tower and no extensive chancel, resembling in this respect the churches erected between the Reformation and the late abandonment of church design. The average capacity of these buildings is for 1300 persons. One, nearly facing St. John's, Clerkenwell, affects the complete Gothic above, and has a neat original front, but thin."—*Companion to the Almanac*, 1851.

WHITEFIELD'S TABERNACLE, Tottenham-court-road, was designed by the Rev. George Whitefield, and commenced building in 1756, upon a plot of ground near the Field of Forty Footsteps, and the Lavender Mills, Coyer's Gardens. It was first opened for public worship, Nov. 7, 1756. In 1759 or 1760 was added an octangular front, which gave it the appearance of two chapels; the addition being called "the Oven," and the chapel itself, "Whitefield's Soul-Trap." This enlargement is said to have been aided by Queen Caroline, consort of George II., who seeing a crowd at the door unable to obtain admission, observed it was a pity that so many good people should stand in the cold, and accordingly sent Whitefield a sum of money to enlarge the chapel; it was called "the Dissenters' Cathedral." When Whitefield preached there it was visited by many persons of rank and distinction. The Prince of Wales and his Royal brothers and sisters, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Halifax, Horace Walpole, David Hume, and David Garrick, are all reported to have been among Whitefield's hearers. The existing pulpit is the same from which Whitefield preached. In the vestry there is a good portrait of Whitefield, taken when he was young, and also a fine bust of him; with portraits of all the ministers since the commencement, viz., the Rev. George Whitefield, M.A.; the Rev. Josiah Joss, the Rev. Joel Abraham Knight, the Rev. Matthew Wilks, the Rev. John Hyatt; the Rev. John Campbell, D.D.; the Rev. Joseph Wilberforce Richardson; and the present minister, the Rev. James H. Boulding. Whitefield here preached his last sermon in England on the 2nd of September, 1769; he died on the 20th of September, 1770, at Boston, America. It had been agreed between Whitefield and Wesley that whichever of them died first, the survivor should preach the funeral sermon. Wesley preached Whitefield's funeral sermon in Tottenham-court-road Chapel, on the 30th of November in the above year. Another instance of a clergyman preaching his own funeral sermon occurred in this chapel on the 16th of August, 1787. This was the Rev. Henry Peckwell, D.D., the cause of whose death was a prick of his finger with a needle, at a *post-mortem* examination, when some of the putrid blood got into the wound, which caused mortification in a few days. At this time Dr. Peckwell was doing duty for the minister of

Tottenham-court-road Chapel. Being conscious of his approaching end, he ascended the pulpit with his arm in a sling, and preached, from St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, xiii. 7, 8, an affecting sermon, at the conclusion adding that this was his farewell sermon. "My hearers," he said, "shall long bear it in mind, when this frail earthly body shall be mouldering in its kindred dust." The congregation were unable to conjecture his meaning; but next Sunday morning, a strange minister ascended the pulpit and informed them that Dr. Peckwell had breathed his last on the evening before! The burial-ground which surrounds this chapel was made from the mould which was brought from the burial-ground of the church of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, in the City of London, when that church was taken down, in 1764, to enlarge the Bank of England, which now occupies the same site. By this cunning, it is stated, the consecration fees were saved. On Thursday, May 13, 1824, the Rev. Edward Irving here delivered in Whitefield Chapel his celebrated missionary oration of three hours and a half. In 1828, Whitefield's lease expired, and the chapel was closed until 1830, when it was purchased by trustees for 20,000*l.*, and altered at a great cost, the exterior being coated with stucco. It was well adapted for hearing, the octagonal portion serving as a kind of funnel or trumpet to the voice: it will seat from 7000 to 8000 persons. In 1834, an unhappy difference arose between the minister, the Rev. Dr. Campbell, and the trustees of Whitefield Chapel, which caused the chapel to be placed in Chancery: the trial respecting it occupied between three and four days. In 1857, the chapel was considerably damaged by fire. It was, however, repaired, and some years later it was sold to the London Congregational Chapel Building Society for 4700*l.* It has by them been almost rebuilt. The front has a portico and octagonal tower, with a dome. The interior is lighted from the dome by a star-light; and behind the pulpit is a fine Organ, built by J. Walker. Here are monuments to Whitefield, the founder; to Toplady, the zealous Calvinistic controversialist with John Wesley; and to John Bacon, the sculptor, who wrote his own epitaph, as follows:—

"What I was as an Artist  
Seemed to me of some importance while I lived;  
But what I really was as a Believer  
Is the only thing of importance to me now."

ZOAR CHAPEL, in Zoar-street, leading from Gravel-lane to Essex-street, Southwark, was the meeting-house in which the celebrated John Bunyan was allowed to preach, by favour of his friend, Dr. Thomas Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, to whom it belonged; and if only one day's notice was given, the place would not contain half the people that attended; 3000 persons have been gathered together there, and not less than 1200 on week-days and dark winter mornings at seven o'clock. There is a print of this chapel in Wilkinson's *Londina Illustrata*, and a woodcut vignette of it in Dr. Cheever's Memoir of Bunyan, prefixed to the *Pilgrim's Progress* (Bogue, 1858). The chapel was used as a wheelwright's shop prior to its being pulled down, when the pulpit in which Bunyan had preached was removed to the Methodist Chapel, Palaccyard, Lambeth. Another "true pulpit" is shown in Jewin-street Chapel, Aldersgate-street. Bunyan's Pulpit Bible was purchased by Mr. Whitbread, M.P., at the sale of the library of the Rev. S. Palmer, at Hackney, in 1813.

#### FRIENDS' OR QUAKERS' MEETING-HOUSES.

THERE are six Friends' Meeting-houses in the metropolis: 1. Devonshire House (Houndsditch); 2. Bishopsgate-street Without; 3. Peel (Peel-court, John-street, Smithfield); 4. Ratchliffe (Brook-street); 5. Southwark (Redcross-street); 6. Westminster (Peter's-court, St. Martin's-lane). The first established was that in White Hart-court, which was taken down in 1865.

"The *Yearly Meeting* of the Society of Friends is held in London, opening always on a Wednesday in the latter end of May, and continuing into the month of June, generally lasting about ten days or a fortnight. Of course it is the most important event in their religious system, the most interesting season in their year. To this great meeting the business of all their lesser meetings points, and is here consummated. To it delegates are sent from every quarter of the island; by it committees are appointed to receive appeals against the decisions of minor meetings, to carry every object which is deemed desirable, within their body or beyond it, into effect; by it Parliament is petitioned; the Crown addressed; religious ministers are sanctioned in their schemes of foreign travel, or



those schemes restrained; and funds are received and appropriated for the prosecution of all their views as a society. The City is their place of resort; and the Yearly Meeting is held in Devonshire House.

"The mingling of plain coats, broad hats, friendly shawls, and friendly bonnets, in the great human stream that ever rolls along the *parcs* of the City, in that neighbourhood, at this season, becomes very predominant. Bishopsgate Within and Bishopsgate Without, Gracechurch-street, Houndsditch, Liverpool-street, Old Broad-street, Sun-street, almost every street of that district, fairly swarms with Friends. The inns and private lodgings are full of them. The White Hart and the Four Swans are full of them. They have a *table-d'hôte*, at which they generally breakfast and dine. Every Friend's house at this time has its guests; and many of the wealthy keep a sort of open house.

"At a Friends' Meeting, the men are sitting all on one side by themselves, with their hats on, and presenting a very dark and sombre mass; the women sitting together on the other, as light and attractive. In the seats below the gallery are sitting many weighty friends, men and women, still apart; and in the gallery a long row of preachers, male and female, perhaps twenty or thirty in number. You may safely count on a succession of sermons or prayers. Men and women arise, one after another, and preach in a variety of styles, but all peculiar to Friends. Suddenly a man-minister takes off his hat, or a woman-minister takes off her bonnet; he or she drops quietly on the bass before them; at the sight the whole meeting rises, and remains on its feet while the minister enters into 'supplication.' Most singular, striking, and picturesque are often the sermons you hear."—*William Howitt*.

### GREEK CHURCHES.

GREEK CHURCH, London Wall, the first ecclesiastical structure erected by the Greek residents in London, was opened in 1850, on Sunday, Jan. 6, o.s., and in the Greek Kalendar, Christmas-day. The edifice is Byzantine (from Byzantium, the capital of the Lower Greek Empire), with Italian interior details. The north front has three horse-shoe arches fringed, and Byzantine columns, between which are the entrance doorways; and in the upper story is a similar arcade, containing three windows: above is this inscription, in Greek characters:

"During the reign of the august Victoria, who governs the great people of Britain, and also other nations scattered over the earth, the Greeks sojourning here erected this Church to the Divine Saviour, in veneration of the rights of their fathers."

Above is a pediment surmounted with a cross. In plan, the church is a cross of equal parts; the ceiling is domed in the centre: on the north and south sides are galleries, with flower-ornamental fronts, and supported on decorated arches and pillars, with fine capitals. The altar-screen has these panel pictures, painted in Russia: the Annunciation; the Virgin holding the infant Jesus; Jesus sitting on a throne; and St. John the Baptist. In a centre panel is inscribed, in Greek:

"O Lord, the strength of those who trust in Thee, uphold the Church which Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood."

Within the Iconostasis, or screen, is the altar in "the holy place," symbolic of the Holy of Holies in the Jewish ritual. A magnificent chandelier, with wax-lights, is suspended from the ceiling. The congregation stand during the whole service; but there are seats made to turn up, as in our cathedral stalls; and knobs are placed on the upper arms, to serve as rests. The officiating priest is richly robed, and attended by boys bearing a wax-taper, each in a surplice with a blue cross on the back. Upon the high altar are placed a large crucifix, candelabra with lights, &c. At a portion of the Mass a curtain is drawn before the altar, whilst the priest silently and alone prays for the sanctification of the Sacrament; he then re-appears, "bids peace to all the people," and blesses them. The sermon is preached in the pulpit, the priest wearing a black robe and a black hat; this is covered with the *καλυπτρα*, or veil, to indicate that the wearer is under the influence of the Gospel. The church at London Wall (designed by T. E. Owen, of Portsmouth), cost about 10,000*l.*; yet the number of Greek residents at the date of its opening, in 1850, did not exceed 220.

RUSSIAN EMBASSY CHAPEL, Welbeck-street, James Thomson, architect, has some points of special interest, not only on account of being one of the only two places in the metropolis devoted to divine service according to the Greek ritual, the other being in London Wall; but also in a class of architecture of which we have fewer examples than of most others. The style is Byzantine, and the distinctive feature it aims to embody, is that of firmamental expanse, as contradistinguished from the flat ceilings of the Latin or pointed roofs of Gothic churches. This is effected by means of arched ceilings throughout, the centre having a domical roof or cupola superimposed upon a polygonal tambour. The chapel consists of a parallelogram: the length is divided into three compartments, of which two are devoted to the auditorium, and the third, formed into

an apse, is limited to the sanctum. This latter is raised and approached by three circular steps, on each side of which is a small platform for the choristers, the whole being enclosed with a dwarf metal railing. Between this and the altar is erected an ornamental screen formed of solid masonry, with carved mouldings and marble pillars, having alabaster caps and bases: this, while on the one hand it represents the veil of the temple, separating the body of the chapel from the "Holy of Holies," serves also as an Iconostasis, not for *sculptured* images, but for *paintings*, in niches: they are the production of Russian artists, and represent the Saviour, the Virgin, St. Nicholas (patron saint of Russia), St. George, and the archangels Gabriel and St. Michael; and in the crowning panel of the screen is a picture of the Holy Supper, after the eminent Russian painter, Bruloff. The holy doors are carved and splendidly gilt, and inlaid with metals of different hue. They contain small heads of the Evangelists, and a picture of the Annunciation. The folding of these doors is managed so that, when closed, they appear as an impassable barrier, which, at the proper time, the high priest is able to unfold with ease, so as to give access to the altar. The whole of the paintings and screen are the gift of H. Basil Gromoff, a Russian gentleman of St. Petersburg. Behind the screen doors is the customary curtain of damask silk, which, when drawn aside, displays the sacred altar and its insignia. The Russian mode of worship being wholly a standing or kneeling service, there are no pews or stall seats provided. The cupola is constructed of iron, and contains twelve lunettes five feet high; four have glass paintings, representing figures of the four great prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, and Ezekiel, and eight of the minor prophets; above these, in mural painting, are heads of the twelve Apostles upon gold discs.

A gilt band encircles the upper part of the cupola, on which is inscribed, in Slavonic characters:—"Turn Thee again, thou God of hosts; look down from heaven; behold and visit this vine and the place of the vineyard which Thy right hand hath planted." At the east end is a semicircular apse, having a vaulted ceiling, painted azure and studded with gold stars, which are embossed on the surface, graduating and concentrating from the base upwards to the apex, where the monogram representing the name of Jehovah is placed. The fittings of the apse consist of the altar table, within the holy doors; the screen, or Iconostasis, corresponding to the veil of the Temple; and, behind the altar, a triangular pedestal of oak, fitted with a bronze socket, to hold the seven-branch candelstick. To terminate the apse, a freestone arch, supported on black marble pillars, with carved capitals, contains a stained glass window, representing the Saviour, at whose feet, upon a verde-antique marble slab, is inscribed, in Greek characters:—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." A large niche on each side contains tables and small enshrined pictures formerly belonging to churches at Bomarsund, presented by the British Government. A credence or cupboard of oak, fashioned as a miniature ark, with sloping roof, contains the chalice, patens, and other holy vessels used in the celebration of the Eucharist. Other pictures on the side wall are St. Alexander Nevsky and St. Mary Magdalen; the latter figure bearing the alabaster box of precious ointment. In advance of all are placed two elegant barriers of graceful pattern and rich material, mounted on brass standards 16ft. high, with crosslets carved and gilt; upon them are painted, as medallions, representations of the Baptism and Resurrection.

#### JEW'S SYNAGOGUES.

**BEVIS MARKS**, St. Mary Axe: here is the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, which occupies part of the site of the ancient house and gardens of the Bassets, then of the Abbots of Bury, or Burie's Marks, corruptly Bevis Markes.

**DUKE'S-PLACE**.—When the Jews returned to England, at the time of the Common wealth, most of the settlers being Portuguese, they built the first Synagogue in King-street, Duke's-place, in 1656; and in 1691, was built in Duke's-place the first German Synagogue.

**NEW SYNAGOGUE**, in Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, was built by Davies, in 1838. It is in rich Italian style, with an open loggia of three arches resting upon Tuscan columns. The sides have Doric piers, and Corinthian columns above, behind which are ladies' galleries, fronted with rich brasswork. There are no pews; the centre floor has a platform, and seats for the principal officers, with four large brass-gilt candelabra.

At the south end is the *Ark*, a lofty semicircular-domed recess, consisting of Italian Doric pilasters, with *verde antico* and porphyry shafts, and gilt capitals; and Corinthian columns, with sienna shafts, and capitals and entablature in white and gold. In the upper story the intercolumns are filled with three arched windows of stained glass, arabesque pattern, by Nixon; the centre one having Jehovah, in Hebrew, and the Tables of the Law. The semi-dome is decorated with gilded rosettes on an azure ground; there are rich festoons of fruit and flowers between the capitals of the Corinthian columns, and ornaments on the frieze above, on which is inscribed in Hebrew, "Know in whose presence thou standest." The centre of the lower part is fitted up with recesses for Books of the Law, enclosed with



polished mahogany doors, and partly concealed by a rich velvet curtain fringed with gold; there are massive gilt candelabra; and the pavement and steps to the Ark are of fine veined Italian marble, partly carpeted. Externally, the Ark is flanked with an arched panel; that on the east containing a prayer for the Queen and Royal Family in Hebrew, and the other a similar one in English. Above the Ark is a rich fan-painted window, and a corresponding one, though less brilliant, at the north end. The ceiling, which is flat, is decorated with thirty coffers, each containing a large flower aperture for ventilation.

This congregation had been previously established about eighty years in Leadenhall-street, and there known as the "New Synagogue."

NEW SYNAGOGUE, UPPER BRYANSTONE-STREET, was erected in 1861, for the convenience and use of those members of the Jews of the Spanish and Portuguese congregations who reside at the west end of London; Lett, architect. The general character of the building is Saracenic freely treated. The elevation to Bryanstone-street is composed of a centre and two wings; the west wing being gabled, with cornice supported by cut tresses, and the east rising as a tower and spire. The façade is built of parti-coloured bricks, with stone dressings. The porch leads to a loggia or vestibule, from which branch off on either side Portland stone stairs leading to the ladies' galleries, as by the requirements of the Jewish ritual the sexes are separated during divine worship. The "Synagogue" itself is entered from this loggia, and affords accommodation on the ground-floor for 240 males.

The interior of the Synagogue is divided into nave and side aisles, by light ornamental columns in two stages, the first supporting the ladies' gallery and the upper arches of a slight horseshoe form, above which is a clerestory with semicircular windows filled in with stained glass. Between the windows and over each column are ornamental brackets, from which spring arched ribs, dividing the ceiling into coffers, the centre of each of which is occupied by a flower communicating with ventilating apparatus.

At the east end of the Synagogue an elliptical recess or apex forms the sanctuary, which is approached by a flight of marble steps. The lower portion of the sanctuary is formed into closets, in which are deposited the sacred scrolls of the Law, the upper part being formed with windows filled with painted glass, having inscribed there, in Hebrew characters, the Ten Commandments, &c. The ceiling of the sanctuary is formed in a domical shape, pierced with small star-shaped apertures, filled in with different coloured glass, which throw light on the scrolls of the law when the doors of the closet containing the same are thrown open.

WEST LONDON SYNAGOGUE, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, designed by D. Mocatta, was completed in 1850. It is square in plan, and consists of Ionic columns supporting the ladies' gallery, whence rise other columns, receiving semicircular arches, crowned by a bold cornice and lantern-light. The Ark composes cleverly with the semicircular arches, which hang as pendants before it, and complete the fourth side of the building; the steps, platform, stylobate, and columns, are all of scagliola surmounted by a decorated entablature, which supports a niche-head, in which are placed the tablets of the Ten Commandments, surrounded and shadowed by the palm-leaf.

There are in London other Synagogues: the chief one is the German, in Duke's-place, Houndsditch, in the midst of the Jewish population. The Sabbath commences at sunset on Friday, when the Synagogue is opened; and again at ten o'clock on Saturday morning. The singing, handed down from the Temple service, and the chanting of the Law, said to be the manner in which it was revealed to Moses, are impressive. The Jews, and the officers in attendance, are most kind and polite to strangers. The interest of the visit is enhanced by procuring a Jewish prayer-book, with the English translation on the opposite page. Strangers are reminded not to take off their hats as they enter: it is an abomination to the Jews, who worship with their heads covered.

#### ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

**A**MBASSADORS' CHAPELS: *Spanish Place Chapel* is attended by the members of the Spanish Embassy; *Warwick-street*, Golden-square, by the Bavarian Embassy (the former Chapel was destroyed in the Riots of 1780); *Duke-street*, Lincoln's-inn-fields, by the Sardinian; and *Little George-street*, King-street, Portman-square, by the French. Celebrated foreign preachers are occasionally heard here, chiefly in Lent.

**BAVARIAN CHAPEL**, *Warwick-street*, *Regent-street*, has an altar-piece, occupying the whole space of the end of the chapel, with four Corinthian columns, six pilasters, and sub-pilasters running the whole height. In the centre is a large sculptured tablet, 14 feet high and 7 feet wide, representing the Virgin Mary, and cherubim, by Carew, lighted from above.

**ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH**, St. George's Fields, nearly facing the eastern wing of Bethlehem Hospital, is built upon the site of the focus of the "No Popery" Riots of 1780: it is the largest Roman Catholic Church erected in England since the Reformation; and with the quaint conventional buildings (priests' houses and schools, and a convent for Sisters of Mercy) at the north end, was designed by A. W. Pugin. The church is a high example of Roman Catholic symbolic details: it is in the Decorated style (*temp.* Edward III.), is cruciform in plan, and consists of a nave and aisles, chancel, and two chapels; and a tower at the north-west end, to be surmounted by a rich hexagonal spire, 320 feet high.

The church is about 235 feet in length, and will seat 3000 persons. It is lit by traceried windows, some filled with stained glass, by Wallis, of Newcastle; the great chancel-window was given by John Earl of Shrewsbury, and represents the roof of Jesse, or genealogy of our Lord. The large window over the principal entrance, in the great tower, has figures of St. George, St. Michael, and other saints. There is no clerestory, but each roof is gabled; slender pillars and arches divide the nave and side aisles, in which are confessionals; and between the nave and chancel is a double stone screen bearing a rood-loft, with a crucifix of Belgian fifteenth-century work, and images of the Virgin and St. John, nearly life-size, and coloured. The chancel is panelled with oak, with crocketed arches round the sanctuary; the high altar has bas-reliefs of the Transfiguration, Resurrection, and Ascension; the tabernacle is richly light and painted, the metal doors being chased and gilt, and studded with large crystals. Behind the altar is an elaborately-carved stone reredos, with niches filled with images of angels, and the Saints Peter and Paul. The high altar furniture is very superb and massive; the chancel is floored with encaustic tiles; and the chapels are superbly decorated in gold and colour. In the baptistry is an octagonal stone font, with sculpture and Gothic panelling. Outside the church, between two confessionals, is a Perpendicular chantry to the late Hon. Edmund Petre, for the repose of whose soul Mass is offered herein daily; this being the first foundation for the support of the church. "The Adorable Presence is day and night in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. Look for the red light; it is there."

St. George's was opened with great pomp, July 4, 1848; and was the scene of the solemn enthronization of Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster, Dec. 6, 1850. The cost of this church to July, 1848, had been 38,000*l.* The number of persons attending this church is stated at from 12,000 to 13,000 persons.

**IMMACULATE CONCEPTION CHURCH**, Farm-street, Berkeley-square, designed by Scoles, and built at the expense of Jesuits, is the first ever possessed by the Order in London: it was opened 1849. The style is the Decorated, the south front much resembling that of Beauvais Cathedral. The altar and organ-loft windows are filled with brilliant stained glass: the rose in the latter is very elegant; and each of the 22 flank windows has different tracery. The interior is large and lofty, and has no aisles or rood-screen: the high altar, designed by A. W. Pugin, cost about 1000*l.*, and was presented by Miss Monica Tempest, of Broughton Hall, Yorkshire; and her brother, Sir Charles Tempest, presented the Missal, which cost about 50*l.* "Confraternities of the Bona Mors of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, are established in this church." The services are performed by Jesuits.

"Roman Catholic churches seem to be distinguished from those of the national faith, at present, only by the occupation of niches that in the latter would be left vacant. It is remarkable, however, that they all seem to affect the style of one period, viz., the first half of the fourteenth century, their designers apparently disdaining the representation of either an immature or a declining form of art; but fixing always on the fully developed Gothic, just at the turning point of its career."—*Companion to the Almanac*, 1851.

**ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM**, Great Ormond-street, was generously founded by Sir George Bowyer, Bart., M.P., and built from the designs of Goldie. The façade of the exterior, of Portland stone, is of two orders, Ionic and Corinthian: upon the upper cornice is inscribed:

"*Servi : Dominorum : Pauperum : Infirmorum :*"

and on the lower are the following words:

"*Ecclesia : S : Milit : ord : S : Johan : Hierosol :*"

In the pediment is the cross of the Order of St. John; and the Imperial crown and shield adorn the window, which forms a feature in the upper order, flanked by two sculptured wreaths. The principal entrance doorway is surmounted by a marble tablet, on which is commemorated, in an inscription, the fact of the foundation. The church within presents a parallelogram. Slight recesses stand in the place of transepts, and beyond them is the choir for the religious of the adjoining Convent and Hospital, whilst between rises the cupola above the ceiling of the church. An elaborate cornice runs round the church below the ceiling, and rests on pilasters of the Corinthian order, all formed of polished red marble, with marble bases and plinths. At the upper



end of the Nave a doorway gives access to the Hospital; and above it, carried on carved stone consols, is a tribune of polished alabaster, opening into the lowest ward for the use of the sick. The floor of the Nave is of coloured tiles, arranged in a fret pattern. A marble step lifts the sanctuary floor above the nave level, and this upper floor is entirely composed of white marble. The high altar is placed beneath a marble canopy, under a cupola, adorned with the same materials, the most frequent decoration being the Maltese Cross of eight points, in white, inlaid in the brown veined marble; it stands immediately beneath the centre of the dome, and is surmounted by a baldachino of marbles of various colours, with a panelled ceiling of wood. Two side altars, both ancient, stand on either side in the small transeptal recesses. The nuns' choir, behind the high altar, is supported by marble scrolls, and is fitted up on three sides with stalls, and inlaid crosses of the Order of St. John, all polished. The front bears the arms of the founder, who has presented this church to the Hospital. Against the extreme end wall of the church is a large tribune, carried on stone brackets, with a gilt lattice front, for the Organ. The whole of the interior is decorated with gilding and colour.

**ITALIAN (ST. PETER'S) CHURCH**, Hatton-wall; architect, J. M. Bryson. The walls are of grey stock bricks. The triforium arches are supported by York stone columns, of the Ionic order, in the Roman Basilica style, and is the only church of the same style in the kingdom. There are two side aisles, a Nave and a Chancel: in the latter are statues of the four Evangelists. There are two galleries, one over each of the side aisles (as triforia), with access by stone stairs. Under the Chancel is a subterraneous church, or crypt, capable of holding 200 persons. The ceilings are flat, in panels, which will eventually be painted, as also will be the walls. There will be a tower at the south-west end of the church, carried up to a height of 100 feet, where will be hung a bell weighing four tons. The high altar has four polished black and gold marble columns, standing on pedestals, with white marble caps and bases of the Composite order, surmounted with a cornice wreath, crown canopy, and cross, which will be gilt. The tabernacle and steps of the high altar are of different coloured marbles, all of which have been obtained from Italy. The body of the church is lighted by clerestory windows, in each of which is a design in the shape of a cross, made of iron and wood. The chancel is lighted by windows of a similar design. The church is planned to hold 3400 persons. The funds have been collected abroad by the priests connected with the church. It was opened in 1863.

**ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S**, Duncan-terrace, Islington, was opened in 1843. It was designed by Scoles, in the Anglo-Norman style, and has an eastern gable, flanked by two spires, each 130 feet high. The church itself is a large structure, Basilican in plan, very lofty and effective in composition; its aisles are narrow, set off for chapels and special altars. In one of these is the fresco, painted by Armitage, against the external wall of the church.

"The figures are life-size: the subject, St. Francis of Assisi, in 1210, receiving the approval of Pope Innocent the Third to the Rule of the Order of the Fratres Minores, or Franciscans, as they are now called. Their founder stands, his head humbly bent, his hands held together before the enthroned Pope, who reads article by article the Rule of the Order. A monk on each side of the saint kneels, as do others behind him. The Pope is supported by a cardinal on each side, seated all splendidly dressed. Attendants stand behind the throne. The scene is an open-sided hall in the Capitol, where the Pope is presumed to have lived at the period in question. Through the arcade we look over Rome and its ruins as in the thirteenth century. Following that sound rule of Art which demands character everywhere, Mr. Armitage has given a portrait-like character to his heads, which in the broad style he follows individualizes each figure and face, and gives a striking look of truth to the whole. The expressions are effective, without anything of the theatre; the design, large and simple in composition, suits the subject and the material perfectly."—*Athenæum*.

In the apse of the church is the fresco representing Christ and the Apostles. In the semi-dome above the last is a fresco representing God the Father with the Angels, &c., painted by A. Aglio about 1844. Under the chancel is a crypt, or mortuary chapel: and adjoining is a spacious cemetery. This church has a Holy Guild attached; the Rev. Frederick Oakeley officiates.

**ST. MARY'S**, Moorfields, corner of East-street, Finsbury-circus, opened in 1820, has an embellished entrance façade, in the pediment of which are sculptured two figures kneeling at the Cross. The interior is very superb: it was re-decorated throughout by Charles Kuckuck, in 1858.

It is divided transversely, by a series of columns, into a spacious Nave and side aisles, the ceiling of the former being elliptical and the latter flat, and the latter terminated at the western ends by alcoves, which form minor altars. Over the high altar is a semi-elliptical dome, supported by six fluted columns, which have gilded capitals, modelled from the example of the monument of Lysicrates, at Athens. The surface of this semi-dome is embellished by thirteen oaken panels, which are filled with foliage and fruit and flowers, in admirable imitation of reliefs. Behind this semi-dome, on a curved ground, which is the extreme termination of the church, and forms the back of the high altar, ingeniously lighted from the roof, is a magnificent large painting of the Crucifixion, which produces a splendid effect. In the centre of the ceiling of the Nave is a large painting in fresco, representing the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, attended by the heavenly choir, and the Four Evangelists; and on each side of the springing of the arched ceiling are oblong panels painted with figures in bas-relief of the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, the Infant Saviour, &c.

The ceilings of the aisles are divided into various compartments, and painted in white, to resemble moulded panels and enrichments in plaster, on a deep gold ground. The series of columns, with their surmounting entablature, are profusely decorated, their bases being to imitate white and their shafts sienna marble. The capitals, together with the dentals of the cornice, are gilded. The moulded portion of the entablature is relieved with white, green, red, and blue, picked in with deep brown, and the front of the corona is painted to resemble rouge royale marble. The general surfaces of the walls above the subbase mouldings are of a lavender tint, and underneath the cornice around the windows is a richly-ornamented border. The lower portions of the altar are very richly decorated, their pilasters having enriched silver ornaments on their faces, picked out with brilliant colours on a solid gilt ground, and the base and back of the altar under the large picture of the Crucifixion, to which we have previously adverted, is formed in imitation of various kinds of marble.

The sacramental plate was presented by Pope Pius VII. Carl Maria von Weber was buried in the vaults of this chapel, June 21, 1826; but his remains have since been removed to the Catholic churchyard in the Friederichstadt, Dresden.

ST. MONICA'S is in connexion with the Irish Augustinian Monastery, in Hoxton-square. It is a curious fact that the old house inhabited by the Fathers was formerly a favourite place of resort of King Charles II., who had a house not far distant, between which and the house in question a subterranean passage communicated. Some traces of the passage are still discernible.

ORATORY OF ST. PHILIP NERI, King William-street, Strand, was originally an Assembly Room: here the Rev. F. W. Faber, author of the *Chervell Water Lily*, and other poems, preached (in 1850) to a large and deeply-moved audience. About thirteen years ago, a Roman Catholic builder purchased a plot of ground, three acres, beside the church of the Holy Trinity at Brompton, and here commenced buildings for the future residence and church of the Oratorian Fathers.

"The Roman Catholic population in the parish, or mission, under the spiritual direction of the Fathers of the Oratory, now comprises between 7000 and 8000 souls. The average attendance at Mass on Sundays is about 5000, and the average number of communions for two years has been about 45,000 annually. In the schools attached are 1000 pupils."—*Tablet*, 1865.

OUR LADY'S, Grove-end-road, St. John's Wood, designed by Scoles, 1834, was built and endowed by two ladies, the Misses Gallini. The site formerly belonged to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem (whence St. John's Wood), whose predecessors, the Knights Templar, held the same estate, and built the Temple Church, the prototype of the present cross church, which is Early Pointed, thirteenth century. The western front, with its three gables and crosses, Catherine-wheel and lancet windows, and pinnaced turrets, is a fine composition. The gables of the north and south fronts are surmounted with canopied niches, containing sculptured groups of the Madonna and Child; and the east front has a large window filled with stained glass. The interior has acutely-arched and richly-bossed roofs, springing from slender shafts; and the high altar is backed by a rich open screen. In the schools are educated and clothed, gratuitously, three hundred poor children.

ST. PATRICK'S, Sutton-street, Soho, is much frequented by the poor Catholic population of St. Giles's. The festival of St. Patrick (March 17) is observed here as a double of the first class, with High Mass.

SARDINIAN CHAPEL (the), Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, is the oldest foundation of the metropolitan places of worship now in the hands of the Roman Catholics of London. It was built in the year before Charles I. was beheaded: that is, in 1648, just at the close of the Great Rebellion, and the practical commencement of Oliver Cromwell's rule. During the existence of the penal laws, the only entrance to the chapel was through the Sardinian ambassador's house, in Lincoln's-inn-fields. The Riots of 1780 commenced with the partial demolition of this building: the mob were especially savage in attacking it it being the mother-chapel, the oldest in London, and at that



time the resort of all the leading Roman Catholics. In derision of their worship, a cat was dressed in the miniature vestments of a priest, an imitative host or wafer was placed in its paws, and thus it was hung to the lamp-post of the chapel. The edifice was rebuilt after the Riots, and was enlarged by adding to it at the west end the Ambassador's stables. It has some painted glass, a finely-toned organ, and splendid church-plate, used only on solemn festivals: the altar-furniture was presented by the late King of Sardinia, and cost 1000 guineas; and the painting over the altar, "The Taking down from the Cross," is valued at 700*l*. The choir was formerly maintained at a great expense; though on Whitsunday, during Dr. Baldaconi's chief chaplaincy, Malibran, Persiani, Lablache, and Rubini, and the principals of the Italian Opera orchestra, gave their aid gratuitously. The choir is now scarcely above mediocrity; but the services are conducted with great solemnity. All-Saints' day (Nov. 1) is one of the best in the year on which to witness the splendour of the worship. About thirty years ago the district of the chapel extended to Islington, and the congregation numbered about 12,000 souls. This district has been much diminished by the building of other chapels; but the Sardinian congregation is very large. There are four resident priests, one expressly for the Italians. The Savoyard organ-boys much resort here.

SPANISH CHAPEL, Spanish-place, Manchester-square, was built in 1797, by Joseph Bonomi, and enlarged in 1846, when a picturesque campanile, 70 feet high, was added by C. Parker: its interior is a Lady Chapel, and forms a second south aisle. The chapel is lighted from the roof with a most captivating effect of architectural chiaroscuro, and is divided by Corinthian columns.

#### CITY WALLS AND GATES.

THE small space within the Walls of old London has been described as almost exactly of the same shape and the same area as Hyde Park. It was, in fact, a *dun*, or Celtic hill-fortress, formed by Tower-hill, Cornhill, and Ludgate-hill; and effectually protected by the Thames on the south, the Fleet on the west, the great fen of Moorfields and Finsbury on the north, and by the Houndsditch and the Tower on the east.—Taylor's *Words and Places*.

The City Wall is believed to have been a work of the later Roman period, when London was not unfrequently exposed to hostile attacks. Its direct course was as follows:—Beginning at a fort on part of the site of the present Tower of London, the line was continued by the Minories, between Poor Jury-lane and the Vineyard (where now is Vine-street), to *Ald-gate*. Thence, forming a curve to the north-west, between Shoemaker-row, Bevis-marks, and Houndsditch, it abutted on *Bishop's-gate*, from which it extended nearly in a straight line, through Bishopsgate churchyard, and behind Bethlem Hospital and Fore-street, to *Cripple-gate*. At a short distance further, it turned southward, by the back of Hart-street and Cripplegate churchyard; and thence, continuing between Monkwell-street and Castle-street, led by the back of Barber-Surgeons' Hall and Noble-street to Dolphin-court, opposite Oat-lane, where, turning westerly, it approached *Alders-gate*. Proceeding hence, towards the south-west, it curved along the back of St. Botolph's churchyard, Christ's Hospital, and Old *New-gate*, from which it continued southward to *Lud-gate*, passing at the back of the College of Physicians, Warwick-square, Stationers' Hall, and the London Coffee-house, on Ludgate-hill. From Ludgate it proceeded westerly by Cock-court to Little Bridge-street, where, turning south, it skirted the Fleet-Brook to the Thames, near which it was guarded by another fort. The circuit of the whole line, according to Stow, was two miles and one furlong nearly. Another wall, defended by towers, extended the whole distance along the banks of the Thames between the two forts. The walls were defended by strong towers and bastions; the remains of three of which, of Roman masonry, were, in Maitland's time, to be seen in the vicinity, of Houndsditch and Aldgate. The height of the perfect wall is considered to have been 22 feet, and that of the towers 40 feet.

The following course of the Wall is shown in a plan drawn by order of the Corporation of London, to ascertain the extent of the Great Fire, and now preserved in the Comptroller's Office, Guildhall. It may be distinctly traced as the southern boundary

of the churchyard of St. Botolph, at the back of Bull-and-Mouth-street. Hence it proceeded due east, across Aldersgate-street, to Aldersgate, whence it continued, in the same direction perhaps, about 200 feet, where it formed an angle, and had a curious bastion. It then went rather to the north-north-east of Falcon-square, eastward of Castle-street, where it is now standing, externally incorporated with the walls of the houses (a semi-circular tower was uncovered in the rear of No. 27, in the year 1865); thence it proceeds, and exhibits large remains in the churchyard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

"The latter, including a bastion, are the most perfect relics. The base of the Wall is composed of small rough flints, to the height of one foot six inches, resting on a fine loam, upon which are placed four feet six inches of rough Kentish ragstone (the green sandstone of geologists), with pieces of ferruginous sandstone irregularly interposed. Then come two courses of bricks, each measuring eighteen inches by twelve, and one and three-quarters thick, on which is laid more of the ragstone for two feet six inches; again a double course of tiles, and above that one foot six inches of the ragstone. Total existing height, nineteen feet seven inches. It is nine feet six inches in width at the base, and two feet at the top."—*W. D. Sauls, F.G.S.*

Mr. Roach Smith has shown that the area and dimensions of the Roman city may be conjecturally mapped out from the masses of masonry forming portions of its boundaries, and many of which have come to light in the progress of City improvements.

The position of the Gates, besides intervening remains, enables us to trace the course of the Wall on the western, northern, and eastern sides of London. Mr. Roach Smith shows that it runs in a straight line from the Tower to Aldgate, where, making an angle, it takes again the straight line to Bishopsgate; from Bishopsgate it runs eastward to St. Giles's churchyard, where it turns to the south as far as Falcon-square, and at this point pursues a westerly direction by Aldersgate, running under Christ's Hospital towards Giltspur-street, near which it forms an angle, and proceeds directly south by Ludgate towards the Thames. From Ludgate, however, it did not take a direct line towards the river, but traversed the ground now occupied by *The Times* offices, and from this spot diverged towards St. Andrew's-hill. Excavations in Upper Thames-street have brought to light a portion of it nine feet below the level of the present street, at the foot of Lambeth-hill. Hence it continued as far as Queenhithe; and it is curious to observe, that though this portion of the wall had disappeared from above the surface as early as the days of Fitzstephen, many of the large stones which formed its lower part were found to be sculptured and ornamented with mouldings, denoting their use in the friezes or entablatures of edifices at some period antecedent to its construction. Excavations have also proved that within the area thus enclosed most of the streets of the present day run upon the ruins of Roman houses, and "we may safely conclude that the streets and buildings of the Roman city, if not quite so dense and continuous as those of the modern city, left but little space throughout the entire area unoccupied, except a portion of the district between Lothbury and Prince's-street, and London-wall, and the ground adjoining the wall from Moorgate-street towards Bishopsgate."

Mr. Tite, the architect of the Royal Exchange, in 1853, unearthed a beautiful tessellated pavement under Gresham House, in Old Broad-street; and next, in Trinity-square, Tower-hill, a portion of the ancient wall still existed above ground, which, though not Roman, was supposed to rest on Roman foundations. In 1841, the Blackwall Railway, much further north than this point, cut through Roman remains of the great wall; but it was not until the autumn of 1864 that further traces were found. Then, in some large works in Cooper's-row, was discovered a very extensive fragment of a Norman wall, with narrow slits for archers to shoot their arrows. This fragment was 110 feet long, and in height, from the bottom of the foundation to the top of the parapet, 41 feet. All the foundations, and a considerable portion of the lower wall, were undoubtedly Roman, built of square stones, in regular courses, with bonding-courses of Roman brick of intense hardness, and excellent cement, as hard as any red earthenware; and was, as was always the case with the Roman, more of what we should call a tile, being 1 foot square and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick. The mortar between the bricks was nearly as thick as the bricks themselves, and abounding in portions of pounded brick. The exact place of these remains Mr. Tite has shown in an ancient plan of London in the reign of Elizabeth, when the walls and gates were in existence. Undoubted Roman remains of these walls are traceable, viz., Camomile-street (found by Dr. Woodward, in 1707); the street still called London-



wall (portions removed 1817-18, when Bethlem Hospital was taken down); and near Moorgate. Mr. Tite points out that there could have been no walls at the time when Suetonius abandoned London, A.D. 61. Some Norman historians refer the walls to a period as late as the Empress Helena; but Mr. Tite's opinion seems to be that they dated about the second century of our era. The distinctly Norman work above this level Mr. Tite attributes to the troubled times of King John, when the associated Barons arrived at Aldgate, in 1215, the Sunday before Ascension Day, and entered the City while the inhabitants were at Divine service. After this, the walls being in a ruinous state, they restored them, using the materials of the Jews' houses existing in the neighbourhood, and then destroyed to build up the defences, which, as chroniclers relate, were in a subsequent reign in a high state of excellence. In 1257, Henry III. caused the whole of the walls of the City to be repaired at the common charge. In 1282 and 1310, the walls were again repaired; and, in 1477, the patriotic Mayor, Ralph Joscelyne, completely restored all the walls, gates, and towers, in which work he was assisted by the Grocers' and other companies, and by Sir John Crosby. "The goldsmiths," says Stow, "repaired from Cripplegate towards Aldersgate, and there the work ceased." The total area inclosed by the Walls which still constitute "the City of London" is only about 380 acres.—*Proc. Soc. Antiq.*

Mr. W. H. Black, F.S.A., in describing the primitive site of Roman London, cites Roman authors, as Tacitus and Antoninus, to prove that *Londinium* was not a *colonia*, but an *oppidum*, surrounded by walls, for the protection of its commerce and trade, and having a treasurer. He entirely refutes the opinions to prove that primitive London was situate upon the south side of the Thames, by showing that the whole of that low ground was covered by a lake, which extended from the high ground of Greenwich, Camberwell, Brixton, and so on to Lambeth; and he is confirmed in this opinion by the direction of the principal streets, which all converge to a centre on the north side. From the measures he has taken, in his opinion the primitive site of London was between Walbrook on the east, and Fleet River on the west. The north wall, he believes, ran from Aldersgate, through Lad-lane, to the Walbrook, and from Doctors' Commons to the same brook, through Old Fish-street, on the south. The discovery of several pieces of old Roman wall on the line confirms this view. The *forum*, or market-place, would be in Cheap, from which the principal roads diverged. The commerce of the city increasing, it necessitated the enlarging of the city, and we find many of the streets were altered, as for instance, Broad-street used to be the way to Bishopsgate, which was changed for Threadneedle-street; and a new street was formed from Cheapside to Aldgate.

In the Sutherland View, 1543, and in Tapperell and Innes's large Map, the Great Wall is seen entire, with its embrasures, its large and lofty gates, and intervening towers. These gates are minutely described by Stow. Chamberlayne, in his *Magne Britania Notitia*, 1726, says: "Most of the gates of that old Wall still remain: those which were burnt down at Ludgate and Newgate are rebuilt with great solidity and magnificence; and those which escaped, as Aldersgate, Cripplegate, Moorgate, Aldgate, are kept in good repair, and are shut up at every night, with great diligence and a sufficient watch, at ten o'clock; none being suffered to go in or out without examination. Most of these gates are of good architecture, and adorned with statues of some of our kings and queens; as is that, likewise, called Temple Bar, in Fleet-street, near the Middle Temple Gate." The Gates, except the latter, were taken down 1760-62: a statue of Queen Elizabeth, from Ludgate, is now placed on the outer wall of the church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West; and the statues of Lud and his sons, from the same gate, are in the grounds of St. Dunstan's Villa, Regent's Park (the Marquis of Hertford's). These statues were supposed by Flaxman to have preserved the likeness of the originals, as copies, or possibly liberal restorations, of the actual figures. (Archer's *Vestiges of Old London*, part iv., with six views.) Four of the figures from New-gate are in the south front of the present prison of that name.

The City of London, properly so called, consists of that part anciently *within the Walls*, together with that termed the *Liberties*, which immediately surrounded them. The Liberties are encompassed by the *Line of Separation*, the boundary between them and the county of Middlesex: and marked by the *Bars*, which formerly consisted of posts and chains, but are now denoted by lofty stone obelisks, bearing the City arms, which may be seen, eastward, in Whitechapel, the Minories, and Bishopsgate-street; northward, in Goswell-street, at the end of Fan-alley, and in St. John's-street; and westward,

at Middle-row, Holborn; while at the western end of Fleet-street the boundary is the stone gateway called Temple Bar.—*G. J. Aungier.*

See also a Comparative Plan of that part of the City of London which was destroyed by the Great Fire in 1666, and its altered condition in 1849, by Francis Whishaw, C.E.; wherein old London is shown by strong lines, and modern London by dotted lines.

### CLERKENWELL,

A LARGE parish north-east of High Holborn, and named from a well around which the parish clerks, or clerken, were wont to assemble to act Scripture plays. The whole district was originally a village, which grew up around the priory of St. John of Jerusalem, north, and the Nunnery of St. Mary, south, of what is now Clerkenwell-green. It was then a succession of gentle pastures and slopes, with the "River of Wells," or "Fleet," flowing between two hills on its western border: and its rural character is kept in mind by its Coppice and Wilderness rows, Saffron-hill, Vineyard-gardens, Field-lane, Clerkenwell-green, and Cow-cross; whilst Turnmill-street recalls the "noise of the water-wheels" mentioned by Fitzstephen in 1190. In the Sutherland View of London, 1543, we see St. John's with a lofty spire, with trees extending to St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield; and westward the village green and St. James's Church, formerly of St. Mary's Nunnery, and then just made parochial. The nave, aisles, and bell-tower of St. John's were, however, pulled down to supply materials for building the proud Protector Somerset's palace. Aggas's map, in 1563, shows us a few houses bounded on three sides by little else than fields. By 1617, however, a number of fine houses had been built in the district, and were inhabited by persons of note. Hence to the village of Islington lay through green fields and country paths; and so lately as 1780, "persons walking from the City to Islington in the evening, waited near the end of St. John's-street, in what is now termed Northampton-street (but was then a rural avenue planted with trees, called Wood's Close), until a sufficient party had collected, who were then escorted by an armed patrol." (Storer and Cromwell's *Clerkenwell*.) The whole locality is covered with crowded streets. Here is still a large house, once the town residence of the Northampton family; the garden-ground is now Northampton-square; and Compton, Percival, Spencer, Wynyatt, and Ashby streets are named from the titles of the Marquis of Northampton, the principal ground-landlord of the district.

Passing to olden Clerkenwell, the Priory-gate of St. John has been transformed into a tavern; and the Square, once part of the Priory precincts, and afterwards the residence of the titled and wealthy, is now mostly tenanted by watchmakers and jewellers: in this Square died Bishop Burnet. Jerusalem-passage leads to Aylesbury-street, between which and St. John's Church stood the town-house of the Earl of Aylesbury, in the reign of Charles II. At the corner of Jerusalem-passage and Aylesbury-street, Thomas Britton, the "musical small coal-man," held his music meetings from 1678 to 1714, in a low and narrow room over the coal-shop, to which all the fashion of the age flocked; Britton himself playing in the orchestra the viol-di-gamba. In Woodbridge-street, branching from Aylesbury-street, was the celebrated Red Bull Theatre, conjectured to have been originally an inn-yard, used for performances late in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and where the King's Players under Killigrew acted until they removed to Drury-lane. At the Red Bull, women first acted on the English stage: its site is probably now occupied by part of a distillery. St. James's Church was rebuilt in 1783 as we now see it. The Nunnery Close became Clerkenwell-close, on the east side of which was Newcastle House, built by the Earl of Newcastle, and where the eccentric literary Duchess Margaret held a sort of academic court for many years after the Restoration. "Of all the riders of Pegasus," says Walpole, "there have not been a more fantastic couple than his Grace and his faithful Duchess, who was never off her pillion." Pepys notes a visit of Charles II. to her Grace at Newcastle House, in April, 1667.

Another eccentric inhabitant of Newcastle House was Elizabeth Duchess of Albemarle, and afterwards of Montague. She was married in 1669 to Christopher Monck, second Duke of Albemarle, then a youth of 16, whom her inordinate pride drove to the bottle and other dissipation. After his death, in 1689, at Jamaica, the Duchess, whose vast estate so inflated her vanity as to produce mental aberration, resolved never again to give her hand to any but a sovereign prince. She had many suitors; but true to her resolution, she rejected them all, until Ralph Montague, third Lord and first Duke of that name, al-



achieved the conquest by courting her as *Emperor of China*: and the anecdote has been dramatised by Colley Cibber, in his comedy of "The Double Gallant, or Sick Lady's Cure." Lord Montague married the lady as "Emperor," but afterwards played the truant, and kept her in such strict confinement, that her relations compelled him to produce her in open court, to prove that she was alive. Richard Lord Ross, one of her rejected suitors, addressed to Lord Montague on his match:

"Insulting rival, never boast  
Thy conquest lately won;  
No wonder that her heart was lost,—  
Her senses first were gone.

From one that's under Bedlam's laws  
What glory can be had?  
For love of thee was not the cause:  
It proves that she was mad."

The Duchess survived her second husband nearly thirty years, and at last "died of mere old age," at Newcastle House, August 28, 1738, aged 96 years. Until her decease, she is said to have been constantly served on the knee as a sovereign.

On the east side of the Close stood a large house, by unauthorized tradition said to have been inhabited by Oliver Cromwell; but Cromwell-place, built upon the house-site, has been named from this story. Another inhabitant of the Close was Weever, the antiquary, who dates the Epistle to the first edition of his *Ancient Funerall Monuments* from his "House in Clerkenwell-close," May 28, 1631: he died in the next year, and was buried in old St. James's Church. On Clerkenwell-green is the Middlesex Sessions-House (Rogers, architect), built in 1779-82: it has a handsome east front, and a large hall, with a lofty dome. Here the County Sittings were removed from "Hicks's Hall," in St. John's-street, opposite the Windmill Inn, and named after Sir Baptist Hicks, of Kensington, one of the justices of the county, afterwards Viscount Campden, who built the Hall in 1612; from this site, "the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood," the distances on the mile-stones on the Great North Road were formerly measured. In this Hall, the patriotic William, Lord Russell, was tried, 1683. In St. John's-lane are the remains of an Elizabethan house, with the sign of the Baptist's Head (probably in compliment to Sir Baptist Hicks): it is said to have been frequented by Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith, in their transactions with Cave, the printer, at St. John's Gate; and in the taproom is a fine old armorial chimney-piece, engraved in Archer's *Vestiges of Old London*, part iii.

Upon the site of Back-hill and Ray-street was the Bear-garden of Hockley-in-the-Hole, not only the resort of the mob, but of noblemen and ambassadors, to witness the cruelties of bear and bull baiting by greater brutes, and "the noble science of defence;" for, says Mrs. Peachum (*Beggars's Opera*), "You should go to Hockley-in-the-Hole to learn valour;" but the nuisance was abolished soon after 1728. The locality, however, still retains its foul stain of moral degradation and squalid misery in its alleys and courts, several with but one narrow entrance; and three-storied houses let in tenements, where men, women, and donkeys find shelter together.

The tract immediately eastward of the Fleet River was rich in springs, many of them medicinal: hence Coldbath-fields, Bagnigge-wells, Sadler's-wells, Islington Spa, the London Spa, and the "Wells" of the earlier topographers. Spa-fields, the hot-bed of Radical riot in 1817, is now covered with streets.

Bagnigge Wells was another of these springs, and became a place of public resort in 1767. Near the Pindar of Wakefield, in Gray's-inn-road, was Bagnigge House, a picturesque gabled house, covered with vines, traditionally said to have been the summer residence of Nell Gwynne; and here was a memorial stone, inscribed "This is Bagnigge House, near the Pindar of Wakefield, 1680."

The Clerks' Well (whence the parish had its name), in Ray-street, now taken down, was left by gift by the Earl of Northampton, in 1673, for the use of the poor of St. James's parish, but was let by the authorities, for 40s. a year. The property was neglected, when the churchwardens, in 1800, placed here a pump, with a tablet, giving a brief historical account of the Well. Fitzstephen tells us that "London, in place of stage plays and scenic decorations, hath dramas of more sacred subjects—representations of those miracles which the holy confessors wrought; or of the sufferings wherein the glorious constancy of martyrs did appear;" and it is an undoubted fact that sacred dramas were performed on this spot before the reigns of Henry II. and Richard I., which were the era of Fitzstephen. Cromwell, in his History of this parish, suggests that the observance of this custom here may be of more remote antiquity; that *Clerken* being an Anglo-Saxon compound, the custom must be referred to that period. In Aggas's *Civitas Londinensis*, 1560, is a rude representation of the Clerks' Well in the time of Elizabeth; it was the spring of St. Mary's Nunnery. The Clerks' Well be-

came neglected. Near it was the Skinners' Well, now no longer to be recognised, nor its precise situation determined. In a narrow thoroughfare leading from Baker's-row into Ray-street, is a small public-house, known as the Pickled Egg, from a former landlord selling here pickled eggs, such as are still prepared in Hants and Dorset. Charles II. is said to have halted here, and partaken of a pickled egg. The house had formerly a noted cockpit; in 1775 there were cocking-matches here "between the gentlemen of London and Essex."

West of Ray-street is Vine-street, formerly Mutton-hill, thought, in *Pinks's History of Clerkenwell*, p. 111, to be derived from the word meeting, anciently spoken *moteing*, in reference to the Clerks' Mote (Saxon) or meeting-place by the Well.

Cold Bath-square, hard by, is named from the famous Cold Bath discovered here in 1697: it is now surrounded with houses. In this square, near the Cold Bath, in 1733-36, lived Eustace Budgell, the relative and friend of Addison, for whom he wrote in the *Spectator*. Here, too, for ninety years, lived the eccentric "Lady Lewson." She died here, in 1816, at the reputed age of 116.

At the corner of Cobham-row and Cold Bath-square, there stood to our day a noble horse-chestnut tree, which, tradition tells us, was one of a grove of trees that once grew here in the extensive grounds of the ill-fated Sir John Oldcastle, afterwards Lord Cobham, the great Reformer; and who, by the barbarous inhumanity and persecuting spirit of the age in which he lived, was hung in chains as a heretic, and burned in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, in the year 1418, for his noble advocacy of the doctrines of Wyckliffe, and an alleged conspiracy against the government of Henry V. His family mansion became Sir John Oldcastle's Tavern; subsequently a Small-pox Hospital, specially for the reception of patients in the incipient stages of that disease, and such as caught it naturally. The building was afterwards reconstructed, and continued to be used as an hospital till 1795, when the charity was removed to the chief establishment at King's-cross. At a later period the property passed into the hands of the Countess of Huntingdon's connexion, when the hospital building was converted into private dwelling-houses, on the north side of the thoroughfare well known as Cobham-row. Mr. Pinks could not, however, trace Sir John Oldcastle's residence here.

Watchmakers, clockmakers, and jewellers settled in Clerkenwell in great numbers early in the last century, and several streets are mostly occupied by them; as "escapement-maker," "engine-turner," "fusee-cutter," "springer," "secret-springer," "finisher," and "joint-finisher," inscribed upon door-plates, attest; for in no trade is the division of labour carried to a greater extent than in watchmaking. (See ST. JOHN'S GATE.)

*The History of Clerkenwell* had been compiled and written, with rare fidelity and minuteness, by William J. Pinks, who, dying before the completion of the work, it was finished by E. J. Wood: it originally appeared in the *Clerkenwell News*, and was reproduced in a large handsome volume of 800 pages, by Mr. Hickburn, Myddelton House, Clerkenwell. The author spent six years in collecting his materials: and the editor nearly three years in his labours. The *History* is mainly the work of Mr. Pinks: it is one of those laborious results of devotedness, which can scarcely be overrated. The book is rich in sketches of eccentric persons, who seem to have abounded in Clerkenwell, from early times.

#### CLIMATE OF LONDON.

THE temperature of the air in the metropolis is raised by the artificial sources of heat existing in it no less than two degrees on the annual mean above that of its immediate vicinity. Mr. Howard, in his work on *Climate*, has fully established this fact, by a comparison of a long series of observations made at Plaistow, Stratford, and Tottenham Green (all within five miles of London), with those made at the apartments of the Royal Society in London, and periodically recorded in the *Philosophical Transactions*. In explanation, Mr. Howard refers to the heat induced by the population (just as the temperature of a hive of bees), and from the domestic fires, and from the foundries, breweries, steam-engines, and other manufactories. "When we consider that all these artificial sources of heat, with the exception of the domestic fires, continue in full operation throughout the summer, it should seem that the excess of the London temperature must be still greater in June than it is in January, but the fact is otherwise. The excess of the City temperature is greater in winter, and at that period seems to belong entirely to the nights, which average 3°710' warmer than the country; while the heat of the days, owing, without doubt, to the interception of a portion of



the solar rays by a constant veil of smoke, falls, on a mean of years, about a third of a degree short of that in the open plains."

In the winter of 1835, Mr. W. H. White ascertained the temperature in the City to be  $3^{\circ}$  higher than three miles south of London Bridge; and *after the gas had been lighted in the City* four or five hours, the temperature increased full  $3^{\circ}$ , thus making  $6^{\circ}$  difference in the three miles.

Dr. Prout found that when his observations were made during the prevalence of wind (his station being at the western extremity of London), the air blowing from the east contained a minute portion of oxygen less than that which blew from the west. The difference was exceedingly small; still, it tended to show that the air which has passed over the busy streets of the metropolis differs in its amount, not only of carbonic acid, but also of oxygen, from the air which has not reached those scenes.

Change of air in the metropolis is mostly effected by the mixture of the gases composing it. There are hundreds of places in London into which the wind never finds admission; and even among the wider streets there are many through which a free current is rarely blown. It is only in the night, when combustion in some measure ceases, and the whole surface of the earth is cooled, that the gases are gradually removed, and the whole atmosphere of the City is brought nearly to an equality. Nothing, indeed, can be more striking than the difference even in the *sensible* qualities of the air of London in the early morning and in the evening: in the former it has a coolness and refreshing clearness, which those who know it in the heat of later hour can scarcely imagine.

Every one has observed upon dirty windows in the metropolis small tree-like crystallizations: these consist of sulphate of ammonia, which is produced in the atmosphere by the burning of vast quantities of coal, combining with the sulphurous acid in the atmosphere.

Owing to the smoke, many species of flowers (the yellow rose, for instance), will not bloom within ten miles of London; Paris, on the contrary (where wood is almost universally burnt), produces the finest flowers, not alone in the gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg, but in the nursery-grounds of the famous rose-growers, Noisette and Laffay; which, in the Faubourg St. Germain, enjoy advantages such as it would be necessary to retreat some miles from London to secure.

In London, in sunny weather, some fine effects of light and shade may be witnessed in the neighbourhood of the public buildings. Miss Landon refers to a bright day in spring as "a very spendthrift of sunshine, when the darkest alley in London wins a golden glimpse, and the eternal mist around St. Paul's turns to a glittering haze."

#### CLUBS AND CLUB-HOUSES.

ALTHOUGH the Club was a social feature of the last century, to the present age is due the establishment of a system of Club Living upon a scale of splendour and completeness hitherto unattainable. Formerly the Club resembled an ill-appointed coffee-house or tavern; often, however, redeemed by the brilliancy of the wit which was "wont to set the table in a roar," and animated by a conversational spirit comparatively little indulged in the present day.

There has been an excess of controversy and surmise as to the origin of the Club; but neither of the guesses reaches the good sense of Addison, who truly said, "all celebrated Clubs were founded upon eating and drinking, which are points where most men agree, and in which the learned and the illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part."

It has been pleasantly observed, that Clubs are gradually working as complete a revolution in the constitution of society as they have already effected in the architectural appearance of our streets. In the year 1800, there were only White's, as old as Hogarth's time; Brooks's and Boodle's; the Cocoa-Tree, Graham's, and another: now there are nearly fifty Clubs, each possessing a well-appointed mansion. The facilities of living have been wonderfully increased by them, whilst the expense has been greatly diminished; and for a few pounds a-year, advantages are to be enjoyed which no fortune except the most ample can procure.

ALFRED CLUB, the, No. 23, Albemarle-street, established in 1808, is described by Earl Dudley, in his time, as the dullest place in existence, "the asylum of dotting Tories and drivelling quidnuncs." It was at this Club that "Mr. Canning, whilst in the zenith of his fame, dropped in accidentally at a house-dinner of twelve or fourteen, stayed out the evening, and made himself remarkably agreeable, without any of the party suspecting who he was." (*Quarterly Review*, No. 110.)

The Alfred had, *ab initio*, been remarkable for the number of travellers and men of letters, who formed a considerable proportion of its members. Yet, strangely enough, its cockney appellation was *Half-read*. Lord Byron was a member, and he tells us that "it was pleasant, a little too sober and literary, and bored with Sotheby and Francis D'Ivernois; but one met Rich, and Ward, and Valentin, and many other pleasant or known people; and it was, in the whole, a decent resource in a rainy day, in a dearth of parties, or Parliament, or in an empty season." The Alfred joined the Oriental in 1855.

ALMACK'S CLUB, the original Brooks's, was founded in Pall Mall, in 1764 (on the site of what is now the British Institution), as a gaming Club. Some of its members were Maccaronis, the "curled darlings" of the day: they were so called from their affectation of foreign tastes and fashions, and were celebrated for their long curls and eye-glasses. "At Almack's," writes Walpole in 1770, "which has taken the *pas* of White's, is worthy the decline of our empire, or commonwealth, which you please: the young men of the age lose ten, fifteen, twenty thousand pounds in an evening." The play at this gaming club was only for rouleaus of 50*l.* each, and generally there was 10,000*l.* in specie on the table. The gamesters began by pulling off their embroidered clothes, and put on frizee greatcoats, or turned their coats inside outwards for luck. They put on pieces of leather (such as are worn by footmen when they clean the knives) to save their laced ruffles; and to guard their eyes from the light and to prevent tumbling their hair, wore high-crowned straw hats with broad brims, and adorned with flowers and ribbons; masks to conceal their emotions when they played at quinz. Each gamester had a small neat stand by him, to hold his tea; or a wooden bowl with an edge of ormolu, to hold the rouleaus. Almack's was subsequently Goose-tree's.

In the year 1780, Pitt was then an habitual frequenter, and here his personal adherents mustered strongly. The members, we are told in the *Life of Wilberforce*, were about twenty-five in number, and included Pratt (afterwards Lord Camden), Lords Euston, Chatham, Graham, Duncannon, Althorp, Apsley, G. Cavendish, and Lennox; Messrs. Eliot, Sir Andrew St. John, Bridgeman (afterwards Lord Bradford), Morris Robinson (afterwards Lord Rokeby), R. Smith (afterwards Lord Carrington), W. Grenville (afterwards Lord Grenville), Pepper Arden (afterwards Lord Alvanley); Mr. Edwards, Mr. Marsham, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Bankes, Mr. Thomas Steele, General Smith, Mr. Windham. Gibbon, the historian, was a member, and he dated several letters from here.

ALPINE CLUB, 8, St. Martin's-place, a small Society founded in order to bring together those who, whether as explorers, artists, or men of science, take an interest in the Alps, or in any of the other great mountain ranges. During the winter and spring, meetings are held, at which are read papers descriptive of mountain excursions, glacier phenomena, and other cognate subjects. See the *Alpine Journal*.

APOLLO CLUB was held at the Devil Tavern, Fleet-street, between Temple-bar and Middle Temple-gate, a house of great resort in the reign of James I., and then kept by Simon Wadloe. Ben Jonson wrote *The Devil is an Asse*, played in 1616, when he "drank bad wine at the Devil." The principal room, called "the Oracle of Apollo," was spacious, and apart from the tavern. Above the door was a bust of Apollo; and at the entrance, in gold letters on a black board, was inscribed the famous—

"Welcome all, who lead or follow,  
To the Oracle of Apollo," &c.

Beneath these verses was the name of the author, thus inscribed—"O Rare Ben Jonson," a posthumous tribute from his grave in Westminster Abbey. The bust appears modelled from the Apollo Belvedere, by some skilful person of the olden day, but has been several times painted. "The Welcome," originally inscribed in gold letters, on a thick black-painted board, has since been wholly repainted and gilded; but the old thickly-lettered inscription of Ben's day may be seen as an embossment upon the modern painted background. These poetic memorials are both preserved in the banking-house of the Messrs. Child.



"The Welcome," says Mr. Burn, "it may be inferred, was placed in the interior of the room; so also, above the fireplace, were the Rules of the Club, said by early writers to have been inscribed in marble, but were in truth gilded letters upon a black-painted board, similar to the verses of the Welcome. These Rules are justly admired for the conciseness and elegance of the Latinity." They have been felicitously translated by Alexander Broom, one of the wits who frequented the Devil, and who was one of Ben Jonson's twelve adopted poetical sons. Latin inscriptions were also placed in other directions, to adorn the house; over the clock in the kitchen there remained one in 1731. In the Rules of the Apollo Club, women of character were not excluded from attending the meetings.

ARMY AND NAVY CLUB-HOUSE, Pall Mall, corner of George-street, designed by Parnell and Smith, was opened February, 1851. The exterior is a combination from Sansovino's Palazzo Cornaro, and Library of St. Mark at Venice; but varying in the upper part, which has Corinthian columns, with windows resembling arcades filling up the intercolumns; and over their arched headings are groups of naval and military symbols, weapons, and defensive armour—very picturesque. The frieze has also effective groups symbolic of the Army and Navy; the cornice, likewise very bold, is crowned by a massive balustrade. The basement, from the Cornaro, is rusticated: the entrance being in the centre of the east or George-street front, by three open arches, similar in character to those in the Strand front of Somerset House. The whole is extremely rich in ornamental detail. The hall is fine; the coffee-room, eighty-two feet by thirty-nine feet, is panelled with scagliola, and has a ceiling enriched with flowers, and pierced for ventilation by heated flues above; adjoining is a room lighted by a glazed plafond; next is the house dining-room, decorated in the Munich style; and more superb is the morning room, with its arched windows, and mirrors forming arcades and vistas innumerable. A magnificent stone staircase leads to the library and evening rooms; and in the third story are billiard and card rooms; and a smoking-room, with a lofty dome elaborately decorated in traceried Moresque. The apartments are adorned with an equestrian portrait of Queen Victoria, painted by Grant, R.A.; a piece of Gobelin's tapestry (*Sacrifice to Diana*), presented to the club in 1849 by Prince Louis Napoleon; marble busts of William IV. and the Dukes of Kent and Cambridge; and several life-size portraits of naval and military heroes. The Club-house is provided with twenty lines of Whishaw's Telekoupbona, or Speaking Telegraph, which communicate from the Secretary's room to the various apartments. The cost of this superb edifice, exclusive of fittings, was 35,000*l.*; the plot of ground on which it stands cost the Club 52,000*l.*

ARTS CLUB, Hanover-square, was instituted, 1863, for facilitating the social intercourse of those who are connected either professionally or as amateurs with Art, Literature, or Science.

ARTHUR'S CLUB-HOUSE, 69, St. James's-street, is named from Mr. Arthur, the keeper of White's Chocolate-house, who died 1761. The present Club-house is by Hopper; the principal windows are decorated with fluted Corinthian columns.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, was established in 1823: the members are chosen by ballot, one black ball in ten excluding. The present Club-house, designed by Decimus Burton, was built in 1829-30, on a portion of the court-yard of Carlton Palace; the architecture is Grecian, with a frieze exactly copied from the Panathenaic procession in the frieze of the Parthenon—the flower and beauty of Athenian youth gracefully seated on the most exquisitely-sculptured horses,—which Flaxman regarded as the most precious examples of Grecian power in the sculpture of animals. Over the Roman-Doric entrance-portico is a colossal figure of Minerva, by Baily, R.A.; and the interior has some fine casts from *chef-d'œuvres* of sculpture: the style of the hall, staircase, gallery, and apartments, is grand, massive, and severe. The Athenæum is a good illustration of the Club system. The number of ordinary members is fixed at 1200; they are mostly eminent persons, civil, military, and ecclesiastical; peers spiritual and temporal; men of the learned professions, science, the arts, and commerce; and the distinguished who do not belong to any particular class. Many of these are to be met with every day, living with the same freedom as in their own houses. For thirty guineas entrance, and six guineas a-year, every member has the command of an excellent library (the best Club library in London), with maps; of newspapers, English and foreign; the principal periodicals; writing materials, and attendance. The building is a sort of palace, and is kept with the same exactness and comfort as a private dwelling. Every member is master, without any of the trouble of a master: he can

come when he pleases, and stay away when he pleases, without anything going wrong; he has the command of regular servants, without having to pay or manage them; he can have whatever meal or refreshment he wants, at all hours, and served up as in his own house. From an account of the expenses at the Athenæum in the year 1832, it appears that 17,323 dinners cost, on an average, 2s. 9½d. each, and that the average quantity of wine for each person was a small fraction more than half-a-pint. The expense of building the Club-house was 35,000*l.*, and 5000*l.* for furnishing; the plate, linen, and glass cost 2500*l.*; library 21,398*l.*; and the stock of wine in cellar is usually worth about 5000*l.*: yearly revenue about 10,000*l.* The principal rooms are lighted by chandeliers fitted with Faraday's perfect ventilation apparatus. In the library is an unfinished portrait of George IV., which Sir Thomas Lawrence was painting but a few hours before his decease, the last bit of colour that he ever put upon canvas being that on the hilt and sword-knot of the girdle.

At the preliminary meeting for the formation of the Athenæum, February 16, 1824, were present Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., P.R.S., the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A., Richard Heber, Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., Dr. Thomas Young, F.R.S., Lord Dover, Davies Gilbert, the Earl of Aberdeen, P.S.A., Sir Henry Hallford, Sir Walter Scott, Bart., Joseph Jekyll, Thomas Moore, Charles Hatchett, F.R.S.; Secretary, Professor Faraday.

"The mixture of Whigs, Radicals, *savans*, foreigners, dandies, authors, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, artists, doctors, and Members of both Houses of Parliament, together with an exceedingly good average supply of bishops, render the *mélange* very agreeable, despite of some two or three bores, who 'continually do dine,' and who, not satisfied with getting a 6s. dinner for 3s. 6d., 'continually do complain.'" —*New Monthly Magazine*, 1834.

At the Athenæum, Theodore Hook was a great card; and in a note to the sketch of him in the *Quarterly Review*, it is stated that the number of dinners at this Club fell off by upwards of three hundred per annum after Hook disappeared from his favourite corner, near the door of the coffee-room. That is to say, there must have been some dozens of gentlemen who chose to dine there once or twice every week of the season, merely for the chance of Hook's being there, and permitting them to draw their chairs to his little table in the course of the evening. The corner alluded to will, we suppose, long retain the name which it derived from him—*Temperance Corner*. Many grave and dignified personages being frequent guests, it would hardly have been seemly to be calling for repeated supplies of a certain description; but the waiters well understood what the oracle of the corner meant by "Another glass of toast and water," or, "A little more lemonade."

ATHENÆUM, JUNIOR, the, No. 116, Piccadilly, was originated in 1864, and consists of members of both houses of Parliament, members of the Universities, fellows of the learned and scientific societies, or gentlemen connected with literature, science, and art. The device adopted by the Club is the Bird of Minerva, a copy of the reverse of the *drachma* of the Greeks.

BOODLE'S, 28, St. James's-street, is the noted "Savoir vivre" Club-house designed by Holland. It contains portraits of C. J. Fox and the Duke of Devonshire. Gibbon, the historian, was one of its early members. Next door, 29, Gillray, the caricaturist, in 1815, threw himself from an upstairs window, and died in consequence.

BROOKS'S, the Whig Club-house, at 60, west side of St. James's-street, was designed by Holland, and opened in 1778; but was originally established in Pall Mall, in 1764, by the Duke of Portland, C. J. Fox, and others. It was formerly a gaming-club, kept by Almack, and then by Brooks, a wine-merchant and money-lender, who left the Club soon after the present house was built, and died in poverty about 1782. Among the early members were C. J. Fox, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, Horace Walpole, Hume, Gibbon, and Sheridan. When Wilberforce was young and gay, he played here at faro; but his usual resort was at Goosetree's, in Pall Mall, where he one night kept the bank and won 600*l.*; but this weaned him from gaming. On March 21, 1772, Mr. Thynne retired from Brooks's in disgust, because he had won only 12,000 guineas in two months. The Club was famous for wagers; and the old betting-book is an oddity. Lord Crewe, one of the founders of the Club in Pall Mall, died in 1829, after sixty-five years' membership of Brooks's. The Fox Club meet here.

"At Brooks's, for nearly half a century, the play was of a more gambling character than at White's. . . . On one occasion, Lord Robert Spencer contrived to lose the last shilling of his considerable fortune given him by his brother, the Duke of Marlborough. General Fitzpatrick being much in the same condition, they agreed to raise a sum of money, in order that they might keep a faro-bank. The



members of the Club made no objection, and ere long they carried out their design. As is generally the case, the bank was a winner, and Lord Robert bagged, as his share of the proceeds, 100,000*l.* He retired, strange to say, from the fetid atmosphere of play, with the money in his pocket, and never again gambled. George Harley Drummond, of the famous banking-house, Charing-cross, only played once in his whole life at White's Club, at whist, on which occasion he lost 20,000*l.* to Brummell. This event caused him to retire from the banking-house, of which he was a partner."—*Capt. Gronov.*

**BEEF-STEAK SOCIETY**, "the sublime Society of Beef-steaks" (but disdaining to be thought a Club), consists of twenty-four members, noblemen and gentlemen, who dine together off beef-steaks at five o'clock on Saturdays, from November until the end of June, at their rooms in the Lyceum Theatre. The dining-room is lined with oak, and decorated with emblematic gridirons, and in the middle of the ceiling is the gridiron first used by the cook. The orthodox accompaniment to the steaks is arrack punch. Each member may invite a friend. The Society originated with George Lambert, the scene-painter of Covent Garden Theatre during Rich's management, where Lambert often dined from a steak cooked on the fire in his painting-room, in which he was frequently joined by his visitors. This led to the founding of the Society by Rich and Lambert in 1735, in a room in the theatre. After its rebuilding, the place of meeting was changed to the Shakespeare Tavern, in the Piazza; afterwards to the Lyceum Theatre; and on its destruction by fire in 1830, to the Bedford Hotel; and thence to the Lyceum, rebuilt in 1834. The number of members was increased to twenty-five, to admit the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. Charles Howard, Duke of Norfolk, was a leading member; and Captain Morris was the laureat, the sun of this "jovial system:" in 1831 he bade adieu to the Society, but in 1835 revisited it, and was presented with an elegant silver bowl; at the age of ninety he sung:

"When my spirits are low, for relief and delight,  
I still place your splendid memorial in sight;  
And call to my muse, when care strives to pursue,  
'Bring the steaks to my mem'ry, and the bowl to my view.'"

The liquors are limited to port and punch, in quantity unlimited. The Club-button bears the Club-blazon—a gridiron *fumant, odorant*. Song, give-and-take jest—not always of the smoothest—and fun—the more rampant, the welcomer—follow the feast of steaks. At the sale of the Curiosities belonging to Mr. Harley, the comedian, in Gower-street, in November, 1853, a silver gridiron, won by a member of the Steaks, was sold for 1*l.* 3*s.* The gridiron upon which Rich broiled his solitary steak was saved from the fire at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1808, and is still preserved. In the above fire was lost the valuable stock of wine of the Club, and its original archives. Formerly, the damask table-cloths were figured with gridirons; and so were the drinking glasses and plates. Among the presents made to the Society are a punch-ladle, from Barrington Bradshaw; Sir John Boyd, six spoons; mustard-pot, by John Trevanion, M.P.; two dozen water-plates and eight dishes, given by the Duke of Sussex; cruet-stand, by W. Bolland; vinegar-cruet, by Thomas Scott. Lord Suffolk gave a silver cheese-toaster; toasted or stewed cheese being the wind-up of the dinner.—(See the fullest account of the Beef-steak Society, in *Club Life of London*, vol. i. pp. 123–149: 1866. See, also, Ned Ward's account of the Society, in its early days.)

There was also a Beef-steak *Club*, which is mentioned by Ned Ward in 1709; Peg Woffington was a member, and the president wore an emblem, a gold gridiron.

Among the other Beef-steak Societies or Clubs was the Club in Ivy-lane, of which Dr. Johnson was a member; a political Club, "the Rump-steak or Liberty Club," in existence in 1733-4, in eager opposition to Sir Robert Walpole; and at the Bell Tavern, Houndsditch, was held the Beef-steak Club, established by Beard, Woodward, &c.—See *Memoirs of Charles Lee Lewis*, vol. ii. p. 196.

**BLUE-STOCKING CLUB**, the, met at the house of Mrs. Montague, at the north-west angle of Portman-square. Forbes, in his *Life of Beattie*, gives the following account: "This Society consisted originally of Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Vesey, Miss Boscawen, and Mrs. Carter, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Pulteney, Horace Walpole, and Mr. Stillingfleet. To the latter this constellation of talents owed that whimsical appellation of 'Bas-Bleu.' Mr. Stillingfleet being somewhat of a humorist in his habits and manners, and a little negligent in his dress, literally wore grey stockings; from which circumstance Admiral Boscawen used, by way of pleasantry, to call them 'The Blue-Stocking Society,' as if to intimate that when these brilliant friends met it was not for the purpose of forming a dressed assembly. A foreigner of distinction hearing the expression, translated it literally 'Bas-Bleu,' by which these meetings came to be afterwards distinguished." Dr. Johnson sometimes joined this circle. The last of the Club was the lively Miss Monckton, afterwards Countess of Cork, "who used to have the finest *bit of blue* at the house of her mother Lady Galway." Lady Cork died at upwards of ninety years of age at her house in New Burlington-street, in 1850.

**BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE**, George-street, Hanover-square, was formed by James Silk Buckingham, under the patronage of Prince Albert, who was present at the opening, in 1844. The leading object of the Institute was to afford a point of union for literary and scientific men from all quarters of the globe, without distinction of nation, politics, or creed; to give facilities of introduction to strangers visiting the metropolis from the country; and to add to the attractions of literature, science, and art, the refinements and grace of female society. The Club-rooms had the accommodations of a family hotel. The Institute did not long exist.

**BROTHERS' CLUB**, the, was founded in 1711, by Lord Bolingbroke, for conversation and moderate conviviality, but intended to eschew the drunkenness and extravagance of the Kit Kat and Beefsteak Clubs. Among the other members, besides himself and Swift, were Arbuthnot, Prior, Sir William Windham, Orrery, and the Duke of Ormond; Masham and his brother-in-law Hill (?) were also Brothers. They used to dine at the Star and Garter, in Pall Mall, latterly, to which tavern they had been induced to transfer their custom, owing to the dearness of their previous landlord.

**CARLTON CLUB**, the, Pall Mall, is a purely political Club, and was founded by the late Duke of Wellington, and a few of his most influential political friends. It first held its meetings in Charles-street, St. James's, in the year 1831. In the following year it removed to larger premises, Lord Kensington's house, in Carlton-gardens. In 1836 an entirely new house was built for the club, in Pall Mall, by Sir Robert Smirke, R.A., small in extent, and plain and inexpensive in its architecture. As the Club grew in numbers and importance, the building soon became inadequate to its wants. In 1846, a very large addition was made to it by Mr. Sydney Smirke; and in 1854 the whole of the original building was taken down and rebuilt by Mr. Smirke, upon a sumptuous scale, in florid Italian style, nearly a fac-simile of Sansovino's Library of St. Mark, at Venice: the lower order Doric, the upper Ionic; the six intercolumniations occupied by arched windows, with bold keystones, and the upper window spandrels, filled with sculpture; above are a decorated frieze, rich cornice, and massive balustrade. The façade is of Caen stone, but the shafts and pilasters are of polished Peterhead granite. This new portion is intended to form one-third of the entire façade.

**CAVENDISH CLUB**, the, 307, Regent-street, occupies one-half of the upper façade of the Polytechnic Institution, the entrance being wholly distinct. The Reading-room, 42 feet square, and 20 feet high, has a larger supply of foreign and colonial newspapers and literature than any other Club in the metropolis; the Cavendish presents all the usual conveniences of a Club, except dinners.

**CHESS CLUBS**, see page 95.

**CITY CLUB-HOUSE**, 19, Old Broad-street, occupying the site of the old South Sea House, was built in 1833, from the design of Hardwick, R.A. The style is handsome Palladian; the only sculpture is a rich festooned garland over the doorway. The Club consists of merchants, bankers, and professional men of the City.

**CITY CLUB**, NEW, George-yard, Lombard-street, intended for merchants in the City, was erected from a design by J. H. Rowley, architect, at the cost of 50,000*l.*: it is the property of a company of merchants, who reserve to themselves the power of admitting fresh members. The front is of Portland stone, and in the centre the columns and pilasters are of polished red granite. The frontage in George-yard is upwards of 100 feet, and there is an additional frontage and entrance in Bell-yard, Gracechurch-street. The club-house is approached from George-yard through a Doric portico and vestibule with granite columns and pilasters. The windows have carved key-stones, and fruits and flowers over the architraves. The frieze and cornice are also enriched. An agreeable novelty in decoration has been introduced by means of enamelled slate in panels, imitating malachite and other marble, on the staircase walls. The rooms are all decorated in gilding and colours, each having its own distinctive character as to colour.

**CIVIL SERVICE CLUB**, the, upon the site of the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street, James Knowles, jun., architect, is occupied by an association of gentlemen connected with the several branches of the Civil Service. The façade, 99 feet high, is entirely of stone, and has a very elegant bay window; the decorative carving, by Daymond, represents real foliage and birds instead of mere conventional ornaments.



In excavating the foundations—which were carried 30ft. below the level of the street, their superficial extent being about 7500 square feet—a collection of fossils was discovered, including a good specimen of a lion's jaw and a variety of mammoth bones, the ancient denizens of the spot in centuries long passed; below this surface the earth was pierced another 80 ft., to which depth the main tube of the hydraulic apparatus descends, its lifting power being obtained by the gradual rise of water let into the tube as required. The Club-house rises above the surrounding buildings; there is an extensive panoramic view of town and country from its upper rooms, to which access is obtained by two staircases, or by an hydraulic lift, which communicates with every floor, and is of the newest and safest construction.

CIVIL CLUB, established in 1669, three years after the Great Fire, exists to this day. One of the fundamental rules was, that but one person of the same trade or profession should be a member, the design being to render mutual assistance in business matters—a very desirable object, especially after the great calamity above referred to. The Club appears to have been a sort of court of appeal also. Thus, if one member in his dealings with another did not feel satisfied with the quality or quantity of the goods served to him, he could lay his grievance before the Club, who would decide the matter. Of course, the rules have been somewhat modified, to meet the advanced spirit of the times. The law excluding two of a trade is adhered to, to some extent. The Civil Club met for many years at the Old Ship Tavern, Water-lane, whence it removed to the New Corn Exchange Tavern, Mark-lane. The records show that among former members were Parliament-men, baronets, and aldermen; the chaplain is the incumbent of St. Olave-by-the-Tower, Hart-street. Two high carved chairs, bearing date 1669, are used by the Stewards. This is the oldest Club in existence.

CLIFFORD-STREET CLUB was, in the last century, a debating Society, which met once a month at the Clifford-street Coffee-house, at the corner of Bond-street. The debaters were chiefly Mackintosh, Richard Sharp, a Mr. Ollyett Woodhouse; Charles Moore, son of the celebrated traveller; and Lord Charles Townshend, fourth son of the facetious and eccentric Marquis. The great primitive principles of civil government were then much discussed. It was before the French Revolution had "brought death into the world and all its woe."

At the Clifford-street Society, Canning generally took "the Liberal side" of the above questions. His earliest prepossessions are well known to have inclined to this side; but he evidently considered the Society rather as a school of rhetorical exercise, where he might acquire the use of his weapons, than a forum, where the serious profession of opinions, and a consistent adherence to them, could be fairly expected of him.

CLUB CHAMBERS, St. James's-square, north corner of King-street (formerly the mansion of Lord Castlereagh, d. 1822), has been refronted in cement, in the Italian *palazzo* style (Johnson, architect): the ground-floor has some good vermiculated rustic-work, and the windows of the King-street front are piquant.

CLUB CHAMBERS, Regent-street, west side, between Pall Mall and Piccadilly, was built in 1839, by Decimus Burton, cost 26,000*l*. The style is Italian; the ground-story is rusticated, and terminated by a lace band, or string-course, enriched with the Vitruvian scroll; this forms a basement to three other stories, surmounted by a bold and enriched cornice. The principal floor has handsome balconies, Corinthian columns, and pediments; but the whole façade is too narrow for its height. The entrance is beneath a portico with coupled Doric columns. The building contains 77 chambers, coffee and dining-rooms, and offices. The whole is ventilated, and warmed by hot water, with complete skill; and is supplied with water from a well 250 feet deep, which is raised to the attic story by a steam-engine, also employed for lifting coals, furniture, &c. The Chambers are let in suites by the proprietors. They occupy the site of a house built by Mr. Nash for Charles Blicke, Esq.; it was filled with articles of *virtu* and superb decoration; among which was a small circular temple, supported by Corinthian columns with brass capitals; and a conservatory embellished with models from Canova. Altogether, this was one of the most elaborately-decorated houses in the metropolis.

COCOA-TREE CLUB, the, was the Tory Chocolate-house of Queen Anne's reign; the

Whig Coffee-house was the St. James's, lower down, in the same street, St. James's. The party distinction is thus defined:—"A Whig will no more go to the Cocoa-tree or Ozinda's, than a Tory will be seen at the coffee-house of St. James's." The Cocoa-tree Chocolate-house was converted into a Club, probably before 1746, when the house was the head-quarters of the Jacobite party in Parliament. Horace Walpole, in a letter to George Montagu, says:—"The Duke has given Brigadier Mordaunt the Pretender's coach, on condition he rode up to London in it. 'That I will, sir,' said he; 'and drive till it stops of its own accord at the Cocoa-tree.'" Gibbon was a member of this Club, and has left this entry, in his journal of 1762:—

"Nov. 24.—I dined at the Cocoa-tree with \* \* \*, who, under a great appearance of oddity, conceals more real humour, good sense, and even knowledge, than half those who laugh at him. We went thence to the play (*The Spanish Friar*); and, when it was over, retired to the Cocoa-tree. That respectable body, of which I have the honour of being a member, affords every evening a sight truly English. Twenty or thirty, perhaps, of the first men in the kingdom in point of fashion and fortune, supping at little tables covered with a napkin, in the middle of a coffee-room, upon a bit of cold meat, or a sandwich, and drinking a glass of punch. At present we are full of King's counsellors and lords of the bed-chamber, who, having jumped into the ministry, make a very singular medley of their old principles and language with their modern ones."

Bribery, high play, and foul play, were common at the Cocoa-tree. Walpole tells, in 1780, of a cast at hazard here to 180,000%. The Cocoa-tree was one of the Clubs to which Lord Byron belonged.

CONSERVATIVE CLUB-HOUSE, on the site of the old Thatched House Tavern, 74, St. James's-street, was designed by Sydney Smirke and George Basevi, 1845. The upper portion is Corinthian, with columns and pilasters, and a frieze sculptured with the imperial crown and oak-wreaths; the lower order is Roman Doric; and the wings are slightly advanced, with an enriched entrance-porch north, and a bow-window south. The interior is superbly decorated in colour by Sang: the coved hall, with a gallery round it, and the domed vestibule above it, is a fine specimen of German encaustic embellishment, in the arches, soffites, spandrels, and ceilings; and the hall floor is tessellated, around a noble star of marqueterie. The evening room, on the first floor, nearly 100 feet in length and 26 in breadth, has an enriched coved ceiling, and a beautiful frieze of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, supported by scagliola Corinthian columns; the morning room, beneath, is of the same dimensions, with Ionic pillars. The library, in the upper story north, has columns and pilasters with bronzed capitals; and beneath is the coffee-room. Here is no grained or imitative wood-work, the doors and fittings being wainscot-oak, bird's-eye maple, and sycamore. The kitchen is skilfully planned; exceeding the Reform Club kitchen in completeness.

This is the second Club of the Conservative party, and many of its chiefs are honorary members, but rarely enter it; the late Sir Robert Peel is said never to have entered this Club-house, except to view the interior.

COUNTY CLUB, the (Proprietary), 43 and 44, Albemarle-street, consists of noblemen, members of the Church, the learned professions, officers of the army and navy, and gentlemen, without reference to political distinction. The Duke of Wellington, president of the committee, 1866.

COVENTRY HOUSE CLUB (the AMBASSADORS') was at 106, Piccadilly: the mansion occupies the site of the old Greyhound Inn, and was bought by the Earl of Coventry of Sir Hugh Hunlock, in 1764, for 10,000*l.*, and 75*l.* per annum ground rent.

CROCKFORD'S CLUB-HOUSE, 50, west side of St. James's-street, was built for Crockford in 1827; B. and P. Wyatt, architect. It consists of two wings and a centre, with four Corinthian pilasters with entablature, and a balustrade throughout; the ground-floor has Venetian windows, and the upper story large French windows. The entrance hall has a screen of Roman-Ionic scagliola columns with gilt capitals, and a cupola of gilding and stained glass. The coffee-room and library have Ionic columns, from the Temple of Minerva Polias; the staircase is panelled with scagliola, and enriched with Corinthian columns. The grand drawing-room is in the style of Louis Quatorze: azure ground, with elaborate cove, ceiling enrichments bronze-gilt, doorway paintings *à la Watteau*; and panelling, masks, and terminals heavily gilt. The interior was redecorated in 1849, and opened for the Military, Naval, and County Service Club, but was closed in 1851. It is now "the Wellington" Dining-rooms,



Crockford started in life as a fishmonger, in the old bulk-shop next door to Temple Bar Without, which he quitted for "play" in St. James's. He began by taking Watier's old Club-house, where he set up a hazard-bank, and won a great deal of money; he then separated from his partner, who had a bad year, and failed. Crockford now removed to St. James's-street, had a good year, and built the magnificent Club-house which bore his name; the decorations alone are said to have cost him 94,000*l*. The election of the Club members was vested in a committee; the house appointments were superb, and Udo was engaged as *maître d'hôtel*. "Crockford's" now became the high fashion. Card-tables were regularly placed, and whist was played occasionally; but the aim, end, and final cause of the whole was the hazard-bank, at which the proprietor took his nightly stand, prepared for all comers. His speculation was eminently successful. During several years, everything that any body had to lose and cared to risk was swallowed up; and Crockford became a *millionaire*. He retired in 1840, "much as an Indian chief retires from a hunting country when there is not game enough left for his tribe;" and the Club then tottered to its fall. After Crockford's death, the lease of the Club-house (thirty-two years, rent 1400*l*.) was sold for 2900*l*.

DILETTANTI SOCIETY originated in 1734, with a party of *Dilettanti* (lovers of the fine arts), who had travelled or resided in Italy. In 1764, they commissioned certain artists to journey to the East, to illustrate its antiquities; and by the aid of the Society several important works, including Stuart's *Athens*, have been published. The Dilettanti met at Parsloe's, in St. James's-street, whence they removed to the Thatched House, in 1799, where they dined on Sundays from February to July.

In the list of members, between 1770 and 1790, occur the names of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Earl Fitzwilliam, Charles James Fox, Hon. Stephen Fox (Lord Holland), Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick, Charles Howard, Duke of Norfolk, Lord Robert Spencer, George Selwyn, Colonel Fitzgerald, Hon. H. Conway, Joseph Banks, Duke of Dorset, Sir William Hamilton, David Garrick, George Colman, Joseph Windham, R. Payne Knight, Sir George Beaumont, Towneley, and others of less posthumous fame.

The funds of the Society were largely benefited by the payment of fines. Those paid "on increase of income, by inheritance, legacy, marriage, or preferment," are very odd: as, five guineas by Lord Grosvenor, on his marriage with Miss Leveson Gower; eleven guineas by the Duke of Bedford, on being appointed First Lord of the Admiralty; ten guineas compounded for by Bubb Dodington, as Treasurer of the Navy; two guineas by the Duke of Kingston for a Colonelcy of Horse (then valued at 400*l*. per annum); twenty-one pounds by Lord Sandwich on going out as Ambassador to the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle; and twopence three-farthings by the same nobleman, on becoming Recorder of Huntingdon; thirteen shillings and fourpence by the Duke of Bedford, on getting the Garter; and sixteen shillings and eightpence (Scotch) by the Duke of Buccleuch, on getting the Thistle; twenty-one pounds by the Earl of Holderness, as Secretary of State; and nine pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence, by Charles James Fox, as a Lord of the Admiralty.

The Society, in 1835, included, among a list of sixty-four names, those of Sir William Gell, Mr. Towneley, Richard Westmacott, Henry Hallam, the Duke of Bedford, Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A., Henry T. Hope; and Lord Prudhoe, afterwards Duke of Northumberland.

The Dilettanti have never built themselves a mansion. They continued to meet at the Thatched House Tavern, the large room of which was hung with portraits of the Dilettanti. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted for the Society three capital pictures:—

1. A group, in the manner of Paul Veronese, containing the portraits of the Duke of Leeds, Lord Dundas, Constantine Lord Mulgrave, Lord Seaforth, the Hon. Charles Greville, Charles Crowle, Esq., and Sir Joseph Banks. 2. A group, in the manner of the same master, containing portraits of Sir William Hamilton, Sir Watkin W. Wynne, Richard Thomson, Esq., Sir John Taylor, Payne Galloway, Esq., John Smythe, Esq., and Spencer S. Stanhope, Esq. 3. Head of Sir Joshua, dressed in a loose robe, in his own hand. The earlier portraits in the collection are by Hudson, Reynolds's master.

There is a mixture of the convivial in the portraits; many are using wine-glasses, and of a small size. Lord Sandwich, in a Turkish costume, has a brimming goblet in his left hand, and a capacious flask in his right. Sir Bouchier Wray is mixing punch in the cabin of a ship; the Earl of Holderness, in a red cap, as a gondolier, Venice in the background; Charles Sackville, Duke of Dorset, as a Roman senator, dated 1738; Lord Galloway, in the dress of a Cardinal; Lord Le Despencer as a monk at his devotions. The late Lord Aberdeen, the Marquises of Northampton and Lansdowne, Colonel Lecky, Mr. Broderip, and Lord Northwick, were members. The Society now meet at the Clarendon Hotel; the Thatched House being taken down. An excellent account of the Dilettanti Society will be found in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 214. The character of the Club, however, became changed; the members being originally persons almost exclusively devoted to art and antiquarian studies. The Dilettanti are now a publishing society, like the Roxburghe, the Camden, and others.

EAST INDIA UNITED SERVICE CLUB-HOUSE, St. James's-square, was erected in

1866, upon the site of two houses, No. 14 and 15. The style is handsome Italian; architect, Charles Lee. The East India United Service Club was founded, in 1848, to meet the wants of the various services which administer the Indian Government. It has, however, gradually lost its exclusively Indian character, especially since the transfer of our Eastern Empire to the Queen, and it has now on its rolls many officers belonging to the home forces. The Club numbers upwards of 1760 members, of whom generally about 800 are in England. The new building has been designed to accommodate over 1000 members. The classic façade next the new Club-house was built by Athenian Stuart for Lord Anson; and No. 15 was the residence of Lady Francis, who lent the house to Caroline, Queen of George IV.

**ECCENTRIC CLUBS.**—In Ward's *Secret History*, we read of the Golden Fleece Club, a rattle-brained society, originally held at a house in Cornhill, so entitled. They were a merry company of tippling citizens and jocular change-brokers. Each member on his admission had a characteristic name assigned to him; as, Sir Timothy Addleplate, Sir Nimmy Sneer, Sir Talkative Do-little, Sir Skinny Fretwell, Sir Rumbus Rattle, Sir Boozy Prate-all, Sir Nicholas Ninny Sipall, Sir Gregory Growler, Sir Pay-little, &c. The Club flourished until the decease of the leading member; when they adjourned to the Three Tuns, Southwark. "It appears, by their books in general, that, since their first institution, they have smoked fifty tons of tobacco, drunk thirty thousand butts of ale, one thousand hogsheads of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and one kilderkin of small beer. There had been likewise a great consumption of cards."

**ECCENTRICS, THE.**—Late in the last century, there met at a tavern kept by one Fulham, in Chandos-street, Covent-garden, a convivial club called "The Eccentrics," which was an offshoot of "The Briliants." They next removed to Tom Rees's, in May's-buildings, St. Martin's-lane; and here they were flourishing at all hours, some five-and-twenty years since. Amongst the members were many celebrities of the literary and political world; they were always treated with indulgence by the authorities. An inaugural ceremony was performed upon the making of a member, which terminated with a jubilation from the president. The books of the Club, up to the time of its removal from May's-buildings, are stated to have passed into the possession of Mr. Lloyd, the hatter, of the Strand, who, by the way, was eccentric in his business, and published a small work descriptive of the various fashions of hats worn in his time, illustrated with characteristic engravings. From its commencement, the Eccentrics are said to have numbered upwards of 40,000 members, many of them holding high social position: among others, Fox, Sheridan, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Brougham. On the same memorable night that Sheridan and Lord Petersham were admitted, Hook was also enrolled; and through this Club membership, Theodore is believed to have obtained some of his high connexions. In a novel, published in numbers, some five-and-twenty years since, the author, F. W. N. Bayley, sketched with graphic vigour the meetings of the Eccentrics at the old tavern in May's-buildings.—*Club Life of London*, vol. i. p. 308, 1866.

**ERECHTHEIUM CLUB-HOUSE**, was in St. James's-square (entrance, 8, York-street), and was the house of Wedgwood, whose beautiful "ware" was shown in its rooms. It was formerly the site of Romney House; and from its windows William III. used to witness the fireworks in the Square at public rejoicings. The Club, long extinct, was established by Sir John Dean Paul, Bart., the banker, and became somewhat noted for its good dinners.

**ESSEX HEAD CLUB**, the, was established by Dr. Johnson, at the Essex Head, in Essex-street, Strand, then kept by Samuel Greaves, an old servant of Mr. Thrale's: it was called "Sam's." Sir Joshua Reynolds refused to join it; but Daines Barrington, Dr. Brocklesby, Arthur Murphy, John Nichols, Dr. Hursley, and Mr. Windham, and Boswell, were of the Club. Dr. Johnson wrote the Rules, when he invented the word "clubbable." Alderman Clark, Lord Mayor and Chamberlain, was, probably, the last surviving member of this Club; he died in 1831, aged 92.

**FARMERS' CLUB**, the, originally formed at the York Hotel, Bridge-street, Blackfriars, "open to practical farmers and scientific men of all countries," has now a handsome Club-house (the Salisbury Hotel), Salisbury-square, Fleet-street; architect, Giles; built 1865.



**FIELDING CLUB**, Maiden-lane, Covent-garden. Albert Smith was a leading member; and the Club gave several amateur representations "for the immediate relief of emergencies in the literary or theatrical world."

**FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB**, the, originated some seventy years ago, when the Hon. Charles Finch, brother to the Earl of Aylesford, used to drive his own coach-and-four, disguised in a livery great-coat. Soon after, "Tommy Onslow," Sir John Lade, and others, mounted the box in their own characters. The Four-in-Hand combined gastronomy with equestrianism and charioteering: they always drove out of town to dinner. The vehicles of the Club which were formerly used, are described as of a hybrid class, quite as elegant as private carriages, and lighter than even the mails. They were horsed with the finest animals that money could secure. In general, the whole four in each carriage were admirably matched; grey and chestnut were the favourite colours, but occasionally very black horses, or such as were freely flecked with white, were preferred. The master generally drove the team, often a nobleman of high rank, who commonly copied the dress of a mail-coachman. The company usually rode outside, but two footmen in rich liveries were indispensable on the back seat; nor was it at all uncommon to see some splendidly-attired female on the box. A rule of the Club was, that all members should turn out three times a week; and the start was made at mid-day, from the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, through which they passed to the Windsor-road—the attendants of each carriage playing on their silver bugles. From twelve to twenty of these handsome vehicles often left London together. Forty years back, there were from thirty-four to forty four-in-hand equipages to be seen constantly about town. Their number is now considerably less.

**GARRICK CLUB-HOUSE**, Garrick-street, Covent Garden, contains a collection of theatrical paintings and drawings, assembled by Charles Mathews, the elder, and bequeathed by a member of the Club: they include:

Elliston as Octavian, by Singleton; Macklin (aged 93), by Opie; Mrs. Pritchard, by Hayman; Peg Woffington, by R. Wilson; Nell Gwynne, by Sir Peter Lely; Mrs. Abington; Samuel Foote, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; Colley Cibber as Lord Foppington; Mrs. Bracegirdle; Kitty Clive; Mrs. Robinson, after Reynolds; Garrick as Macbeth, and Mrs. Pritchard, Lady Macbeth, by Zoffany; Garrick as Richard III., by Morland, sen.; Young Roscius, by Opie; Quin, by Hogarth; Rich and his Family, by Hogarth; Charles Mathews, four characters, by Harlowe; Nat Lee, painted in Bedlam; Anthony Leigh as the Spanish Friar, by Kneller; John Liston, by Clint; Munden, by Opie; John Johnstone, by Shee; Lacy in three characters, by Wright; Scene from Charles II., by Clint; Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth, by Harlowe; J. P. Kemble as Cato, by Lawrence; Macready as Henry IV., by Jackson; Edwin, by Gainsborough; the twelve of the School of Garrick; Kean, Young, Elliston, and Mrs. Inchbald, by Harlowe; Garrick as Richard III., by Loutherboung; Rich as Harlequin; Moody and Parsons in the "Committee," by Vandergucht; King as Touchstone, by Zoffany; Thomas Dogget; Henderson, by Gainsborough; Elder Colman, by Reynolds; Mrs. Oldfield, by Kneller; Mrs. Billington; Nancy Dawson; Screen Scene from the "School for Scandal," as originally cast; Scene from "Venice Preserved" (Garrick and Mrs. Cibber), by Zoffany; Scene from "Macbeth" (Henderson); Scene from "Love, Law, and Physic" (Mathews, Liston, Blanchard, and Emery), by Clint; Scene from the "Clandestine Marriage" (King and Mr. and Mrs. Baddeley), by Zoffany; Weston as Billy Button, by Zoffany. The following have been presented to the Club: Busts of Mrs. Siddons and J. P. Kemble, by Mrs. Siddons; of Garrick, Captain Marryat, Dr. Kitchiner, and Malibran; Garrick, by Rouilliac; Griffin and Johnson in the "Alchemist," by Von Bleeck; miniatures of Mrs. Robinson and Peg Woffington; Sketch of Kean, by Lambert; Garrick Mulberry-tree Snuff-box; Joseph Harris as Cardinal Wolsey, from the Strawberry-hill Collection; proof print of the Trial of Queen Katharine, by Harlowe. In the Smoking-room is a splendid sea-piece, by Stanfield; and Balbec, by David Roberts; portrait of R. Keeley, by O'Neil; Frederick Yates and Mrs. Davison; also a statuette of Thackeray; and a most valuable collection of theatrical prints.

The pictures may be seen by the personal introduction of a member of the Club on Wednesdays (except in September), between eleven and three o'clock. The Garrick Club was instituted in 1831, "for the general patronage of the Drama; the formation of a Theatrical Library, and Works, and Costume; and for bringing together the patrons of the Drama," &c. The Garrick is noted for its summer gin-punch, thus made: Pour half-a-pint of gin on the outer peel of a lemon, then a little lemon-juice, a glass of maraschino, a pint and a quarter of water, and two bottles of iced soda-water. The Club originally met at 29, King-street, Covent Garden, previously "Probatt's" hotel. The old place, inconvenient as it was, will long preserve the interest of association for the older members of the Garrick. From James Smith (of *Rejected Addresses*) to Thackeray, there is a long series of names of distinguished men who have made the Garrick their favourite haunt, and whose memories are connected with those rooms. The Club removed to their present mansion, built for them; Marrabbe, architect. The style is elegant Italian.

**GRESHAM CLUB-HOUSE**, St. Swithin's-lane, King William-street, City, was built in 1844, for the Club named after Sir Thomas Gresham, who founded the Royal Exchange. The Club consists chiefly of merchants and professional men. The style of the Club-house (H. Flower, architect) is Italian, from portions of two palaces in Venice.

**GRILLION'S CLUB**, of which the Fiftieth Anniversary was celebrated, May 6, 1863, by a banquet at the Clarendon, the Earl of Derby in the chair, was founded half a century since, by the Parliamentary men of the time, as a neutral ground on which they might meet. Politics are strictly excluded from the Club: its name is derived from Grillion's Hotel, in Albemarle-street, at which the Club originally met. On Jan. 30, 1860, there was sold at Puttick and Simpson's a series of seventy-nine portraits of members of this Club, comprising statesmen, members of the Government, and other highly distinguished persons during the last half century. These portraits, all of which were private plates, were engraved by Lewis, after drawings by J. Slater and G. Richmond. There were also four duplicate portraits, a vignette title, Rules of the Club, and list of its members. In this list, the only original surviving members are four.—*Notes and Queries*, 3rd S.; May 23, 1863.

The members present at the 60th Anniversary were the Earl of Derby, K.G., chairman, supported by the Duke of Newcastle, K.G.; the Earls of St. Germans, G.C.B., of Devon, of Clarendon, K.G., G.C.B., of Carnarvon, of Harrowby, K.G., Somers, and of Gosford; Viscounts Sydney, G.C.B., and Eversley; the Bishop of Oxford; Lords Stanley, Elcho, Robert Cecil, Clinton, Lyttelton, Wodehouse, Montague, Cranworth, Ebury, Chelmsford, and Taunton; the Secretaries of State for the Home and Indian Departments; the Hons. John Ashley, E. Pleydell Bouverie, and G. M. Fortescue; the Right Hons. Sir F. Baring, Sir Thomas Fremantle, Spencer Walpole, Edward Cardwell, Sir Edmund Head, and C. B. Adderley; Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood; the Lord Advocate; Sirs P. De Grey Egerton, Thomas Dyke Acland, W. Heathcote, James East, J. Shaw Lefevre, K.C.B., and Hugh Cairns; Messrs. Hastings Russell and Thomas Dyke Acland; Colonel Wilson Patten; Messrs. Baring, Buller, Childers, C. C. Greville, Monckton Milnes, Morier, Ker Seymour, W. Stirling, Wrightson, and Richmond. The undermentioned members were unavoidably absent:—The Marquis of Westminster, K.G.; Earls De Grey, Russell, and Grosvenor; Viscounts Sandon, Stratford de Redcliffe, G.C.B., and Lovaine; Lord Kingsdown, the Hon. R. Curzon, Sir C. Lemon, Sir Roundell Palmer, and the Rev. H. Welleseley.

**GUARDS' CLUB**, the, was formerly housed in St. James's-street, next Crockford's; but, in 1850, they removed to Pall Mall, No. 70. The new Club-house was designed for them by Henry Harrison, and is remarkable for compactness and convenience. The architect has adopted some portion of a design of Sansovino's in the lower part or basement.

**INDEPENDENTS**, the, established in 1780, was a Club of about forty members of the House of Commons, opponents of the Coalition Ministry, whose principle of union was a resolution to take neither place, pension, nor peerage. In a few years, Wilberforce and Banks were the only ones of the incorruptible forty who were not either peers, pensioners, or placemen.

**IVY-LANE CLUB**, Paternoster-row, was formed by Dr. Johnson; his friend, Dr. Richard Bathurst; Haworth; and Hawkins, the attorney, afterwards Sir John Hawkins. The Club was shut up the year before Johnson's death. About this time he instituted a Club at the Queen's Arms, St. Paul's Churchyard.

**JUNIOR CARLTON**, the, was instituted in 1864, and "is a political Club in strict connexion with the Conservative party, and designed to promote its objects. The only persons eligible for admission are those who profess Conservative principles, and acknowledge the recognised leaders of the Conservative party," which Rule each member, on joining, signs. The Club is temporarily located at 14, Regent-street; but a freehold site on the north side of Pall Mall has been secured for a new Club-house, to cost 37,000*l.*, and to be ready in 1868. The Club, in May, 1866, consisted of 1624 members; the subscriptions in 1865 amounted to 17,081*l.*; cost of wines and spirits, 3109*l.*; cigars, 458*l.*

**KING OF CLUBS**, the, set on foot about 1801, by Bobus Smith (brother of Sydney), met at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand. Among the members were "Conversation Sharp;" Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger; Rogers, the poet; honest John Allen; Dumont, the French emigrant; Wishart, and Charles Butler. Curran often met Erskine here.

**KIT-KAT CLUB**, a society of thirty-nine noblemen and gentlemen, zealously attached to the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover. The Club is said to have originated about 1700, in Shire-lane, Temple Bar, at the house of Christopher Kat, a



pastrycook, where the members dined: he excelled in making mutton-pies, always in the bill of fare, and called Kit-kats; hence the name of the Society.

Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, was secretary. Among the members were the Dukes of Somerset, Richmond, Grafton, Devonshire, and Marlborough; and (after the accession of George I.) the Duke of Newcastle, the Earls of Dorset, Sunderland, Manchester, Wharton, and Kingston; Lords Halifax and Somers; Sir Robert Walpole, Garth, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Granville, Addison, Maynwaring, Stepney, and Walsh. Pope tells us that "the day Lord Mohun and the Earl of Berkeley were entered of the Club, Jacob said he saw they were just going to be ruined. When Lord Mohun broke down the gilded emblem on the top of his chair, Jacob complained to his friends, and said that a man who could do that would cut a man's throat. So that he had the good and the forms of the Society at heart. The paper was all in Lord Halifax's writing, of a subscription of 400 guineas for the encouragement of good comedies, and was dated 1709. Soon after that they broke up."—(Spence's *Anecdotes*.) Tonson had his own and all their portraits painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller; each member gave him his; and, to suit the room, a shorter canvas was used (viz., 36 by 28 inches), but sufficiently long to admit a hand, and still known as the Kit-kat size. The pictures, 42 in number, were removed to Tonson's seat at Barn Elms, where he built a handsome room for their reception. At his death in 1736, Tonson left them to his great-nephew, also an eminent bookseller, who died in 1767. The pictures were then removed to the house of his brother, at Water-Oakley, near Windsor; and, on his death, to the house of Mr. Baker, of Hertingfordbury, where they now remain.

Walpole speaks of the Club as "the patriots that saved Britain," as having "its beginning about the Trial of the Seven Bishops in the reign of James II.," and consisting of "the most eminent men who opposed the reign of that arbitrary monarch." Garth wrote some verses for the toasting-glass of the Club, which have immortalized four of the reigning beauties at the commencement of the last century: the Ladies Carlisle, Essex, Hyde, and Wharton. Halifax similarly commemorated the charms of the Duchesses of St. Albans, Beaufort, and Richmond; Ladies Sunderland and Mary Churchill; and Mdle. Spanheim.

LAW INSTITUTION, the, west side of Chancery-lane, was built in 1832 (Vulliamy, architect), for the Law Society of the United Kingdom; and combines a valuable library with a hall and office of registry, with Club accommodation. The Chancery-lane front has a Grecian-Ionic portico, with a pediment of considerable beauty; and the Club front in Bell-yard resembles that of an Italian palace. The Society consists of attorneys, solicitors, and proctors practising in Great Britain and Ireland, and of Writers to the Scottish Signet and Courts of Justice; and certificates of attorneys and solicitors must be registered here before granted by the Commissioners of Stamps. Law lectures, limited to one hour, are delivered here during term in the Great Hall.

LITERARY CLUB, the, was founded in 1764 by a knot of good and great men, who met at the Turk's Head Tavern, in Soho, first at the corner of Greek-street and Compton-street, and subsequently in Gerard-street, the founders being Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson. The members were limited to nine, including Reynolds, Johnson, Hawkins, and Burke, and Goldsmith, notwithstanding Hawkins's objection to Oliver as "a mere literary drudge." The members met one evening at seven for supper, in 1772. The supper was changed to a dinner, and the members increased to twenty, and it was at length resolved that it should never exceed forty. In 1783 the landlord died, and the tavern was converted into a private house. The members then removed to Prince's, in Sackville-street; and on this house being soon shut up they removed to Baxter's, afterwards Thomas's, in Dover-street. In 1792 they removed to Parsloe's, in St. James's-street, and thence to the Thatched House, in the same street. The reader will recollect Lord Chancellor Thurlow's rough reply to the prim Peer, who, in a debate in the House of Lords, having pompously cited certain resolutions passed by a party of noblemen and gentlemen at the Thatched House, said, "As to what the noble Lord in the red ribbon told us he had heard at the *ale-house*," &c. From the time of Garriek's death, the Club was known as "The Literary Club," since which it has certainly lost its claim to this epithet. It was originally a club of authors *by profession*; it now numbers few except titled members, which was very far from the intention of the founders. The name of the Club is now "The Johnson."

The centenary of the Club was commemorated in 1864 at the Clarendon, when were present—in the chair, the Dean of St. Paul's; his Excellency M. van de Weyer, Earls Clarendon and Stanhope, the Bishops of London and Oxford; Lords Brougham, Stanley, Cranworth, Kingsdown, and Harry Vane; the Right Hon. Sir Edmund Head, Spencer Walpole, and Robert Lowe; Sir Henry Holland, Sir C. Eastlake, Sir Roderick Murchison, Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, the Master of Trinity, Professor Owen, Mr. G. Grote, Mr. C. Austen, Mr. H. Reeve, and Mr. G. Richmond. Among the few members prevented from attending were the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Carlisle, Earl Russell, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Overstone, Lord Glenelg, and Mr. W. Stirling. Mr. N. W. Senior, who was the political economist of the Club, died a few days previously. The Secretary is Dr. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's; who keeps the books and archives of the Club; the autographs are valuable. Among the memorials is the portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with spectacles on, which he painted and presented to the Club.—See *Club Life of London*, vol. i. pp. 204—218, 1866.

MERMAID CLUB, the, was long said to have been held in Friday-street, Cheapside; but Ben Jonson has settled it in Bread-street; and Mr. W. Hunter, in his *Notes on Shakspeare*, has, in a schedule of 1603, "Mr. Johnson, at the Mermaid, in Bread-street." Mr. Burn, in the *Beaufoy Catalogue*, explains: "The Mermaid in Bread-street, the Mermaid in Friday-street, and the Mermaid in Cheap, were all one and the same. The tavern, situated behind, had a way to it from these thoroughfares, but was nearer to Bread-street than Friday-street." Mr. Burn adds, in a note, "The site of the Mermaid is clearly defined, from the circumstance of W. R., a haberdasher of small wares, 'twixt Wood-street and Milk-street,' adopting the same sign 'over against the Mermaid Tavern in Cheapside.'" The tavern was destroyed in the Great Fire.

Here Sir Walter Raleigh is traditionally said to have instituted "The Mermaid Club." Gifford has thus described the Club, adopting the tradition and the Friday-street location:—"About this time [1603] Jonson probably began to acquire that turn for conviviality for which he was afterwards noted, Sir Walter Raleigh, previously to his unfortunate engagement with the wretched Cobham and others, had instituted a meeting of *beaux esprits* at the Mermaid, a celebrated tavern in Friday-street. Of this Club, which combined more talent and genius than ever met together before or since, our author was a member; and here for many years he regularly repaired, with Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect." But this is doubted. A writer in the *Athenæum*, Sept. 10, 1865, states:—"The origin of the common tale of Raleigh founding the Mermaid Club, of which Shakspeare is said to have been a member, has not been traced. Is it older than Gifford?" Again: "Gifford's apparent invention of the Mermaid Club. Prove to us that Raleigh founded the Mermaid Club, that the wits attended it under his presidency, and you will have made a real contribution to our knowledge of Shakspeare's time, even if you fail to show that our Poet was a member of that Club." The tradition, it is thought, must be added to the long list of Shakspearian doubts. Nevertheless, Fuller has described the wit-combats between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, which he beheld—meaning with his mind's eye; for he was only eight years old when Shakspeare died.—*Club Life of London*, vol. i. p. 91. 1866.

MULBERRIES, the, a Club originated in 1824, at the Wrekin Tavern, Covent-garden, with the regulation that some paper, or poem, or conceit, bearing upon Shakspeare, should be contributed by each member. Hither came Douglas Jerrold and Laman Blanchard, William Godwin, Kenny Meadows; Elton, the actor; and Chatfield, the artist; "that knot of wise and jocund men, then unknown, but gaily struggling." The Mulberries' Club gathered a number of contributions, "mulberry-leaves," but they have not been printed. The name of the Club was changed to the Shakspeare, when it was joined by Charles Dickens, Justice Talfourd, Maclise, Macready, Frank Stone, &c. The Mulberries' meetings are embalmed in Jerrold's *Cakes and Ale*. There were other Clubs of this class, as the Gratis and the Rationals, the Hooks and Eyes and Our Club.

MUSEUM CLUB, the, at the north end of Northumberland-street, was established in 1847, as "a properly modest und real literary Club." Jerrold, and Mahony (Father Prout) enjoyed their "intellectual gladiatorship" at the Museum; but its life was brief.

NATIONAL CLUB-HOUSE, 1, Whitehall-gardens, has a noble saloon, 80 feet in length, hung with large tapestry pictures, in the manner of Teniers: they are of considerable age, yet fresh in colour.

NAVAL CLUB, THE ROYAL, originated as follows:—About the year 1674, according to a document in the possession of Mr. Fitch, of Norwich, a Naval Club was started "for the improvement of a mutuall Society, and an encrease of Love and Kindness amongst them;" and that consummate seaman, Admiral Sir John Kempthorne, was declared Steward of the institution. This was the precursor of the Royal Naval Club of 1765, which, whether considered for its amenities or its extensive charities, may be justly cited as a model establishment. (Admiral Smyth's *Rise and Progress of the Royal Society Club*, p. 9.) The members of this Club annually distribute a considerable sum among the distressed widows and orphans of those who have spent their days in the naval service of their country. The Club was accustomed to dine together at the Thatched House Tavern, on the anniversary of the Battle of the Nile. It is confined exclusively to members of the Naval Service: it has numbered among its members men from the days of Boscawen, Rodney, and the 'first of June' downwards. It was a favourite retreat for William IV. when Duke of Clarence; and his comrade, Sir Philip Durham, the survivor of Nelson, and almost the last of the "old school," frequented it.



NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB, the, 94, Piccadilly—Cambridge House, the town residence of the late Viscount Palmerston.

NOVIOMAGIANS.—The more convivially-disposed members of learned London Societies have, from time to time, formed themselves into Clubs. The Royals have done so, *ab initio*. The Antiquaries appear to have given up their Club and their Anniversary Dinner; but certain of the Fellows, resolving not to remain *impransi*, many years since, formed a Club, styled "Noviomagians," from the identification of the Roman station of Noviomagus being just then reputedly discovered.

One of the Club-founders was Mr. A. J. Kempe; and Mr. Crofton Croker was president more than twenty years. Lord Lonsborough, Mr. Corner, the Southwark antiquary, and Mr. Fairholt, were also Noviomagians; and in the present Club-list are Sir William Betham, Mr. Godwin, Mr. S. C. Hall, Mr. Lemon, &c. The Members dine together once a month, during the season. Joking minutes are kept, among which are found many known names, either as visitors or associates:—Theodore Hook, Sir Henry Ellis, Britton, Dickens, Thackeray, John Bruce, Jordan, Planché, Bell, Maclise, &c. The wits have found Arms for the Club, with a butter-boat rampant for the crest. In 1855, Lord Mayor Moon, F.S.A., entertained the Noviomagians at the Mansion House.

OCTOBER CLUB, named from its "October ale," was formed at the Bell Tavern, King-street, Westminster, and, in 1710, were for impeaching every member of the Whig party, and for turning out every placeman who did not wear their colours, and shout their cries. Swift was great at the October Club: in a letter, February 10, 1710-11, he says:

"We are plagued here with an October Club; that is, a set of above a hundred Parliament-men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the Parliament, to consult affairs, and drive things on to extremes against the Whigs, to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads." Swift's *Advice humbly offered to the Members of the October Club* had the desired effect of softening some, and convincing others, until the whole body of malcontents was first divided and finally dissolved.

The red-hot "tantivies," for whose loyalty the October Club was not thorough-going enough, seceded from the original body, and formed the March Club, more Jacobite and rampant in its hatred of the Whigs than the Society from which it branched.

ORIENTAL CLUB, the, was established in 1824, by Sir John Malcolm, the traveller and brave soldier. The members were noblemen and gentlemen associated with the administration of our Eastern empire, or who had travelled or resided in Asia, at St. Helena, in Egypt, at the Cape of Good Hope, the Mauritius, or at Constantinople. The Oriental was erected in 1827-8, by B. and P. Wyatt, and has the usual Club characteristic of only one tier of windows above the ground-floor; the interior has since been redecorated and embellished by Collman. The *Alfred*, in 1855, joined the *Oriental*, which had been designated by hackney-coachmen as "the Horizontal Club." "Enter it," said the *New Monthly Magazine*, some thirty years since, "it looks like an hospital, in which a smell of curry-powder pervades the 'wards'—wards filled with venerable patients, dressed in nankeen shorts, yellow stockings and gaiters, and facings to match. There may still be seen pigtales in all their pristine perfection. It is the region of calico shirts, returned writers, and guinea-pigs grown into bores. Such is the *nabobery* into which Harley-street, Wimpole-street, and Gloucester-place daily empty their precious stores of bilious humanity." Time has blunted the point of this satiric picture, the individualities of which had passed away, even before the amalgamation of the Oriental with the Alfred.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CLUB-HOUSE, 71, Pall Mall, for members of the two Universities, was designed by Sir Robert Smirke, R.A., and his brother, Sydney Smirke, 1835-8. The Pall Mall façade is 80 feet in width by 75 in height, and the rear lies over against the court of Marlborough House. The ornamental detail is very rich: as the entrance-portico, with Corinthian columns; the balcony, with its panels of metal foliage; and the ground-story frieze, and arms of Oxford and Cambridge Universities over the portico columns. The upper part of the building has a delicate Corinthian entablature and balustrade; and above the principal windows are bas-reliefs in panels, executed in cement by Nicholl, from designs by Sir R. Smirke, R.A.

Centre panel: Minerva and Apollo presiding on Mount Parnassus; and the river Helicon, surrounded by the Muses. Extreme panels: Homer singing to a warrior, a female, and a youth; Virgil singing his *Georgics* to a group of peasants. Other four panels: Milton reciting to his daughter; Shakespeare attended by Tragedy and Comedy; Newton explaining his system; Bacon, his philosophy.

Beneath the ground-floor is a basement of offices, and an entresol or mezzanine of chambers. The principal apartments are tastefully decorated: the drawing-room is

panelled with *papier-maché*; and the libraries are filled with book-cases of beautifully-marked Russian birch-wood. From the library rearward is a view of Marlborough House and its gardens.

PALL MALL was noted for its tavern Clubs more than two centuries since. "The first time that Pepys mentions Pell Mell," writes Cunningham, "is under the 26th of July, 1660, where he says, 'We went to Wood's' (our old house for clubbing), 'and there we spent till ten at night.' This is not only one of the earliest references to Pall Mall as an inhabited locality, but one of the earliest uses of the word 'clubbing,' in its modern signification of a Club, and additionally interesting, seeing that the street still maintains what Johnson would have called its 'clubbable' character. In *Spence's Anecdotes (Supplemental)*, we read: "There was a Club held at the King's Head, in Pall Mall, that arrogantly called itself 'The World.' Lord Stanhope then (now Lord Chesterfield), Lord Herbert, &c., were members. Epigrams were proposed to be written on the glasses, by each member, after dinner; once, when Dr. Young was invited thither, the Doctor would have declined writing, because he had no diamond; Lord Stanhope lent him his, and he wrote immediately:

"Accept a miracle, instead of wit;  
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ."

The first modern Club mansion in Pall Mall was No. 86, opened as a subscription house, called the Albion Hotel. It was originally built for Edward Duke of York, brother of George III., and is now the office of Ordnance (correspondence).

The south side of Pall Mall has a truly patrician air in its seven costly Club-houses, of exceedingly rich architectural character, and reminding one of Captain Morris's luxurious resource:

"In town let me live then, in town let me die;  
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.  
If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,  
Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall."

PARTHENON CLUB-HOUSE, east side of Regent-street, nearly facing St. Philip's Chapel, was designed by Nash: the first floor is elegant Corinthian. The south division was built by Mr. Nash for his own residence; it has a long gallery, decorated from a *loggia* of the Vatican at Rome: it is now the "Gallery of Illustration." The Parthenon Club, now no longer in existence, was taken by Mr. Poole, for his memorable paper, "The Miseries of a Club," in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

PHOENIX CLUB, 17, St. James's-place, consists of the Public Schools' Club, amalgamated with the Universities Union, and intended to include gentlemen educated at the Universities and Public Schools, together with Woolwich, Sandhurst, and Royal Naval College.

PORTLAND CLUB, 1, Stratford-place, Oxford-street.

PRINCE OF WALES'S CLUB, 43, Albemarle-street.

PRINCE OF WALES'S YACHT CLUB, Freemasons' Tavern.

REFORM CLUB-HOUSE, between the *Travellers'* and *Carlton* Club-houses, has a frontage in Pall Mall of 135 feet, being nearly equal to that of the *Athenæum* (76 feet) and *Travellers'* (74 feet). The Reform Club was established by Liberal Members of the two Houses of Parliament, to aid the carrying of the Reform Bill, 1830-32. The Reform was built in 1838-39, from the designs of Barry, R.A.; and resembles the Farnese Palace at Rome, designed by Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, in 1545. The Club-house contains six floors and 134 apartments: the basement and mezzanine below the street pavement, and the chambers in the roof, are not seen.

The points most admired are extreme simplicity and unity of design, combined with very unusual richness. The breadth of the piers between the windows contributes not a little to that repose which is so essential to simplicity, and hardly less so to stateliness. The string-courses are particularly beautiful, while the cornice (68 feet from the pavement) gives extraordinary majesty and grandeur to the whole. The roof is covered with Italian tiles; the edifice is faced throughout with Portland stone, and is a very fine specimen of masonry.

In the centre of the interior is a grand hall, 56 feet by 50, resembling an Italian *cortile*, surrounded by colonnades, below Ionic, and above Corinthian; the latter is a picture-gallery, where, inserted in the scagliola walls, are whole-length portraits of eminent



political Reformers. The floor of the hall is tessellated; and the entire roof is strong diapered flint glass, by Pellatt & Co. The staircase, like that of an Italian palace, leads to the upper gallery of the hall, opening into the principal drawing-room, which is over the coffee-room in the garden front, both being the entire length of the building; adjoining are a library, card-room, &c., over the library and dining-rooms. Above are a billiard-room and lodging-rooms for members of the Club; there being a separate entrance to the latter by a lodge adjoining the Travellers' Club.

The basement comprises two-storied wine-cellar beneath the hall, besides the Kitchen Department, planned by Alexis Soyer, originally *chef-de-cuisine* of the Club: it contains novel employments of steam and gas, and mechanical applications of practical ingenuity, the inspection of which was long one of the privileged sights of London. The *cuisine*, under M. Soyer, enjoyed European fame, fully testified in a magnificent banquet given by the Club to Ibrahim Pasha, July 3, 1846. Another famous banquet was that given July 20, 1850, to Viscount Palmerston, who was a popular leader of the Reform. This festival was, gastronomically as well as politically, a brilliant triumph.

**REFORM CLUB, JUNIOR;** Club-house to be erected in Jermyn-street.

ROBIN HOOD, the, was a Debating Society, which met, in the reign of George II., at a house in Essex-street, Strand, at which questions were proposed for discussion, and any member might speak seven minutes; after which, "the baker," who presided with a hammer, summed up the arguments. Arthur Mainwaring and Dr. Hugh Chamberlain were early members; and the Club was visited by M. Beaumont, as a curiosity, in 1761. This was the scene of Burke's earliest eloquence. Goldsmith came here, and was struck by the imposing aspect of the President, who sat in a large gilt chair.

ROTA, the, or COFFEE CLUB, as Pepys calls it, was founded in 1659, as a kind of Debating Society for the dissemination of republican opinions, which Harrington had painted in their fairest colours in his *Oceana*. It met in New Palace Yard, at the then Turk's Head, "where they take water, the next house to the staires, at one Miles's, where was made purposely a large oval-table, with a passage in the middle for Miles to deliver his coffee." Here Harrington gave nightly lectures on the advantage of a commonwealth and of the ballot. The Club derived its name from a plan, which it was its design to promote, for changing a certain number of Members of Parliament annually by *rotation*. Sir William Petty was one of its members. Round the table, "in a room every evening as full as it could be crammed," says Aubrey, sat Milton and Marvell, Cyriac Skinner, Harrington, Nevill, and their friends, discussing abstract political questions. Aubrey calls them "disciples and *virtuosi*." The Club was broken up at the Restoration.

Dr. Nash notes: "Mr. James Harrington, sometime in the service of Charles I., drew up and printed a form of popular government, after the King's death, entitled the Commonwealth of *Oceana*. He endeavoured likewise to promote his scheme by public discourses, at a nightly Club of several curious gentlemen, Henry Nevil, Charles Wolseley, John Wildman, Dr. (afterwards Sir William) Petty, who met in New Palace-yard, Westminster. Mr. Henry Nevil proposed to the House of Commons that a third part of its members should rote out by ballot every year, and be incapable of re-election for three years to come. This Club was called the Rota."

ROXBURGHE CLUB, the, was founded by the Rev. T. Frognall (afterwards Dr.) Dibdin, at the St. Albans Tavern, St. James's, on June 17, 1812, immediately after the sale of the rarest lot in the Roxburghe Library, viz., *Il Decamerone di Boccaccio*, which produced 2260*l*. The members were limited to 24, subsequently extended to 31.

The President of this Club was the second Earl Spencer. Among the most celebrated members were the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Blandford (the late Duke of Marlborough), Lord Althorp (late Earl Spencer), Lord Morpeth (afterwards Earl of Carlisle), Lord Gower (afterwards Earl of Carlisle), Sir Masterman Sykes, Sir Egerton Brydges, Mr. (afterwards Baron) Bolland, Mr. Dent, Mr. Townley, Rev. T. C. Heber, Rev. Rob. Holwell Carr, Sir Walter Scott, &c.: Dr. Dibdin being Secretary. The avowed object of the Club was the reprinting of rare and neglected pieces of ancient literature; and, at one of the early meetings, "it was proposed and concluded for each member of the Club to reprint a scarce piece of ancient lore, to be given to the members, one copy being on vellum for the chairman, and only as many copies as members." It may, however, be questioned whether the "dinners" of the Club were not more important than the literature. They were given at the St. Albans', at Grillion's, at the Clarendon, and the Albion Taverns. Of these entertainments some curious details have been recorded by Mr. Joseph Haslewood, one of the members, in a MS., entitled "*Roxburghe Revels; or, an Account of the Annual Display, culinary and festive, interspersed with Matters of Moment or Merriment*:" a selection from its rarities has appeared in the *Athenæum*: at the second dinner, Mr. Heber in the chair, a few tardied until, "on arriving at home, the click of time bespoke a quarter to four." Among the early members was the Rev. Mr. Dodd, one of the masters of Westminster School, who, until 1819 (when he died), enlivened the Club with Robin Hood ditties. At the fourth dinner, at Grillion's, Sir Masterman Sykes

chairman, 20 members present, the bill was 57*l*. At the Anniversary, 1818, at the Albion, Mr. Heber in the chair, 15 present, the bill was 85*l*. 9*s*. 6*d*., or 5*l*. 1*s*. each; including turtle, 12*l*. 10*s*.; venison, 10*l*. 10*s*.; and wine, 30*l*. 17*s*. "Ancients, believe it," says Haslewood, "we were not dead drunk, and therefore lie quiet under the table for once, and let a few moderns be uppermost."

The Roxburgh Club still exists: it may justly be considered to have suggested the publishing Societies of the present day; as the Camden, Shakspeare, Percy, &c.

ROYAL SOCIETY CLUB, the, was founded in 1743, and was at first styled "the Club of Royal Philosophers." It originated some years earlier with Dr. Halley and a few friends, who dined together once a week; at length, they removed to the Mitre Tavern, No. 39, Fleet-street, to be handy to the Royal Society, which then met in Crane-court. In 1780, the Club removed to the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand; in 1848, to the Freemasons' Tavern: and thence, when the Royal Society removed to Burlington House, Piccadilly, the Club removed to the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street. The dinners were plain, black-puddings figuring for many years at each repast. The presents made to the Club became very numerous; and haunches of venison, turtle, and game, were rewarded by the donors' healths being drunk in claret. The circumnavigator, Lord Anson, presented the Club with a magnificent turtle; and on another occasion with a turtle which weighed 400*lbs*. James Watt dined at one of these turtle-feasts; "and never was turtle eaten with greater sobriety and temperance, or with more good fellowship." Then we find mighty chimes of beef, and large carp among the presents; and Lord Macartney sent "two pigs of the China breed." Fruits were presented for dessert; and Philip Miller, who wrote the *Gardener's Dictionary*, sent Egyptian Cos lettuces, the best kind known; and Cantaloupe melons, equal in flavour to pine-apples. For thirty years the Club received these presents in lieu of admission-money, until thinking it undignified to do so, the practice was discontinued. The charge for dinner rose from 1*s*. 6*d*. to 10*s*., and 2*d*. to the waiter! Then, the Club laid in its own wine, at 1*s*. 6*d*. per bottle, and the landlord charged 2*s*. 6*d*. The consumption of wine, per head, of late, averaged less than a pint each.

"Among the distinguished guests of the Club are many celebrities. Here the chivalrous Sir Sidney Smith described the atrocities of Djezza Pasha; and here that cheerful baronet—Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin—by relating the result of his going in a jolly-boat to attack a whale, and in narrating the advantages specified in his proposed patent for fattening fowls, kept "the table in a roar." At this board, also, our famous circumnavigators and oriental voyagers met with countenance and fellowship—as Cook, Furneaux, Clerke, King, *Bounty* Bligh, Vancouver, *Guardian* Riou, Flinders, Broughton, Lestock, Wilson, Huddart, Bass, Tuckey, Horsburgh, &c.; while the Polar explorers, from the Hon. Constantine Phipps in 1773, down to Sir Leopold McClintock, in 1860, were severally and individually welcomed as guests. But, besides our sterling sea-worthies, we find in ranging through the documents that some rather outlandish visitors were introduced through their means, as Chet Quang and Wang Tong, *Chineese*; Ejutak and Tuklivina, *Esquimaux*; Thayen-danega, the *Mohawk* chief; while Omai, of Uaretea, the celebrated and popular savage, of *Cook's Voyages*, was so frequently invited, that he is latterly entered on the Club papers simply as *Mr. Omai*."—Admiral Smyth's *Account of the Royal Society Club; Club Life of London*, vol. i. pp. 65-81. 1866.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB, 49, St. James's-street.

SCRIBLERUS CLUB, the, was founded by Swift, in 1714, in place of "the Brothers;" it was rather of a literary than political character. Oxford and St. John, Swift, Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay, were members. Oxford and Bolingbroke led the way, by their mutual animosity, to the dissolution of the Club; when Swift made a final effort at reconciliation, but failing, retreated in dudgeon.—See BROTHERS CLUB, p. 244.

SMITHFIELD CLUB, the, Half-moon-street, has the management of the Cattle Show held annually at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and the award of Silver Cups and Gold and Silver Medals as prizes for Stock, Implements, &c., exhibited.

"The Smithfield Cattle and Sheep Society" was instituted December 17, 1798, by a party of noblemen and gentlemen, amongst whom were most conspicuous Francis, Duke of Bedford; the Earl of Winchelsea, Lord Somerville, and Sir Joseph Banks.

The Club has shifted its scene of annual display several times. In 1799 and 1800, the Club exhibited in Wootton's Livery-stables, Dolphin-yard, Smithfield; in 1804, the Show was held in the Swan-yard; in 1805, at Dixon's Repository, Barbican; in 1808, in Sadler's-yard, Goswell-street; and in 1839, the Club, moving westward, gave its first exhibition in Baker-street. From Mr. Brandreth Gibbs's *History of the Origin and Progress of the Smithfield Club*, we learn that, at the first exhibition, the Club only received from the public 40*l*. 3*s*. The receipts of the first Baker-street Show were 300*l*.; and in 1857, no less a sum than 700*l*. was taken at the doors. The prizes annually distributed have increased as follows: value in 1799, 50 guineas; 1800, 120 guineas; 1810, 220 guineas; and in 1840, plate and money, 330*l*.; and in 1857, 1050*l*. Concurrent with the early career of the Smithfield Club were the Spring Cattle Shows, established by Lord Somerville, who, in 1805, at his own cost, gave six prizes; amongst the exhibitors was George the Third.



The Duchess of Rutland became a member of the Smithfield Club in 1823; and the Queen visited the Show in Baker-street in 1844, and again in 1850. The Royal visit in 1844 is believed to be the first occasion of an agricultural show being attended by the Sovereign of Great Britain; but it was not the first time that Royalty took an interest in the Club shows. George the Third was an exhibitor in 1800; the Duke of York gained a prize in 1806; and the Prince Consort, who, together with the late Duke of Cambridge, became a member of the Club in 1841, carried off several prizes at the Baker-street exhibitions with animals fed at the "Royal Flemish" and "Royal Shaw" farms. The silver-cup and the shepherd-smock schools combined for the same good end—the production of delicious meat at moderate prices; and he will not act inappropriately who, whilst thanking God for his Christmas-dinner, has a grateful recollection of the men who contributed to bring the Roast Beef of Old England to its present perfection.—*Athenæum*, No. 1728, abridged.

**THATCHED HOUSE.**—Admiral Smyth, in 1860, gave the following list of Clubs, which then dined at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street:—

Actuaries, Institute of; Catch Club; Johnson's Club; Dilettanti Society; Farmers' Club; Geographical Club; Geological Club; Lincæan Club; Literary Society; Navy Club; Philosophical Club; Physicians, College of; Club; Political Economy Club; Royal Academy Club; Royal Astronomical Club; Royal Institution Club; Royal London Yacht Club; Royal Naval Club (1765); Royal Society Club; St. Alban's Medical Club; St. Bartholomew's Contemporaries; Star Club; Statistical Club; Sussex Club; Union Society, St. James's.—*Account of the Royal Society Club*, privately printed.

**TOM'S COFFEE-HOUSE CLUB**, the, was held at 17, north side of Russell-street, Covent-garden; the house was taken down in 1865. The original proprietor was Thomas West, who died in 1722. The upper portion of the premises was the coffee-house, under which lived T. Lewis, the original publisher, in 1711, of Pope's *Essay on Criticism*. In *The Journey through England*, 1714, we read, "There was at Tom's Coffee-house playing at piquet, and the best conversation till midnight; blue and green ribbons with stars, sitting and talking familiarly." M. Grignon, sen., had seen "the balcony of Tom's crowded with noblemen in their stars and garters, drinking their tea and coffee, exposed to the people." In 1764 was formed here, by a guinea subscription, a Club of nearly 700 members.

On the Club-books we find "Long Sir Thomas Robinson;" Samuel Foote; Arthur Murphy, lately called to the Bar; David Garrick, who then lived in Southampton-street (though he was not a clubbable man); John Beard, the fine tenor singer; John Webb; Sir Richard Glynn; Robert Gosling, the banker; Colonel Eyre, of Marylebone; Earl Percy; Sir John Fielding, the justice; Paul Methuen, of Corsham; Richard Clive; the great Lord Clive; the eccentric Duke of Montagu; Sir Fletcher Norton, the ill-mannered; Lord Edward Bentinck; Dr. Samuel Johnson; the celebrated Marquis of Granby; Sir F. B. Delaval, the friend of Foote; William Tooke, the solicitor; the Hon. Charles Howard, sen.; the Duke of Northumberland; Sir Francis Gosling; the Earl of Anglesey; Sir George Brydges Rodney (afterwards Lord Rodney); Peter Burrell; Walpole Eyre; Lewis Mendez; Dr. Swinney; Stephen Lushington; John Gunning; Henry Brougham, father of Lord Brougham; Dr. Maenamara; Sir John Trevelyan; Captain Donellan; Sir W. Wolseley; Walter Chetwynd; Viscount Gage, &c.; Thomas Payne, Esq., of Leicester House; Dr. Schomberg, of Pall Mall; George Colman, the dramatist, then living in Great Queen-street; Dr. Dodd, in Southampton-row; James Payne, the architect, Salisbury-street, which he rebuilt; William Bowyer, the printer, Bloomsbury-square; Count Bruhl, the Polish Minister; Dr. Goldsmith, Temple (1773), &c. Many a noted name in the list of 700 is very suggestive of the gay society of the period. Among the Club musters, Samuel Foote, Sir Thomas Robinson, and Dr. Dodd are very frequent; indeed, Sir Thomas seems to have been something like a proposer-general.

Dance painted the elder Haines, the landlord, who, for his polite address, was called among the Club "Lord Chesterfield." The coffee-house business closed in 1814, when the premises became occupied by Mr. William Till, the well-known numismatist; the card-room and club-tables in their original condition. On the death of Mr. Till, Mr. Webster succeeded to the tenancy and collection of coins and medals, which he removed to No. 6, Henrietta-street; he possesses, by marriage with the grand-daughter of the second Mr. Haines, the Club-books; as well as the Club-room snuff-box, of large size, tortoiseshell; upon the lid, in high relief, in silver, are the portraits of Charles I. and Queen Anne, the Bosobel oak, with Charles II. amid its branches, &c.—See *Illustrated London News*, 1865.

**TRAVELLERS' CLUB-HOUSE**, adjoining the *Athenæum*, in Pall Mall, was designed by Barry, R.A., and built in 1832. The architecture is the nobler Italian, resembling a Roman palace: the plan is a quadrangle, with an open area in the middle, so that all the rooms are well lighted. The Pall Mall front has a bold and rich cornice, and the windows are decorated with Corinthian pilasters; the garden-front varies in the windows; but the Italian taste is preserved throughout, with the most careful finish: the roof is Italian tiles. The Travellers' Club originated shortly after the Peace of 1814, in a suggestion of the late Marquis of Londonderry, then Lord Castlereagh, with a view to a resort for gentlemen who had resided or travelled abroad; as well as to the

accommodation of foreigners, who, when properly recommended, receive an invitation for the period of their stay. (*Quarterly Review*, No. 110, 1836.) By one of the rules, "no person is eligible to the Travellers' Club who shall not have travelled out of the British Islands to a distance of at least 500 miles from London in a direct line." Prince Talleyrand, during his residence in London, generally joined the muster of whist-players at this Club.

TREASON CLUB, the, at the time of the Revolution, met at the Rose Tavern, Covent-garden, to consult with Lord Colchester, Mr. Thomas Wharton, and many others; and it was then resolved that the regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Langdale's command should desert entire, as it did, on a Sunday, November, 1688.

UNION CLUB-HOUSE, Cockspur-street, and west side of Trafalgar-square, was completed in 1824, from designs by Sir R. Smirke, R.A. James Smith ("Rejected Addresses") has left us a sketch of his every-day life at this Club:—

"At three o'clock I walk to the Union Club, read the journals, hear Lord John Russell deified or diablerised, do the same with Sir Robert Peel or the Duke of Wellington, and then join a knot of conversationists by the fire till six o'clock, consisting of lawyers, merchants, and gentlemen at large. We then and there discuss the Three per Cent. Consols (some of us preferring Dutch two-and-a-half per Cents.), and speculate upon the probable rise, shape, and cost of the New Exchange. If Lady Harrington happen to drive past our window in her landau, we compare her equipage to the Algerine Ambassador's; and when politics happen to be discussed, rally Whigs, Radicals, and Conservatives alternately, but never seriously, such subjects having a tendency to create acrimony. At six, the room begins to be deserted; wherefore I adjourn to the dining-room, and gravely looking over the bill of fare, exclaim to the waiter, 'Haunch of mutton and apple-tart!' These viands despatched, with the accompanying liquids and water, I mount upward to the library, take a book and my seat in the arm-chair, and read till nine. Then call for a cup of coffee and a biscuit, resuming my book till eleven; afterwards return home to bed."—*Comic Miscellanies*.

The Union has a capital smoking-room, with paintings by Stanfield and Roberts. The Club has ever been famed for its *cuisine*, upon the strength of which we are told that next door to the Club-house, in Cockspur-street, was established the Union Hotel, which speedily became renowned for its turtle; it was opened in 1823, and was one of the best-appointed hotels of its day; Lord Panmure, a *gourmet* of the highest order, is said to have taken up his quarters in this hotel, for several successive seasons, for the sake of the soup.\*—*Adams's London Clubs*.

UNITED SERVICE CLUB, the, one of the oldest of modern Clubs, was instituted the year after the Peace of 1815, when a few officers of influence in both branches of the Service had built for them, by Sir R. Smirke, a Club-house at the corner of Charles-street and Regent-street—a frigid design, somewhat relieved by sculpture on the entrance-front, of Britannia distributing laurels to her brave sons by land and sea. Thence the Club removed to a more spacious house, in Waterloo-place, facing the Athenæum, the Club-house in Charles-street being entered on by the Junior United Service Club; but Smirke's cold design has been displaced by an edifice of much more ornate exterior and luxurious internal appliances. The United Service Club (Senior) was designed by Nash, and has a well-planned interior, exhibiting the architect's well-known excellence in this branch of his profession. The principal front facing Pall Mall has a Roman-Doric portico; and above it a Corinthian portico, with pediment. One of the patriarchal members of the Club was Lord Lynedoch, the hero of the Peninsular War, who lived under five sovereigns: he died in his 93rd year. Stanfield's fine picture of the Battle of Trafalgar; and a copy by Lane (painted 1851) of a contemporary portrait of Sir Francis Drake; are among the Club pictures.

The *Windham* was once considered the most expensive Club, and the *United Service* the cheapest; the latter, probably, from the number of absent members. The Duke of Wellington might often be seen dining at this Club on a joint; "and on one occasion, when he was charged 15*d.* instead of 1*s.* for it, he bestirred himself till the odd threepence was struck off. The motive was obvious; he took the trouble of objecting to give his sanction to the principle."—*Quarterly Review*, No. 110, 1836.

UNITED SERVICE CLUB, the JUNIOR, at the corner of Charles-street and Regent-street, was erected upon the site of the former Club-house, by Sir R. Smirke, R.A., in 1855-57, Nelson and James, architects, and is enriched with characteristic sculpture by John Thomas. The design is in the Italian style of architecture, the bay-window

\* The West-end Clubs contribute largely to the feeding of the poor. The Union Club distributed in the year 1844, to the poor of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, no less than 3104 lbs. of broken bread, 4556 lbs. of broken meat, 1147 pints of tea-leaves, and 1158 pints of coffee-grounds.



in Regent-street forming a prominent feature in the composition, above which is a sculptured group allegorical of the Army and Navy. The whole of the sculpture and ornamental details throughout the building are characteristic of the professions of the members of the Club. Upon the angle-pieces of the balustrade are bronze lamps, supported by figures. The staircase is lighted from the top by a handsome lantern, filled with painted glass. On the landing of the half-space are two pairs of caryatid figures, and single figures against the walls, supporting three semicircular arches. On the upper landing of the staircase is the celebrated picture, by Allan, of the Battle of Waterloo. The evening-room, which is also used as a picture-gallery, 24 feet high, has a bay-window fronting Regent-street. Here are portraits of military and naval commanders; Queen Victoria and Prince Albert; the Emperor Napoleon, and an allegorical group in silver, presented to the Club by his Imperial Majesty.

UNIVERSITY CLUB, the, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, was instituted in 1824; and the Club-house, designed by Deering and Wilkins, architects, was opened 1826. It is of the Grecian Doric and Ionic orders; and the staircase walls have casts from the Parthenon frieze. The Club consists chiefly of Members of Parliament who have received University education; several of the judges, and a large number of benefited clergymen. This Club has the reputation of possessing the best-stocked wine-cellar in London, which is of no small importance to members, clerical or lay.

URBAN CLUB, the, held at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, consists of authors, actors, and artists, who meet in the great room of the Tavern over the gateway.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE CLUB, 49, St. James's-street.

WATIER'S CLUB was the great Macao gambling-house of a very short period. Mr. Thomas Raikes, who understood all its mysteries, describes it as very genteel, adding that no one ever quarrelled there. "The Club did not endure for twelve years altogether; the pace was too quick to last: it died a natural death in 1819, from the paralysed state of its members; the house was then taken by a set of blacklegs, who instituted a common bank for gambling. To form an idea of the ruin produced by this short-lived establishment among men whom I have so intimately known, a cursory glance to the past suggests the following melancholy list, which only forms a part of its deplorable results. . . . None of the dead reached the average age of man."

In the old days, when gaming was in fashion, at Watier's Club, princes and nobles lost or gained fortunes between themselves. Captain Gronow also relates the following account of the origin of this noted but short-lived Club:—

"Upon one occasion, some gentlemen of both White's and Brooks's had the honour to dine with the Prince Regent, and during the conversation the Prince inquired what sort of dinners they got at their Clubs; upon which Sir Thomas Stepney, one of the guests, observed 'that their dinners were always the same, the eternal joints or beef-steaks, the boiled fowl with oyster-sauce, and an apple-tart: this is what we have at our Clubs, and very monotonous fare it is.' The Prince, without further remark, rang the bell for his cook Watier, and, in the presence of those who dined at the Royal table, asked him whether he would take a house, and organize a dinner-club. Watier assented, and named Madison, the Prince's page, manager; and Labourie, the cook, from the Royal kitchen. The Club flourished only a few years, owing to the night-play that was carried on there. The Duke of York patronized it, and was a member. The dinners were exquisite: the best Parisian cooks could not beat Labourie. The favourite game played there was Macao."

WEDNESDAY CLUB, in Friday-street, Cheapside. Here, in 1695, certain conferences took place under the direction of William Paterson, which ultimately led to the establishment of the Bank of England. Such is the general belief; but Mr. Saxe Bannister, in his *Life of Paterson*, p. 93, observes:—"It has been a matter of much doubt whether the Bank of England was originally proposed from a Club or Society in the City of London. The *Dialogue Conferences of the Wednesday Club*, in *Friday-street*, have been quoted as if first published in 1695. No such publication has been met with of a date before 1706;" and Mr. Bannister states his reasons for supposing it was not preceded by any other book. Still, Paterson wrote the papers entitled the *Wednesday Club Conferences*.

There was likewise a *Wednesday Club* held at the Globe Tavern, in Fleet-street, where songs, jokes, dramatic imitations, burlesque parodies, and broad sallies of humour were the entertainments; and Oliver Goldsmith was in his glory. Here was first heard the celebrated epitaph (Goldsmith had been reading Pope and Swift's *Miscellanies*) on Edward Purdon:—

“Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,  
Who long was a bookseller's hack;  
He had led such a damnable life in this world,  
I don't think he'll wish to come back.”

WESTMINSTER CLUB, 23, Albemarle-street.

WHIST CLUBS originated with whist becoming popular in England about 1730, when it was closely studied by a party of gentlemen, who formed a sort of Club at the Crown Coffee-house, in Bedford-row. Hoyle is said to have given instructions in the game, for which his charge was a guinea a lesson. A Committee, including members of several of the best London Clubs, well known as whist-players, has drawn up a code of rules for the game; and these rules, as governing the best modern practice, have been accepted by the Arlington, the Army and Navy, Arthur's, Boodle's, Brooks's, Carlton, Conservative, Garrick, Guards', Junior Carlton, Portland, Oxford and Cambridge, Reform, St. James's, White's, &c. The *Laws of Short Whist* were, in 1865, published in a small volume; and to this strictly legal portion of the book is appended *A Treatise on the Game*, by Mr. J. Clay, M.P. for Hull, one of the best modern whist-players.

WHITE'S (Tory) CLUB-HOUSE, 36 and 37, St. James's-street, has an elegant front, designed by James Wyatt, restored and enriched in 1851: the medallions of the Four Seasons above the drawing-room story are classic compositions. The Club, as White's Chocolate-house, was originally established about 1698, near the bottom of the west side of St. James's-street: the Club-house, then kept by Mr. Arthur, was burnt down April 28, 1773; and plate 6 of Hogarth's "Rake's Progress" shows a room at White's so intent upon their play, as neither to see the flames nor hear the watchmen, who are bursting into the room to give the alarm. Sir Andrew Fountayne's collection of pictures, valued at 3000*l.*, was destroyed in the fire; and the King and the Prince of Wales were present, encouraging the firemen and people to work the engines. In 1736, the principal members of the Club were the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Chesterfield, Sir John Cope, Bubb Doddington, and Colley Cibber: before this date it was an open Chocolate-house. It soon became a gaming Club and a noted supper-house, the dinner-hour being early a century since. Betting was another of its pastimes; and a book for entering wagers was always laid upon the table. The play here was frightful; it was for White's that Walpole and his friends composed the famous heraldic satire.

Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, Sept. 1, 1750: "They have put into the papers a good story made at White's. A man dropped down dead at the door, and was carried in; the Club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not; and when they were going to bleed him, the wagers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet."

"At the time that White's Chocolate-house was opened at the bottom of St. James's-street—the close of the last century—it was probably thought vulgar; for there was a garden attached, and it had a suburban air. At the tables in the house or garden more than one highwayman took his chocolate, or threw his main, before he quietly mounted his horse, and rode slowly down Piccadilly towards Bagshot. The celebrated Lord Chesterfield there 'gamed, and pronounced witticisms among the boys of quality.' Steele dated all his love-news in the *Tatler* from White's. It was stigmatized as 'the common rendezvous of infamous sharpers and noble cullies;' and bets were laid to the effect that Sir William Burdett, one of its members, would be the first baronet who would be hanged. The gambling went on till dawn of day; and Pelham, when Prime Minister, was not ashamed to divide his time between his official table and the piquet table at White's. White's ceased to be an open Chocolate-house in 1736."—Dr. Doran's *Table Traits*.

The Club, on June 20, 1814, gave at Burlington-house, to the Allied Sovereigns then in England, a ball, which cost 9489*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; and on July 6 following, the Club gave a dinner to the Duke of Wellington, which cost 2480*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*—(See Cunningham's *Handbook* ("White's") for several very interesting extracts from the Club-books, and from writers of the middle of the last century, "curiously characteristic of the state of society at the time.")

WHITTINGTON CLUB and METROPOLITAN ATHENÆUM, Arundel-street, originated in 1846 with Mr. Douglas Jerrold, who became its first president. It combines a literary society with a Club-house, upon an economical scale, for the middle classes; con-



taining dining and coffee-rooms, library and reading-rooms, smoking and chess-rooms; and a large room for balls, concerts, and *soirées*. Lectures are given here, and classes held for the higher branches of education, fencing and dancing, &c. In the ball-room is a picture of Whittington listening to Bow-bells, painted by F. Newenham, and presented to the Club by its founder. All the original Crown and Anchor premises, wherein the Club first met, were destroyed by fire in 1854: they have been rebuilt, and the establishment is now styled the Whittington Club.

WINDHAM CLUB, 11, St. James's-square, was founded by the late Lord Nugent, for gentlemen "connected with each other by a common bond of literary or personal acquaintance." The mansion was the residence of William Windham; next, of the accomplished John Duke of Roxburghe; and here the Roxburghe Library was sold in 1812, the sale commencing May 18, and extending to forty-one days. Lord Chief-Justice Ellenborough lived here in 1814; and subsequently, the Earl of Blessington, who possessed a fine collection of pictures.

## COFFEE-HOUSES.

COFFEE was first drunk in London about the middle of the seventeenth century. "The first coffee-house in London," says Aubrey (MS. in the Bodleian Library), "was in St. Michael's-alley, in Cornhill, opposite to the church, which was set up by one — Bowman (coachman to Mr. Hodges, a Turkey merchant, who putt him upon it), in or about the year 1652. 'Twas about four yeares before any other was sett up, and that was by Mr. Farr. Jonathan Paynter, over-against to St. Michael's Church, was the first apprentice to the trade, viz., to Bowman."

Another account states that one Edwards, a Turkey merchant, on his return from the East in 1657, brought with him a Ragusan Greek servant, Pasqua Rosee, who prepared coffee every morning for his master, and with the coachman above named set up the first coffee-house in St. Michael's-alley; but they soon quarrelled and separated, the coachman establishing himself in St. Michael's churchyard.

Sir Hans Sloane had in his Museum in Bloomsbury-square, "part of a coffee-tree, with the berries and leaves thereon; it was brought over from Moco, in Arabia, by Mr. E. Clive, of London, merchant," who has described it in *Philos. Trans.* No. 208.

Coffee is first mentioned in our statute-book anno 1660 (12 Car. II., c. 24), when a duty of 4d. was laid upon every gallon of coffee made and sold. A statute of 1663 directs that all coffee-houses should be licensed at the Quarter Sessions. In 1675, Charles II. issued a proclamation to shut up the coffee-houses, charged with being seminaries of sedition; but in a few days he suspended this proclamation by a second.

As coffee declined in fashion, the Coffee-houses mostly became Taverns and Dining-houses, or Chop-houses. The first on our list is an instance.

BAKER'S COFFEE-HOUSE, 1, Change-alley, Lombard-street, was originally for the sale of coffee, but has been for nearly half a century noted for its chops and steaks, broiled in the coffee-room, and eaten hot from the gridiron.

BALTIC COFFEE-HOUSE, 58, Threadneedle-street, is the rendezvous of merchants and brokers connected with the Russian trade, or that in tallow, oil, hemp, and seeds. The supply of news to the subscription-room is, with the exception of the chief London, Liverpool, and Hull papers, confined to that from the north of Europe and the tallow-producing countries in the South American coast. In the upper part of the Baltic Coffee-house is the auction sale-room for tallow, oils, &c.

BEDFORD COFFEE-HOUSE, "under the Piazza, in Covent Garden," north-east corner, in *Memoirs of the Bedford Coffee-house*, two editions, 1751–1763, is described as having been "signalized for many years as the emporium of wit, the seat of criticism, and the standard of taste. Names of those who frequented the house:—Foote, Mr. Fielding, Mr. Woodward, who mostly lived here, Mr. Leone, Mr. Murphy, Mopsy, Dr. Arne. Dr. Arne was the only man in a suit of velvet in the dog-days. Stacie kept the Bedford when John and Henry Fielding, Hogarth, Churchill, Woodward, Lloyd, Dr. Goldsmith, and many others met there and held a gossiping shilling-rubber club. Henry Fielding was a very merry fellow." In the *Connoisseur*, No. 2, we read:

"This Coffee-house is every night crowded with men of parts. Almost every one you meet is a polite scholar and a wit. Jokes and *bon-mots* are echoed from box to box: every branch of literature is critically examined, and the merit of every production of the press, or performance of the theatres, weighed and determined." Foote and Garrick often met here. Garrick, in early life, had been in the wine-trade, and had supplied the Bedford with wine; he was thus described by Foote as living in Durham-yard, with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine-merchant. Churchill's quarrel with Hogarth began at the shilling-rubber club, in the Bedford parlour: "Never," says Walpole, "did two angry men of their abilities throw mud with less dexterity." Young Collins, the poet, who came to town in 1744 to seek his fortune, made his way to the Bedford, where Foote was supreme among the wits and critics. Like Foote, Collins was fond of fine clothes, and walked about with a feather in his hat, very unlike a young man who had not a single guinea he could call his own. A letter of the time tells us that "Collins was an acceptable companion everywhere; and among the gentlemen who loved him for a genius may be reckoned the Doctors Armstrong, Barrowby, Hill, Messrs. Quin, Garrick, and Foote, who frequently took his opinion upon their pieces before they were seen by the public. He was particularly noticed by the geniuses who frequented the Bedford and Slaughter's Coffee-houses." (*Memoir*, by Moy Thomas.) In 1754, Foote was supreme in his critical corner at the Bedford. The regular frequenters of the room strove to get admitted to his party at supper; and others got as nearly as they could to the table, as the only humour flowed from Foote's tongue. The Bedford was now in its highest repute: Dr. Barrowby was the great newsmonger of the day.

Of two houses in the Piazza, built for Francis, Earl of Bedford, we obtain some minute information from the lease granted in 1634 to Sir Edmund Verney, Knight Marshal to King Charles I.; these two houses being just then erected as part of the Piazza. There are also included in the lease the "yards, stables, coachhouses, and gardens now layd, or hereafter to be layd, to the said messuages," which description of the premises seems to identify them as the two houses at the southern end of the Piazza, adjoining to Great Russell-street, and now occupied as the Bedford Coffee-house and Hotel. They are either the same premises, or they immediately adjoin the premises, occupied a century later as the Bedford Coffee-house. (Mr. John Bruce, *Archæologia*, xxv. 195.) The lease contained a minute specification of the landlord's fittings and customary accommodations of what were then some of the most fashionable residences in the metropolis. In the attached schedule is the use of the wainscot, enumerating separately every piece of wainscot on the premises. The tenant is bound to keep in repair the "Portico Walks" underneath the premises; he is at all times to have "ingresse, egresses and regresse" through the Portico Walk; and he may "expel, put, or drive away out of the said walks any youth or other person whatsoever which shall eyther play or be in the said Portico Walke in offence or disturbance to the said Sir Edmund Verney."—*Club Life of London*, vol. II., p. 81, 1868.

At the present Bedford Coffee-house, or Hotel, the Beef-steak Society met before their removal to the Lyceum Theatre.

BRITISH COFFEE-HOUSE, Cockspur-street, "long a house of call for Scotchmen," has been fortunate in its landladies. In 1759, it was kept by the sister of Bishop Douglas, so well known for his works against Lauder and Bower, which may explain its Scottish fame. At another period it was kept by Mrs. Anderson, described in Mackenzie's *Life of Home* as "a woman of uncommon talents, and the most agreeable conversation."

BUTTON'S COFFEE-HOUSE, "over against Tom's, in Covent-garden," was established in 1712, and thither Addison transferred much company from Tom's. In July, 1713, a Lion's Head, "a proper emblem of knowledge and action, being all head and paws," was set up at Button's, in imitation of the celebrated Lion at Venice, to receive letters and papers for the *Guardian*. Here the wits of that time used to assemble; and among them, Addison, Pope, Steele, Swift, Arbuthnot, Count Viviani, Savage, Budgell, Philips, Davenant, and Colonel Brett; and here it was that Philips hung up a birchen rod, with which he threatened to chastise Pope for "a biting epigram." Button, the master of the Coffee-house, had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick's family; and it is said that when Addison suffered any vexation from the Countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house. Just after Queen Anne's accession, Swift made acquaintance with the leaders of the wits at Button's. Ambrose Philips refers to him as the strange clergyman whom the frequenters of the Coffee-house had observed for some days. He knew no one, no one knew him. He would lay his hat down on a table, and walk up and down at a brisk pace for half an hour without speaking to any one. Then he would snatch up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk off, with-



out having opened his lips. He was called in the room "the mad parson." Here Swift first saw Addison.

Sir Walter Scott gives, upon the authority of Dr. Wall, of Worcester, who had it from Dr. Arbuthnot himself, the following anecdote, less coarse than the version usually told. Swift was seated at the fire at Button's: there was sand on the floor of the coffee-room, and Arbuthnot offered him a letter which he had been just addressing, saying at the same time—"There, sand that." "I have no sand," answered Swift: "but I can help you to a little gravel." This he said so significantly, that Arbuthnot hastily snatched back the letter, to save it from the fate of the capital of Lilliput.

At Button's the leading company, particularly Addison and Steele, met in large flowing flaxen wigs. Sir Godfrey Kneller, too, was a well-dressed frequenter. The master died in 1731, when in the *Daily Advertiser*, October 5, appeared the following:—"On Sunday morning, died, after three days' illness, Mr. Button, who formerly kept Button's Coffee-house, in Russell-street, Covent-garden; a very noted house for wits, being the place where the Lyon produced the famous *Tallers* and *Spectators*, written by the late Mr. Secretary Addison and Sir Richard Steele, Knt., which works will transmit their names with honour to posterity." Mr. Cunningham found in the vestry-books of St. Paul's, Covent-garden:—"1719, April 16. Received of Mr. Daniel Button, for two places in the pew No. 18, on the south side of the north Isle, 2l. 2s." J. T. Smith states that Button's name appears in the books of St. Paul's as receiving an allowance from the parish. (See *Streets of London*, Part I. p. 159.)

Button's continued in vogue until Addison's death and Steele's retirement into Wales, after which the house was deserted; the coffee-drinkers went to the Bedford Coffee-house, the dinner-parties to the Shakspeare. In 1720, Hogarth mentions "four drawings in Indian ink" of the characters at Button's Coffee-house. In these were sketches of Arbuthnot, Addison, Pope, (as it is conjectured,) and a certain Count Viviani, identified years afterwards by Horace Walpole, when the drawings came under his notice. They subsequently came into Ireland's possession.—(Sala's vivid *William Hogarth*, *Cornhill Magazine*, vol. i. 428.) Jimmy Maclaine, or McClean, the fashionable highwayman, was a frequent visitor at Button's, which subsequently became a private house; and here Mrs. Inchbald lodged, probably, after the death of her sister, for whose support she practised such noble and generous self-denial. Phillips, the publisher, offered her a thousand pounds for her *Memoirs*, which she declined.

The memorable *Lion's Head* is tolerably well carved: through the mouth the letters were dropped into a till at Button's; and beneath were inscribed these two lines from Martial:—

"Cervantur magnis isti Cervicibus ungues:  
Non nisi delicta pascitur ille fera."

The head was designed by Hogarth, and is etched in Ireland's *Illustrations*. Lord Chesterfield is said to have once offered for the Head fifty guineas. From Button's it was removed to the Shakspeare Head Tavern, under the Piazza, kept by a person named Tomkyns; and in 1751, was, for a short time, placed in the Bedford Coffee-house immediately adjoining the Shakspeare, and there employed as a letter-box by Dr. John Hill, for his *Inspector*. In 1769, Tomkyns was succeeded by his waiter, Campbell, as proprietor of the tavern and Lion's head, and by him the latter was retained until Nov. 8, 1804, when it was purchased by Mr. Charles Richardson, of Richardson's Hotel, for 17l. 10s., who also possessed the original sign of the Shakspeare Head. After Mr. Richardson's death in 1827, the Lion's Head devolved to his son, of whom it was bought by the Duke of Bedford, and deposited at Woburn Abbey, where it still remains.—Communicated by Mr. John Green.—See also *Guardian*, Nos. 85, 83, 114, 142.

CHAPTER COFFEE-HOUSE, 50, Paternoster-row, is mentioned in No. 1 of the *Connoisseur*, January 31, 1754, as the resort of "those encouragers of literature, and not the worst judges of merit, the booksellers." Chatterton dates several letters from the *Chapter*. Goldsmith frequented the coffee-room, and always occupied one place, which, for many years after, was the seat of literary honour there. The Chapter had its leather token.

Alexander Stephens left some reminiscences of the many literati and politicians who frequented the Chapter from 1797 to 1805. The box in the north-east corner was called the *Witenagemot*, and was occupied by the "Wet Paper Club." Here assembled Dr. Buchan, author of *Domestic Medicine*; Dr. Berdmore, Master of the Charter-house; Walker, the rhetorician; and Dr. Towers, the political writer; Dr. George Fordyce, and Dr. Gower of "the Middlesex," who, with Buchan, presided the Chapter punch; Robinson, King of the Booksellers, and his brother John; Joseph Johnson, the friend of Priestley and Paine, and Cowper and Fuseli; Alexander Chalmers, the workman of the Robinsons; the two Parrys, of the *Courier*, then the organ of Jacobinism; Lowndes, the electrician; Dr. Busby, the writer on music; Jacob, an Alderman and M.P.; Walthman, then Common Councilman; Mr. Blake, the banker, of Lombard-street; Mr. Patterson, a North Briton, who taught Pitt mathematics; Alexander Stephens; and Phillips (afterwards Sir Richard), who here recruited for contributors to his *Monthly Magazine*. The *Witenagemot* lost its literary celebrities; but the Chapter maintained its reputation for good punch and coffee, scarce pamphlets, and liberal supply of town and country newspapers.

Mrs. Gaskell has left the following account of the Chapter in 1848 :—

"It latterly became the tavern frequented by university men, and country clergymen, who were up in London for a few days, and, having no private friends or access into society, were glad to learn what was going on in the world of letters, from the conversation which they were sure to hear in the coffee-room. It was a place solely frequented by men; I believe there was but one female servant in the house. Few people slept there: some of the stated meetings of the trade were held in it, as they had been for more than a century; and occasionally country booksellers, with now and then a clergyman, resorted to it. In the long, low, dingy room upstairs, the meetings of the trade were held." The Chapter is now a modernized public-house.

CHILD'S COFFEE-HOUSE, St. Paul's Churchyard, was one of the *Spectator's* houses, who smoked a pipe here, and whilst he seemed attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overheard the conversation of every table in the room. It was much frequented by the clergy, and Fellows of the Royal Society. Dr. Mead often came here. Child's was, in one respect, superseded by the Chapter, in Paternoster-row.

CLIFFORD-STREET COFFEE-HOUSE, corner of Bond-street, had its debating club. (See *ante* p. 245.) During a debate, the refreshment was porter, to a pot of which Canning compared the eloquence of Mirabeau, as empty and vapid as his patriotism—"foam and froth at the top, heavy and muddy within."

COCOA-TREE, 64, St. James's-street. (See COCOA-TREE CLUB, p. 246.)

DICK'S COFFEE-HOUSE (now a Tavern), 8, Fleet-street, near Temple Bar, was originally called Richard's, from its landlord, Richard Torver, or Turver, in 1680. Here Steele takes the "Twaddlers," in the *Tatler*, Nos. 86 and 132. The coffee-room was frequented by the poet Cowper, when he lived in the Temple. The room retains its olden panelling, and the staircase its original balusters.

"In 1737, Dick's was kept by a Mrs. Yarrow and her daughter, who were the reigning toasts with the frequenters, and were supposed to be ridiculed in the comedy of 'The Coffee-house,' by the Rev. James Miller. This was stoutly denied by the author; but the engraver having inadvertently fixed upon Dick's Coffee-house as the frontispiece scene, the Templars, with whom the ladies were great favourites, became by his accident so confirmed in their suspicions, that they united to damn the piece, and even extended their resentment to everything suspected to be this author's for a considerable time after."—*Biographia Dramatica*.

The Coffee-house was, wholly or in part, the original printing-office of Richard Tottel, law-printer to Edward VI., Queens Mary and Elizabeth; the premises were attached to No. 7, Fleet-street, which bore the sign of "The Hand and Starre," where Tottel lived, and published the law and other works he printed. No. 7 was subsequently occupied by Jaggard and Joel Stephens, eminent law-writers, temp. Geo. I.—III.; and at the present day the house is most appropriately occupied by Messrs. Butterworth, who follow the occupation Tottel did in the days of Edward VI., being law-publishers to Queen Victoria; and they possess the original leases, from the earliest grant, in the reign of Henry VIII., to the period of their own purchase.

GEORGE'S COFFEE-HOUSE (now a hotel), 213, Strand, near Essex-street, is mentioned by Foote, in his *Life of A. Murphy*, as an evening meeting-place of the town wits of 1751. Shenstone was a frequenter of George's, where, for a shilling subscription, he read "all pamphlets under a three shillings' dimension." It was closed in 1843.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, Devereux-court, Strand, was originally kept by one Constantine, a Grecian. From this house Steele proposed to date his learned articles in the *Tatler*; it is mentioned in No. 1 of the *Spectator*; and it was much frequented by Goldsmith and the Irish and Lancashire Templars. The *Spectator's* face was very well known at the Grecian, "adjacent to the law." Occasionally it was the scene of learned discussion. Thus, Dr. King relates that one evening, two gentlemen, who were constant companions, were disputing here, concerning the accent of a Greek word. This dispute was carried to such a length, that the two friends thought proper to determine it by their swords: for this purpose they stepped into Devereux-court, where one of them (Dr. King thinks his name was Fitzgerald) was run through the body, and died on the spot. The Grecian was Foote's morning lounge. Here Goldsmith occasionally wound up his "Shoemaker's Holiday" with supper. The house was also



frequented by Fellows of the Royal Society. The premises have, since 1843, been the "Grecian Chambers;" and over the door is the bust of Devereux, Earl of Essex.

GARRAWAY'S COFFEE-HOUSE, 3, Change-alley, Cornhill, had a threefold celebrity: tea was first sold in England here; it was a place of great resort in the time of the South Sea Bubble; and was throughout a house of great mercantile transactions. The original proprietor was Thomas Garway, tobacconist and coffee-man, the first who retailed tea, recommending it for the cure of all disorders; the following is the substance of his shop-bill:—

"Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness, it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grantees till the year 1651. The said Thomas Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in leaf and drink, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travellers into those Eastern countries; and upon knowledge and experience of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, and gentlemen of quality, have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house in Exchange-alley, aforesaid, to drink the drink thereof; and to the end that all persons of eminence and quality, gentlemen, and others, who have occasion for tea in leaf, may be supplied, these are to give notice that the said Thomas Garway hath tea to sell from sixteen to fifty shillings per pound." (See the document entire in Ellis's *Letters*, series iv. 58.)

Ogilby, the compiler of the *Britannia*, had his standing lottery of books at Garway's from April 7, 1673, till wholly drawn off; and, in the *Journey through England*, 1722, Garraway's, Robins's, and Joe's, are described as the three celebrated Coffee-houses: the first, the people of quality, who have business in the City, and the most considerable and wealthy citizens, frequent; the second, the foreign banquiers, and often even foreign ministers; and the third, the buyers and sellers of stock. Wines were sold at Garraway's in 1673, "by the candle"—that is, by auction, while an inch of candle burns. Swift, in his "Ballad on the South Sea Scheme," 1721, did not forget this Coffee-house:—

"Meanwhile, secure on Garway's cliffs,  
A savage race by shipwrecks fed,  
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,  
And strip the bodies of the dead."

The reader may recollect with what realistic power of incident and character Mr. E. M. Ward painted, some twenty years ago, the strange scene in the Alley; and his characteristic picture is, fortunately, placed in our National Gallery, as a lesson for all time. In the background is shown the Garraway's of 1720.

Dr. Radcliffe, who was a rash speculator, was usually planted at a table at Garraway's, to watch the turn of the market. One of his ventures was five thousand guineas upon one project. When he was told at Garraway's that it was all lost, "Why," said he, "'tis but going up five thousand pair of stairs more." "This answer," says Tom Brown, "deserved a statue."

Garraway's was long famous as a sandwich and drinking-room, for sherry, pale ale, and punch. Tea and coffee were also served. It is said that the sandwich-maker was occupied two hours in cutting and arranging the sandwiches before the day's consumption commenced. The large sale-room was an old-fashioned first-floor apartment, with a small rostrum for the seller, and a few commonly-grained settles for the buyers; there were also other sale-rooms. Here sales of drugs, mahogany, and timber were periodically held. Twenty or thirty property and other sales sometimes took place in a day. The walls and windows of the lower room were covered with auction placards.

The first Garway's Coffee-house was destroyed in the Great Fire; the house was rebuilt, and again burnt in the fire in Cornhill, in 1748; and again rebuilt, and finally closed August 18, 1866. The basement, used as wine-vaults, was ancient, of fourteenth and sixteenth century architecture, of ecclesiastical character, and had a piscina. It is remarkable that Garraway's, where tea was first sold, and the Angel, at Oxford, where coffee was first sold, were both taken down in 1866.—*Illustrated London News*.

GRAY'S-INN COFFEE-HOUSE, eastern corner of Gray's-inn Gate, Holborn: here were formerly held the Commissions *De Lunatico inquirendo*. It was closed in 1865.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, the famous Whig Coffee-house from the time of Queen

Anne till late in the reign of George III. It was the last house but one on the south-west corner of St. James's-street, and is thus mentioned in No. 1 of the *Tatler*: "Foreign and domestic news you will have from St. James's Coffee-house." It occurs also in the *Spectator*. The St. James's was much frequented by Swift; letters for him were left there. Here Swift christened the coffee-man Elliot's child, "when," says he, "the rogue had a most noble supper, and Steele and I sat amongst some scurvy company over a bowl of punch." Lady Mary Wortley Montague's *Town Eclogues* were first read over at the St. James's Coffee-house. From its proximity to the Palace, it was much visited by the Guards.

But the St. James's is more memorable as the house where originated Goldsmith's celebrated poem, *Retaliation*. The poet belonged to a temporary association of men of talent, some of them members of the Club, who dined together occasionally here. At these dinners he was generally the last to arrive. On one occasion, when he was later than usual, a whim seized the company to write epitaphs on him, as "the late Dr. Goldsmith," and several were thrown off in a playful vein. The only one extant was written by Garrick, and has been preserved, very probably, by its pungency:—

"Here lies poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll;  
He wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

Goldsmith did not relish the sarcasm, especially coming from such a quarter; and, by way of *retaliation*, he produced the famous poem, of which Cumberland has left a very interesting account, but which Mr. Forster, in his *Life of Goldsmith*, states to be "pure romance." The poem itself, however, with what was prefixed to it when published, sufficiently explains its own origin.

The St. James's was closed about 1806, and a large pile of buildings looking down Pall Mall erected on its site. The globular oil-lamp was first exhibited by its inventor, Michael Cole, at the door of the St. James's Coffee-house, in 1709: in the patent he obtained, it is mentioned as "a new kind of light."

JAMAICA COFFEE-HOUSE, 1, St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill, is noted for the accuracy and fulness of its West India intelligence. The subscribers are merchants trading with Madeira and the West Indies. It is the best place for information as to the mail-packets on the West India station, or the merchant vessels making these voyages.

JERUSALEM COFFEE-HOUSE, 1, Cowper's-court, Cornhill, is one of the oldest of the City news-rooms, and is frequented by merchants and captains connected with the commerce of China, India, and Australia.

"The subscription-room is well furnished with files of the principal Canton, Hong Kong, Macao, Penang, Singapore, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Sydney, Hobart Town, Launceston, Adelaide, and Port Philip papers, and Prices Current; besides shipping-lists and papers from the various intermediate stations or ports touched at, as St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, &c. The books of East India shipping include arrivals, departures, casualties, &c. The full business is between two and three o'clock, P.M. In 1845, John Tawell, the Slough murderer, was captured at the Jerusalem, which he was in the habit of visiting, to ascertain information of the state of his property in Sydney."—*The City*, 2nd edit., 1848.

JONATHAN'S, Change-alley Coffee-house, is described in the *Tatler*, No. 38, as "the general mart of stock-jobbers;" and the *Spectator*, No. 1, tells us that he "sometimes passes for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's." This was the rendezvous where gambling of all sorts was carried on; notwithstanding a formal prohibition against the assemblage of the jobbers, issued by the City of London, which prohibition continued unrepealed until 1825. Mrs. Centlivre, in her comedy of *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, has a scene from Jonathan's at the above period: while the stock-jobbers are talking, the coffee boys are crying, "Fresh coffee, gentlemen, fresh coffee! Bohea tea, gentlemen!"

LANGBOURN COFFEE-HOUSE, Ball-alley, Lombard-street, rebuilt in 1850, has a broiling-stove in the coffee-room, whence chops and steaks are served hot from the gridiron; and here is a wine and cigar room, embellished in handsome old French taste.

LLOYD'S, Royal Exchange, celebrated for its priority of shipping intelligence, and



its marine insurance, originated with one Lloyd, who kept a coffee-house in Lombard-street. One of the apartments in the Exchange is fitted up as Lloyd's Coffee-room. (*See EXCHANGES.*)

LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE, Ludgate-hill (now a hotel and tavern), was opened May, 1731, as "a punch house, Dorchester Beer, and Welsh Ale Warehouse, where the finest and best old Arrack, Rum, and French Brandy is made into Punch." In front of the London Coffee-house, immediately west of St. Martin's Church, stood Ludgate; and on the site of the church Wren found the monument of a Roman soldier of the Second Legion, which is preserved in the Arundelian Collection. The London Coffee-house is noted for its publishers' sales of stock and copyrights. It was within the rules of the Fleet Prison: and in the Coffee-house are "locked up" for the night such juries from the Old Bailey Sessions as cannot agree upon verdicts. The house was long kept by the grandfather and father of Mr. John Leech, the celebrated artist. At the bar of the London Coffee-house was sold Rowley's British Cephalic Snuff. A singular incident occurred here many years since; Mr. Brayley, the topographer, was present at a party, when Mr. Broadhurst, the famous tenor, by singing a high note, caused a wine-glass on the table to break, the bowl being separated from the stem.

MAN'S COFFEE-HOUSE, in Scotland-yard, near the water-side, took its name from the proprietor, Alexander Man, and was sometimes known as Old Man's, or the Royal Coffee-house, to distinguish it from Young Man's and Little Man's minor establishments in the neighbourhood.

MILES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, New Palace-yard, Westminster, was the place of meeting of the noted Rota Club. (*See CLUBS*, p. 255.)

MUNDAY'S COFFEE-HOUSE, Maiden-lane, was a noted sporting resort in the days of Captain England, Dennis O'Kelly, Hull, the Clarkes, and others of turf notoriety. It was one of Sheridan's retreats, secure from his creditors.

NANDO'S COFFEE-HOUSE was the house at the east corner of Inner Temple-lane, 17, Fleet-street, and next door to the shop of Bernard Lintot, the bookseller; though it has been by some confused with Groom's house, next door. Nando's was the favourite haunt of Lord Thurlow, before he dashed into law practice. At this Coffee-house a large attendance of professional loungers was attracted by the fame of the punch and the charms of the landlady, which, with the small wits, were duly admired by and at the bar. The house, formerly Nando's, was also the depository of Mr. Salmon's Waxwork. It has been for many years a hair-dresser's. It is inscribed, "Formerly the Palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey." But the structure is of the time of James I., when it was the Council Office of the Duchy of Cornwall; an entry in 1619 is from "Prince's Council Chamber, Fleet-street."

NEW ENGLAND AND NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICAN COFFEE-HOUSE, 59 and 60, Threadneedle-street, had a subscription-room, with newspapers from every quarter of the globe. Here the first information could be obtained of the arrival and departure of steamers, packets, and traders engaged in the commerce of America, whether at Montreal and Quebec, or Boston, Halifax, and New York. The heads of the chief American and continental firms were on the subscription-list, and the representatives of Barings, Rothschilds, and other wealthy establishments, attended the room as regularly as 'Change; as did also American captains, and the "City Correspondents" of the morning and evening press. From 300 to 400 files of newspapers were kept here, ranging from America to the East or West Indies, thence to Australia, the Havana, France, Germany, Holland, Russia, Spain, and Portugal. (*Abridged from The City*, 2nd edit.)

Adjoining was the Cock Tavern, with a large soup-room, named after the Cock, which faced the north gate of the old Royal Exchange, and was long celebrated for the excellence of its soups, served in silver. This house was taken down in 1841; when, in a claim for compensation made by the proprietor, the trade in three years was proved to have been 344,720 basins of various soups—viz., 166,240 mock turtle, 3920 giblet, 59,360 ox-tail, 31,072 bouilli, 84,128 gravy and other soups: sometimes 500 basins of soup were sold in a day.

PEELE'S, 177 and 178, Fleet-street, east corner of Fetter-lane, was one of the coffee-houses of the Johnsonian period; and here was long preserved a portrait of Dr.

Johnson, on the keystone of a chimney-piece, stated to have been painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Peele's was noted for its files of newspapers from these dates: *Gazette*, 1759; *Times*, 1780; *Morning Chronicle*, 1773; *Morning Post*, 1773; *Morning Herald*, 1784; *Morning Advertiser*, 1794. Peele's is now a tavern and hotel.

PERCY COFFEE-HOUSE, the, Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, no longer exists; but it will be kept in recollection for its having given name to one of the most popular publications, of its class, in our time, namely, the *Percy Anecdotes*, "by Sholto and Reuben Percy, Brothers of the Benedictine Monastery of Mont Bengier," in 44 parts, commencing in 1820. So said the title-pages; but the names and the locality were *supposé*. Reuben Percy was Thomas Byerley, who died in 1824; Sholto Percy was Joseph Clinton Robertson, who died in 1852. The name of the collection of *Anecdotes* was not taken, as at the time supposed, from the popularity of the *Percy Reliques*, but from the Percy Coffee-house, where Byerley and Robertson were accustomed to meet to talk over the joint work.

PIAZZA COFFEE-HOUSE, the, was opened in that portion of the Piazza houses in Covent-garden which is now the Tavistock Hotel. Here Macklin fitted up a large Coffee-room, or theatre for oratory; a three-shilling ordinary, and a shilling lecture: he presided at the dinner-table, and carved for the company, after which he played a sort of "Oracle of Eloquence." Fielding has happily sketched him in his *Voyage to Lisbon*: "Unfortunately for the fishmongers of London, the Dory only resides in the Devonshire seas; for could any of this company only convey one to the Temple of Luxury under the Piazza, where Macklin, the high priest, daily serves up his rich offerings, great would be the reward of that fishmonger."

Foote, in his fun upon Macklin's Lectures, took up his notion of applying Greek tragedy to modern subjects, and the squib was so successful, that Foote cleared by it 500*l.* in five nights, while the great Piazza Coffee-room in Covent-garden was shut up, and Macklin in the *Gazette* as a bankrupt. Eastward was the Piazza Coffee-house, much frequented by Sheridan and John Kemble; and here is located the well-known anecdote told of Sheridan's coolness during the burning of Drury-lane Theatre, in 1809. It is said that as he sat at the Piazza, during the fire, taking some refreshment, a friend of his having remarked on the philosophical calmness with which he bore his misfortune, Sheridan replied: "A man may surely be allowed to take a glass of wine *by his own fireside*." The Piazza façade and its interior were of Gothic design: the house has been taken down, and in its place is built the Floral Hall, after the Crystal Palace model, thus breaking the continuity of Inigo Jones's arcade.

RAINBOW COFFEE-HOUSE (now a tavern), 15, Fleet-street, by the Inner Temple Gate, was the second Coffee-house opened in London, and had its token-money:—

"JAMES FARR, 1666. A Rainbow. *IN FLEET-STREET*. In the centre, *HIS HALFPENNY*. It is well known that James Farr kept the Rainbow, in Fleet-street, at the time of the Great Fire, the very year of which is marked on this token. Farr was a barber; and in the year 1657 was presented by the Inquest of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West for making and selling 'a sort of liquor called "coffee," whereby in making the same he annoyeth his neighbours by evil smells; and for keeping of fire for the most part night and day, whereby his chimney and chamber hath been set on fire, to the great danger and affrightment of his neighbours.'"

However, Farr was not ousted; he probably promised reform, or amended the alleged annoyance: he remained at the Rainbow, and rose to be a person of eminence and repute in the parish. He issued the above token, date 1666—an arched rainbow based on clouds, doubtless, from the Great Fire—to indicate that with him all was yet safe, and the Rainbow still radiant. There is one of his tokens in the Beaufoy collection, at Guildhall, and so far as is known to Mr. Burn, the Rainbow does not occur on any other tradesman's token. The house was let off into tenements: books were printed here at this very time "for Samuel Speed, at the sign of the Rainbow, near the Inner Temple Gate, in Fleet-street." The Phoenix Fire Office was established here about 1682. Hatton, in 1708, evidently attributed Farr's nuisance to the *coffee itself*, saying: "Who would have thought London would ever have had three thousand such nuisances, and that coffee would have been (as now) so much drank by the best of quality, and physicians?" The nuisance was in Farr's chimney and carelessness, not



in the coffee. The *Spectator*, No. 16, notices some gay frequenters of the Rainbow: "I have received a letter desiring me to be very satirical upon the little muff that is now in fashion; another informs me of a pair of silver garters, buckled below the knee, that have lately been seen at the Rainbow Coffee-house, in Fleet-street." Mr. Moncrieff, the dramatist, used to tell that about 1780 this house was kept by his grandfather, Alexander Moncrieff, when it retained its original title of "The Rainbow Coffee-house." It has vaulted cellars, excellent for keeping stout; the old coffee-room originally had a lofty bay-window at the south end, looking into the Temple; in the bay was the large table for the elders. The room was separated by a glazed partition from the kitchen, where was a clock with a large wooden dial. The house has long been a tavern: all the old rooms have been swept away, and a large and lofty dining-room erected in their place. There are views of the old entrance to the Rainbow in Hughson and Malcolm's *London*, 1807 and 1808.

SALTERO'S (DON) COFFEE-HOUSE, 18, Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, was opened by a barber named Salter, in 1695. Sir Hans Sloane, whose valet Salter had been, contributed some of the refuse gimcracks of his own collection; and Vice-Admiral Munden, who had been long on the coast of Spain, named the keeper of the house *Don Saltero*, and his coffee-house and museum, *Don Saltero's*. Steele, in the thirty-fourth number of the *Tatler*, describes Salter as "carrying on the avocations of barber and dentist. You see the barber in *Don Quixote* is one of the principal characters in the history, which gave me satisfaction on the doubt why *Don Saltero* writ his name with a Spanish termination. Ten thousand were gimcracks round the room, and on the ceiling; and a sage of thin and meagre countenance, of that sort which the ancients call 'gingivister,' in our language, 'tooth-drawers.'" Among the curiosities presented by Admiral Munden was a coffin, containing the body or relics of a Spanish saint, who had wrought miracles; also, "a straw hat, which," says Steele, "I know to be made by Madge Peskad, within three miles of Bedford; and he tells you 'It is Pontius Pilate's wife's chambermaid's sister's hat.'" The Don was famous for his punch and his skill on the fiddle; he also drew teeth, and wrote verses; he described his museum in several stanzas, one of which is—

"Monsters of all sorts here are seen:  
Strange things in nature as they grew so;  
Some relics of the Sheba queen,  
And fragments of the fam'd Bob Crusoe."

Don Saltero's proved very attractive as an exhibition, and drew crowds to the Coffee-house. A Catalogue was published, of which were printed more than forty editions. Smollett, the novelist, was among the donors. The edition of 1760 comprehended the following rarities:—

Tigers' tusks; the Pope's candle; the skeleton of a Guinea-pig; a fly-cap monkey; a piece of the true Cross; the Four Evangelists' heads cut on a cherry-stone; the King of Morocco's tobacco-pipe; Mary Queen of Scots' pineushion; Queen Elizabeth's prayer-book; a pair of nun's stockings; Job's ears, which grew on a tree; a frog in a tobacco-stopper; and five hundred more odd relics! The Don had a rival, as appears by "A Catalogue of the Rarities to be seen at Adams's, at the Royal Swan, in Kingsland-road, leading from Shoreditch Church, 1756." Mr. Adams exhibited, for the entertainment of the curious, "Miss Jenny Cameron's shoes; Adam's eldest daughter's hat; the heart of the famous Boss Adams, that was hanged at Tyburn with Lawyer Carr, January 18, 1736-7; Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco-pipe; Vicar of Bray's clogs; engine to shell green peas with; teeth that grew in a fish's belly; Black Jack's ribs; the very comb that Abraham combed his son Isaac and Jacob's head with; Wat Tyler's spurs; rope that cured Captain Lowry of the head-ach, ear-ach, tooth-ach, and belly-ach; Adam's key of the fore and back door of the Garden of Eden," &c. &c. These are only a few out of five hundred others equally marvellous.

In Dr. Franklin's *Life* we read:—"Some gentlemen from the country went by water to see the College, and Don Saltero's Curiosities, at Chelsea." These were shown in the coffee-room till August, 1799, when the collection was mostly sold or dispersed; a few gimcracks were left until about 1825, when we were informed on the premises, they were thrown away! The house was taken down in 1866. (See *CHELSEA*, p. 90.)

SAM'S COFFEE-HOUSE, in Exchange-alley; and in Ludgate-street. The latter is mentioned in *State Poems*, 1697 and 1703; and in 1722 there were two large mulberry-trees growing in a little yard in the rear of the house in Ludgate-street.

SERLE'S COFFEE-HOUSE, Carey-street, is thus mentioned in No. 49 of the *Spectator*: "I do not know that I meet in any of my walks, objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually as those young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Serle's, and all other Coffee-houses adjacent to the Law, who rise for no other purpose but to publish their laziness."

SLAUGHTER'S COFFEE-HOUSE, famous as the resort of painters and sculptors, in the last century, was situated at the upper end of the west side of St. Martin's-lane, three doors from Newport-street. Its first landlord was Thomas Slaughter, 1692. A second Slaughter's (New Slaughter's) was established in the same street about 1760, when the original establishment adopted the name of "Old Slaughter's," by which designation it was known till within a few years of the final demolition of the house to make way for the new avenue between Long-acre and Leicester-square, formed 1843-44. For many years previous to the streets of London being completely paved, "Slaughter's" was called "The Coffee-house on the Pavement." Besides being the resort of artists, Old Slaughter's was the house of call for Frenchmen. Hogarth was a constant visitor here: he lived at the Golden Head, on the eastern side of Leicester-fields, in the northern half of the Sablonière Hotel. Roubiliac was often to be found at Slaughter's; and young Gainsborough and Cipriani; Jervis and Hayman met here, and seldom parted till daylight. Wilkie, in early life, was the last dropper-in here for a dinner; and Haydon was often his companion. J. T. Smith refers to Slaughter's as "formerly the rendezvous of Pope, Dryden, and other wits." Thither came Ware, the architect of Chesterfield House; also Gwynn, who competed with Mylne for Blackfriars Bridge; and Gravelot, who kept a Drawing-school in the Strand. Hudson, who painted the Dilettanti portraits; M'Ardell, the mezzotinto-scraper; and Luke Sullivan, the engraver of Hogarth's March to Finchley, also frequented Old Slaughter's; likewise Theodore Gardell, the portrait-painter, who was executed for the murder of his landlady; and Old Moser, keeper of the Drawing-academy in Peter's-court. Richard Wilson, the landscape painter, was not a regular customer here. Parry, the Welsh harper, though totally blind, was one of the first draught-players in England, and occasionally played with the frequenters of Old Slaughter's; and here, in consequence of a bet, Roubiliac introduced Nathaniel Smith (father of John Thomas), to play at draughts with Parry, when Smith won. Rawle, the inseparable companion of Capt. Grose, the antiquary, came often to Slaughter's; as did also Collins, the young poet.

SMYRNA COFFEE-HOUSE, Pall Mall, is frequently alluded to by the writers of Queen Anne's reign; and was one of the most celebrated of the West-end houses. Prior and Swift were among its most distinguished frequenters; its "seat of learning," and "cluster of wise heads." Prior and Swift were much together at the Smyrna; we read of their sitting there two hours, "receiving acquaintance." It seemed also to be a place to *talk politics*. Subscriptions were received there by Thomson, for publishing his *Four Seasons; with a Hymn on their Succession*. We find the Smyrna in a list of Coffee-houses, in 1810.

SOMERSET COFFEE-HOUSE, 162, Strand, has a literary association, from the Letters of *Junius* having been sometimes left at the bar.

SQUIRE'S COFFEE-HOUSE was in Fulwood's-rents, Holborn, running up to Gray's Inn, and described by Strype as "a place of good resort, and taken up by coffee-houses, ale-houses, and houses of entertainment;" among which were the Castle Tavern and the Golden Griffin Tavern. Here was John's, one of the earliest Coffee-houses; and adjoining Gray's-inn-gate, a deep-coloured red brick house, once Squire's Coffee house, kept by Squire, who died in 1717. The house is very roomy; it has been handsome, and has a wide staircase.

Squire's was one of the receiving-houses of the *Spectator*: in No. 289, January 8, 1711-12, he accepts Sir Roger de Coverley's invitation to "smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the Coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the *Supplement* (a periodical paper of that time), with such an air of cheerfulness and good humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea until the Knight had got all his conveniences about him."



Gray's-inn Walks, to which the Rents led, across Field-court, were then a fashionable promenade; and here Sir Roger could "clear his pipes in good air;" for scarcely a house intervened thence to Hampstead.

TOM'S COFFEE-HOUSE, Birch-lane, Cornhill, though in the main a mercantile resort, acquired some celebrity from its having been frequented by Garrick, who, to keep up an interest in the City, appeared here about twice in a winter at 'Change time, when it was the rendezvous of young merchants. Hawkins says:—"After all that has been said of Mr. Garrick, envy must own that he owed his celebrity to his merit; and yet of that himself seemed so diffident, that he practised sundry little but innocent arts to insure the favour of the public:" yet he did more. When a rising actor complained to Mrs. Garrick that the newspapers abused him, the widow replied, "You should write your own criticisms; David always did." Tom's was also frequented by Chatterton, as a place "of the best resort;" here was first established "the London Chess-Club." (See CHESS-CLUBS, p. 95.) The premises were long held on lease from Lord Cowper, at a rent of 150*l.* per annum, but had been sublet at 1000*l.*

TOM'S COFFEE-HOUSE, Devereux-court, Strand, was much resorted to by men of letters; among whom were Dr. Birch, who wrote the *History of the Royal Society*; also Akenside, the poet; and there is in print a letter of Pope's, addressed to Fortescue, his "counsel learned in the law," at this Coffee-house.

TOM'S COFFEE-HOUSE, 17, Russell-street, Covent-garden, opposite Button's, was kept by Thomas West, and was in the reign of Queen Anne, and more than half a century after, a celebrated resort. (See CLUBS, p. 257.)

TOM KING'S COFFEE-HOUSE was one of the old night-houses of Covent-garden Market: it was a rude shed immediately beneath the portico of St. Paul's Church, and was one "well known to all gentlemen to whom beds are unknown." Fielding, in one of his prologues, says: "What rake is ignorant of King's Coffee-house?" It is in the background of Hogarth's print of "Morning," where the prim maiden lady, walking to church, is soured with seeing two fuddled *beaux* from King's Coffee-house caressing two frail women. At the door is a drunken row, in which swords and cudgels are the weapons. Harwood's *Alumni Etonenses*, p. 293, in the account of the boys elected from Eton to King's College, contains this entry: "A.D. 1713, Thomas King, born at West Ashton, in Wiltshire, went away scholar in apprehension that his fellowship would be denied him; and afterwards kept that Coffee-house in Covent-garden, which was called by his own name." Moll King was landlady after Tom's death: she was witty, and her house was much frequented, though it was little better than a shed. "Noblemen and the first *beaux*," said Stacie, "after leaving Court, would go to her house in full dress, with swords and bags, and in rich brocaded silk coats, and walked and conversed with persons of every description. She would serve chimney-sweepers, gardeners, and the market-people in common with her lords of the highest rank." Captain Laroon, an amateur painter of the time of Hogarth, who often witnessed the nocturnal revels at Moll King's, made a large and spirited drawing of the interior of her Coffee-house, which was at Strawberry Hill: it was bought for Walpole by his printer. There is also an engraving of the same room, which is extremely rare.

TURK'S HEAD COFFEE-HOUSE, Change-alley, established in 1662; the sign was Morat the Great, who figures as a tyrant in Dryden's *Aureng Zebe*. There is a token of this house with the Sultan's Head in the Beaufoy Collection. Another token, in the same collection, is of unusual excellence, probably by John Roettier. It has on the obverse, "Morat ye Great Men did mee call,—Sultan's Head;" reverse, "Where eare I came I conquered all.—In the field, Coffee, Tobacco, Sherbet, Tea, Chocolat, Retail in Exchange Ale." "The word 'tea,'" says Mr. Burn, "occurs on no other tokens than those issued from 'the Great Turk' Coffee-house, in Exchange-alley." In a newspaper of 1662, customers and acquaintances are invited the New Year's-day to the *Great Turk* new Coffee-house, in Exchange-alley, "where coffee will be free of cost." There was also a Sultan Morat's Head Coffee-house, which had a token, *rev.* "In *Barbican* formerly in *Pannier Alley*."

TURK'S HEAD COFFEE-HOUSE, 142, in the Strand, was a favourite supping-

house with Dr. Johnson and Boswell, in whose *Life of Johnson* are several entries, commencing with 1763—"At night, Mr. Johnson and I supped in a private room at the Turk's Head Coffee-house, in the Strand. 'I encourage this house,' said he, 'for the mistress of it is a good civil woman, and has not much business.'" Another entry is—"We concluded the day at the Turk's Head Coffee-house very socially." And, August 3, 1673—"We had our last social meeting at the Turk's Head Coffee-house, before my setting out for foreign parts." The name was afterwards changed to "The Turk's Head, Canada and Bath Coffee-house," and lasted as a well-frequented tavern until the house was rebuilt, at the cost of 8000*l.* as "Wright's Hotel :—" it is now an insurance office. The house has two stories below the level of the street.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE,\* the predecessor of Button's, and even more celebrated than that Coffee-house, was so called from William Urwin, who kept it, and was the house on the north side of Russell-street at the corner of Bow-street—the corner house (rebuilt)—now occupied as a ham-and-beef shop, and numbered 21. Pepys, in his *Diary*, records his first visit to Will's, 3 Feb. 1663-4, "where Dryden the poet (I knew at Cambridge), and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole of our college," with "very witty and pleasant discourse." Ned Ward sarcastically calls it "the Wits' Coffee-house." Wycherley, Gay, and Dennis were frequenters. "It was Dryden who made Will's Coffee-house the great resort of the wits of his time." (*Pope and Spence*.) The room in which the poet was accustomed to sit was on the first floor; and his place was the place of honour by the fireside in the winter; and at the corner of the balcony, looking over the street, in fine weather; he called the two places his winter and his summer seat. This was called the dining-room floor in the last century. The company did not sit in boxes, as subsequently, but at various tables which were dispersed through the room. Smoking was permitted in the public room: it was then so much in vogue that it does not seem to have been considered a nuisance. Here, as in other similar places of meeting, the visitors divided themselves into parties; and we are told by Ward that the beaux and wits, who seldom approached the principal table, thought it a great honour to have a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box. Tom Brown describes "a Wit and a Beau set up with little or no expense. A pair of red stockings and a sword-knot set up one, and peeping once a day in at Will's, and two or three second-hand sayings, the other."

Addison passed each day alike, and much in the manner that Dryden did. Dryden employed his morning in writing, dined *en famille*, and then went to Will's, "only he came home earlier o' nights." Pope, when very young, was impressed with such veneration for Dryden, that he persuaded some friends to take him to Will's Coffee-house, and was delighted that he could say that he had seen Dryden. Sir Charles Wogan, too, brought up Pope from the forest of Windsor, to dress *à la mode*, and introduce at Will's Coffee-house. Pope afterwards described Dryden as "a plump man with a down look, and not very conversible;" and Cibber remembered him "a decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes at Will's." Prior sings of—

"the younger Stiles,  
Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's!"

Most of the hostile criticisms on his plays, which Dryden has noticed in his various prefaces, appear to have been made at his favourite haunt, Will's. Swift was accustomed to speak disparagingly of Will's, as in his *Rhapsody on Poetry* :—

"Be sure at Will's the following day  
Lie snug, and hear what critics say."

Swift thought little of the frequenters: he used to say that "the worst conversation he ever heard in his life was at Will's." In the first number of the *Tatler*, poetry is promised under the article of Will's Coffee-house. The place, however, changed after Dryden's time. "You used to see songs, epigrams, and satires in the hands of every man you met; you have now only a pack of cards; and instead of the

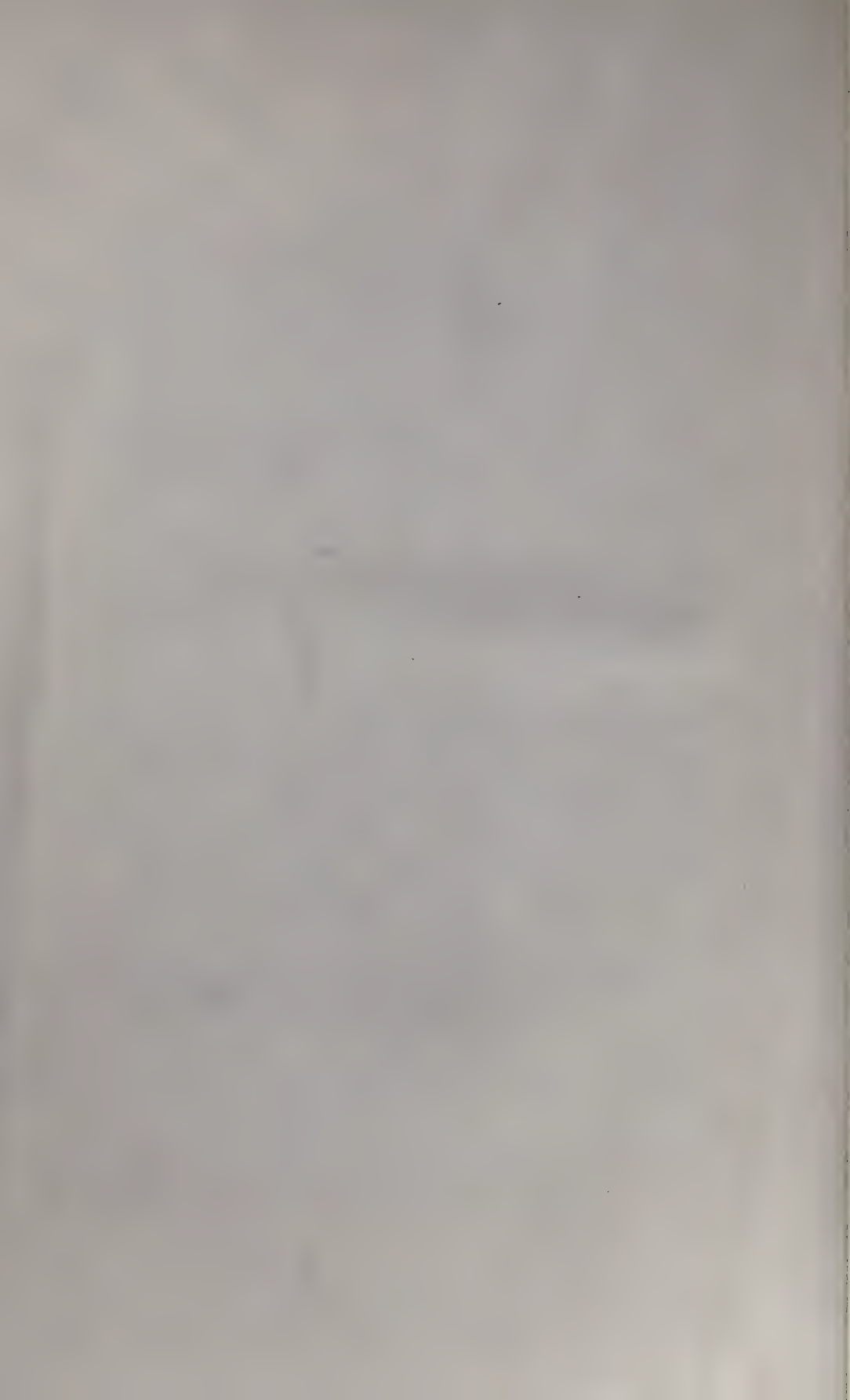
\* Will's Coffee-house first had the title of the Red Cow (says Sir Walter Scott), then of the Rose, and, we believe, is the same house alluded to in the pleasant story in the second number of the *Tatler* :—

"Supper and friends expect we at the Rose."

The Rose, however, was a common sign for houses of public entertainment.

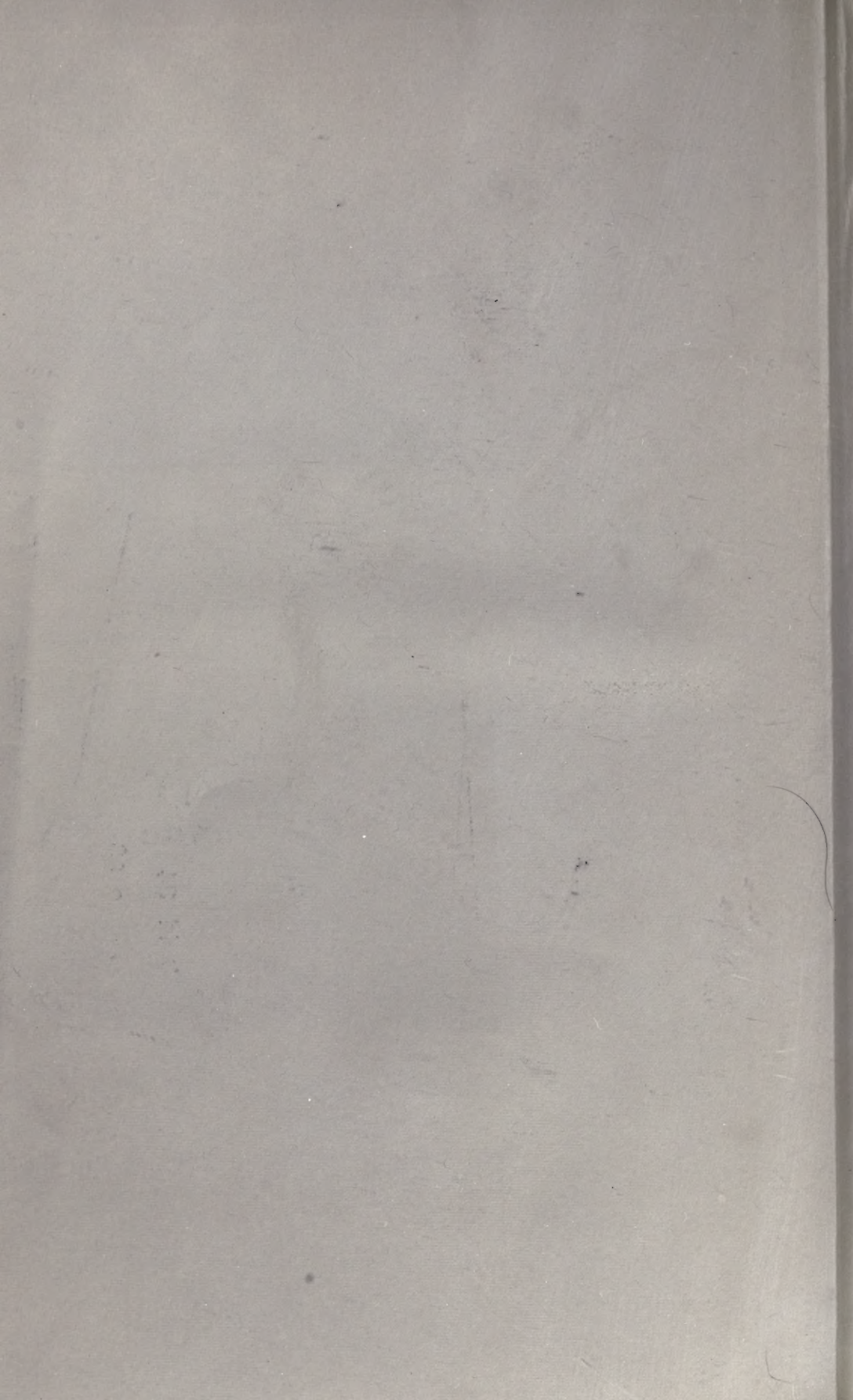














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